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# **THE PORT FOLIO.**



# THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VOL III

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.



PHILADELPHIA:  
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Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, January 3, 1807.

[No. 1.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

### MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE essayists of the last century have given us the exercise of the *eyes*, the *cane*, and the *fan*, down even to the manual of the *snuff-box*, with a minuteness which leaves little more to be said on those subjects. But, at the present day, the *cis-Atlantick beau-monde* have little use for information of that kind; and I hope to be pardoned for an attempt to offer rules for a practice which, if once systematised, might supersede the necessity of canes, fans, snuff-boxes, and even eyes themselves.

In saluting ladies with whom they have been for a long time acquainted, gentlemen are often indulged with a *shake of the hand*: and it is absolutely necessary that both sexes should be able to impart and distinguish their several degrees of dislike or esteem, by a single *manual touch*.

Under this impression, I have ventured to offer the following regulations for shaking hands between gentlemen and ladies.

When a lady feels a sincere esteem for the gentleman she is saluting, and is willing to give him an undisguised welcome, she is expected to clasp his hand so as at least to confine *all* his fingers; and to continue a gentle pressure *ad libitum*—but not a less time than *one second and three-fifths*: a

slight inflection of the arm, while the pressure continues, so as to *seem* to invite a nearer approach, may not be improper—This is called the *shake cordial*.

If a lady feel, or *fancy* that she feels for an individual of the other sex, that sort of *semi-Platonick* love, founded more on artificial sentiment than any real emotion of the heart, she may just raise her arm from her side and move it in a half passive manner, till it forms an angle of forty-five degrees with the line of its hanging position: the hand is here caught by the gentleman—slightly pressed by the fingers, and dropped with a bow—A blush, if *convenient* for the fair one, will not be at all amiss. Among the ladies attached to this mode of salutation, it has the name of *squeeze sentimental*; but is generally, and with much more propriety, denominated the *touch prudish*. The *movement* itself, as well as the feeling which gives birth to it, is extremely difficult to describe.

Many ladies will vouchsafe neither of these favours; and for them the *pat civil* will answer extremely well. In performing this, the lady curtsies close to the gentleman she is saluting, and slightly brushes the tip of her fingers across his hand, which must be devoutly extended to meet the favour: no squeeze is here allowed.

The *touch indifferent* is a lower degree of the *pat civil*; and needs no peculiar description.

There are several other movements which it may be well to distinguish from those belonging to the *legitimate* exercise of the hand: as, the *wheeling* *flat*, the *French twist*, and *John Bull's grip*; but the infrequency of these renders any description unnecessary.

If circumstances should render necessary a *slight* on the part of the gentleman, he may meet the *shake cordial* with his hand spread for the *flat civil*: this will make the fair one colour highly, and look extremely blank; but the experiment may be dangerous. If he perceives that the *touch prudish* is intended, he may grasp the lady's hand almost to a *grip*: she will blush outrageously; and, especially if she have a pretty lip, will *hout* for several minutes. The same method may be taken with the *flat civil*; but with this precaution, that the proper instant for squeezing the hand must be attentively noticed. By this means the *curtsy* will be completely spoiled, and a passionate and laughable *fluster* will often be the consequence.

During my last visit in town, I called on Lavinia. This young lady I had long known and esteemed as a girl of an amiable character, a frank and friendly heart. I was hardly announced, when she met me with "the warm right hand of friendship;" and accompanied the *shake cordial* with an assurance of unfeigned welcome. We had scarcely seated ourselves, when Sophia called for an evening visit.—Sophia was an old acquaintance too: and I had not seen her for ten months. She met me with a languid, heartless smile, just deigned the *touch prudish*, and seated herself in silence. Sophia was past the frozen era of twenty-five, passionately fond of sentimental novels, and withal a most outrageous prude. The next morning I visited Mrs. Starch: with this lady I had been acquainted from my childhood, and had the honour of claiming a distant relation to her family. When I entered her apartment, she smiled, but it was the smile of etiquette: she rose, but adjusted her train as she rose—curt-sying directly *at me*, she honoured me

with the *flat civil*, swept back to her seat, and was *vastly* glad to see me.

I cannot conclude without remarking, that from several ladies of my acquaintance I usually meet the left hand. Concerning this irregularity in friendly greeting, I beg leave to ask a question or two.—Is it accidental? Does a shake from the left hand argue greater esteem on the part of the lady, than one from the right? Is it *tonish*? Or is it merely an *outré* trick to express dislike?

W.

For the Port Folio.

### PHILOLOGY.

[The following article merits attention not only from the intrinsic importance of the subject, but because the ingenious author appears to be an implicit believer of Dr. Johnson's critical creed, respecting a topic where the great lexicographer appears scarcely fallible. On the subject of the system of orthographical uniformity which our author defends, and the fantastick innovations whose usage he deprecates, he evinces much correctness of thinking. On two points only are we skeptical. The propriety of prefixing the note of interrogation to an interrogative sentence, and the employment of a *capital*, whenever a noun occurs in typography. The first custom is extremely familiar among the printers and scholars of Spain, and the beautiful Madrid edition of Don Quixote, one of the most magnificent books in the world, contains plenary evidence of the deliberate and systematical employment of duplicate interrogatories. The second peculiarity we find in the page of My Lord SHAFTESBURY, and we recollect to have read in the writings of some grammarians of the eighteenth century, that, formerly, many noble authors affected to distinguish every noun substantive by a capital. It is certain, however, that for a period of considerable duration, not merely noblemen, but commoners, indulged themselves in this habit. We remember that the late Dr. Nesbit, Principal of Carlisle College, who was a very profound and accurate, as well as elegant, scholar, invariably designated nouns in this manner, even in a familiar epistle to a friend. But, if the theory of very recent and ingenious philologists be admitted, the argument which our ingenious correspondent urges is not conclusive, in that section of his essay, where, with more of the brilliancy of metaphor than of the radiance of reason, he

says, "Nouns ought to be considered as *Primary Planets* round which the other Parts of Speech *merely revolve*, as *Secondary*, and should be capitalised to show their *Preeminence*." All this is very fine. But the better opinion seems to be that this is a fallacy, and that the verb, and even certain *particles*, are equal, in glory, to the noun itself. If our memory be not a deceiver, the ingenious, though often fanciful, authour of *Hermes*, contends for the sovereignty of the verb. Now, if these opinions be admitted, and every verb, conjunction, and substantive, be alike indicated by a capital, not only a printer's, but an ordinary gazer's eye, would be offended by the appearance of such a multitude of tall fellows overtopping the ignoble crowd of adjectives, adverbs, and prepositions. However, we have no violent antipathy to the use of capitals, as regulated by My LORD SHAPTESBURY, or any other noble authour; and if it be the wish, or the whim, of our printers, to employ them in the Port Folio, we will not militate against their inclination. But no argument, either specious or solid, shall ever influence us to multiply the sign of interrogation. We disdain all kinds of *crookedness* in life, and we think it a deformity in literature. Of the various marks in typography, the note of interrogation is the least sightly. Indeed — it is ugly as an urchin. The common argument in its favour, like that in defence of the prodigal use of italicks, which many squander with idle profusion, is, by no means, either cogent or convincing. It is said that the interrogation at the beginning of a sentence, warns the reader of the nature of that sentence, and regulates the tone of his voice accordingly, as it is likewise affirmed, that italicizing marks the emphasis, and aids the energy and elegance of every reciter. But the fact is fully confirmed by experience, that no assistance is thus afforded either to the ingenious or the dull reader. The first, endowed with taste, judgment, and sensibility, wants not such a vulgar auxiliary; and the second, with his turbid perceptions, can never perceive its use.]

#### ON UNIFORMITY OF ORTHOGRAPHY.

Great effects from little causes spring.

The most Learned and Ingenious have employed their Time, their Talents, and their Pens, in the Improvement of the English Language; and their Success has been rapid, producing many important and useful Changes. But, I am of Opinion, that every Innovation is not an Improvement; and this, I think, is as clear in Orthography, as it is in Politicks.

As a Crowd of minor Lexicographers succeeded JOHNSON, each following his own Whim or Caprice; plundering that "Pioneer of Literature," but adulterating his refined Gold with the Alloy of vulgar Custom or conceited Alteration, many improper and injurious Liberties have been taken with Orthography; and the King's English has been literally murdered.

Notwithstanding the Pains and Care of Dr. JOHNSON, to disentangle arrange, and fix, the Orthography of our Language, we are (even at this late day) so enlightened, and so overwhelmed, with Projectors and their Schemes (this Rage is, I hope, beginning to assuage), as to be involved in orthographical Chaos. To many, who are accustomed to write and spell daily, this Assertion may appear bold; but it is true: and I would advise those who wish to be scrupulously correct in the small, but important, Accomplishment of Spelling, to lay aside this Tribe of petty Innovators, and consult the King, nay, the Emperour of Lexicographers, JOHNSON. ; But why should he know better than others? Because he was profoundly learned, made Words his special Study, "sailed round the World of the English Language," and received from those who best knew how and where to bestow it, merited Applause.

WALKER has indeed, pretty nearly followed JOHNSON'S Orthography; but he is not uniform, yielding too frequently, and too implicitly, to the Suggestions and Practices of the unlettered Multitude, whose Errors he rather promulges than corrects. In the beginning of his Dictionary, he observes, "It has been a Custom within these twenty Years, to omit the *k* at the end of Words when preceded by *c*. This has introduced a Novelty into the Language, which is that of ending a Word with an unusual Letter, and is not only a Blemish on the Face of it, but may possibly produce some Irregularity in future Formatives; for mimicking must be written with the *k*, though to mimic is without it." "This Omission of *k* is, however, too general to be

“counteracted, even by the Authority of JOHNSON. But it is to be hoped it will be confined to Words from the learned Languages.” But to preserve a correct and uniform Orthography, the Progress of this Custom, this Innovation, this Irregularity, fraught with the predatory Spirit that pervades every Fiend of Revolution, *must* be checked. And may I not hope that all Preceptors and Printers will unite their Efforts for the Attainment of this desirable Object. Indeed, unless something be done, those capricious Mutations will, it is to be feared, tend so to disguise the Language, that Etymology will be unable to recognise her Relations. A potent Effort was made in the Publication of *THE LIFE OF LORENZO DE’ MEDICI*, to counteract the growing Evil of a barbarous Orthography, and since the Issuing of that elegant Work, the correct Johnsonian Orthography has been gaining Strength: It is adopted in *The United States’ Gazette*, and in *The Boston Repertory*. The Friends of the correct old School have therefore the Pleasure to observe it gaining Currency.

By the same Rule of Custom and Innovation which omits the *u* in Honour, Superiour, Inferiour, Ardour, Emperour, Governour, and the *k* in Publick, Critick, Scientifick, and Musick, we might continue so to clip Words and omit Letters, as ultimately to render written Language almost wholly stenographical, thus: howevr kunsët-ed kritiks altr, pursu the skēm lād down in Jonsons dixinary, xsept u no um to b rite; thats in korektin sum palpabel erur or mistāk.

The Reason for spelling the words Honour, Superiour, &c. with the *u*, is not that we derive them from the Latin, Emperor, Error; but that we derive them from the French, Empéreur, Erreur; and the French derived them in the first instance from the Latin.

Another Innovation against which I would contend, is that adopted by Writers and Printers, of putting a capital Letter to proper Names only. Formerly Printers used to put a capi-

tal Letter to every Substantive; but, of later Days, our Penetration has discovered that it looks *prettier* for common Nouns to be written with small Letters; and, therefore, the Honour of Capitals is confined to proper Names, although typographical Perspicuity is thereby sacrificed. Nouns ought to be considered as Primary Planets, round which the other Parts of Speech merely revolve as Secondary, and should be *capitalled* to show their Preeminence.

And I think it would it be a useful Improvement (and I am not singular in the Opinion) to employ an *inverted Comma* instead of an *Apostrophe*, to mark the possessive Case. The Apostrophe should be used only to point out an Elision, which very often occurs in Poetry. This Distinction would be clear, and would be of Advantage to Foreigners learning the Language.

Language is liable to change from Commigrations, Conquests, Commerce, and from the Esteem the Learned have for a particular Language, from which they transplant Words. CAMDEN remarks, “That though he would not say the *English* Language was as sacred as the *Hebrew*, or as learned as the *Greek*; yet it was as *fluent* as the *Latin*, as *courteous* as the *Spanish*, as *courtlike* as the *French*, and as *amorous* as the *Italian*: so that being beautified and enriched out of other Tongues, partly by enfranchising and endenizing foreign Words, and partly by implanting new ones with artful Composition, our Tongue is as copious, pithy, and significative as any other.” Possessing such an excellent Character, let us strive to bound its Liability to change. Let us endeavour to establish a correct and uniform Orthography, according to the *approved Standard* fixed by the learned and indefatigable JOHNSON; and let us dignify every Noun, as it ought to be, with a capital Letter.

The extensive Liberty of the People and the Press, in England and the United States, is productive of some Disadvantage to Literature: for what-

ever Whim or Caprice dictate, may be printed on paying the Expense; therefore the World is inundated with Books which serve no other good Purpose than that of furnishing Employment to Paper-makers, Printers, and Book-binders. But were Authours constrained to submit their Works to the Inquisition of a Tribunal established for the express Business of preventing any Book's Issuing from the Press, not consonant to the Manners and Morals of the Community, or not of intrinsick Worth and Merit, without its Stamp, a Criterion might be established, a Standard to preserve the Johnsonian Orthography, and the Language, from the Mutations daily produced by unlettered and capricious Innovators.

In the year 1711, *Swift* wrote a Letter to the Earl of Oxford, proposing a Plan to correct, improve, and ascertain the English Language. He says that "Nothing would be of greater Use towards the Improvement of Knowledge and Politeness, than some effectual Method for that Purpose." "Our Language is extremely imperfect; its daily Improvements are by no means in Proportion to its daily Corruptions; Pretenders to polish and refine it, have chiefly multiplied Abuses and Absurdities." "I have never known this great Town [London], without one or more *Dunces* of figure who had Credit enough to give rise to some new Word, and propagate it in most Conversations; though it had neither Humour nor Significance—while the Men of Wit and Learning, instead of early obviating such Corruptions, were too often seduced to imitate and comply with them." "Another Cause which hath contributed not a little to the Maiming of our Language, is a foolish Opinion advanced of late Years, that we ought to spell exactly as we speak, which besides the obvious Inconvenience of utterly destroying our Etymology, would be a Thing we should never see an End of. Not only the several Towns and Counties of England have a different Way of

Pronouncing; but, even in London, they clip their Words after one manner about the Court, another in the City, and a third in the Suburbs. All which reduced to writing, would confound Orthography. Yet many People are so fond of this Conceit, that it is sometimes a difficult Matter to read modern Books and Pamphlets; where Words are so curtailed and varied from their original Spelling, that whoever hath been used to plain English, will hardly know them by Sight." "If the Choice had been left to me, I would rather have trusted the Refinement of our Language as far as it relateth to Sound, to the Women, than of illiterate Court-fops, half-witted Poets, and University Boys. For it is plain that Women in their Manner of corrupting Words, do naturally discard the Consonants as we do Vowels." "More than once, where some of both Sexes were in Company, I have persuaded two or three of each to take a Pen, and write down a Number of Letters joined together just as it came into their Heads; and upon reading this Gibberish, we have found that which the Men had writ, by the frequent encountering of rough Consonants, to sound like *High-Dutch*; and the other, by the Women, like *Italian*, abounding in Vowels and Liquids." "What I have most at heart is, that some Method should be thought on for ascertaining and fixing our Language forever. For I am of Opinion that it is better a Language should not be wholly perfect, than that it should be perpetually changing; and we must give over at one Time or other, or at length infallibly change for the Worse."

*Swift* seems to have wished to write for Fame: for he expresses his Apprehensions that on Account of the Changes wrought and working on the Language, the Writings of his Time would be unintelligible in the Lapse of a few Years. He excelled in Originality of Thought and Purity of Style: and it must be highly pleasing to him, if he can look down from his

exalted abode, and witness the Avidity and Pleasure with which his Works are still read.

Among the many Superiorities we possess over the Old World, is Uniformity of Pronunciation. Let us add to this uniform and correct Orthography, of which JOHNSON is the best Authority; for WALKER, as observed before,\* is not uniform, he spells Error, Governour, (and I believe some more) with the *u*, but Emperor *without* it, while BAILEY, PERRY, and YOUNG spell the Word Emperour. It is therefore correct and safe to follow JOHNSON; but it must be his correct quarto or folio Edition, and not any spurious one, foisted upon the Publick with pretended Improvements. WALKER may be admitted as a Standard for Pronunciation, but not for Orthography.

S.

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*For the Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The Characters of La Bruyere were not only popular in their own day, but they have survived the ordeal of time, which has usually condemned the productions of the local satirist to an early oblivion. Though the personages, who gave a zest to his ridicule, are generally forgotten, yet much of the delicate satire of La Bruyere may be still directed against the follies, and the fopperies of the world. Men are still fond of singularity, still bending to the powerful; arrogant, and assuming to the unhappy;—each one is eager for distinction, each one delights to be the hero of his little theatre of action. La Bruyere wrote against these foibles with the pen of a gentleman, as well as a scholar. In the Aphorisms of the philosopher, and the masterly Sketches of the limner, we discover sense and erudition, and traits of originality, and sometimes the sparklings of wit and irony.

Of the biography of La Bruyere, we can gather little. M. Suard has drawn up a sketch of his life, with strictures on his writings; he is only able, however, to inform us, that he lived in the bustle of a court, that he wrote, and

died. None of those incidents, those peculiarities, so interesting in the life of a man of letters, and so illustrative of his character, have been handed to the world. Was there then no Boswell in the court of Louis XIV?

M. Suard, (or rather I should say "Citoyen Suard," as the sans-culottes of the revolution were wont to style him,) observes that were he to point out a passage, which might display at once the superiour talent of La Bruyere, and a happy specimen of contrast in writing, he should select the following apostrophe:

"Not the troubles, Zenobia, which distract your empire, nor the war that you have waged against a powerful nation, since the death of the King, your husband, have diminished your splendour and profusion. On the borders of the Euphrates, you are raising a magnificent palace; the spot you have chosen is delightful, its air mild and salubrious, and its western frontier is shaded by a consecrated grove. The Gods of Syria themselves, (who sometimes visit the earth), could not have chosen a more beautiful region. The surrounding country is now peopled with your workmen, who are busily employed, some in hewing timber, some in carving Liban wood, brass, and porphyry, while the air groans with vast engines, which flatter those who travel to Arabia, that when they return, this palace will be completed in all that grandeur and magnificence, with which you could wish to adorn it."

"Spare nothing, mighty Queen! Be lavish of your gold, and employ the most skilful workmen. Let the Phidias and the Zeuxes of your age exhaust all their ingenuity in decorating your walls. Trace out gardens, so extensive, so enchanting, that they shall seem to be the production of no mortal hands. Drain your treasures, and devote your utmost industry to this incomparable work; and when you have done, Zenobia, and have given it the last touches, some one of those peasants, who live upon the sandy plains of Palmyra, grown rich by the tolls of your rivers, shall buy this im-

perial residence, with his ready money, to improve it, and render it more worthy of himself and his fortune."

I do not find that any commentator has informed us, who is particularly referred to in the character of Zenobia; but if I may be allowed to conjecture, I would point towards *Anne of Austria*, mother of Louis XIV. The war which she maintained after the death of her husband, was that against Spain, which had been began by Richelieu; and the troubles which distracted her kingdom, were produced by the restless, rebellious, spirit of the great Condé. The situation of the Queen regent had some resemblance to that of the ancient Zenobia; and at one time when the successes of the prince had become alarming, and the throne tottered on its basis, La Bruyere might be justified in apprehending, that the glory and magnificence of Anne were going rapidly to decay.

This contrast in composition takes much of the epigrammatick, and the characters of La Bruyere abound with it. He sometimes pursues a delicate strain of irony, as far as the close, when by an unexpected turn, he displays the force of his arms: thus he seems, as it were, to deceive the enemy with a false movement, until, by a skilful manœuvre, in writing, he is able to present a bold, impregnable front. Such a manner of bringing forward his forces is also exhibited in a pair of portraits, which I shall sketch freely into English.

"Menippus has a florid complexion, and a full fat face. His look is confident, his step firm and determined; he converses with assurance, makes others repeat their observations, and seldom flatters what they say to him. He displays a large handkerchief, and uses it with much noise: he spits far, sneezes loud, sleeps in broad day as well as at night, and snores in company. At dinner or in the street, he occupies more room than any one else, and takes the middle when he walks with his equals; if he stops, they stop also: if he goes on, they follow;—every one seems to copy him. He interrupts you, and corrects you while

you are speaking: but you do not interrupt him; no, you are to listen to him as long as he can talk, you are to be of his opinion, you must believe the news he has brought. Does he sit down, observe how he sinks into the elbow-chair, crosses one leg over the other, knits his eye-brows, and draws his hat over his face that he may be alone, or afterwards raise it, and display his forehead. His temper is impatient and revengeful, manners lively, but haughty and supercilious; he is a great laugher, a great libertine, affects to be mysterious in the secrets of the day, and believes himself a man of fine parts.—He is rich."

"Telephon has hollow eyes, a blushing complexion, a lean form, and a meagre countenance. He sleeps little, he is absent and meditative, and with much sense, has the look of a stupid fellow. When you speak of his affairs, he is evasive, and sometimes tells a fib. In the street, he seems afraid to raise his eyes on those who are passing, and walks so softly, that you would imagine he did not dare to tread the earth; he will wrap himself in his cloak, and easily glide through the greatest crowd, without being observed. In company, he puts himself behind the one who is speaking, gathers what is said only by stealth, and withdraws if any one regards him with attention. If you beg him to be seated, he places himself on the edge of the chair; if you hold a conversation with him, he speaks in a low voice, and pronounces indistinctly. Open, however, on the affairs of the nation, he will tell you that he is offended with mankind, and has a poor opinion of the government. In a reply he only moves his lips; he coughs behind his hat, or if he cannot avoid it, he does it unobserved; it costs no one a compliment. Telephon is never at the clubs of the learned and polite; he forgets to display his knowledge, or if he sometimes attempts, it is without success; he perceives how tedious he is to his hearers, and he relates briefly and dryly: he cannot interest them, he cannot raise a smile of approbation. But on his own parts

he is attentive, courteous, and flattering; he laughs at what others say, applauds and joins their opinion, and flies to render them the smallest service.—He is poor.”

The first chapter of La Bruyere's work abounds with many of the precepts and *canons* of literature, and light and sportive criticism. The ensuing comparison between Corneille and Racine displays much taste and discrimination, while the antitheses are no where so dazzling as to be painful.

“No one can rival Corneille in those passages, which display the real extent of his powers, for his style is then original and inimitable; but he did not always do justice to himself. His first pieces are dry and laboured: they raised no hopes that he would afterwards have risen so high, as his latest productions surprise us that he could again have fallen so low. In some of his best pieces, there are unpardonable offences against morality, a declamatory style, which retards and debilitates the progress of the action, and a carelessness in expression and versification, which are unaccountable in so great a writer. That for which he was most eminent, was a superiority of genius, to which he was indebted for instances of more perfect poetry, than are found in any language: for the management of his plot, which he often conducted against the rules of the ancients; and, in short, for his catastrophes. For he was not always guided by the taste, the extreme simplicity of the Grecian stage: on the contrary, he was fond of loading the scene with incidents, but which he generally carried through with success; admirable above all for the variety of his designs, and the little resemblance that is discovered in the great number of poems which he formed. It is evident that those of Racine have more similarity, and tend more to one point. But Racine is equal; he supports himself, he is every where the same, whether in the design and management of his piece, which are just, regular, founded in good sense and nature; or in his versification, which

is correct and copious, elegant, flowing, and affluent in its rhymes. He scrupulously copied the simplicity and nakedness of the ancient theatre, and in short he had every thing which is great and commanding, as Corneille possessed all which is touching and pathetick. Where can there be more delicacy, than is diffused throughout the Cid, Polyeuctus, and the Horaces? Where more grandeur than in Mithridates, Porus, and Burrhus?

“The Orestes and the Phædra of Racine, as the Œdipus and the Horaces of Corneille, are proofs that both these poets were intimately acquainted with the passions, which the ancient tragick writers were so fond of exciting on the stage. If, however, I may be allowed to compare them, and to distinguish the peculiar excellences of each, I would say that Corneille raises his sentiments and characters above human nature, Racine conforms to it; the one paints man as he ought to be, the other exhibits him as he is. In the first, there is more of what we admire, and what we ought to imitate; in the second, more of what we recognise in the world, and experience in ourselves. The former elevates, amazes, subdues, and instructs: the latter is pleasing, moving, pathetick, and penetrative. Whatever is most beautiful, whatever is most noble and lordly in reason, is wielded by the first; and by the second, whatever is soft and conciliating in passion. The one abounds with maxims, precepts, and rules of life: the other is full of taste and sentiment. The pieces of Corneille rather seize the attention, those of Racine are more softening and attractive. Corneille is rather ideal and speculative, Racine has more reality, more of the world. The one seems to have imitated Sophocles, the other owes more to Euripides.”

M. Suard has given but a limited sphere to the design of La Bruyere, when he observes that his Characters exhibit only the courtier, the lawyer, the financier, and the citizen of the age of Louis XIV. La Bruyere himself says that his plan was to paint the manners

of men in every age; and surely the follies which he has laughed at, were never confined to a court of France. But even where the satire appears local, the shaft may, perhaps, be still directed against those foibles and weaknesses of our nature, which "*shoot up in every soil, the product of all climes.*" For instance, in the following sarcasm on the Parisian ladies of his time, he exposes that want of delicacy in the female world, which made an ill-natured poet exclaim, that every woman is at heart a rake.

"Every body knows that large Causeway, which stretches along the borders of the Seine, on the side where it enters Paris, after receiving the waters of the Marne; it is there that the men bathe, during the sultry heats of the dog-days: there they are seen to throw themselves into the water, and rise out of it; it is an amusement. Before this season the ladies of Paris do not visit the place, and when it is over, they are seen there no longer."

Will Mr. Oldschool pardon me, for encroaching so long upon the miscellaneous department of his paper?—I have endeavoured to copy two or three of the beauties of La Bruyere, into the English "*school*;" like the copies of exquisite miniatures, however, they have not the grace and contour of the original painting. Indeed, few writers, and surely few translators, have caught that simplicity, that terseness, and chastity of ornament, which give a lustre to the writings of La Bruyere.

M.

#### TACITUS.

"There yet remains to us," says Quintilian, "a man who enhances the glory of our age, and is worthy to be remembered by posterity; whose name will be dear to them, although now I do not mention it. He has many admirers, but no imitators; for his love of liberty has injured him, though he has obliterated many things he had written. But you may discern his highly exalted spirit and his bold opinions, even in those which remain. He is indeed a truly philosophical historian."

"His Roman voice in base degenerate days,  
Spoke to imperial pride in freedom's praise;  
And with indignant hate, severely warm,  
Showed to gigantic guilt his ghastly form."

HAYLEY.

In the first christian century, and in the reign of Nero, Tacitus was born of an honourable family. His father was a knight, and the governour of Belgick Gaul; and himself passed through the gradation of civil offices, till, under the reign of Nerva, he was appointed consul. His works are a remnant of the Roman history, of which twenty-seven years were completed by him, extending from the sixty-ninth to the ninety-sixth year of Christ, but of which only the first, and part of the second year, have reached posterity. He had written complete annals of Tiberius, Caius, Claudius, and Nero; the whole of those of Caius, and the beginning of those of Claudius, are lost. Of thirty books, we have only sixteen of this work, and five of his history.

We are, however, in possession of two inestimable compositions of Tacitus; the one, a treatise on the manners of the ancient Germans; the other, a life of Agricola, whose daughter he had married, and who had been governour of our island in the time of Domitian. Gibbon says of Britain, that "it submitted to the Roman yoke after a war of forty years, undertaken by Claudius the most stupid, maintained by Nero the most dissolute, and terminated by Domitian, the most timid of all the emperours." Before we consider the writings of Tacitus, it may be proper to recur to the times in which he lived. His infancy was passed amidst the horrors of the reign of Nero; he lived during the atrocities of Galba, the drunkenness of Vitellius, and the robberies of Otho; but having respired somewhat a purer air under Vespasian and Titus, was obliged, in his manhood, to sustain the hypocritical tyranny of Domitian.

Perhaps he may be said to have lived at a time, when the condition of the human race was more unhappy than at any other in the annals of the world. During four-score years, excepting only the short and doubtful respite of Vespasian's reign, Rome, says Mr. Gibbon, groaned beneath an unremitting tyranny, which exterminated the ancient families of the republick, and was fatal to almost every virtue and every talent, that arose in that unhappy period.

Tacitus was constrained to bend the loftiness of his soul, and to relax the firmness of his principles, not to the debasement of a courtier, but to the compliance of a subject who dared not to complain. Incapable of deserving the friendship of Domitian, he could not but deserve his hatred. His disgust he was obliged to conceal, and in secret to lament the massacre of innocent citizens, and the wounds of his much-loved country. Prevented from giving vent to his feelings, Tacitus, in the delightful retreat which literature always affords to the virtuous in their disappointments, poured forth a torrent of complaint and indignant

tion, which alone could tend to console him. This is what renders him so interesting and so animated a writer. When he inveighs, he does not declaim. A man seriously and deeply affected cannot do so. He paints, in colours most vivid, and most true, all that slavery has to disgust, all that despotism and cruelty possess to terrify.

The hopes and the successes of vice, the depression of innocence, and the abasement of virtue, all that he had seen, and all that he had suffered—he describes in such a manner, that his readers are rendered spectators, and almost fellow-sufferers with himself. Tacitus has been sometimes called a general calumniator. But did not he who has so feelingly traced the last moments of Germanicus, and who has left so unqualified a panegyrick on Agricola, discern virtue where it existed, and bestow upon it a splendid and a willing encomium? Tacitus was an orator of great eminence. He delivered a funeral oration on the death of Virginus, whom he succeeded in the consulship; and, together with the younger Pliny, who was his bosom friend, he conducted the famous cause of the Africans against Marcus Priscus, accused, as pro-consul, of having received bribes in his office. He was sentenced to pay three hundred thousand sesterces, as a penalty, and to be banished from Italy.

Tacitus deservedly holds a very high rank amongst the historians of Greece and Rome. His summary view of those disastrous times, is an awful picture of civil commotion and the wild distraction of a frantick people. All legitimate government, and of course all liberty, were at an end, when the prætorian bands, the armies of Germany, and the legions of Syria, assumed the right of electing emperours without the authority of the senate.

Tacitus probably survived his friend Pliny, and died in the reign of Trajan. Although they differed in politicks, they were the ornaments of their age, men of distinguished talents, encouragers of literature, and patrons of virtue. Tacitus had read mankind as well as books. He had all the powers that constitute a fine genius; he had a thorough knowledge of all the modes of government then known in the world, was versed in all civil affairs, and intimately acquainted with the policy of statesmen. What a picture does he give of Tiberius! how are his art and treachery developed! and how much does the narration evince the propriety of a maxim, not always admitted, that truth only should be spoken of the dead! What painter can so well portray the destruction of the legions under Varus? How is the light contrasted with the shade, when he exhibits the portrait of Germanicus; his death in Syria; and the appear-

ance of Agrippina at the port of Brundisium, when he quits the ship, leading her children, and sustaining the urn of her deceased and murdered husband!

In the lively description of the historian, Messalina, dying, becomes almost an object of compassion. His annals have been called an Historical Picture-Gallery; and those who have denominated him a misanthrope, had they recollected that he had “fallen on evil times,” ought rather to have distinguished him as the anatomist of the human heart.

His life of Agricola is a perfect model of biography; a mode of writing cultivated in the time of the old republick, but entirely disused under the emperours. This general, having carried his victorious arms from the south of Britain to the Grampian Hills, was recalled by Domitian through envy of his fame, and lived for a few years, the remainder of his life, in the calm delights of a peaceful retirement. The historian has written the life of his father-in-law, in language celebrated for its purity and elegance; and this performance has always been distinguished for the many excellent instructions and important truths, which it contains.

The style of the Annals, the work of his old age, consists of stately periods and much pomp of expression; that of the History is more subdued and temperate, sparing of words and replete with sentiment. Tacitus has been reproached with falling into the error, mentioned by Horace, of becoming obscure by attempting to be concise. He admits many Græcisms into his language; and in imitation of the manner introduced by Seneca, is sometimes florid and poetical. His treatise on the manners of the Germans, is a composition justly admired for the fidelity and exactness with which it is executed; and here the objections to his diction do not seem to have a place. His general language has been censured as being rather laboured than lofty, and his figures rather bold than just. It is, however, confessed, that his faults arise not from a want of power, but of moderation; not from a deficiency of genius, but of judgment; that when he chooses to descend from his exaltation, there is no authour among the Romans who writes with greater purity.

If a certain obscurity or affectation be found to deform his style, and render it a dangerous model for the imitation of youth, exhibiting rather a misapplication than a display of talents; yet such is the dignity, and such the justness of his sentiments, such the profoundness of his understanding and apparent goodness of his heart, as to render him at least the equal of any historian of any country.

Mrs. C. Smith, in the following poem, has very charmingly combined the agreeable and the useful. Whatever exhibits the triumph of industry, ingenuity, and perseverance, must be sure to captivate the attention of all, but yawning readers. Such a poem as this, is bark and steel to the mind. It is a powerful corroborant of the nerves of exertion and a stronger stimulus than all the opium of the Brunonians.

## TO THE MULBERRY TREE,

On reading the oriental aphorism, "by patience and labour the mulberry leaf becomes sattin."

Hither, in half-blown garlands drest,  
Advances the reluctant Spring,  
And, shrinking, feels her tender breast  
Chill'd by Winter's snowy wing.  
Nor wilt thou, alien as thou art, display  
Or leaf, or swelling bud, to meet the varying  
day.

Yet, when the mother of the rose,  
Bright June, leads on the glowing hours;  
And from her hand luxuriant throws  
Her lovely group of Summer flowers;  
Forth from thy brown and unclad branches  
shoot

Serrated leaves and rudiments of fruit.

And soon the boughs umbrageous spread  
A shelter from Autumnal rays,  
While gay beneath thy shadowy head,  
His gambols happy childhood plays;  
Eager, with crimson fingers to amass  
Thy ruby fruit, that strews the turfy grass.

But where, festoon'd with purple vines,  
More freely grows thy graceful form;  
And screen'd by towering Appenines,  
Thy foliage feeds the spinning worm:  
PATIENCE and INDUSTRY protect thy shade,  
And see, by future looms, their care repaid.

They mark the threads, half viewless wind,  
That form the shining, light, cocoon,  
Now tinted as the orange rind,  
Or paler than the pearly moon;  
Then at their summons, in the task engage,  
Light, active youth, and tremulous old age.

The task that bids thy tresses green  
A thousand varied hues assume;  
There, coloured like the sky serene,  
And mocking here the rose's bloom;  
And now in lucid volumes lightly roll'd,  
Where purple clouds are starr'd with mimic  
gold.

But not because thy veined leaves,  
Do to the grey-wing'd moth supply  
The nutriment whence Patience weaves  
The monarch's velvet canopy;  
Through his high dome a splendid radiance  
throws,  
And binds the jewel'd circlet on his brows.

And not, that thus transformed thy boughs  
Now as a cestus clasp the fair,  
Now in her changeful vestment flows,  
And fillets now her plaited hair.  
I praise thee, but that I behold in thee  
The TRIUMPH OF UNWEARIED INDUSTRY.

'Tis, that laborious millions owe

To thee the source of simple food,

In eastern climes; or where the Po

Reflects thee from his classick flood;

While useless Indolence may blush to view

What PATIENCE, INDUSTRY and ART can  
do.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy.

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and drolful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy.

A man, says the inimitable ADDISON, would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon. Human nature is not so miserable as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world, nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

GOLDSMITH, who is not much below him as a genuine English Classick, expresses himself often with the same felicity: Every situation in life brings its own peculiar pleasures; every morning wakes us to a repetition of toil, but the evening repays it with vacant hilarity.

The same writer, speaking of the pretended poverty of Burchell, and the neglect of his parasites, displays his admirable antitheses, but not with the affectation of Seneca: "Their former raptures at his wit, are now converted into sarcasms at his folly. He is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful."

We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartment sufficiently lightsome.

A Walpole wit observes that the late-invented method of making iron-bound boots and shoes, is actually putting mankind upon a footing with horses.

A country curate being asked by the parish squire what was meant by the phrase, "de mortuis nil nisi bonum," answered, there remains nothing of the dead but their bones.

SONNET, BY ANNA SEWARD.

The future, and its gifts, alone we prize,  
Few joys the present brings, and those  
alloy'd;

Th' expected fulness leaves an aching void;  
But Hope stands by, and lifts her sunny  
eyes

That gild the days to come.—She still relies  
The phantom Happiness not thus shall  
glide

Always from life. Alas!—yet ill betide  
Austere Experience, when she coldly  
tries

In distant roses to discern the thorn!

Ah! is it wise to anticipate our pain?

Arriv'd, it then is soon enough to mourn.  
Nor call the dear Consoler false and vain,  
When yet again, shining through April  
tears,

Those fair enlight'ning eyes beam on ad-  
vancing years.

In an eloquent pamphlet, written in the  
decline of his life, BURKE gallantly defends  
himself against the charge of political in-  
constancy. The argument is irresistible, and  
the language of one sentence shall speak for  
itself.

He has been charged with passing from  
extreme to extreme; but he has always kept  
himself in a medium. This charge is not  
wonderful. It is in the nature of things, that  
they, who are in the centre of a circle, should  
appear directly opposed to those who view  
them from any part of the circumference.  
In that middle point, however, he will still  
remain, though he may hear people, who  
themselves run *beyond Aurora and the Ganges*,  
cry out, that he is at the *extremity of the West*.

GIBBON thus describes a literary gladi-  
ator.

He was a master of science, of language,  
and, above all, of dispute; and his acute and  
flexible logick could support, with equal ad-  
dress, and, perhaps, with equal indifference,  
the adverse sides of every possible question.

Cumberland, on his voyage to Spain in the *Milford*  
frigate, was present at a naval combat with a French  
vessel, the commander of which made a most gallant  
resistance, but was at length killed, and his crew  
were obliged to acknowledge the superiority of Brit-  
ish bravery and skill. Our author wrote a song on  
the occasion; and though we believe it is the first  
effort of his muse in nautical poetry, it has uncon-  
fessed merit. The introduction we give in the au-  
thor's own words.

In the course of this day I wrote a song,  
for my amusement, descriptive of this action,  
and adapted it to the tune of

Whilst here at Deal we're lying boys,  
With the noble Commodore.

Our crew were very musically inclined,  
and we had some passably good singers  
among them, which suggested to me the  
idea of writing this sea-song; we frequent-  
ly sung it in Lisbon, in lusty chorus, but  
their delicacy would not allow them to let it

be once heard, till their prisoners were re-  
moved: and this was the answer made to  
me by a common seaman, when I asked  
why they would not sing it during the voyage;  
an objection which had escaped me, but  
which I felt the full force of when stated to  
me by him.

The song was as follows, and the cir-  
cumstances under which it was written must  
be my apology for inserting it.

'Twas up the wind, three leagues, or more,  
We spied a lofty sail;

Set your top-gallant sails, my boys,  
And closely hug the gale.

Nine knots the nimble *Milford* ran,  
Thus, thus the master cried,  
Hull up we brought the chase in view  
And soon were side by side.

Douse your Dutch ensign, up *Saint George*!  
To quarters now all hands,  
With lighted match beside his gun  
Each British hero stands.

Give fire, our gallant captain cries,  
'Tis done, the cannons roar;  
Stand clear, Mounseers, digest these pills,  
And soon we'll give you more.

Our chain-shot whistles in the wind,  
Our grape descends like hail,  
Hurrah my souls, three cheering shouts,  
French hearts begin to quail.

Rak'd fore and aft, her shattered hull  
Lets in the briny flood;  
Her decks are carnaged with the slain,  
Her scuppers stream with blood.

Her French Jack shivers in the wind;  
Its lilies all look pale;  
Down it must come; it must come down,  
For Britons will prevail.

And see, 'tis done: she strikes, she yields;  
Down haughty flag of France:  
Now board her boys, and on her staff  
The English cross advance.

There, there triumphantly it flies,  
It conquers and it saves;  
So gaily toss the cann about,  
For Britons rule the waves.

A man of liberal curiosity turns all nature  
into a magnificent theatre, replete with ob-  
jects of wonder and surprise; and filled up  
chiefly for his happiness and entertainment:  
he industriously examines all things, from  
the minutest insect to the most finished ani-  
mal; and, when his limited organs can no  
longer make the disquisition, he sends out  
his imagination upon new inquiries.

There is no animal whose frame is more  
sensibly affected by the air than a man. It is  
true he can endure a greater variety of cli-  
mates than the lower orders generally are

able to do ; but it is rather by the means which he has discovered of obviating their effects, than by the apparent strength of his constitution. Most other animals can bear cold or hunger better, endure greater fatigues in proportion, and are satisfied with shorter repose. The variations of the climate, therefore, would probably affect them less.

The following paragraph is extracted from a British Critique on a new opera, called "*The Travellers*." It may afford a hint to American actors and actresses.

"That species of turgid style and affected sentiment, which modern play-writers have unhappily mistaken for fine writing, abounds in every part of the dialogue, and the most fulsome and disgusting compliments to the British nation, are put into the mouths of almost all the characters, Chinese, Turkish, Italian, Irish, and English, as they successively appear. This, indirect way of flattering ourselves, has something in it so offensive to good taste, and so inconsistent with national dignity, that it ought to be strongly and publicly discountenanced."

The following acute and ingenious remarks were made many years ago by Soame Jenyns, at the expense of his countrymen. His satire, at once just and elegant, applies with more force to this country than to England.

"There is in every country a certain characteristic of taste, which, during the same period of time, affects all arts, sciences and professions in a similar manner, though perhaps not easy to be expressed : that which prevails with us at present is, an affectation of something superiour to nature and truth ; of all that excites our admiration rather than of what satisfies our judgment. The very same extravagances runs through all our literature, manners, and diversions, to the utter neglect of all true beauty, simplicity, and usefulness : thus our literature is disgraced with bombast and barbarism ; our politicks soar into visionary speculation, and our religion dwindles into grimace, whining, cant, and hypocrisy."

GLEE, BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

Not inserted in his works, on a golden cup with embossed figures, dedicated to the god of mirth by the Harmonick Club.

Mirth, be thy mingled pleasure mine—  
The joys of musick, love, and wine !  
While high thy votive cup I hold,  
And trace the forms that breathe in gold.

Beneath this vine, lo ! Bacchus laid,  
And Venus twines the ivy braid,  
While each light Grace with zofft unbound  
Weaves the dance the bower around.

Here, with gay song and sportive lyre,  
Wing'd Cupid leads the Mithian choir

Where the crush'd grape from every vein  
Dyes their feet with purple stain.

CHORUS.

I hear the god's ecstatic notes,  
Each sense in sweet delirium floats ;  
Pledge the cup, the chorus join,  
And echo—musick, love, and wine.

Soame Jenyns thus poignantly describes the utter inability of the *common herd* to think for themselves, much less to form a constitution for others.

If one who has constantly paid his court to reason from his childhood, has had a liberal education and continual leisure, and examined every thing with coolness, care, and impartiality, yet misses of his aim, and bewilders himself in mazes, or is entangled in absurdities, how can it be expected, that the common herd of mankind, without preparation, without thirst of knowledge, without command of their time, immersed in business, pleasures, or passions, and driven forcibly along by the torrent of example, should ever strike out a complete rule of conduct, or system of opinion, without some better guidance, than that of their own sagacity.

It is whispered, we know not with what foundation, that Mrs. Radcliffe, the authoress of some of the best romances which have appeared either in England or on the continent, has been for some time deprived of her reason and confined in a private mad-house. This melancholy event is ascribed by some to the brutality of a jealous husband, and by others, to too much intensity of mental occupation. We hope that the whole story is destitute of foundation, and that the ingenious lady, who is the subject of this report, is sequestered from the world by her own choice, and that if her fine imagination be heated, it is not in the furnace of affliction. Taking, however, the rumour to be true, some scholar of sensibility, has thus bewailed the WRECK OF REASON.

Would your imagination stray ;  
To scenes of horror make its way ;  
Would it from sorrow take its flight ;  
From scenes of pleasure, to affright ;  
Would it, reluctant, slowly creep,  
And o'er the wreck of reason weep ;  
—Hither come, ye blithe and gay ;  
Come, and throw your mirth away.  
Weeping beauty, hither hie,  
And o'er the ruin breathe a sigh ;  
Come and see ; ye giddy vain,  
A sadder sight than " crazy Jane."

The tender heart, the lib'ral mind,  
The soul by sentiment refin'd,  
The modest mein, the graceful air,  
Are gone, and all is ruin there :  
The matchless whole, divinely grac'd,  
Is chang'd into chaotick waste ;  
The timid mind, with terror fated,  
Starts at the phantoms it created.

—See the maniac's ghastly stare !  
See her loose dishevelled hair !  
See her widely rolling eyes,  
Distorted form, and piercing cries !  
See she trembles, writhes and groans,  
And fills the air with piteous moans !

—O RADCLIFFE! this at last thy fate,  
To sink to such a dreadful state!—  
See she shudders, starts, and raves  
Of grinning ghosts and gaping graves,  
Of antique arms, and haunted halls,  
Of tott'ring turrets, mould'ring walls.  
The fulgent cross, the monkish cowl,  
The raven's flap, the boding owl,  
The warning knell, the mystick roll,  
With horror strike her frenzied soul.  
The murky vault's terrific gloom,  
The echoes from the dismal tomb,  
The quiv'ring pail, the crimson'd knife,  
All gory with the blood of life,  
The secret cell, the glimmering light,  
The putrid corse, the flitting sprite,  
The pendant chain, the magick chest,  
With terror fill her frantick breast.

No more she'll pen the fairy dream,  
The awful, yet the pleasing theme:  
No more portray, with matchless art,  
To frighten, yet delight the heart;  
Genius in her has left the throne,  
And madness now usurps alone.  
Let frozen souls precise and nice,  
Call her the native child of vice;  
Let torpid spirits, dry and stale,  
Affect to startle and bewail;  
A patent reason all may bring,  
They in her *moral* find a *sting*—  
E'en savage minds to feeling dead,  
And icy hearts by *virtue* led,  
When pitying death relieves her woe,  
And lays the hapless victim low,  
Might come, and on the maniac's bier,  
Shed pensive pity's softest tear.

There is a legal presumption against men *quando se nimis purgant*; and if a charge of ambition is not refuted by an affected humility, certainly the character of fraud and perfidy is still less to be washed away by indications of meanness. Fraud and prevarication are servile vices. They sometimes grow out of the necessities, always out of the habits, of slavish and degenerate spirits: and, on the theatre of the world, it is not by assuming the mask of a Davus or a Geta, that an actor will obtain credit for manly simplicity and a liberal openness of proceeding. It is an erect countenance; it is a firm adherence to principle; it is a power of resisting false shame and frivolous fear, that assert our good faith and honour, and assure to us the confidence of mankind.

In the following concise character of Cardinal Wolsey, HUME is not sparing of the figure antithesis, but, it must be confessed, he employs it much in the taste of the classic historians:

Insatiable in his acquisitions, but still more magnificent in his expense: of extensive capacity, but still more unbounded enterprise: ambitious of power, but still more desirous of glory: insinuating, engaging,

persuasive; and, by turns, lofty, elevated, and commanding: haughty to his equals, but affable to his dependants; oppressive to the people, but liberal to his friends; more generous than grateful; less moved by injuries than contempt; he was framed to take the ascendant in every intercourse with others, but exerted this superiority of nature with such ostentation as exposed him to envy, and made every one willing to recal the original inferiority, or rather meanness, of his fortune.

SONNET, BY ANNA SEWARD.

When life's realities the soul perceives  
Vain, dull, perchance corrosive, if she  
glows

With rising energy, and open throws  
The golden gates of Genius, she achieves  
His fairy clime delighted, and receives  
In those gay paths, deck'd with the thorn-  
less rose,

Blest compensation.—Lo! with alter'd  
brows

Low's the false world, and the fine spirit  
grieves:

No more young Hope tints with her light  
and bloom

The darkening scene.—Then to ourselves  
we say,

Come, bright Imagination, come! relume  
Thy orient lamp; with recompensing ray  
Shine on the mind, and pierce its gather-  
ing gloom

With all the fires of intellectual day!

The genius displayed in the ensuing burlesque poem challenges for it a place in the Port Folio. We borrow this poetical joke from The Monthly Anthology, a work in no respect inferior to the best of the British Magazines.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

Several susceptible youths of your city have lately been employed in making woeful ballads to their mistress's eye-brow. It entered into my noddle to attempt something after their manner upon the interesting object of my tenderest attachments.—DOLLY.

EPISTLE TO DOLLY.

From the dark gulf of comfortless despair  
Oh suffer me, thou empress of my soul,  
With trembling hand and gizzard\* titillating,  
And heart that beats in unison with yours,  
Like some twin cherry, by sweet zephyr  
mov'd,

Jostling in concert with its ruby brother,  
To write to you, your sex's nonpareil.

Those gooseberry eyes with emerald light-  
nings big,  
Beaming sublime like barn-door in the morn,  
Have burnt thy Neddy's heart just like, for-  
sooth,

A crisp pork-chop upon a gridiron.  
Oh, oh those pouting cherry lips of thine,  
Where little cherubim and seraphim

\* Lately discovered.

Dance sportive to thy throat's wild melody;  
Oh Dolly Dumpling, Dolly Dumpling oh!  
Deign, deign to squint one ray of love divine  
Into my tender bosom, Greenlandiz'd  
With cold disdain and Lapland iciness.  
Paint to yourself my restless form laid prone  
In sheets of linen or of cotton made,  
There thinking on thy angel mein I toss in  
pain,

Turning now on this and then on t'other side,  
My throbbing heart the while with forceful  
beat

Striving to break my ribs and 'scape to thee.  
So have I often seen some hapless goose,  
In farmer's yard by cruel coop pent in,  
Reckless of life beat hard against the slits,  
And strive in vain to gain the gabbling flock.

How pleasant sitting at my cottage door  
To view at eve the sun's declining ray,  
Soft sliding through the mountain's blushy  
brow;

To hear the vacant laugh of honest steed,  
The bee-hive's buzz, and courting pidgeon's  
coo.

When toil is o'er, and stretch'd upon the  
turf,

How sweet to view our little playful lambs  
Bound like grasshoppers in a field of hay;  
And when our pretty little brindle cow,  
Before the wicker gate with meekest look,  
Shall ask our pliant hands her teats to squeeze,  
How will your Neddy and his Dolly dear,  
With each a milking-pail and each a stool,  
Express the streams of sweet nectareous dew,  
That gods shall wish to be like *I and you*.

NEDDY NITRE.

#### MERRIMENT.

A very beautiful woman having the miniature picture of her *ugly* husband suspended on her breast, asked Mr. Moore, the elegant translator of Anacreon, whom he thought it like. "I think," said he, "it is like *the Saracen's Head on Snowhill*."

"I wish," said Rigby to Charles Fox, "that you would stand out of my light, or that you had a window in that great belly of yours"—"What," said Charles, "that you might lay an additional tax upon it, I suppose."

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We wish for a *private* opportunity to express our opinion of the genius and wit of "*CLIMENOLE*," and to thank him for those *original* papers, with which, at different times, he has adorned this miscellany. The Editor earnestly hopes that Climenole has not made a vow to have no more correspondence with *The Port Folio*.

One of our literary friends, and not the least favoured of the group, has remonstrated with the editor for publishing so many

extracts from British books, and the indignation of our correspondent is kindled into a perfect blaze when he adverts to the circumstance of our copying many of the letters of Cowper. In defence, the editor must urge, that, at the time, he could exhibit nothing more new, interesting, and elegant. The epistles of Cowper challenge a decided superiority over every other effort in that walk in the English language. Let us listen to the Edinburgh critics, and then the editor may be forgiven for obtaining and using a loan from the rich bank of foreign literature.

"Of these letters we may safely assert, that we have rarely met with any similar collection of superiour interest or beauty. Though the incidents to which they relate be of no public magnitude or moment, and the remarks which they contain be not uniformly profound or original, yet there is something in the sweetness and facility of his diction, and more perhaps in the glimpses they afford of a pure and benevolent mind that diffuses a charm over the whole collection, and communicates an interest that cannot always be commanded by performances of greater dignity and pretension. This interest was promoted and assisted, no doubt, in a considerable degree, by that curiosity, which always seeks to penetrate into the privacy of celebrated men, and which had been almost intirely frustrated, in the instance of Cowper, till the appearance of these letters. Though his writings had long been extremely popular, the authour was scarcely known to the publick; and having lived in a state of intire seclusion from the world, there were no anecdotes of his conversation, his habits, or opinions, in circulation among his admirers. The publication of his correspondence has in a great measure supplied this deficiency."

We hope that the "*Gleaner*" will continue his labours. He displays various and extensive reading, and gazes very steadfastly through the spectacles of criticism at the fairest objects in literature.

"A White Friar," we fancy, looks at his bumper oftener than at his rosary. He is doubtless one of a convivial brotherhood, and makes more vows to Saint Bacchus than to Saint Francis. We have heard of *friars of orders grey*, who "themselves by denial oft mortify, with a *dainty bit of a warden pie*."

Their beads and crosses they hold divine,  
They pray with fervent zeal  
To rosy Bacchus, god of wine,  
Who does each joy reveal.  
There absolution you'll receive,  
Ye blue-eyed nuns, so fair,  
And benedictions they will give  
To banish every care.

"A pleasant Journey" is one of the most irksome rambles we ever took over the barren moor of stale description.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For the Port Folio.*

The following lines were sent by a private hand, a short time since, but I know not whether you have received them.

Softly through the check'ring trees,  
Cynthia pours her mellow light;  
While the gently whisp'ring breeze  
Wooes the genius of the night.

Spring-born May has spread her flow'rs,  
Flora laughs in ev'ry grove;  
Lightly dance the sportive hours,  
And Nature's pulse beats high to love.

List! the ev'ning warbler's throat,  
Yonder by the tinkling rill;  
Sweet she trills her vesper note,  
And Echo answers, "whip-poor-will!"

Come, my fair, enjoy the scene,  
Down the green walk let us stray;  
Duller souls may doze within,  
Come, Lavinia, come away!

How sweet, at such an hour as this,  
The zest of social bliss to prove,  
To snatch, unblam'd, the melting kiss,  
Warm from the conscious lip of love!

W.

*For the Port Folio.*

A sudden flaw of wind had alarmed Miss —, when on a sailing party: the following compliment, it is hoped, compensated her for the fright.

Æolus saw our sport begun,  
And, starting in a twinkling,  
Cry'd, "twould be most delicious fun  
To give these sparks a sprinkling."

Just then the old mischievous wight,  
Espied our lovely charge:  
"Lord! hush!" he bawl'd in desp'rate  
fright,

"There 's VENUS in the barge!"

## EPIGRAMS.

So fair I thought your face and mind  
I wonder'd much that half mankind  
Were not of wits bereav'd;  
I've had you now three weeks to try  
And wonder how the devil I  
Could be so much deceiv'd.

## SOUND LOGICK.

Said buxom Joan to husband Dick,  
If man and wife one creature be,  
To cuckold you 's a loving trick  
Since you the pleasure share with me.  
You're right, said Dick, and twig of tree  
About her sides with vigour flew,  
Since you the pleasure share with me  
I'll kindly share the pain with you.

## POILED IN ESSENTIALS.

Unhappy me! said Nepo's wife;  
Riches and virtue how to gain  
Has been my study all my life,  
Yet neither could I ere obtain.

## EPITAPHS.

Here lies Randolph Peter, of Oriel, the Eater;  
Who'er you are, tread softly, I intreat you,  
For if he chance to wake, be sure, he 'll eat  
you.

On Tom Lock, a Fisherman at East Bourne, Sussex,  
who was a good cook, but addicted to drinking  
moonshine.

Ye men of East Bourne, and the neighbour-  
ing shore,

Bewail your loss! Tom Lock—he is no more,  
Where will you find a man of equal parts,  
Vers'd in the boatman's and the kitchen arts?  
Equally skilful, if at land or sea,  
And to behold a perfect prodigy,  
His neck distended to uncommon size,  
His croaking voice, and then his swollen  
eyes,

Were such true emblems of the life he led,  
You 'll not much wonder that he now lies  
dead.

'Twas moonshine brought him to this fatal  
end,

Not one dark night did e'er poor Tom be-  
friend!

In vain for him did Sol his light display,  
'Twas always moonshine either night or day.

In the church at Kendal, Westmoreland, written by  
Dr. Watson, bishop of Landaff.

In memory of

SIR JOHN WILSON, KNT.

One of his Majesty's Justices of the Court of  
Common Pleas.

Born at the Howe, Applethwaite, 6 Aug. 1741.

Died at Kendal, 18th of October, 1793.

He did not owe his Promotion

To the weight of

Great Connexions which he never courted;

Nor to the Influence of

Political Parties, which he never joined;

But to his Professional Merit,

And the unsolicited Patronage of the  
Lord Chancellor Thurlow,

Who, in recommending to his Majesty

So profound a Lawyer,

And so good a Man,

Realized the hopes and expectations of

The whole Bar,

Gratified the general wishes of the Country.

And did honour to

His own Discernment and Integrity.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

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Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, January 10, 1807.

[No. 2.]

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### MISCELLANY.

ELOQUENCE OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

OF the biography of St. Chrysostom, the celebrated orator of the Greek church, Gibbon has given us a sketch, interesting for the vicissitudes of his life and the extraordinary splendour of his character. With his works he professes no acquaintance, being alarmed at the sight of thirteen folio volumes, filled with homilies, and satisfied to form his opinion of their excellence from those criticks, who have been most moderate in their commendations. "They (he says) unanimously attribute to the christian orator the free command of an elegant and copious language, the judgment to conceal the advantages which he derived from the knowledge of rhetoric and philosophy; an inexhaustible fund of metaphors and similitudes, of ideas and images, to vary and illustrate the most familiar topicks; the happy art of engaging the passions in the service of virtue, and of exposing the folly as well as the turpitude of vice, almost with the truth of a dramatick representation."

As a proof that this criticism is both moderate and just, we need only refer to the wonderful effects of an oratory which exalted an obscure and unambitious individual to a height of

power in the metropolis of the Eastern Empire equal, if not superiour, to that of the Emperour himself.

Having lately met with one of those volumes, and thinking that I perceive a mine of eloquence which justifies the appellation of "Chrysostom," (or "the golden mouth") given him by his contemporaries, and which might contribute, if successfully explored, to the literary wealth of the present age, I have ventured to offer you the following translation of a passage in his homily on patience :

— Remember then, my brethren ! in the pressure of poverty, in the pain and languor of disease, in all your afflictions, remember the sufferings of Job, and blush for your complaints. But let me display to you all the terrors of a war in which all nature was combined against him. Ten children were torn from him ! all in one dreadful moment ; all in the flower of life ; all in the bloom of virtue ! and by no ordinary means, but by a death the most cruel, the least expected. Is there any whom such a flood of ruin would not overwhelm ? Any heart of adamant which could resist it ? There is none ; not one. For if any one of these calamities would have been of itself intolerable, think what must have been his agony, against whom such a host of miseries was assembled !

Remember then, my brethren! when you have lost the cherished objects of your souls, a son, a daughter, remember that your refuge from despair is the example of Job. Look there for consolation. Remember his words in the midst of his anguish, they sanctify his memory with a splendour to which the lustre of a thousand diamonds is pale. Behold the extent of his desolation. Behold this shipwreck of every remaining comfort, this last and bloody scene of a tragedy of horrors! You may have wept over the grave of one child, perhaps of another, or of another; but he, of all; he, in one moment the delighted father of a numerous offspring, is, in the next childless. Nor did they expire gradually and gently in their beds, nor did he sit by them, nor did he feel the last faint pressure of their hands, nor did he hear the dying whispers of affection. Even these sad soothings were denied him. Nor was any aggravation wanting which can add to the bitterness of grief. They died not only suddenly, but in their youth; not only in youth, but in innocence; unconscious of evil, unsuspecting of misfortune. In the sons and daughters of Job he had watched every bud of virtue as it opened, they shone in all the varieties of human excellence, they were worthy of all his love, and they were all beloved. If any one of these circumstances would have swelled the torrent of adversity, what must have been its fury when they were all seen united, when they all rushed together against him? The enemy of the world had put forth all his strength, had attacked him with all the malignity of his nature, he had bereaved him of all his enjoyments, he had left him no hope but for death.

When we think how these things were borne, my brethren, we are lost in amazement! we behold a miracle of the Almighty! The storm had howled among his branches, had stripped him at once of all his fruit; it had passed over him and he stood a leafless trunk—but he stood. The angry waves of affliction had rolled upon him, but his bark still floated in a sea of sor-

row—All the foundations of his faith were undermined, but the tower was unshaken.

In the intervals of pain, when disease had suspended her tortures that the severer tortures of reflection might be inflicted, what must have been his feelings—His thoughts flew back to the children he had lost—sad recollection to a father! He remembered also their filial tenderness, their obedience, their endearing qualities which had increased the natural affection of a parent, and now aggravated his misfortune. Had they been vicious, the unworthiness of their lives would have been some consolation for their deaths: but the memory of their virtues showed him the inestimable value of blessings snatched from him forever. He remembered also that, alas! he had lost all—that not one was spared, that he had no earthly object of his love remaining. Had only one survived, how would he have cherished it? how sweet would have been such a comforter in his misery? But where now was a wretched father, deprived of all his children, to look for comfort? He remembered also the suddenness of their fate. The force of grief, as of joy, is strengthened by being unexpected. How often when death has seized upon his victim, after a few days illness, do we hear complaints of the cruelty of death? Yet he had beheld the destruction of his children, not in a few days, nor in a few hours, nor in one, but in a moment. In a moment the scene of their social festivity was made a den of slaughter—their habitation, their tomb! At this funeral pile, my brethren! behold a father! He searches among the ruins—he grasps a broken pillar of the building—it is wet with the blood of his children. With one trembling hand he removes a stone—the other shrinks from the mangled limb of a child. Their mutilated bodies are before him, the illusions of hope are vanished. There is neither life, nor form, nor feature remaining. In vain does he attempt to recognise their well-known lineaments, in vain to distinguish one from another. They are all alike, all lacerated with innume-

rable wounds; all crushed into a loathsome mass of deformity.

You are agitated, my brethren! I behold your tears. If you cannot hear those things, how would you have borne them? If your hearts can be thus melted by a cold recital of another's calamity; think what must have been the agony of the man who beheld it—of the father who endured it? Amidst the wailings of distress, do you hear the voice of upbraiding? Does he say “wherefore is this evil come upon me? Is this the reward of my benevolence? Have I opened my doors to the stranger? Have I distributed my wealth to the poor? Have I been a father to the fatherless? And is it therefore that I am naked and destitute? Have I instructed my children in wisdom? Have I led them in the paths of righteousness? Have I taught them to worship God? And is it therefore that he has destroyed them!”—No such murmurs escape him. He kisses the hand that chastises him. He bends with resignation to the will of Heaven—“The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!” Wonder not, my brethren, that he tore his hair—that he scattered the fragments of his garments to the winds—that he fell upon the earth—that he rolled in the dust. He was a father: Had he been unmoved, his fortitude would have been without merit—a cold and brutish philosophy would have disgraced the character of Job.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following tale was published, some months since, in the N. E. Republican. It is presumed that the circulation of that paper was not then so extensive as to have rendered the story uninteresting to the present readers of The Port Folio: it is, therefore, with some trivial alterations, offered for a place in your miscellany. A few of your friends will be pleased with its insertion, and none, perhaps, disoblige

J.

EMILY HAMMOND,

AN AMERICAN NOVEL.

To convey useful instruction without giving offence, is a task attended with peculiar difficulty. When our

faults are set before us, even though friendship itself assume the task of correction, the inherent pride of our hearts feels wounded at the fancied reproof, and too often totally weakens every effort for reformation.

Well-drawn sketches of *real life*, however, furnish a mean of instruction which nothing but confirmed baseness of character can render ineffectual. When we see a course of vicious conduct succeeded by disgrace, misfortune, and repentance; and remark the honour, the happiness, and peace of mind which, even in this life, active Virtue confers on her votaries; we receive instruction without suspecting it. Imagination and Passion are interested, and leave an impression on the understanding, which formal advice and abstract reasoning could never have produced.

If the following “unvarnished little tale” shall speak Virtue’s call to one erring heart, or beguile a single hour from the dulness of *ennui*, or the pursuit of trifles; the relater will think his trouble amply repaid. To correct the passions, to soften and amend the heart, has been his object: applause is not expected, and apology will not be attempted.

In the early part of my life, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. Drey, a young gentleman from the eastern part of Massachusetts. Youthful attachments are frequently less permanent than their early warmth would lead us to expect: new connexions are formed, and new interests arise, as our years increase; and leave to friendship little beyond an empty name. To Mr. Drey and myself, however, these remarks by no means apply. Although engaged in the most active of all employments, while *my* life presented little more than a scene of peaceable idleness, he welcomed my frequent visits to his family, with all the ardour of youthful friendship. When I felt the warm grasp of his hand, I forgot that I was growing grey, while “the joys of other times” rose to my memory in colours almost too vivid to permit the reflection that they were never to return!

Mr. Drey married when young. His lady was an accomplished woman, and in her disposition amiable in a high degree. Unlike too many of our fashionable wives, she found her chief happiness in increasing that of her husband: to lighten the pressure of his cares, and multiply the sources of his enjoyment, seemed less her duty than her delight: and in that affectionate interchange of kind offices arising from a reciprocal desire to please, my friends enjoyed a degree of domestick felicity which I shall look in vain to see excelled.

They had two children, one of whom died in early infancy; and on the other, a promising boy, was lavished all the fond attention which should have been divided among a more numerous family. He received an early education; and, at the age of seventeen, was placed in a course of professional study, under the care of a relation at Philadelphia.

Such was the family of Mr. Drey three years since: my friend now rests in his kindred earth; his amiable wife tenants the clay by his side; while their son, their only and darling child, "the child of many prayers," in whom centered all the fond hopes and expectations which the parental bosom alone can feel: this son, if yet alive, is a wanderer in foreign climes, friendless and destitute, and tortured with the "gnawings of that worm which never dies."

My readers will pardon this short characteristick sketch; it is a tribute due to the memory of my friends.

In the autumn of 1802, I received intelligence that Mr. Drey was dangerously ill. Wishing to see him, with as little delay as possible, I took a seat in the mail-stage, as offering the most certain and expeditious manner of travelling. The first day I rode quite alone: the carriage reached New-Haven about midnight; and after a few hours' repose, I was summoned to continue my journey toward Boston. As I entered the coach, I observed, by the light of the waiter's lantern, a young lady who had entered before me, and placed herself on

the back-seat. She was of a delicate form, and apparently in ill health: but the circumstance which most powerfully excited my feelings was, that she carried a very young infant, who appeared, like its unfriended protectress, to be ill prepared for the fatigues of such a journey. The coachman's customary inquiry, "all in?" was answered by a hoarse "yes" from the door, and I found myself on the road, with no other travelling companion than a woman, who seemed, at best, friendless, unprotected, and unknown.

The morning was cold and rainy. Drowsy through fatigue and want of rest, I drew my cloak around me, and fell into a kind of half slumber, from which, however, I was soon roused by a complaining cry from the infant which my fellow traveller carried: "Hush, poor little outcast! hush, my poor babe," cried she, in a voice of mournful tenderness, "The world has no pity for you! Oh, it is a cruel world!" She pressed her suffering little one to her bosom, and sobbed in anguish. Here was an appeal to my feelings too powerful to be resisted: in the impulse of the moment, I seated myself close by her side—"Young woman! you seem to be distressed—trust an old man: I can have no interest in deceiving you!"—"I am distressed!" she replied in a voice scarcely audible; "but I did not mean to complain."

"Have you travelled far?"

"From Philadelphia, sir."

"Painful! And you go farther still."

"To Boston—"

"Who are your friends in Boston?"

I inquired hastily. She burst into a passion of tears, and I felt I had asked too much. "I have no friends—no home!" she replied—"I expect no pity but from heaven, and I have forfeited even that. For myself, I could suffer in silence—I deserve to suffer; but my babe—oh, sir! my friendless little one has a better claim to compassion!"

"You have both a claim—and be mine the task to guard you! We are all the children of transgression, and if you have erred more than others,

your sufferings must have been in full proportion. You are distressed—I claim your reliance on my protection.”

There are times when prudence and compassion appear at variance, and when pity would seem to deserve the name of weakness. The unfeeling sensualist may sneer at my credulity; and that cold, timid selfishness which shelters itself under the sacred garb of prudence may “point its iron frown” at actions which it cannot imitate—little do I care. Be it mine to pity the faults and sooth the sorrows of a repentant fellow mortal; and if that Being whose highest attribute is mercy, should throw error in my way, may I ever be the victim of my heart, rather than the dupe of my head!

When we reached Boston, I procured attendance for my *protegé* at one of the inns, and went immediately to the house of a widow lady, with whom I had been intimately acquainted during a former residence in that town. Mrs. Barlow was a quaker, and possessed, in reality, that purity and simplicity of morals so generally apparent in people of her persuasion. To this woman I immediately related my adventure, and concluded with asking her assistance and protection for the unhappy stranger. The ladies, I am well aware, will frown at this: “A witless old cully! Could he not be satisfied with being a fool himself? I wish he had applied to me! I would have shown him the difference between—but let’s hear what his Mrs. Barlow said to him.” With the smile of angel benevolence on her face, she replied: “Friend J. thou art full of thy whims, but I know thy heart: bring the poor girl to me; I must not be behind thee in succouring the unfortunate.” I waited not for a repetition of this offer; and in a few minutes the “way-worn” sufferer was introduced to a protector of her own sex. Without waiting for any thing but a hasty refreshment, I borrowed Mrs. Barlow’s carriage; and in a few hours had the happiness of embracing my old friend. I found him in much better health than my fears had predicted; his disorder, a

severe pleurisy, had yielded to prudent treatment and a good constitution, and he was fast recovering. His son, whom I had not seen for two years, was now at home. This young gentleman seemed exactly what his father was when my acquaintance with him commenced—A strong cultivated mind, assisted by a literary education, and an unusual proficiency in classic learning: a graceful form: a fine open countenance, and a manly spirit, checked by the restraint of true politeness, rendered Everard Drey not only an object of general esteem, but, in a high degree, what our *novel-writing* ladies would call a *dangerous man*. He was melancholy, however: Some hidden sorrow, which neither the confidence of friendship, nor the anxious inquiries of parental tenderness, could elicit, preyed upon his spirits and impaired his health.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In your zeal to censure every thing American, you sometimes charge us with faults and errors that do not belong to us. The verb *progress*, so frequently the object of your ridicule, is not a word of our own manufacture, nor is the use of it peculiar to us. It is to be found in the English newspapers, and in their *magazines*, which are of still better authority; and as I know you are in the habit of perusing these publications, in which the word sometimes have occurred, I cannot but feel surprised and hurt, that prejudice against your native country should so far get the better of your love of justice, as to render you blind to all defects but what you find at home. Let me inform you farther, the word is in *Walker’s Dictionary*, and in *Entick’s*, and may likewise be seen in the works of Shakspeare.

The contention about the origin or propriety of a word is, to be sure, not entitled to much earnestness of argument, nor should I have noticed the matter, only as a new proof of that antipathy which I think not properly indulged. For my part I have a natural

prepossession in favour of the country of my birth, a prepossession which, if I remember right, your favourite Burke declares to be a laudable one, and which certainly every patriotick heart must feel. But if candour, or a wish to reform, should outweigh the nature of an honest attachment, and induce us to decry its *real* imperfections, for the sake of justice at least, let us go no farther.

#### AN AMERICAN.

[The sixty-fourth number of "The Adelpsiad" exhibits a portrait of the late archbishop of Canterbury. The character of that prelate was so respectable, and his biographer is so ingenious, that we have a double motive to invite our readers to look at the ensuing sketch.]

FROM THE PROVIDENCE GAZETTE.

#### THE ADELPHIAD, No. 64.

His grace the most Reverend John Moore, late archbishop of Canterbury, is one of many instances which show that men of talents may rise to the first offices in the British government, independently of all considerations of birth, title, and family connexion. He was the son of a respectable country grazier in the west of England, who gave him a liberal education, and placed him in the University of Oxford; where he was only remarkable for his application to study, and the correctness of his manners and morals. Some time after Mr. Moore entered into orders, it was rumoured at the University that a nobleman, whose name was not mentioned, had made application for a tutor to his son. The gentlemen, to whom an offer of this office was made, unanimously declined accepting it, on the supposition that, as the nobleman appeared to be ashamed of his name, he was some inferior Scotch lord, whose patronage would never prove of any benefit. The place was, in course, offered to Mr. Moore, who cheerfully accepted it, observing at the same time, that as he had no great prospects in life, the situation, if not beneficial, could not be injurious to him. When he was informed that the nobleman, who made the application, was no less

a person than the duke of Marlborough, he, with becoming diffidence and modesty, shrunk from the charge, declaring he did not, by any means, think himself qualified to enter into so great a family, or to undertake the education of a young lord who was the heir of such a distinguished title. The duke of Marlborough was so much pleased with the modest demeanour of Mr. Moore, that he in a manner insisted on his taking upon him the office he had accepted—and accordingly he was introduced into the family of the duke. Mr. Moore had the advantage of a graceful and handsome person, which attracted the attention of the dutchessdowager of Marlborough, and she actually made him the offer of her hand. Mr. Moore very prudently and honourably communicated this proposal to the duke, who advised him most sedulously to avoid the dutchess in future. With this advice he faithfully complied; and by his candour and honesty he fully secured the friendship of the duke, through whose interest and influence at court he was created a bishop. Upon the death of archbishop Cornwallis, several bishops made interest to succeed him. Their family connexions and influence were so nearly balanced, that the king found himself in a disagreeable predicament, as he could not give any one bishop the preference without offending the rest, as well as their relations and friends. The king, therefore, with great wisdom and prudence, recommended to the contending bishops to fix among themselves upon a successor to the archbishoprick. Bishop Moore was a *bon vivant*, and it was thought his habit tended to an apoplexy, which must of course carry him off in a few years:—He was also strongly recommended by his patron, the duke of Marlborough: The bishops therefore concided upon recommending him, as, in the course of the few years he would probably live, some arrangements might take place among them, whereby they might more easily determine on what they thought a more permanent successor to the See of Canterbury. Bishop

Moore was accordingly elected, and his constitution deceived his electors, as he has filled the archiepiscopal chair about twenty years. It might have been expected, that a man who was advanced from the inferiour walks of life, to a precedence of all the ancient nobility of Great-Britain, which archbishop Moore enjoyed as metropolitan and primate of all England, would have been inflated with pride, and that he would become unmindful of his former connexions. But the dignity of archbishop Moore had no such effect upon him. He continued the same benevolent, affable, unassuming man he had ever been, and his filial piety to his parents was ever undiminished. He was a learned and pious prelate, and the sermons he composed, and occasionally delivered, were not inferiour to those of Tillotson. The business of an archbishop of Canterbury is arduous; but on Sundays, which are days of leisure, his grace attended to the invitations of different churches to preach charity sermons, &c. He was a lover of peace, and never engaged in polemical disputes; insomuch that the great Priestleian controversy, which assailed the very foundation of the doctrines of the church of England, passed by unregarded by him. No complaints have ever been heard respecting the use he made of his great power in the church; and he has left behind him the character of a most worthy man, and a most excellent archbishop.

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*For The Port Folio.*

In many a political conversation Addison's authority is triumphantly quoted as decisive in favour of those doctrines which, according to the cant of the day, are favourable to civil liberty. His Freeholder is frequently resorted to as an irrefragable proof of his bias to whiggism. It is true that Mr. Addison had a very just abhorrence for despotick power, and, though perhaps there was not much occasion for excess of alarm on the one hand, or excess of zeal on the other, he chose at the accession of George I, to display

both. Though a very amiable, virtuous, and honest man, he still was biassed by that self-love, which governs spirits less enlightened than his own. By the publication of sentiments so favourable to the interests of the house of Hanover, he was sure, with his abilities, to gain attention and procure respect and power. That this was the consequence of the exertion of his talents to fortify the power of the new dynasty, was manifested immediately by his political preferment. In the reign of queen Ann, even the jacobin may remember, that Mr. Addison wrote a few papers which boast some authority; whether he was then a whig, in the *present* acceptation of the word, let the ensuing extract show. In one of his Tatlers he describes, under the form of an allegory, the Genius of a Republick and the Genius of a limited Monarchy like that of Great-Britain. This great man, temperate writer, and virtuous politician, speaks in the following very memorable terms of these two modes of polity.

On the left hand of the Goddess, sat the *Genius of a Commonwealth* with the *cap of Liberty* on her head, and in her hand a wand like that with which a Roman citizen used to give his *slaves* their *freedom*. There was something *mean and vulgar*, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring, in her air; her eyes were full of fire: but had in them such casts of *fierceness* and *crudelty* as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a mantle on which there was wrought a great *confusion of figures*. As it *flew in the wind*, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw *wounds* in the *bodies* of some, and *agonies* in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in *letters of blood* "*The Ides of March*."

On the right hand of the Goddess was the Genius of Monarchy. She was clothed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand she held a sceptre, like that which is borne by the British monarchs. A couple of tame lions were crouching at her feet;

her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of terror; her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, and accompanied with such an air of condescension as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all who beheld her.

I saw Licentiousness dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of monsters, such as *Clamour* with a hoarse voice and a hundred tongues; *Confusion* with a misshapen body, and a thousand heads; *Impudence* with a forehead of brass; and *Rapine* with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar of this *Commonwealth* were so very great that they disturbed my imagination and awakened me.

For The Port Folio.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### LIFE OF GUIDO.

[From a French work of high authority we have hastily translated the life of a famous painter. We regret the coarseness of our canvas, when we reflect upon the glories of his pencil.]

Guido Rheni, a Bolognian painter, was born in 1575. He was the son of a flute player, and his father was anxious that he should press the keys of the harpsichord; but Painting, in his eye, was more attractive than her sister. He was then apprenticed to D. Calvart, a Flemish painter; he then had the advantage of the instructions of the Carrachi, and quickly distinguished himself by his performances. The jealousy which some of the greatest masters conceived of him was a striking proof of the excellence of his genius. Caravaggio was once so forgetful of decency as to strike him a violent blow in the face. But if his pencil procured him rivals, it also procured him patrons. Pope Paul V. took a peculiar pleasure in the inspection of his labours, and rewarded him with the gift of a coach and a large pension. The prince John Charles of Tuscany made him a present of a gold chain, his picture, and sixty pistoles, for a head of Hercules which he painted in

less than two hours. The rapidity with which he painted was, astonishing. He would have terminated a life of wealth and fame had not a love of play interrupted his labours, and blasted, in an instant, all the fruits of his application. Reduced to indigence by this absurd and ruinous passion, he never used his pencil again but as the means of subsistence, and painted ill because he painted too fast. In his old age he had the mortification to see his paintings neglected by the connoisseurs. Hunted by creditors, and abandoned by false friends, he died of chagrin at Bologna in the year 1641, aged 66. Guido was always solicitous to receive homage as an artist, and in exacting what he conceived to be due to his professional skill he was insolent and haughty. To a person who reproached him for not making his court to the cardinal legate of Bologna, he replied, *I would not exchange my pencil for his cap.* He disdained to court the great. *When these noblemen, says he, come to visit me, it is a compliment paid to my art and not to my person.*

He always worked according to a sort of ceremonial. He always dressed himself with elegance, his pupils forming in silence a circle around him, arrayed his pallet and cleaned his pencils. He never would affix any price to his performances, and received money, as an *honourarium* and not as a gratuity.

Averse to gallantry although he had a very agreeable person, he never would suffer himself to remain alone with those females who, as models, revealed to him all the temptations of their naked charms. He loved ample apartments almost vacant of furniture. Men says he, shall visit my house not for the sake of its hangings, but its paintings. The debts which he had contracted at Rome, having obliged him to abscond from that city, the cardinal legate of Rome threatened him with a legal process, unless he should return. A gentleman who overheard this menace, remarked to the ecclesiastick that if Guido were to be managed it must be only with a gold-

*en chain.* The painter soon surrendered himself. Paul the Fifth enriched him with his bounty, and loaded him with benefits. The principal works of Guido are in Italy, but there are several of his paintings in France both in the king's cabinet and in the *Palais Royal*. All his pictures are remarkable for freedom, grace, expression, and correctness of design. His carnations are so vivid that we imagine we can discern the blood circulating in the veins of his figures. His heads are peculiarly excellent. This artist united softness and strength in all his paintings. His sketches acknowledge the same hand as his pictures. We have many engravings from his canvases.

For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

[The polite reader will readily recollect the curious letter in Peregrine Pickle which Tom Pipes, in lieu of the original, obtained from the sublime pen of the parish clerk. The witty Dr. Eachard, in one of his facetious tracts, has preserved a letter, supposed to be written by some country curate, which in the turgid, the rumbling, the fustian, the foolish, and the bombastick style, is hardly to be exceeded by a *fat* oration itself.]

*Most bright and transcendental madam,*

I presume by the intercession of this coarse and erroneous paper to arrive at your fair and infallible fingers; and to pay the utmost tribute of my devotion at the high altar of your perfections. The great concern, madam, of my life now is only to sacrifice the poor remains of it to your intrigues, and to make all my interests and inclinations to be observant of your commands, and to do homage at the shrine of your virtues. Nay, madam, I am in some curiosity whether I be above, or this side of the heaven's canopy; for no sooner was I beamed upon by your shining ladyship, but I seemed presently to be altogether taken up. The delicacies of the palate are to me grown all insipid; and it is the contemplation, madam, of your glories alone, in which I can find any satisfying gust. In fine, madam, were there not hopes of seeing once more your angelical self, and receiving some be-

nediction from the flambeaux of your eyes, I would presently resolve to commence blindness; and were it not for the oriental fumes that come from your breath, it should not be long before I put a period to my own. Should I indeed, madam, go about to make an harangue answerable to all those jewels that lie from your eye-lids to your fingers' ends, it must be as lofty as Teneriffe and as long as the equinoctial line; and, therefore, instead of that I have nothing else to prostrate at your feet but the everlasting disposal of

Madam,

The most devoted of all your vassals,  
And the meanest of your footstools.

[H. Repton, Esq. one of the friends of Burke and Windham, and a fine fellow, of course, published a small volume of very ingenious and elegant essays to which he gave the happy and appropriate name of "Variety." In a very late edition of his works he has preserved one paper which the reader will find below; a paper of so much merit that it may, with justice, be ranked with the best and wittiest of Addison's Spectators.]

THE DISTRESSES OF A MODEST MAN.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar-school, and thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. I had therefore resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of my uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those, whose education has been better than their parents', that my poor father's ignorance, and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of that, which I was not unfortunately ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which

he used to brag would make a nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now sir, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well-stored with Latin, Greek, and mathematicks, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the wealthy learned clown.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families (especially by those who have marriageable daughters): from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I rode or walked with full intent to return their several visits my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again tomorrow.

However, I at length conquered my timidity, and three days ago accepted an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden-sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly-hall, dependant on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor who teaches grown gentlemen to dance; and though I, at first, found wonderful difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematicks was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions.

Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the

dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw; at my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly: but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me, is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description, the number, I believe, is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till, at length, I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classicks, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be; Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambrick handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and feel comfortably cool, when an

unlooked for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fermentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling chauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat and knocking down a salt-seiler; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me: in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application: one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness: but oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, almost flayed and blistered; totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters: for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in

every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damn'd." The lower half of me has been almost broiled, my tongue and mouth grill'd, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned; perhaps by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I feel on the occasion, they will spare a bashful man, and (as I am just informed my postlice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I subscribe myself yours, &c.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy.

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and droll dirty,  
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy.

HEMZ insists with all the force of reason and truth, that the Tudors were more tyrannical in their temper than the Stuarts. The following is a curious picture of the impetuosity of Elizabeth.

When the speaker, Sir Edward Coke, made the three usual requests of freedom from arrest, of access to her person, and of liberty of speech, she replied to him by the mouth of Puckering, Lord Keeper, that liberty of speech was granted to the commons, but they must know *what liberty*: they were entitled to: not a liberty for every one to speak what he listeth, or what cometh in his brain to utter—their privilege extended no farther than a liberty of *aye* or *no*. That she enjoined the speaker, if he perceived any *idle heads* so negligent of their own safety as to attempt reforming the church, or innovating in the commonwealth, that he should refuse the bills exhibited for that purpose, till they were examined by such as were fitter to consider of these things, and could better judge of them: that she would not impeach the freedom of their persons; but they must beware, lest, under colour of this privilege, they imagined that any neglect of their duty could be covered or protected.

The following lines suit the season.

WINTER.

You say, my love, the drifted snow  
Around our ivy roof is flying;  
Why, what care I? our bosoms glow;  
And Love still smiles, the storm defying.  
Love shall no angry tempest fear,  
Tho' frowning skies the hail may scatter,  
For still our guardian Love is here,  
Should howling blasts our cottage shatter.

Let icy bosoms freeze, while shrill  
The north wind blows around our dwelling;  
Our bosoms feel the glowing thrill,  
And still with melting joys are swelling.  
The hollow gust which passes by,  
We scarcely hear, no danger fearing,  
Yet Love's most soft and murmur'd sigh,  
Shall speak in accents sweetly cheering:

Our faggot fire shall brighter blaze,  
Our bed of down invite to slumber,  
And till the morn shall spread its rays,  
Time shall delightful moments number.  
See the dull flame our taper shows!  
Faintly it burns: well! let it quiver,  
The torch of Love unwasted glows,  
And still shall glow as bright as ever.

Days of my youth, ye are gliding away,  
Days of my youth, ye will shortly be  
vanish'd,  
Soon will the warm tints of fancy decay,  
Soon from my cheek will the roses be  
banish'd.

Brief as the wild flower that lives on the  
spray,  
Brief as the bright dew that hangs on the  
morning,  
Youth gives its blossoms to life's barren way,  
All the drear waste for an instant adorning.  
Soon will the hopes of my bosom be hush'd,  
Soon will the hours of my day-dreams be  
number'd,  
Quickly the shoots of romance will be crush'd,  
All will be fled that I've wish'd, or I've  
slumber'd.

Go then, ye warm beaming joys of a day;  
Go then, ye moments of bliss and of sorrow,  
Calm will I bend me to time's pale decay,  
And from contentment new roses will bor-  
row.

A greater and more ruinous mistake can-  
not be fallen into, than that the trades of agri-  
culture and grazing can be conducted upon  
any other than the common principles of  
commerce; namely, that the producer should  
be permitted, and even expected, to look to  
all possible profit which, without fraud or  
violence, he can make; to turn plenty or  
scarcity to the best advantage he can; to  
keep back or bring forward his commodities  
at his pleasure; to account to no one for his  
stock or for his gain. On any other terms  
he is the slave of the consumer; and that he

should be so is of no benefit to the consumer.  
No slave was ever so beneficial to the master  
as a freeman that deals with him on an equal  
footing by convention, formed on the rules  
and principles of contending interests and  
compromised advantages. The consumer,  
if he were suffered, would in the end always  
be the dupe of his own tyranny and injustice.  
The landed gentleman is never to forget,  
that the farmer is his representative.

*A good memory*.—A lady who had made se-  
veral *faux pas* in life, being afterwards mar-  
ried very happily, a company of ladies were  
talking over the circumstance, and mention-  
ing that she had the frankness to tell her  
husband, before marriage, *all* that had hap-  
pened. "What candour! what honesty!"  
added they. "Yes," cried Foote, joining in  
the general praise; "and what an *amazing*  
*memory* too."

*Motto for a physician*.—Foote being asked  
by a lady to translate a physician's motto,  
which was, "*A numine salus*," he quickly  
replied, "*God help the patient*."

ON COURTSHIP.

Would you act the prudent lover,  
Still maintain the manly part;  
Let not downcast looks discover  
All the sorrows of your heart.

*Women* soon the truth divining,  
Slily laugh, or sharply rail,  
When the swain in accents whining,  
Tells his melancholy tale.

Nor by sanguine hopes directed,  
Use a victor's haughty strain;  
Every nymph, by pride protected,  
Learns to scorn the forward swain.

Him for conquest, Love shall fashion,  
Him the Graces all attend,  
Who with the most ardent passion  
Joins the lover and the friend.

A wretch who had a diabolical rancour against  
M. Despremeuil, was, in the beginning of  
the French revolution, accusing him of being  
an apostate from the cause of the people;  
and concluded his violent harangue by a pro-  
posal, that as his person was not immedi-  
ately in their power, they should turn his wife  
and children into the street, and burn his  
house. A person of presence of mind and  
humanity, exclaimed, "That it would be no  
punishment to the real criminal, because the  
house and furniture belonged to the landlord,  
his wife to the publick, and that as for the  
children, they belonged to some of the best  
patriots in the company."

This sarcasm though believed neither by  
the speaker nor his audience, put them in a  
humour inconsistent with the horrid propo-  
sal, and saved the family of M. Despremeuil  
from destruction.

The chancellor of France at the opening of the states, said, in a tone of oratorical flourish, that all occupations were honourable. If he meant only, that no honest employment was disgraceful, he would not have gone beyond the truth. But in asserting, that any thing is honourable, we imply some distinction in its favour. The occupation of a hair-dresser, or of a working tallow-chandler, cannot be a matter of honour to any person—to say nothing of a number of more servile employments. Such descriptions of men ought not to suffer oppression from the state; but the state suffers oppression, if such as they, either individually or collectively, are permitted to rule. In this you think you are combating prejudice, but you are at war with nature.—*Burke.*

#### THE ROSE AND THE PERTWINKLE.

How hard my fate, exclaims a Rose,  
As waking to the noontide beam  
Their silken folds her leaves disclose,  
And blushing meet the golden gleam.

Scant is the portion nature gives  
To me, unhappily flower! she cries,  
A few short days my bloom survives,  
Then changes, sickens, fades, and dies.

See how the sun's refulgent power  
The starling lily's bosom warms!  
Each ray that cheers her opening flower,  
Serves but to fade my transient charms.

While struggling zephyrs rudely press,  
And o'er my tender beauties rove,  
Their busy wings disturb my dress,  
By Flora's fairest handmaids wove.

Yon hardy plant, that creeping spreads,  
By the dank wall, its glossy green,  
Nor summer's blazing ardour dreads,  
Nor winter's desolated scene.

Ungrateful favourite! quick replied  
The list'ning Shrub, which near her grew,  
Blame not the Sun with wayward pride,  
To whom thy praise, thy thanks are due.

The emerald sprays, that round thee dwell,  
The rubies of thy leaf, so bright,  
The gold, that studs thy honied cell  
Are but reflections of his light.

Full when he rolls the tide of day  
He makes thy velvet blush his care,  
Bids gentle gales encircling play,  
To cool for thee the parching air.

No drenching rains, no chilling blast  
Thy halcyon hours are taught to know,  
When Winter lays the garden waste,  
And sullen showers his silent snow.

In Youth's luxuriant colours dress'd,  
Ere one of their soft tints is flown,  
Tis thine to seek some virgin's breast,  
And with its sweetness blend thine own.

Thus round the fair, the gay, the young,  
By beauty's meteor light betray'd,  
The flattering sons of Fashion throng,  
In search of charms that soon shall fade:  
While Virtue, Innocence, and Truth,  
The tenants of the simple cot,  
In cold neglect consume their youth,  
Unsought, deserted, or forgot.

A weak woman always becomes the passive tool of the man on whom she places her affections; he is able to persuade her into measures entirely opposite to the natural bent of her disposition; for although there are more instances of men of sense who act foolishly or ridiculously through the influence of women, than there are of women who behave in that manner through the influence of men, yet the instances of women being led into acts of great wickedness or atrocity through the influence of men are more frequent than of men being impelled to deeds of that nature by the instigation of women.

#### FROM BENNET'S LETTERS.

If you are an early riser, you may find time for every thing. It is amazing how much is gained by lopping off an hour or two from indulgence in the morning. Nor is the mere saving of time the only advantage. Our spirits are more lively, and our faculties are more awake.

I do not know a practice which I should more recommend, whether devotion, health, beauty, or improvement of the mind, were the objects in view. How cheerful and how animated are the meditations of the morning! What a delightful bloom flushes into the cheeks from its balmy exhalations! What an unspeakable cheerfulness glides into the soul, from hearing the devotional matins of the lark, and from beholding the new-born scenery of nature! How necessary is such a regimen to preserve that sweetness of complexion and of breath, which are the very essence and perfume of beauty! When people think of accounting to God for the talents they have received, they overlook the hours which are lost in morning sloth and unreasonable indulgence.

I have inured myself for many years to this habit of early rising. In the spring months of April and May particularly, I grudge every moment that is wasted after five. I consider it as a rude neglect to all those sweets which opened to salute me. And I always find so much more deducted from the firmness of my health, and the vigour of my understanding.

#### ABUSE OF POWER IN REMOTE COLONIES.

It is difficult for the most wise and upright government to correct the abuses of remote delegated power, productive of unmeasured wealth, and protected by the boldness and strength of the same ill-got riches. These

abuses, full of their own wild native vigour, will grow and flourish under mere neglect. But where the supreme authority, not content with winking at the rapacity of its inferior instruments, is so shameless and corrupt as openly to give bounties and premiums for disobedience to its laws; when it will not trust to the activity of avarice in the pursuit of its own gains; when it secures public robbery by all the careful jealousy and attention with which it ought to protect property from such violence; the commonwealth then is become totally perverted from its purposes; neither God nor man will long endure it; nor will it long endure itself. In that case, there is unnatural infection, a pestilential taint fermenting in the constitution of society, which fever and convulsions of some kind or other must throw off; or in which the vital powers, worsted in an unequal struggle, are pushed back upon themselves, and by a reversal of their whole functions, fester to gangrene, to death; and instead of what was but just now the delight and boast of the creation, there will be cast out in the face of the sun, a bloated, putrid, noisome carcass, full of stench and poison, an offence, a horror, a lesson to the world.

Dibdin, whose Muse never tires, has just sung us the following BALLAD.

Bacchus and Venus once, in Heaven  
Kept up a clamorous war:  
She wondered for what wine was given,  
And he what love was for.  
He swore Love's soft enticing joys  
A foe to wine must prove;  
And she, who health by drink destroys  
Unfitted is for love.  
At length, to appease these scolds divine,  
A fiat came from Jove,  
That Love should be the friend of Wine,  
And Wine the friend of Love.  
Since when, all songs for jovial souls  
Are never deemed divine  
Till stuff'd with bottles, cupids, bowls,  
And hopes and fears,  
And sighs and tears,  
High bumper'd glasses,  
Pretty lasses,  
Piercing darts,  
And bleeding hearts,  
Bacchus, Venus, Love, and Wine.

MARY,

By the late Mr. W. Clifton, an American Poet.

The morn was fresh, and pure the gale,  
When Mary, from her cot a rover,  
Pluck'd many a wild-rose from the vale,  
To bind the temples of her lover.  
As near her little farm she stray'd,  
Where birds of love were ever pairing,  
She saw her William in the shade,  
The arms of ruthless war preparing.

She seiz'd his hand, and ah! she cried,  
Wilt thou, to camps and war a stranger,  
Desert thy faithful Mary's side,  
And bare thy life to every danger?  
Yet go, brave youth! to arms away!  
My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee;  
And when the drum beats far away,  
I'll drop a silent tear and bless thee!  
The bugles through the forest wind  
The gallant soldier's call to battle;  
Be some protecting angel kind,  
And guard thy life when cannons rattle.  
She said—and as the rose appears  
In sun-shine when the storm is over,  
A smile beam'd sweetly through her tears,  
The blush of promise to her lover.

When the body of the illustrious hero of Trafalgar was put into a cask of spirits to be transported to Old England, the bung accidentally fell out, and one of his lordship's fingers made its appearance at the opening. A seaman who had for some years served in the admiral's ship, seized the hand, and giving it a cordial gripe, at the same time wiping away a tear that glistened on his weather-beaten cheek, exclaimed, "D—n me, old boy, if you are not in *better spirits* than any of us."

#### PICTURE OF A STORM.

The following is extracted from a Translation of Virgil's Georgicks, by William Sotheby, Esqr. and in strength of painting has been rarely, if ever excelled.

E'en in mild Autumn, while the jocund hind  
Bade the gay field the gather'd harvest bind,  
Oft have I seen the war of winds contend,  
And prone on earth th' infuriate storm descend,  
Waste far and wide, and by the roots upturn,  
The heavy harvest sweep thro' ether borne;  
While in dark eddies as the whirlwind past,  
The straw and stubble flew before the blast;  
Column on column prest in close array,  
Dark tempests thicken o'er the watery way,  
Heav'n pour'd in torrents, rushes on the plain,  
And with wide deluge sweeps the floating grain;  
The dykes o'erflow, the flooded channels roar,  
Vext ocean's foaming billows rock the shore:  
The Thunderer, thrond' in clouds, with darkness crown'd,  
Bares his red arm, and flashes lightnings round.  
The beasts are fled: earth rocks from pole to pole,  
Fear walks the world and bows th' astonish'd soul:  
Jove rives with fiery bolt Ceraunia's brow,  
Or Achos blazing 'mid eternal snow:  
The tempest darkens, blasts redoubled rave,  
Smite the hoarse woods and lash the howling wave.

## MERRIMENT.

Edmund Burke, and the Hon. Charles Fox, supping one evening at the Thatched House, were served with dishes more elegant than useful. Charles's appetite happening to be rather keen, he by no means relished the kickshaws before him, and addressing the orator, "By G—d, Burke," said he, "these dishes are admirably calculated for your palate, they are both *sublime and beautiful*!"

Thelwall, when on his trial at the Old Bailey for high treason, during the evidence for the prosecution, wrote the following note and sent it to his counsel, Mr. Erskine, "I am determined to plead my cause myself." Mr. Erskine wrote under it,—"*If you do you'll be hanged*;" to which Thelwall immediately returned this reply—"I'll be hang'd if I do."

The present lord Cork and Orrery being under the correction of his school-master, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod: "One of your ancestors invented an Orrery, and another of them gave to the world a translation of Pliny, but you, I fear, will never invent any thing but mischief, nor translate any thing but an idle boy into a foolish man: so that instead of myrtle, you shall be honoured with birch."

In the trial of a cause in the King's Bench, the attorney general charged Mr. Erskine, with travelling out of his way in conducting his client's case. Mr. Erskine, in answer, said, "his learned friend had talked of the irrelevancy of certain questions, which he had put; this reminded him of the celebrated Dr. Whitfield, who had been accused of rambling in his discourse by his audience; to which he replied, if you will ramble to the devil, I must ramble after you."

When Lady Wallace was once in company with a large party, and the conversation turned upon the time at which the canon law of Paphos forbids a female to tell her own age, she applied to David Hume, who had sat without speaking for some time, with a, "Pray Mr. Justice Silence, when I am asked what is my age, what answer shall I give?"—"Say, madam, replied he, "what I believe will be the truth, that you are not yet come to the years of discretion."

Mr. Curran, the celebrated Irish barrister, was some time since pleading in the Court of Chancery, when he complained of being twice interrupted by the lord chancellor's clerk, whose name was *Halfpenny*. On the third interruption, the chancellor peremptorily ordered the clerk to sit down; upon which Mr. Curran exclaimed, "My lord, I

thank you, you have at length nailed the rap to the counter."

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The caprice of which "P" complains is certainly an *irregular* feature in the character of some ladies. What says POPE on this subject:

Papilla, wedded to her amorous spark,  
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"

A park is purchas'd; but the fair he sees  
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees."

We wish that "John Yorkshire" would send us a clean copy of Collin's "Golden days of Good Queen Bess," and any other meritorious production of that ingenious song writer. We wish that this Yorkshire man, who appears to be a very honest fellow and endowed with taste and judgment, would, by his *daily* opportunities, furnish us with those brilliant passages, which he knows how to select with so much propriety. We will faithfully keep his secret, and shall be truly obliged by his compliance. As "John" has such constant access to the British Journals his stock of good things must necessarily be ample.

"Jocundus" belongs to that merry class of mortals, whom Horace describes in his first ode,

Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,  
Nec partem solido demere de die  
Spernit; nunc viridi membra sub arbutu  
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.

"Gracchus," if he choose, may worship the *multitude*, but may the Editor, who invokes other powers, always exclaim

me gelidum nemus  
Nympharumque leves ——— chori,  
Secernunt populo.

"W," the authour of a very sprightly essay, to which we have assigned a front place in our first number, is a welcome correspondent. We shall be happy to receive either his prose or poetical essays.

"M," with elegance has translated a fragment from La Bruyere.

The allusion of "Slyboots" is perfectly accurate. Exactness of performance and loudness of profession are not always in alliance. Does "Slyboots" remember the song?

Curtis was old Hodge's wife;  
For *virtue* none was ever such:  
She led so pure, so chaste a life,  
Hodge said 't was *virtue overmuch*,  
For, says *sly old Hodge*, says he,  
*Great talkers do the least d' ye see.*

The ear of "Juvenis" is not always a listener to the laws of prosody. He should learn

— How to span  
Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
With *Midas' ears*, committing short and long.

The path of philosophy, which "Z" has traced, is as crooked as his signature. Milton would address him in this wise,

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;  
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
And *disapproves* that *care*, though *wise* in show.  
That with *superfluous* burden loads the day,  
And when God sends a cheerful hour refrains.

"Solus" will be let alone as long as he wishes; no one will ever violate the solitude of such a misanthrope.

"X" must be curtailed.

#### EPIGRAMS.

Translation of a French epigram under a print representing persons skating.

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound,  
With nimble glide the skaters play;  
O'er treacherous Pleasure's flowery ground  
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

—  
On the Venus de Medicis.

The trunk to great Praxiteles we owe,  
The head to the great Michael Angelo:  
Each brought his part to perfect his design;  
When joined, O Angelo, the work is thine.

Viewing the *trunk*, we curse relentless Time,  
But when we view the *head*, forgive the crime.

In prime of life Tom lost his wife;  
Says Dick, to sooth his pain,  
Thy wife, I trow, is long ere now  
In Abraham's bosom lain.  
His fall forlorn with grief I mourn,  
The shrewd dissembler cries,  
For much I fear, by this sad tear,  
She'd scratch out Abraham's eyes.

#### EPITAPHS.

On William Rich of Lydeard Close.  
Beneath this stone in sound repose,  
Lies William Rich of Lydeard close:  
Eight wives he had yet none survive,  
And likewise children eight times five:  
From whom an issue vast did pour  
Of great grand-children five times four.  
Rich born, rich bred, but fate adverse  
His wealth and fortune did reverse.  
He lived and died immensely poor,  
July the 10th, aged ninety-four.

—  
On the King of Spain.

Here lies the last King Charles of Spain,  
Who all his life ne'er made campaign:  
He made no children, girl nor boy,  
Nor gave two wives one nuptial joy.  
What has this valiant prince then done,  
Who long possesseth so vast a throne?  
E'en nothing, neither good nor ill,  
Nay, not so much as made his will.

—  
On a child.

Here she lies a pretty bud  
Lately made of flesh and blood:  
Who, as soon fell fast asleep,  
As her little eyes did peep;  
Give her strewings; but not stir  
The earth that lightly covers her.

—  
On a very wicked man, who was killed by a fall from his horse.

"Between the stirrup and the ground,  
I mercy ask'd, I mercy found."

—  
On Madam Wagg, who was fond of playing cards.

Here lies Madam Wagg,  
And we hope she's at rest;  
But without *loo* and *brag*  
She'll be sadly distressed.  
So, lest cards might be few,  
In so distant a land,  
She discreetly withdrew,  
With a pack in her hand.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, January 17, 1807.

[No. 3.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### MISCELLANY.

[An English gentleman with whom, during a short residence in this country, we were in habits of intimacy, has lately addressed the following letter to a mutual friend, who has given us the power to publish it in this Journal. It will quickly be perceived that the letter-writer has bright optics to discern, and a skilful hand to describe what is beautiful in romantick scenery, or sublime in the remains of art. The description of his pedestrian tour *throughone* of the most interesting counties in England is vivid as the emerald green of his own happy fields.]

**Y**OUR welcome letter of the fifth August came in course, but was prevented being acknowledged in *course*, by absence on my south pedestrian expedition.

You did wisely to write by His Majesty's packet; whatever is committed to His Majesty's care is sacred from profanation. He protects alike from the gaze of impertinence and the hand of violence. I cannot say as much for "some one of the Liverpoolers," as I never received your letter of August or September, 1805, which has made a chasm in your correspondence from May 25, 1805, to August 5, 1806. I make a point of writing by the packets, and I do not find that a single letter of mine has miscarried.

I have also travelled E. W. N. and S. through your States: from South Carolina to New-Hampshire; from

the Cataba to the Onondaga; from the Neversink Hills to the Alleghany Mountains; from Lake Erie to Lake Champlain, and was never invited by beat of tattoo to "go to bed Tom, with one shoe off and one shoe on," in a word, to *bundle*: nor did I ever meet with a traveller who would assert that he had ever experienced this mark of confidence and kindness. I have frequently slept in the same room with the family, father, mother, sons and daughters, but they always gave me a bed to myself, though the family squeezed the closer for it. That bundling has been practised I have no doubt, *but then* the parents have been in the room, *two* or more daughters in the same bed, and the upper garments only thrown off. This species of bundling may indicate the greatest pureness as well as simplicity of manners, and is no reflection upon the morals of any country.

I have not seen Moore's book, though from your description I feel inclined to purchase it. Judging from the Reviews, he is too severe upon a country which treated him with so much hospitality. I wish every traveller to speak truth, but then it should be the whole truth, or rather, say all the good he can, but not all the evil. You will observe that Moore has been involved in a *paper* war.

You are wrong in supposing that the New-Yorkers excited "pretty

warm feelings" against you. We gazed at the scene as you would at a heap of burning stubble: we saw a crackling blaze that ended in smoke, but neither felt the heat, nor dreaded harm. We certainly wish to keep well with you, but if in supporting our sovereignty by sea, now necessary as a barrier and counterpoise to the dominion and ambition of France, we clash with your *covert* commerce, you must not be surprised, if you are now and then, as I heard a Frenchman say, "*un homme de moins.*" We do not blame your resentment, but we thought the New-Yorkers did themselves no credit by their vindictive and childish manner of showing it.

Space is not allowed me to say much of my last excursion. It was both of less extent and of less variety than that through Wales. Instead of ten weeks, I, in this, consumed thirty-one days only: and instead of rambling through seventeen counties, I confined myself to two of the three ridings which divide my native one. Yet this *home circuit* included objects of much originality and of matchless beauty.

North Wales, whose boast is the sublime, has nothing to equal Gordale Scar, an object so transcendently sublime, as forced bishop Pococke to declare, that though he had seen all that was great and striking in the rocks of Arabia and Judea, he had seen nothing comparable to Gordale Scar. Neither has Judea, which could once boast the most glorious temple of the living God, nor any other country under heaven, so august, so solemn, so *devotional* a place of worship as York Cathedral. Saint Peter's, at Rome, may be more magnificent, but it reminds you more of the creature than the Creator; the one expanding your mind with surprise and admiration, this other penetrating the soul with awe and pious reverence. In the one you might expect to hear a madam Mara or a Billington, in the other the holy strains of a Magdalene.

If Craven furnishes no water-falls like those of the Mawddach, or Pont-ar-Fynach, it exhibits the Wharfe roaring through the Strid, and the

Aire, after a subterraneous passage, breaking into day at the foot of Malham Cove, where the Valley is closed by a portal of limestone forming a beautiful segment of a circle two hundred and eighty-six feet in height. Imagine, what I had evident proofs was once the case, the river Aire, many times its present volume, precipitated down the face of this rock, and consider that Niagara itself falls short one hundred and fifty feet. Not only Malham Cove, but Gordale Scar may be considered as the sources of the Aire. How delightful to trace a river to such a head! Had such been the source of the Abyssinian Nile, what would then have been Bruce's exclamation? \*

The water-falls in Wales are highly picturesque, highly romantick; but they have a kind of portable look: you feel inclined to carry them off, and place one here and another there, as you think will best decorate your park scenery. But Aysgarth Force, the Pearl of Wensleydale, instead of being a part, is the principal in the scene. It is a majestic river, *forcing* its way with accelerated velocity down a succession of ledges, a flight of steps: it is a mighty rush of waters, and was beheld with pleasure by one, who, from the Table Rock 'has hung suspended over the abyss of Niagara.

Wales is unequalled in her castles; those of Skipton, of Middleham, and of Bolton would lose this appellation if placed by the lordly sides of Conway and Carnarvon. But in monastick ruins, the British isles cannot match that portion which fell under my late survey. What extensive districts must be explored for such ruins as Kirkstall, Bolton, Coverham, Eashy, Jervaux, Fountain, Byland, and Rivaux Abbeys! Tintern Abbey, and probably Melross, can alone enter into competition with some of these.

Where will you find one whose first appearance is so striking, so picturesque, so romantick as Kirkstall Abbey? where the ivy has climbed the loftiest tower, where the elm of many ages overshadows the cloisters, and where the winged seed of the ash has

found a bed in the dormitory—a fruitful bed in a place dedicated to celibacy, fulfilling, by increasing and multiplying, a commandment contemned by the monks. Where will you find so aerial a structure as Rivaux? a structure from the side walls being knocked away, supported solely on the columns of the nave, pillar above pillar, window surmounting window. Thus has accident, not human skill, worked with fairy fingers. And, to cut short this *ruinous* detail, where will you, as at Fountain-Abbey, find so complete a specimen of a monastick institution?

You walk the lengthened nave, cross the transept opening right and left one hundred and eighty-six feet, proceed through the choir, pass behind the altar, enter the sanctum sanctorum, and then, turning round, retrace with your eye a vista of shattered walls and mutilated columns three hundred and fifty-one feet in length: or, by elevating your sight, survey a perfect tower at the majestic height of one hundred and sixty-six feet. You descend into the cloisters and their enclosed garden of one hundred and twenty feet square; you visit the deserted kitchen whose fire has roasted droves of beeves, and whose oven has shut its fiery mouth upon innumerable flocks and herds. Passing the chapter-house, which is eighty-four feet by forty-two, you enter the refectory of the ample dimensions of one hundred and eight feet by forty-five. What holocausts have been offered up here to useless drones! The very food that within these walls has only served to pamper laziness and gluttony, would provision for three campaigns, an army large enough to liberate Europe from her present thralldom, and hurl the Buonapartes from their thrones. By two or three steps you descend into the ambulatory, where the monks walked for an appetite three hundred feet without a turn, or perhaps without a syllable. Above these cloisters is the dormitory of the same dimensions, three hundred feet by forty-two. How pure did I here breathe the air where once

issued unwholesome fumes from scores of snoring fat-fed monks!

Much as I admire such venerable ruins, there is something in the perfect works of art that yields more exquisite, though not purer, gratification. The paintings at Hafod and at Powis Castle, and the statuary at Margam, yielded me this delight in Wales: but excepting the faun and the vase at Margam, I saw Mr. Johnes's, Mr. Talbot's, and the Powis collections excelled by those of Lord Grantham's at Newby Hall, Mr. Duncombe's at Duncombe Park, and the Earl of Carlisle's at Castle Howard.

York Cathedral, and Fountain-Abbey, are each worthy, in my opinion, a voyage across the Atlantick, yet so little of *this taste* do your travelled Americans possess, that in the *hundreds* who visit this country, and who pass within an hour's ride of such objects, you will not find *tens* who have seen them, or *fives* who ever expressed a wish to see them, or *ones* who having seen them will say any thing in their praise. Yes! you may meet with one, you may meet with — of Baltimore. If you meet with Mr. — of —, he will tell you that I could not rouse him from his bed in a bright summer's morning to visit Salisbury Cathedral, or tempt him to approach Oakhampton Castle, from fear the hanging walls would fall and knock his brains out: that he scorned to take a station in Weymouth church to see the royal family; and thought “it hardly worth while” to step out of the chaise to walk through that stupendous Temple of the Druids, Stonehenge. Yet — was not an ignorant man, nor a man without taste; he knew the dams and grandams of our race-horses, and the names and favourite hits of our bruisers, and could tell by his silk neck-kerchief whether a man patronised Belcher or the Chicken. If such, my dear —, is your taste, I have written you a most stupid

\* As you and I know *why* ninety in the hundred visit Europe, we can only be surprised at this indifference in the *tithe* who visit Europe for *pleasure*.

letter; but I am well assured, that were you to visit England, you would extend your acquaintance beyond the places of amusement and dissipation of the metropolis, and think a sequestered valley and its ivy-mantled tower worthy of your contemplation and regard.

What an eventful winter was the last! yet the present opens as if it would be no less so. How awful and big with change are these times!

Troy maintained a siege of ten years; Candia of twenty-four; Frederick for many years defended and successfully defended his rising kingdom against all the power of Austria, of Russia, and of France; look to the defence of Venice, of Switzerland, and of Holland, against the most formidable powers of Europe; and then look at the wars of the present day, when a war is but a campaign, a campaign a month, *a little month*; when a battle decides the fate of an empire!

The printer has scarcely set his types to announce the march of hostile armies before he has to reset them to announce rout, subjugation, and submission.

Crowns dance in the air like flakes of snow: what appeared settled on the head of one, is wafted on the brow of another, who scarcely feels the chilly impression ere it melts away.

My sentiments are still the same as I gave you in February last. Our struggle is a momentous one; we are the golden chain by which hangs the civilized world: should the Corsican break its links *chaos will come again*. Let us be, however, true to ourselves, and with the blessing of the Almighty, which in that case we may piously hope for, we shall be the happy, the glorious, the privileged people, destined to humble and to overthrow this destroyer of nations.

As I consider this part of my letter as a continuation of that of February third, I must add, as an instance of our success when acting by ourselves, the battle of Maida—Here was battalion to battalion, man to man, yet the French could not stand the charge. This battle is important to show that the British

are superiour to the French man for man. Indeed the proportions were as 5 to 7 exclusive of their cavalry, of which we were totally unprovided.

We have not yet the Prussian account of the fatal battle of the fourteenth of October, but we know that it opened a passage for the French to Berlin. Recollecting that the fate of Austria was decided by a defeat much less complete, a battle in which twenty-five thousand Austrians only were present, a battle which may be said to be fought rather for them than by them, what can we expect from Prussia who has no brother marching to his aid with ninety thousand men flushed with victory, no ally with eighty thousand marshalled with his ranks? We fear, therefore, that Prussia is no longer a power, or if a power, a satellite of France.

Write soon to your Friend.  
*Wakefield, Nov. 3, 1806.*

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Permit one of your numerous admirers to address you. My situation is truly critical, and from you alone can I expect aid. I am, sir, the author of a little manuscript work, entitled "A Tour round the Lakes which form the northern boundary of the United States"; and this work I was on the eve of publishing, when I fortunately saw The Port Folio of the 18th October, 1806. The Review of Mr. Carr's Northern Summer by J. S. appalled me; but it had the salutary effect of preserving me and my Tour from the reviewers, and of consigning the latter to the drawer of a bureau, where, like a soul in limbo patrum, it wails and solicits your interference and protection.

Let me confess it, sir, I read the Northern Summer and was pleased with it. To my crazy fancy it seemed the work of a man of virtue and honour, written in the neat, unstudied language of wit and fashion. Yes sir, I had even contracted a certain friendship for the little Swede, and felt a stronger desire to see it, than I ever had to see the triumphal car of the

Emperour and King Buonaparte, the coach and three mules of the sable Emperour Dessalines, or even the guillotine. Guess, sir, my confusion, on finding out by the review of J. S. that I should have scorned the authour, despised the work, and wished the shabby little Swede at—St. Cloud.

I never had a very exalted opinion of my own judgment, but whatever it may have been, the review of J. S. reversed it *de fond en comble*; and this was not the worst. No fond mother ever more ardently wished to see her darling son make a figure, than I did to see my Tour issuing from the bookseller's in calf and gold. But then the reviewers; and especially the formidable J. S.—Ay, there 's the rub. In short, sir, if you do not help me out by clear and categorical answers to the following queries, my Tour shall never more quit the drawer until that great day when the works of all men must be brought to light!

To shorten your labour, and to bring things to a point, I shall present my queries under two distinct and separate heads, viz. Travels and Travel-writers, and Reviewers.

#### TRAVELS AND TRAVEL-WRITERS.

Query 1st. What is the precise invariable statute style in which travels must be written under the penalty of being reviewed by J. S.?

2d. Is there any saving clause in favour of an authour who suits his language and style to his subject?

3d. Does the statute style admit any original poetry, or poetick quotations? Item the number and dimensions of the same?

4th. Should the work of an authour of this class run the risk of being smuggled, or even legally carried into a distant country, for instance into that part of England called Devonshire, where our language, arts, particularly architecture, and some of our most natural feelings, may not be universally known, what precautions are necessary to make that work nevertheless agreeable to every individual of that or any other country?

5th. What is to be done with the splenetick, the morose, the empty, the presumptuous, the wittings, the fops, and the reviewers?—N. B. You need not throw away a moment's time on the class mentioned by Mr. Pope in the following lines:

All fools have still an itching to deride;  
And fain would be upon the laughing side.

Mr. Pope was a judge of this class, and gave them up as incorrigible.

#### THE REVIEWERS.

1st. The natural history of these beings, whether of the land or water, or amphibious?

2d. Are they amenable to the laws of *decency*; and are they at liberty to assume the dictatorial *morgue* of Dr. Johnson with a few shreds of his knowledge?

3d. Is the moral character of an authour a fit subject for these reviewers, when that authour is a foreigner and total stranger?

4th. Is there a certain stock of knowledge necessary for their calling, viz. a perfect knowledge of the language they attempt to write, the knowledge of the difference between *pertness* and *sprightliness*, between a *wit* and a *wag*?

5th. Are the reviewers bound by oath or affirmation to obtrude their opinions upon the publick; and is the publick bound to see with the eyes and to hear with the ears of the reviewers? Good luck! if this be so, each reviewer must have as many eyes as the famous Argus, and be furnished with such ears as his Phrygian Majesty Midas had, which are said to have been like those of an ass.

If sir, you are disposed to raise difficulties, I feel that you may ask why I did not, on this occasion, apply for instructions to J. S. who is so ready to enlighten the publick by wholesale. But have the goodness to hear my reasons, and you will plainly see that the thing is impossible: first sir, J. S. speaks a language which I do not always comprehend: for instance, he seems to say that *candour* must be *merited*; he calls the *being an officer*, a *practice*; he talks of an *imprecation* of

mercy ; and of *alleviating* *venity*, &c. a slip in orthography I do not mind.

Listen good sir to my second reason. I never felt any inclination to put a paper into the hands of those who make too frequent a use of such expressions as the following : the *bar* of public opinion ; a *jury* in the republick of letters ; *sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*—*ne exeat regnum* ; and *prosecuting to outlawry* : these sir sound ominously, although I grant you there may be little in them ; *mais cela se sent du metier*. Lastly sir, there is a passage in this review which set me quite at a loss respecting the sex of J. S. therefore in this perplexity about so delicate a matter, how could I, without a risk of being ridiculous, address J. S. ? The passage which perplexed me is this : “ I shall not undertake to say whether this has arisen from *vanity* to display his erudition, or *avarice* to swell his publication.” How sir could I imagine a lady capable of writing this ; or how suppose that a gentleman would write it, unless indeed in a moment of ill-humour, when we are all too apt to overstep the bounds of decency ?

Be pleased to observe, Mr. Oldschool, that I presume not to vituperate J. S. by any means ; and that when I offer a remark, it is but the remark of one who wishes to be better informed. As such only, therefore, do I surmise that if J. S. could but add two qualifications, *sapere* and *fari*, to the stock of confidence which J. S. seems already to possess, J. S. would in process of time become the literary luminary of our western hemisphere. I am the more strongly inclined to this opinion by the learned sagacity with which J. S. discovered the *pot aux roses* in the little affair between the two professors’ ladies. Nay sir, I go farther, and say without hesitation, that even in the actual state of J. S. J. S. is entitled to a handsome portion of that kind of reward which Apollo adjudged to the critick in the fable. A little *chaff* may be of little intrinsic worth, but as it is the appropriate emblem of a certain species of merit,

it derives thence an immense additional value. You know sir, that when the gallant Thrasybulus expelled the thirty tyrants, he received a crown composed of two olive twigs.

It would ill become me in my actual state of humiliation and prayer, to stand forth the advocate of Mr. Carr’s Northern Summer. I leave that Summer in its present blighted, sad situation, and proceed to inform you, sir, whence I drew my ideas of travel-writing, according to which I conducted my own Tour. You will laugh when I confess that finding nothing certain among the moderns upon the subject, I drew all my fancied light from a certain Italian, who wrote a Tour of his own from Rome to Brundisium about eighteen hundred years ago. This little signior was a good poet and critick, and wrote many good things. In writing upon a subject very different, I confess, from travel-writing, he has the following words :

Et sermone opus est, modo *tristi* sæpe *jocoso*  
Defendente vicem modo *rhitoris*, atque *poete*  
Interdum *urbani*, *parentis* viribus, atque  
*Extenuantis* eas consulto.

The foregoing verses constitute my code respecting the style of tours, voyages, and travels. The old tour of the Italian is also my model, but not in toto : for the little man, though a courtier of the Augustan age, has something that need not be imitated.

Now, sir, you are in full possession of my ideas on this intricate subject ; and I intreat you to issue your responses in plain household terms : for by me they shall be hailed with more reverence than if they issued from Delphi or Cuma, as you will hereafter be able to judge from my Tour ; which at present I regard only as a heap of rude materials, to be wrought into something clever, according to the directions, hints, and instructions, which you may hereafter please to communicate.

I have the honour to be,

Good Mr. Oldschool,

Your constant admirer

And very humble servant,

R. F.

P. S.—J. S. very evidently and very courteously observes, that “it is said in the Rambler, that surprise is the effect of ignorance.” I dare not make this an article of my creed, although coming from the literary anvil. Pray, sir, give your opinion upon this little matter; and also let me know if what is said in the Dunciad be true, that Pertness was once Dulness—

Dulness with rapture eyes the lively dunce  
Remembering she herself was *Pertness* once.

For The Port Folio.

## EMILY HAMMOND,

AN AMERICAN NOVEL.

(Concluded.)

After spending three days with Mr. Drey, my anxiety to see the poor stranger at Boston, led me again to that town. Everard was at leisure, and asked leave to accompany me. We reached the city late in the morning; and while Everard was engaged in conversation with some gentlemen of his acquaintance at the coffee-house, I rode directly to Mrs. Barlow's. That good woman saw me alighting, and met me at the door: “I am glad thou art come, but I have sad news for thee:—thy poor girl is sick—sick, I fear, past recovery. On the evening after thy departure for thy friend Drey's, she seemed highly feverish, and begged to retire immediately after tea, she rested little; and on inquiring after her health in the morning, I sent instantly for a physician; and from his opinion I find we have little to hope. She inquires anxiously for thee when her recollection is perfect; but since yesterday noon, she has been almost constantly delirious. This morning she asked to see her infant, which had been placed with a nurse: the poor babe is itself ill, and we strove to evade her inquiry. After repeatedly urging the pathetick request, “Let me, let me see my child—my poor friendless babe!” she wildly cried—“Oh! they have sent it—they have sent it to the hospital!” Her frenzy alarmed us, and we put the child into her arms: She hugged it fondly to her bosom, and said in a low voice: “My

sweet little Mary! your mother is dying! could your father see us now! but hush—he lives somewhere here: he will say we followed him, troubled him, disgraced him!—Oh no, not for the world would we have him say that! But where is the good man who saved us? Has he forsaken us too? How kind he looked! He is an old man too—he forsake my poor Mary! No, no!” Soon after this she fell asleep; we expect her to awake in her perfect senses, and then I shall wish thee to see her immediately.”

Everard now joined us, and as we were seating ourselves at dinner, an elderly gentleman, in a quaker's dress, was introduced, and welcomed by Mrs. Barlow as an old and valued friend. “Friend Hammond,” said the worthy woman, “it is many long years since I shook thy hand last; I am glad to see thee; but thou hast come to a house of mourning.”

“Mourning, sister! my own heart is a house of mourning; but for whom art thou afflicted!”

“For the poor and the stranger; a lovely young woman, a guest in my house, is now on the bed of death!”

“My poor Emily is among strangers too!” replied the venerable mourner, drying the bitter drop of sorrow from his furrowed cheek. “Oh sister,” added he, “I would not trouble others with my griefs; but the Almighty “hath dealt very bitterly with me.” Thou wilt remember that when my business compelled me to visit India, I removed my wife and infant daughter to the house of my brother in Philadelphia. My sufferings abroad I will not mention: shipwreck, sickness, and captivity kept me from my native land for ten long years; but heaven blessed my labours with abundant increase, and but now I had returned with the soothing hope of sharing the bounties of Providence with my beloved family; but my wife is dead, and my daughter—oh sister! my sweet little Emily is—lost; ruined, eloped from her friends! fled, perhaps from disgrace and life together, with all her sins on her head!”

"Who!" Emily Hammond?" inquired Everard in breathless agitation.

"Yea, my good young friend, didst thou know my child.

"God of mercy!" groaned Everard, and sunk senseless on the floor.

We assisted him into the next room and placed him on a bed; but before he had recovered so far as to permit any inquiry after the cause of his emotion, the nurse came from above stairs with a request from the physician who was then attending, that Mrs. Barlow would walk above. She complied immediately; but after a few minutes' absence, she returned in tears.

"Friend Hammond! wilt thou comfort the dying? Friend J. the moments of thy poor girl are "numbered and well-nigh finished;" she wishes to bless thy kindness with her parting breath!"

Everard had now recovered, and requested to be left alone; and myself and Mrs. Hammond followed Mrs. Barlow to the room of the dying stranger. The curtains of the bed were partly drawn, and we had approached close before she observed us. "My father!" with a faint scream was heard from the bed. Mr. Hammond fell on his knees by the bedside, and groaned in anguish: "My child! my poor lost Emily! Oh my sainted Mary! is this our daughter; is this all I have left of thee! Do I find our little prattling Emily thus! Father of mercies! strengthen me to thy chastening! my child! my child! art thou gone!" The poor sufferer had fainted, and our utmost efforts could hardly rekindle the feeble spark of life in her exhausted frame. She opened her eyes at length, and with a long-drawn sob exclaimed, "My father! forgive me!"

"Forgive thee my child! I bless thee! heaven forgive and bless thee as freely as thy father!"

"It is enough! Everard I forgive you."

An explanation like this I had dreaded; but when the painful cer-

tainty left no room for better hopes, I could hardly support the shock. Everard Drey, the son of my old friend, whose constant example and whose daily lesson had been duty, had seduced from innocence and virtue a heart that loved and trusted him; and left to struggle unassisted with the accumulated miseries of grief, sickness, disgrace and penury, the loveliest victim that ever suffered on the altar of sensuality! My own life has not been unmarked with sorrows: I have mourned the loss of friends, and followed my kindred to the grave; but never did my spirit sink within me as at this moment. Ye who have hearts to feel will not ask why I weep at the recollection.

A moment's reflection determined my conduct. I went below, where I found Everard walking the room in an agitation which excited my pity. I beckoned to him, and immediately returned to the chamber; he followed me without answering.

We approached the bed of the dying Emily in silence: she cast her eyes on us, and wildly exclaimed, "Everard!—your daughter!—protect my child! I did not come to disgrace you, Everard! I felt that my days were but few; I wished to see you, to forgive you, and to die!—protect——!" She faltered; her eyes closed; and a single convulsive gasp freed her gentle soul from the sufferings of mortality!

The father watched the expiring struggle of his beloved daughter, and covering his face, lifted up his soul in silent prayer to his God. Not so Everard. "Old man! mourning father!" cried he in the voice of distraction, "See here the murderer of your daughter! Emily was the child of virtue; all the powers of hell were put in array against her! Farewell!" added he with an accent of frenzy; and instantly flew from the house.

Let me be brief. Emily's babe rests in the same grave with its mother; and her wretched father quickly descended to that place "where the wicked cease from troubling." Rumour's hundred tongues preceded

my return to Mr. Dray's. My friend relapsed and died. A rapid decline hastened his beloved wife to join him. Everard is no where to be found; and amid this wide wreck of life and happiness, I stem left alone to tell the tale.

Daughter of innocence! listen to the voice of age! When the youth of thy fancy points to the flowery paths of pleasure, and with the honied eloquence of desire, cries, "Come, come!" fly, fly from the forbidden path, and trust not the lips that utter deceit! In thine own bosom thou hast a treacherous foe: thy heart bounds at the voice that would lure thee to destruction, and responsive answers to the syren call! Hast thou friends who would mourn thy fall? Lose not the "good name" which years of penitent virtue cannot recover! Hast thou brethren and sisters? Shall the finger of scorn be pointed at them for thy sake! Hast thou parents? Oh, why wilt thou clothe the face of thy mother with shame, and bring down the grey hairs of thy father with sorrow to the grave! Dost thou fear the God who made thee? Think, ere thought shall be distraction! Let thy fancy lead thee to the tomb of Emily Hammond; there read, "seventeen years—disgrace and death!" Fly—oh fly! daughter of innocence, ere the gulf of infamy open to receive thee!

For The Port Folio.

### THE FINE ARTS.

[To one of the Directors of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, we are indebted for the following correct description of an edifice which is both honourable to the founders and an ornament to the city. Next to the cultivation of polite literature, for which, in the language of Sir William Jones, we have an undiminished fondness, is our admiration of those arts which are so happily and so energetically described by the epithet liberal, as eminently above those vulgar and grovelling objects which engross the piny attention of the *meaner mass* of mankind. How grateful to avert the offended eye from the loathsome objects of common life, and to expatiate over all the charms of Grecian and Roman beauty!]

### THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

Is situate on the north side of Chestnut midway between Tenth and Eleventh-streets; the lot of ground is one hundred feet front by one hundred and seventy-eight feet deep; it recedes from the front line of the street seventy-five feet, has twenty-five feet vacant ground on each side, and forty-three feet back; it is set sufficiently high to admit of a terrace in front.

The present building which is fifty feet front by sixty feet deep, is so calculated as to be a whole when finished; and, at the same time, to admit of extensive future additions, viz. one room of one hundred feet by forty-three exterior at the back, and one on each side of fifty feet by twenty-five exterior: toward which additions the whole of the fire-places, funnels, doors, and stair-ways are already effected; and it is only necessary to break away four inches of brick-work where they will be found placed in a uniform and regular manner. The character of the exterior architecture is modern Ionick. The front elevation consists of a marble basement four feet high, with (as is intended) a large flight of steps, to a recessed porch eighteen feet front on the front line, and ten feet deep; the remainder of the elevation consists of a high principal story and an attic with cornice, parapet, frieze, and neck moulding. The recessed porch is to have a column on each side coupled (one diameter distant) with a pilaster against each side of the recess; a full order of entablature is to rest on the whole of these with trophies or plain tablets above; and the pavement is to be of marble slabs variegated, a centre for which has been presented by Mr. S. Gratz, of a quality equal to the Kilkenny, viz. of a fine jet black with an occasional sprinkling of pure white. The roof is nearly flat in every part, except where the dome appears, which is unique, it is a hemisphere of brick turned, two-thirds of which was sprung without a centre, and the remainder, owing to the lateness of the season, with very slight and little centering. The whole

could have been effected in a superior style had not the building been begun too late in the season; and it is a better mode than with centering, because every course of bricks keys itself; and it is extremely simple, a single strip regulates the whole. Centering always costs more than the arching, hence it is economical, and can always be done in a circular arch, but not in a lineal one; on this arch immediately, and without any medium of wood, is laid a most complete piece of slate-work, each piece of which is secured immediately to the first brick dome, and having stood the test of two winters may be pronounced a sound job. In addition, in consequence of having no rafters, or any other work except as before expressed, this roof costs less than a shingled one.

The interior consists of a principal room, two committee rooms, three chambers, and complete cellars under the whole. The principal room is forty-six feet diameter and eighteen feet high to the springing of the ceiling, which is a dome having the sole light from its centre: the ceiling is plain except a radii of light in stucco around the opening and semi-circular architraves with reversed mouldings at the springing. The sides consist of eight tall pedestals alternating with an equal number of recesses which open to stair-ways or intended additional rooms; these recesses also consist of principal and attic pannels or openings; over these are arches whose soffits obtrude into the dome, the effect of which is novel; so that the dome appears (as it really does) to rest on those heightened pedestals, which have their full order of entablature occasionally relieved by guilche enrichments. The whole of the building was completed from the commencement in eleven solid weeks (in all not seventeen weeks) and is a specimen of sound work.

For The Port Folio.  
**BIOGRAPHY.**

**LIFE OF MOTTEUX.**

[To Dr. Drake, a very elegant scholar, who has lately obliged the literary world with many pleasing particulars respecting AD-

DISON and his contemporaries, we are indebted for the following life of a very ingenious Frenchman. Motteux, in addition to his other literary powers, which were of no humble pretension, had acquired such a treasure of pure idiomatical English, that in the witty employment of colloquial and proverbial combinations he has actually surpassed many of the English themselves. His translation of *Don Quixote*, which was the first we ever perused, and which we have continued to indulge ourselves with to more than the tenth repetition, is incomparably superiour in its power to provoke merriment to Smollet's vaunted version. Sancho's proverbs, which abound in the Spanish original, are well rendered only by Motteux. The spirit of Sancho's character is totally mistaken or neglected by Smollet, and yet perhaps from his own vanity, but more probably from the suggestion of a mercenary bookseller, this distinguished novelist, who ought to have had better employment than translating what had already been ably translated, very ostentatiously boasts of his superiority to Skelton, Capt. Stevens, Charles Jarvis, and Motteux himself. We again strongly recommend Motteux for the wonderful copiousness of his colloquial style, and we again commend his *Don Quixote*, because a merrier work can scarcely be found, and because in the dull and dismal scenes of this wild world, a merry book doeth good like a medicine. The translation of Rabelais, one of the most obscure, difficult, and incoherent authours that ever indulged the vagaries of a lawless imagination, is admirably executed, and the translator has shed bright light upon many a passage which, in the original, was only darkness, visible! We cannot conclude this preface without remarking that we were once assured by a very learned friend, that the best version of all those passages in *Don Quixote*, where *Sancho* is an interlocutor, was in *Low Dutch*, and the correctness of this opinion will be fully confirmed when we reflect upon the peculiar genius of that language. Since we have indulged ourselves thus far in mentioning the various versions of a favourite authour, whose great work is as imperishable as the poems of Homer, it is only justice to name and to praise Florian, the last French translator. This accomplished man, who has been called the Gallick Goldsmith, because he is always successful in the sweet and tender style, gilded the gloom of his declining days by translating *Don Quixote*. This version is in six small volumes, and is distinguished for some judicious variations and retrenchments from the original. From the purity, perspicuity, simplicity, and elegance of

its style it ought to be arranged with the best French classicks.]

Peter Anthony Motteux, a native of France, was born at Rouen in Normandy, in 1660. He chose England for his place of residence, on the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and for some time lived with his relation Paul Dominique, Esq. Mr. Motteux is one of the few Frenchmen who have obtained a perfect knowledge of our language; he acquired, indeed, such an intimacy with its idiom and colloquial expression, that his translations from the Spanish and French exhibit completely the art of original composition. "Motteux," observes Mr. Tytler, speaking of his version of Don Quixote, "appears to me to have been endowed with a strong perception of the ridiculous in human character; a just discernment of the weaknesses and follies of mankind. He seems likewise to have had a great command of the various styles which are accommodated to the expression both of grave, burlesque, and low humour. Inferiour to Smollet in inventive genius, he seems to have equalled him in every quality which was essentially requisite to a translator of Don Quixote. On the whole," he concludes, "I am inclined to think that the version of Motteux is by far the best we have yet seen of the romance of Cervantes."\*

Our authour engaged likewise, in the still more difficult task of translating Rabelais, a writer whose style is so obsolete, that but few of his own countrymen are fully able to develop his meaning. The first three books of this singular satire had been so well translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart, that Motteux only continued the version, and the whole was afterwards revised by Mr. Ozell. Mr. Tytler has pronounced the version, thus corrected, one of the most perfect specimens of the art of translation. "The best critics," says he, "in both languages have borne testimony to its faithful transfusion of the sense, and happy imitation of the style of the original; and every English reader will acknow-

ledge that it possesses all the ease of original composition."\*

In addition to these literary labours Motteux translated several plays, which were brought with some success on the stage; he wrote also several prologues and epilogues, and dedicated a poem *On Tea* to the Spectator. All his exertions, however, as a member of the republick of letters, were inadequate to his support; and he found it necessary to relinquish his pen for the more profitable returns of trade. He opened, therefore, an East-India ware-house in Leadenhall-street, and obtained a valuable appointment in the general post-office. His contribution to the Spectator is relative to this change in his condition, and the letter in No. 288, signed with his name, at length, may be considered as a species of advertisement descriptive of the elegant and costly articles in which he dealt.

These new employments soon placed our quondam translator in easy circumstances; he married a beautiful and amiable woman, and became the father of a family of fine children. All that life affords for rational and domestick enjoyments appeared to be now within his reach; when the indulgence of licentious appetite, at an age too which seems to indicate that it was the result of habit rather than of sudden temptation, not only exposed his character to the world, but deprived him of existence. He was found dead on the morning of the 19th of February, 1717-18, in a brothel near Temple-bar, and so strong was the suspicion arising from the combination of circumstances, that he had been murdered by the wretches who surrounded him, that the offer of a conditional pardon and a reward of fifty pounds for the discovery of the murderer was advertised in the London Gazette. The completion of his 58th year took place on the very day that he was destroyed.

#### QUINTUS CURTIUS.

Amongst the historians of the first class, we may place Quintus Curtius;

\* Ibid. P. 396, 397.

\* Essay on the Principles of Translation. P. 267, 268, and 312, Second Ed. 8vo. 1797.

of whose life very little is recorded, but who probably wrote in the first century of our æra under the Emperor Vespasian. He has written in a short volume, divided into ten books, the life of Alexander the Great. Frenshemius has supplied very ably, the loss of the two first and one part of the last book. The style of this writer is very flowery and ornamented; but it well agrees with its subject, for he wrote the life of a very extraordinary man. Curtius particularly excels in his description of battles, but in his speeches the authour is generally too prominent a figure. The speech of the Scythians is however an exception. It is always read with pleasure, and has always been mentioned with praise.

He has been justly charged with geographical errors, and these have been rectified by Arrian. The accusation of having admitted such romance into his history, is not correctly stated; for Alexander does not appear to be a less singular character in other authours than in Quintus Curtius.

The praises which he lavishes on his hero proceed from a congenial spirit of bold enterprise. Intrepidity and fire are with him the sovereign qualities of a man; for he had not sufficient coolness of judgment to enable him to distinguish the utility resulting from caution and from prudence. The story of the "World's great Victor," is perfectly suited to the genius of the historian. They are equally warm, and violent, and rash.

Curtius, however, though an ardent panegyrist, is not so entirely estranged from justice as to disguise the faults of Alexander altogether. After he has raised him above the highest of his species, he makes some retribution to them, by occasionally depressing him beneath the lowest.

His style has freedom, life, and pleasantry; but is too lofty and declamatory. He wants simplicity, a distinguished excellence in writing; and notwithstanding the elegance of his orations and the fine flow of his language, the reader of Quintus Curtius will return with redoubled eagerness to the perusal of Livy.

## LEVITY.

Buccon's beautiful ballad,

Earl Walter winds his bugle horn,  
To horse! to horse! halloo! halloo!  
has given rise in England to a very humorous

## PARODY.

Mirth, with thee I mean to live,

Earl Walter kicks the waiter's rump,  
Down stairs! down stairs! halloo, halloo!  
They sally forth, they wheel, they jump,  
And fast the scampering watch pursue.

The jolly bucks from tavern freed,  
Dash fearless on through thick and thin,  
While answering alleys, as they speed,  
Loudly reecho to their din.

Saint Dunstan's arm, with massy stroke  
The solemn midnight peal had rung,  
And bawling out, "Past twelve o'clock,"  
Loud, long and deep the watchman sung.

The clamorous band Earl Walter guides,  
Huzza, huzza, my merry men,  
When, puffing, holding both their sides,  
Two strangers haste to join his train.

The right-hand stranger's locks were grey,  
But who he was I cannot tell;  
The left was debonnaire and gay,  
A dashing blood I know full well.

He wad his heaver hat on high,  
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!  
What joys can earth, or sea, or sky,  
To match our midnight sports afford!"

"Methinks," the other said, "twere best  
To leave, my friends, your frantic joys,  
And, for the balmy sweets of rest,  
Exchange such rude discordant noise."

But still Earl Walter onward hies,  
And dashing forward, on they go,  
Huzza, huzza, each toper cries,  
"Hark forward, forward, hollo ho!"

The jovial band Earl Walter guides,  
Along the Fleet, up Ludgate-Hill,  
And puffing, holding both their sides,  
His boon companions follow still.

From yonder winding lane outsprings  
A phantom, white as snow,  
And louder still Earl Walter sings,  
"Hark forward, forward, hollo ho!"

A quaker prim has crossed the way,  
He sprawls their nimble feet below,  
But what care they for yea-and-nay,  
Still forward, forward, on they go.

See, at the corner of yon street,  
A humble stall, with apples crown'd!  
See, scatter'd by Earl Walter's feet,  
The woman's apples rolling round.

"O Lord! have mercy on my stall,  
Spare the hard earnings of the poor,  
The helpless widow's little all,  
The fruit of many a watchful hour."

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,  
The left still pointing to the prey,  
The impatient Earl no warning heeds,  
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou poor old wither'd wretch,  
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"  
Then loud he sung, and wav'd his switch,  
"Hark forward, forward, hollo ho!"

So said, so done; one single bound  
Clears the green grocer's humble stall;  
While through the apples scatter'd round,  
They hurry, hurry, one and all.

And now behold the tim'rous prey,  
Beyond the reach of Comus' crew,  
Still lightly trip along the way,  
Unconscious who her steps pursue.

Again they wheel, their nimble feet  
The devious way still quickly trace,  
Down Ludgate-Hill, along the Fleet,  
The unwearied Earl pursues the chase.

The watch now muster strong, and dare  
Dispute the empire of the field;  
They wave their cudgels high in air,  
"Now yield thee, noble Baron yield."

"Unmanner'd vagabonds! in vain  
You strive to mar our nightly game;  
Come on! come on! my merry men,  
The raggamuffins we can tame."

As heaps the victims bite the dust,  
Down sinks Earl Walter on the ground,  
Now run who can and lie who must,  
For loud the watchmen's rattles sound.

Now to the justice borne along,  
In sullen majesty they go;  
The place receives the motley throng,  
And echoes to their hollo ho!

All mid amid the rout profane,  
The justice solemn thus began:  
"Forbear your knighthood thus to stain,  
Revere the dignity of man."

The meanest trull has rights to plead,  
Which wrong'd by cruelty or pride,  
Draw vengeance on the guilty head,  
Howe'er by titles dignified."

Cold drops of sweat in many a trill,  
Adown Earl Walter's temples fall,  
And louder, louder, louder still,  
The surly watch for vengeance call.

The right-hand stranger anxious pleads;  
The clamours of the mob increase,  
The riot act the justice reads,  
And binds the Earl to keep the peace.

The court broke up, they sally out,  
And raise a loud, a last huzza;  
Then sneak'd away and hung his spout,  
Each disappointed dog of law.

Muttering full many a curse, and fast  
Someward to slumber now they go;  
Yet spite of all that now has past,  
- You'll hear next night their hollo ho!

This is the Earl, and this his train,  
That oft the awaken'd Cockney hears;  
With rage he glows in every vein  
When the wild din invades his ears.

The dreaming maid sighs sad and oft,  
That she her visions must forego,  
When waken'd from her slumbers soft,  
She hears the cry of hollo ho!

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful dirty,  
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Magnanimity in politicks, exclaims Ed-  
mond Burke with all the orator's animation,  
is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a  
great empire and little minds go ill to-  
gether. If we are conscious of our situation,  
and glow with zeal to fill our place as be-  
comes our station and ourselves, we ought  
to auspicate all our publick proceedings  
with the old warning of the church, *sursum  
corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to  
the greatness of that trust to which the or-  
der of Providence has called us. By ad-  
verting to the dignity of this high calling,  
our ancestors have turned a savage wilder-  
ness into a glorious empire, and have made  
the most extensive and the only honourable  
conquests; not by destroying, but by pro-  
moting the wealth, the number, and the  
happiness of the human race.

Will it not be worth while, after the pe-  
rusal of the following advertisement, which  
we have copied from a New-York paper,  
for the *curious in coffee* to purchase from  
Mons. Caille his improvement in the pre-  
paring of that favourite beverage?

GREGQUE A LA DUBELLOV, for *clarifying  
Coffee*.—Of all the modern improvements  
for clarifying coffee, the *Gregque*, recently  
invented in Paris, is the most perfect. It  
consists entirely of tin, and its application  
is so simple that coffee can be made as re-  
adily as tea, and, without the use of eggs or  
isinglass, is rendered as limpid as chrystalline  
water. It entirely supersedes the necessity of a  
coffee biggin, which, in neatness and purity  
it far surpasses. The strength of the coffee  
is so effectually drawn off, by percolation  
through the *Gregque*, that the grounds will  
scarcely discolour water. This valuable ap-  
pendage to the breakfast table, with printed  
directions, may be had with, or without cof-

fee pots, adapted to urns or silver coffee pots of any description, by applying to Caille, tin plate worker, from Paris, No. 67, Nassau-street.

The Robin red breast of England appears to be not only a favourite of every family, but the very Nightingale of the poets. This familiar bird, like certain of the canine species, appears to delight in the vicinity of man. As even Pharisees themselves affect those, who affect them, this amicable and confiding disposition, on the part of this bird, seems to have met a correspondent temper on the part of every boy. The natural malignity, perverseness, savageness, and cruelty of the human race are suspended in favour of ONE of the feathered race; and Superstition itself has formed an alliance with Mercy to protect the Robin. Almost all the English poets of celebrity, and THOMPSON in particular, describe with a union of genius and sensibility, the interesting habits and singular privileges of this bird. Mrs. C. SMITH has, in her last publication, added her praise to that of her predecessors. The polite reader will perceive with delight, how admirably this lady has copied the best manner of some of the old English writers. The allusion to the fidelity of a Winter friend is pathetic.

#### THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

"A suppliant to your window comes  
Who trusts your faith and fears no guile,  
He claims admittance for your crumbs,  
And reads his passport in your smile.  
For cold and cheerless is the day,  
And he has sought the hedges round,  
No berry hangs upon the spray,  
Nor worm nor ant-egg can be found.  
Secure his suit will be preferred  
No fears his slender feet deter,  
For sacred is the household bird  
That wears the scarlet stomacher."

Lucy the prayer assenting heard,  
The feathered suppliant flew to her,  
And fondly cherished was the bird  
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

Embolden'd then, he 'd fearless perch  
Her netting or her work among,  
For crumbs among her drawings search,  
And add his musick to her song.

And warbling on her snowy arm,  
Or half entangled in her hair,  
Seem'd conscious of the double charm  
Of freedom and protection there.

A grave old moralist who us'd  
From all some lesson to infer,  
Thus said, as on the bird he mused  
Pluming his scarlet stomacher:

"Where are his gay companions now,  
Who sung so merrily in Spring,  
Some shivering on the leafless bough  
With ruffled plume and drooping wing.

Some in the hollow of a cave  
Consign'd to temporary death,  
And some beneath the sluggish wave  
Await reviving Nature's breath.  
The migrant tribes are fled away  
To skies where insect myriads swarm,  
They vanish with the summer day  
Nor bide the bitter Northern storm.

But still is this sweet minstrel heard,  
While lours December dark and drear,  
The jovial, cheerful, household bird  
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

And thus in life's propitious hour  
Approving flatterers round us sport,  
But if the faithless prospect lour  
They the more happy fly to court.

Then let us to the selfish herd  
Of Fortune's parasites, prefer  
The friend like this, our winter bird  
That wears the scarlet stomacher."

The Sensitive plant, from its singular character, may not merely task the ingenuity of the botanist and the naturalist, but all the memory and imagination of the poet. Indeed it has been more than once the theme of poetry and the speculation of science. Mrs. Smith thus describes its peculiarities, and then with her usual felicity draws from them a very salutary lesson.

#### THE MIMOSA.

Softly blow the western breezes,  
Sweetly shines the evening sun;  
But you, Mimosa, nothing pleases  
You, what delights your comrades, teases,  
What they enjoy, you try to shun.

Alike annoy'd by heat or cold,  
Ever too little or too much,  
As if by heaviest winds controll'd  
Your leaves before a zephyr fold  
And tremble at the slightest touch.

Fluttering around in playful rings  
A gilded fly your beauty greeted;  
But from his light and filmy wings,  
As if he had lanced a thousand stings,  
Your shuddering folioles retreated!

Those feathery leaves are like the plume  
Plucked from the bird of Indian skies,  
But should you, therefore, thus presume  
While others boast a fairer bloom,  
All that surrounds you to despise?

The rose, whose blushing blossoms blow,  
Pride of the vegetal creation,  
The air and light disdains not so;  
And the fastidious pride you show  
Is not reserve, but affectation.

In the eye of butterflies, the outer coat has a lustre in which may be discovered the various colours of the rainbow. When examined a little closely, it will be found to have the appearance of a multiplying glass; having a great number of sides or facets in the manner of a brilliant cut diamond. Lewenhock pretends, there are above six thousand facets on the cornea of a *flea*. These animals therefore, see not only with great clearness, but view every object multiplied in a surprising manner. Puget adapted the cornea of a *flea* in such a position as to see objects through it, by means of a microscope; and nothing could exceed the strangeness of its representations; a soldier who was

seen through it, appeared like an army of pigmies: for while it multiplied it also diminished the object: the arch of a bridge exhibited a spectacle more magnificent than human skill could perform; and the flame of a candle seemed a general and beautiful illumination.

## SONNET, BY ANNA SEWARD.

Written at Buxton in a rainy season.

From these wild heights, where oft the  
mists descend  
In rains, that shroud the sun, and chill  
the gale,  
Each transient, gleaming interval we hail,  
And rove the naked vallies, and extend  
Our gaze around, where yon vast mountains  
blend  
With billowy clouds that o'er their sum-  
mits sail;  
Pondering how little Nature's charms be-  
friend  
The barren scene, monotonous and pale.  
Yet solemn when the darkening shadows  
fleet  
Successive o'er the wide and silent hills,  
Gilded by watry sun-beams, then we  
meet  
Peculiar pomp of vision. Fancy thrills,  
And owns there is no scene so rude and  
bare,  
But Nature sheds or grace or grandeur  
there.

## TO HONORA SNEYD,\*

Whose health was always best in Winter.

And now the youthful, gay, capricious  
Spring,  
Piercing her showery clouds with crystal  
light,  
And with their hues reflected streaking  
bright  
Her radiant bow, bids all her warblers  
sing;  
The lark, shrill carolling on soaring wing;  
The lonely Thrush, in brake, with blos-  
soms white,  
That tunes his pipe so loud; while, from  
the sight  
Coy bending their dropt heads, young  
cowslips fling  
Rich perfume o'er the fields. It is the  
prime  
Of hours that beauty robes: yet all they  
gild,  
Cheer, and delight in this their fragrant  
time,  
For thy dear sake, to me less pleasure yield  
Than, veil'd in sleet, and rain, and hoary  
rime.  
Dim Winter's naked hedge and plashy  
field.

\* Afterwards Mrs. Edg. worth.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The task which "Pictor" has undertaken is finely described in the initial lines of a recent poem, by one of the Royal Academicians.

What various aids the student's course re-  
quires,  
Whom art allures, and love of fame inspires;  
But chief what toils demand his earlier  
hours,  
Prepare his triumphs and unfold his powers.  
The Muse attempts—with beating bosom  
springs,  
And dares advent'rous on didactic wings.

The wariness of "Maritus" is jo-  
cosely described by Prior in his *Paulo  
Purganti*.

Unwilling then, in arms to meet  
The enemy he could not beat,  
He strove to lengthen the campaign,  
And save his forces by chicane;  
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus  
By fair retreat grew Maximus,  
Shows us that all that warrior can do  
With force inferiour, is, *cunctando*.

The description of some of Fashion's  
votaries in the female world is so  
faithful that the Editor may exclaim in  
poetick vision

I see the fair, fantastick forms appear,  
The flaunting drapery, and the languid leer,  
Fair, sylphish forms, who tall, erect and slim,  
Dart the keen glance, and stretch the pliant  
limb.

To "Milo's" question there is an  
admirable answer in some of the lyrick  
effusions of Dr. Watts. Genius and  
Virtue constitute the true measure of  
greatness.

Were he so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with his span,  
He must be measured by his *soul*,  
THE MIND'S THE STANDARD OF THE MAN.

The state blunderers, by whom  
this unhappy country is disgraced and  
degraded, are severely lashed by F,  
but are they not more completely fla-  
gellated by EDMUND BURKE, who,  
describing such drivellers, calls them

— vulgar and mechanical politicians, a  
sort of people who think that nothing exists  
but what is gross and material; and who,  
therefore, far from being qualified to be di-  
rectors of the great movement of empire,  
are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine.

By the politeness of a friend we have been favoured with a file of the Providence Gazette. Among other literary productions of great merit we find a series of periodical essays entitled "The ADELPHIAD." This work, like the Spectator, is devoted to topicks either light or literary, and displays much propriety of thought and much elegance of execution. One of its principal contributors is an OXFORD SCHOLAR; and, of course, in discussing the leading topicks in literature and politicks is always sure, not only of the assent, but the admiration of the Editor of The Port Folio.

For The Port Folio.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

Address to ———.

Prest with a weight of woe, at Sorrow's shrine,  
Say, shall I mix my mourning wreath with thine;  
From melancholy musing draw relief,  
And linger in the way-worn path of grief?  
With *thine*, a sister's plaintive requiem blend,  
Droop o'er the relics of thy sainted friend.  
Nor pierce the veil Omnipotence hath spread  
Around the hallow'd precincts of the dead?  
Nature, recoiling, drops a bitter tear,  
And cherishes the form to mem'ry dear;  
Deepens each pang this aching bosom felt,  
When at my brother's dying bed I knelt  
And mark'd the surges of that troubled sea,  
Whose waves and foaming billows burst on me.  
Alas! life's glimm'ring morn was overcast:  
Spring-time and blooming Summer quickly past.  
Pale Omen damps the wing of future years,  
No pleasure brightens, no perspective cheers;  
Tempest and storm hang o'er the sea-beat coast,  
Where all the fleeting bliss of youth was lost:  
Where the last sparkling gleam of sunshine play'd,  
And Hope's warm tints sunk into Sorrow's shade.

'Tis past—Mercy with Seraph hand, infuses  
balm,  
And Resignation breathes an holy calm!  
But oh! if memory's tender sigh should prove,  
The faithful witness of a sister's love;  
O'er pensive scenes, should brooding fancy roam,  
And sketch the faded portraiture of home,  
Where Friendship glanc'd its evanescent form,  
And smiled, unconscious of the gathering storm,  
Thou, who dispensed this "recent wound of heart,"  
Whose silent quiver shrouds the piercing dart,  
Scatter the clouds, which darken thy decree,  
And reach the sceptre of thy love to me!  
The starry heavens, the fruitful earth are thine;  
Lo! at thy throne my treasures I resign!  
Thou! who compassionates the feeling heart,  
And placed thy spirit in th' immortal part,  
Whose "strong right arm" guarded my brother's youth;  
Kindled his talents at the source of Truth,  
Warmed and enlarged his energetick mind,  
With meekness tempered, and with grace refin'd,  
If frail humanity, with fondness, clings  
Where thrilling anguish rouses all its strings,  
O, thou! who bade these sainted virtues live!  
Father of Mercy! pity and forgive.

E.

Epitaph in Wrexham church-yard.

Here lies old *Hare*, worn out with care,  
Who whilom toll'd the bell,  
Could dig a grave, or set a stake,  
And say amen full well.  
For sacred song, he'd Sternhold's tongue,  
And Hopkins' eke also;  
With cough and hem, he stood by them,  
As far as lungs would go.  
Many a feast for worms he drest,  
Himself then wanting bread;  
But lo! he's gone, with skin and bone,  
To starve them now he's dead.  
Here take his *spade*, and use his trade,  
Since he is out of breath;  
Cover the bones of him, who once  
Wrought journey-work for death.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, January 24, 1807.

[No. 4.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### MISCELLANY.

[H. Repton, Esq. has lately dedicated some of his works to the Right Honourable William Windham. This address is so elegantly penned, the praise of the friend of Burke is so just, and the allusion to Burke himself are all so interesting to the *starch disciples* of these statesmen, that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of publishing this dedication entire.]

*To the Right Honourable William Windham.*

SIR,

**POLITICKS** and party have, at this time, so strongly taken possession of men's minds that in thus publicly addressing a publick character it may be supposed that I should make some allusion to the present state of publick affairs; but since every individual who can read a newspaper has sufficient wisdom to advise statesmen and to comment on their measures without knowledge of their motives: I have not lately been ambitious of understanding political subjects, which varied with the seasons; or belonging to parties, which changed with the moon.

In the course of my profession I have had the honour to become acquainted with almost all the statesmen and all the leaders of different parties, without sacrificing the pursuits of taste for those of politicks; and during my occasional conversations and correspondence with your late friend, the great EDMUND BURKE, I only

knew him as the authour of a treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful," a book that in after ages will shine with perpetual lustre, reflecting honour on his taste and that of the country in which he lived; when many of his other works will be neglected with the occasional pamphlets and squibs that throw a momentary light on the passing politicks of the day.

The vicissitude of human events has been a common theme with writers of all ages; yet surely no period of time ever witnessed such changes as those within our memory. Whether we extend our view to the great convulsions of Europe, or confine it to the fluctuation of sentiments and manners in England, or still narrowing the circle of our observation, only look at the changes in the rank, the property, or the opinions of individuals within our own immediate knowledge; in all these points of view we must confess that no human foresight could predict such uncommon events as we have witnessed since the year 1783, when I had the honour of accompanying you to Ireland at the beginning of your political career.

Whatever might be your reason for then resigning your publick situation and retiring into Norfolk, I confess I was not sorry to retire with you; I had seen enough of the *path* of ambition to know it was always *difficult*, sometimes *dangerous*, and often *dirty*.

There was no dishonour in my wishing for the enjoyment of inglorious ease, and I looked forward with hope to the renewal of your friendship in retirement; but your talents were not given to be wasted in private life; a high sense of duty to your country soon called you forth again, to take an active part in the councils of your Sovereign; and whether in conjunction with, or in opposition to, the various administrations of the last twenty years, the force of your eloquence, the depth of your observations, the perspicacity of your mind, your personal fortitude, with prophetick sense of publick danger, and, above all, the sincerity and integrity of your heart, have proved that you were not created for the tranquillity of a private station.

When you determined to forego the ease of leisure to promote the welfare of the kingdom at large; I chose the more humble task of contributing to the comfort and pleasure of individuals: and while you studied to raise the glory and secure the best interests of the country; I was content to guide its taste and improve its scenery. Yet often do I look back with pleasing satisfaction to those happy days passed in the neighbourhood of Fellbrig, when you had leisure to cheer my retirement, and condescension to be pleased with the occasional productions of my pen, or pencil. Some of these I now venture to bring before the publick, together with a few other trifles, written at different times, and on different occasions; but whether produced at an early period, when I had nothing better to engage my attention, or more recently, to divert my attention from the constant duties of my profession: whether the offspring of too much leisure, or too much business, I am happy in having your permission to inscribe them to the friend of my early days, and trust they will be considered as the innocent and sportive effusions of an active, cheerful mind.

As an apology for addressing such trifles to you, I may observe, that, however the dull, plodding money-getter may hold trifles in contempt; the

wise, the good, the benevolent man, and the man of genius knows the value of trifling. And I have observed, that in proportion to the powers of mind to conceive great designs, there has always existed a peculiar faculty for enjoying relaxation. The cares, the anxiety, the bustle, and the duty of the most arduous situations can only be borne by occasional recurrence to what some would call—trifles; and whether they consist in the idle prattle of a child, the playful gambols of an animal, the cultivation of a flower, or the perusal of a poem, life would be intolerable without them.

Small sands the mountain, moments make  
the year,

And trifles, life. Your care to trifles  
give,

Or you may die before you truly live.

YOUNG.

Since, therefore, the tension of the mind derives new vigour from relaxation, if any of these trifles can afford a short alleviation of your constant anxiety for the publick welfare, my attempt will not be wholly useless.

I have the honour to be,

Sir, your

Very faithful servt.

H. REPTON.

[Russia has for many ages attracted the attention of the geographer, the politician, and the political economist; and never was this mighty empire more deserving of our contemplation than at the present period. The following description of the Russian character will be perused with a double interest; because it is the most recent, and because the describer is Dr. Aikin, England's second Addison.]

#### RUSSIA.

The people who inhabit these wild regions are for the most part of Slavonick blood, and of Asiatick origin: their progenitors were known by the name of Sarmatians. Long disunited among themselves, and in a state of barbarism, they were reduced in the thirteenth century to vassalage under the Tartars. From this condition they were rescued in the fifteenth century, by their Czar, Joar Basilowitz, who, with his grandson, of the same name, men of vigour and talents, though rude and ferocious, extended

the Russian dominion, and made the nation known throughout Europe. Succeeding Sovereigns, among whom Peter I and Catharine II were preeminent, not only enlarged their territories, but promoted civilization and improvement of every kind; and at length raised the Russian empire to the dignity of a first rate European power.

The Russian national character appears to be marked with sedateness and tranquillity, mixed with liveliness and sociability. They are hospitable and good tempered among one another, capable of strong attachments, sagacious, and patient of hardships. The servitude in which the lower classes live, and the despotick rule exercised over the highest, have made them supple, cunning, and crouching. Manly elevation of soul with steady principle are rarely met with among them. The ancient nobility have vast estates, which they reckon by the number of vassals with which they are stocked; and they live in a kind of rude magnificence, shunning the Court and publick employments.

The Russian peasantry are remarkable for their readiness in acquiring the common arts of life, several of which they exercise for domestick purposes. In the higher departments of intellect, nothing masterly or original has yet appeared among them, which may perhaps be owing to their recent civilization. Their implicit obedience, joined with natural robustness of constitution and habit of endurance, renders them excellent soldiers in the modern practice of war, where mechanical discipline is more requisite than enthusiastick ardour. They shrink at no danger or fatigue, and are only to be conquered by extermination.

#### OF THE FIRST LANGUAGE.

Language, as involving so many combinations, is the most difficult of all inventions; being the instrument of human conversation, it is the most useful.

Letters, or written language, is the next in dignity and use; being the grand key to knowledge, arts, and sciences.

Whether these two are of human, or as some have supposed, of divine origin, cannot be easily ascertained. The complexity of their construction and inflexion, the variety of compound, as well as simple ideas which they express; the wonderful reach displayed in the invention of letters, about two dozen of which, by different arrangements, express the whole of human thought, which is boundless and infinite; all tend to show both the one and the other to have been the result of much forethought and the most profound reflection.

If of human invention, it must have required time, experience, and long investigation to have discovered and improved them. The first nations, it is supposed, were mute, or expressed themselves in dumb show. Natural signs, looks, and gesticulations, must have supplied the place of words and artificial expression; till, by degrees, finding the tediousness and imperfection of this mode of intercourse, men would of necessity and by compact, have recourse first to oral or spoken language; then to figures and hieroglyphicks; and lastly, to letters or written language.

These, indeed, must have been previous to all other inventions or improvements whatever; as, without them, no human communication can properly take place, no instruction or information of any kind. They must, therefore, have paved the way not only to the useful and convenient arts, but to human intercourse in general, polity, commerce, and sciences of every sort.

Upon examining the structure of language, we discover a very great analogy betwixt all those of remote origin.

Nature operates here mostly in the same way in all the human race. The words of any original language must be few, as men's ideas in an early state are but few. And these words and expressions are very much of the metaphorical kind for the same reason, to wit, the scantiness of language.

As in this state men's imaginations are peculiarly active, they will naturally in their expressions, have recourse to those external objects, that are daily before their eyes and strike them most forcibly. In warm countries there will be frequent allusions to heat; in cold, to frost, snow, and hail; in mild, to green fields, soft breezes, and purling streams.

If greatness of size is spoken of, the African will allude to the elephant, and the Greenlander to the whale; if beauty is the subject, the former will allude to the sun, the latter, most probably, to the splendour of ice or of snow.

The Hebrew and Celtick languages are, certainly, both of very remote origin. Accordingly their idiom, being unpolished and scanty, is highly figurative and metaphorical; and possesses that ardour and conciseness so peculiar to most primitive tongues. The

Celtick, supposed older than the Greek, was the ancient language of Gaul, Spain, and the British islands. The Hebrew, or its dialects, prevail to this day over Arabia, Persia, and a great part of India, and the northern parts of Africa.

The High Dutch and Slavonian are likewise of great antiquity; though it is extremely difficult to ascertain their origin. Perhaps they may be deemed a-kin to the Celtick; as the Latin to the Greek, with a mixture of Tuscan. Their genius, however, is harsh and rude, though possessed of strength; their manner cold and tedious.

The Latin and Greek I reckon of nearly the same antiquity, the latter perhaps somewhat older. They are likewise related in form and idiom, and bear a strong resemblance to the country in which they were produced. Besides their own intrinsick and superlative value, they become of peculiar consequence, as they enter more or less into the composition of most European tongues.

I shall only just further observe, that, as all original languages seem one way or other interwoven or connected together, it is most probable that they have sprung from one still more original, the fountain-head of the rest. Perhaps the Hebrew, Chaldaick, or Arabick, bids the fairest for this honour; yet there is no certainty that these were either spoken at the building of Babel, or were only corruptions of a more general one that took place before the confusion of tongues, and the consequent dispersion of mankind.

#### PLINY THE YOUNGER.

From Quintilian, the transition to Caius Plinius Secundus, his pupil, is easy. He was born in Insubria about sixty years after our Saviour, and very early distinguished himself as a pleader at the Roman bar.

Enriched by a succession to the estate of L. Plinius Secundus, his uncle, he refused every reward for the defence of the innocent beyond the pleasure it afforded; and, had his speeches been preserved, they would probably have refuted a modern maxim, that a legal opinion, not paid for, is not worth obtaining.

In addition to a mind that was captivated by the love and successfully engaged in the cultivation of letters, he possessed a heart in which all the charities resided. He was amiable to his acquaintance, and he was benevolent to all. Had a longer life than

that of little more than half a century been granted to him, it is probable that posterity would have received more testimonies of his genius and his virtues. His panegyrick on Trajan is the language equally of praise and of truth, and is perhaps the only work which may serve as an object of comparison with the style of the preceding age. It was not published for many years after he had returned thanks to the Emperour for appointing him Consul. Praise to benefactors, when extended to topicks of general character, is often extravagant, and sometimes unjust; yet in this instance, it had the rare advantage of being grounded on incontestible facts. History accords with his eulogium, and, when with the portrait of a virtuous Prince, he contrasts that of the tyrants who had preceded him, the contrast renders it more striking and valuable. Pliny says, his first object is to render to a great Prince the homage that is due to his virtues; then to present to his successors not rules of conduct, but a model which may teach them to deserve an equal share of glory by the same means: that to dictate to Sovereigns what they ought to be, is painful and presumptuous; to praise him who acts well in such a manner that the eulogium may serve as a lesson to others, and be a light to conduct them on their way, is an enterprise not less useful and much more modest.

After having stigmatized the baseness and unworthiness of those Emperours who only checked the incursions of the barbarians by pecuniary donations, and the purchase of captives to be the ornaments of an illusory triumph, he exhibits a very different conduct in his illustrious hero.

Every Emperour, at his inauguration, had a custom of distributing money amongst the people. The orator here expresses himself nobly and with interest on the circumstances which accompanied the liberality of Trajan. Another proof of the magnificence of the Emperours, were the spoils and spectacles which they gave to the Roman people who were idolaters of them. If any thing could produce a distaste

for such representations, it would have been the atrocity of the tyrants named the Cæsars, who still found, in the amusements of the theatre and the combats of the circus, an occasion to make their subjects more sensible of their despotism and their cruelty. Such was their attachment to a particular charioteer or gladiator, that they never scrupled to sacrifice those who espoused the opposite party. Under the Greek Emperours, this insensate rage was pushed to such an excess, that the faction of the Blues and the Greens, called so from the liveries of the circus, occasioned more than once the most horrible massacres in Constantinople. Before the time that Pliny wrote, Caligula, Nero, and Domitian had signalised their foolish passion for gladiators and pantomimes, by the most monstrous excesses. The sports given by Trajan seemed to have had another character; and this part of the panegyrick, followed by an account of the punishment of informers, displays such beauties, that if Pliny had always written in this style, he might well have been compared to Cicero. He *celebrates* the Emperour on putting an end to informers, who had, by false accusations of treason, deprived the state of many valuable citizens, and enriched the imperial coffers with the spoils of the victims.

Trajan had lived a long time in a private condition. In that best situation for a reflecting mind, he had marked the abominable reign and tragick end of Domitian.

Adopted by Nerva, whose reign was extremely short, Trajan appeared to the desponding empire as a being of superhuman excellence. A man of such spirit as Pliny could not fail to seize this circumstance, so fortunate in its kind; and the observations he makes upon it are worthy of our perusal. With energy and elevation he justifies the manner in which he speaks of the tyrants who had oppressed Rome, and of the happiness which the subject of his panegyrick had diffused.

In the letters of Pliny, we search in vain for that familiar ease and that

disclosure of the heart, which are the characteristicks of epistolary correspondence. It is much to be regretted, that we have only such letters as were written for posterity; however varied and agreeable their manner, in however amiable a light they exhibit the authour, they are not a faithful image of his mind. Ten books of them were selected by him, and prepared for the publick. The names of the persons to whom they were addressed are those of his contemporaries most celebrated for their talents and their virtues; and the sentiments he expresses are worthy of such connexions. He interests us equally for the friends whose loss he regrets—the victims of Domitian, and for those who participated with him the blessings of his patron's reign.

But times of tranquillity do not affect the reader like the violent revolutions of the age which Cicero describes. They possess a higher attraction for the imagination, and furnish a richer aliment to the curiosity. In history, as on the theatre, nothing is less interesting than a happy people. Middleton, in his life of Cicero, allows that the "Letters of Pliny are justly admired by men of taste, and that they show the scholar, the wit, and the gentleman; but that their poverty and barrenness betray the awe of a master. All his stories terminate in private life; there is nothing important in politics; no great affairs explained; no account of the motives of publick councils. He had borne all the same offices with Cicero, whom in all points he affected to emulate; yet his honours were in effect but nominal, conferred by a superiour power, and administered by a superiour will, and with the old titles of Consul and Proconsul. We still want the statesman, the politician, and the magistrate. In his provincial command, where Cicero governed all things with a supreme authority, and had kings attendant on his orders, Pliny durst not venture to repair a bath or punish a fugitive slave, till he had first consulted and obtained the leave of Trajan."

*For The Port Folio.*

The following lines will remind the reader of one of the most beautiful poems ever produced by the genius of Robert Burns. The picture of the distress of the little animal when it wakes from slumber, is well drawn, and the conclusion is just.

## THE DORMOUSE JUST TAKEN.

Sleep on, sleep on, poor captive mouse,  
Oh sleep! unconscious of the fate  
That ruthless spoil'd thy cosey\* house,  
And tore thee from thy mate.

What barbarous hand could thus molest  
A little innocent like thee,  
And drag thee from thy mossy nest  
To sad captivity?

Ah! when suspended life again  
Thy torpid senses shall recal,  
Poor guiltless prisoner! what pain  
Thy bosom shall appal.

When starting up in wild affright  
Thy bright round eyes shall vainly seek  
Thy tiny spouse with breast so white,  
Thy whisker'd brethren sleek.

Thy snug warm nest with feathers lin'd,  
Thy winter store of roots and corn,  
Nor nuts, nor beech mast shalt thou find,  
The toil of many a morn.

Thy soft white feet around thy cage  
Will cling, while thou in hopeless pain  
Wilt waste thy little life in rage  
To find thy struggles vain.

Yet since thou'rt fallen in gentle hands,  
Oh captive mouse, allay thy grief,  
Too light shall be thy silken bands,  
And time afford relief.

Warm is the lodging, soft the bed  
Thy little mistress will prepare,  
By her kind hands thou shalt be fed,  
And dainties be thy fare.

But neither men nor mice forget  
Their native home, where'er they be,  
And fondly thou wilt still regret  
Thy wild woods, loves, and liberty.

[GOLDSMITH in his *History of the Earth*, satisfies the ear and the mind not less than in his *Essays*, or in his delightful *Novel*. Let the polite reader peruse the following extract, and we trust he will be of our opinion.]

The polar regions that receive the solar beams in a very oblique direction, and continue for one half of the year in night, receive but few of the general comforts that other parts of the world enjoy. Nothing can be more mournful or hideous than the

picture which travellers present of those wretched regions. The ground, which is rocky and barren, rears itself in every place in lofty mountains and inaccessible cliffs, and meets the mariner's eye at forty leagues from the shore. These precipices, frightful in themselves, receive an additional horror from being constantly covered with ice and snow, which daily seem to accumulate and to fill all the vallies with increasing desolation. The few rocks and cliffs that are bare of snow look at a distance of a dark-brown colour, and quite naked. The internal parts of the country are still more desolate and deterring. In wandering this solitude, some plains appear covered with ice, that, at a first glance seem to promise the traveller an easy journey. But these are more formidable and more impassable than the mountains themselves, being cleft with dreadful chasms, and every where abounding with pits that threaten certain destruction. The seas that surround these inhospitable coasts are still more astonishing, being covered with flakes of floating ice that spread like extensive fields, or rise out of the water like enormous mountains! These, which are composed of materials as clear and transparent as glass, assume many strange and fantastick appearances. Some of them look like churches or castles with pointed turrets; some like ships in full sail; and people have often given themselves the fruitless toil to attempt piloting the imaginary vessel into harbour.

The earth presents a very different appearance at the equator, where the sun-beams darting directly downwards, burn up the lighter soils into extensive sandy deserts, or quicken the moister tracts with incredible vegetation. In these regions almost all the same inconveniences are felt from the proximity of the sun that in the former were endured from his absence. The deserts are entirely barren; and it not unfrequently happens that this dry soil which is so parched and comminuted by the force of the sun rises with the smallest

\* A Scottish expression for snug.

breath of wind. The sands being composed of parts almost as small as those of water, they assume a similar appearance, rolling onward in waves like those of a troubled sea, and overwhelming all they meet with inevitable destruction. On the other hand, those tracts which are fertile teem with vegetation to a noxious degree. The grass rises to such a height as often to require burning; the forests are impassable from underwoods, and so matted above that even the sun, fierce as it is, can seldom penetrate. These are so thick as scarce to be extirpated, for the tops being so bound together by the climbing plants that grow round them, though a hundred should be cut at the bottom yet not one would fall, as they mutually support one another. In these dark and tangled forests, beasts of various kinds, insects in astonishing abundance, and serpents of surprising magnitude, find a quiet retreat from man, and are seldom disturbed except by each other.

In this manner the extremes of our globe seem equally unfitted for the comforts and conveniences of life, and although the imagination may find an awful pleasure in contemplating the frightful precipices of Greenland or the luxurious verdure of Africa, yet true happiness can only be found in the more moderate climates, where the gifts of nature may be enjoyed without incurring danger in obtaining them.

It is in the temperate zone, therefore, that all the arts of improving nature and refining upon happiness have been invented: and this part of the earth is, more properly speaking, the theatre of Natural History. Although there be millions of animals and vegetables in the unexplored forests under the line, yet most of these may forever continue unknown, as curiosity is there repressed by surrounding danger. But it is otherwise in these delightful regions which we inhabit: among us there is scarcely a shrub, a flower, or an insect without its particular history; scarcely a plant that could be useful that has not been

propagated, nor a weed that could be noxious which has not been pointed out.

The olive-tree, as we are assured by travellers and naturalists, makes no very splendid figure in the plains of Pisa or the groves of Spain. Its green is sickly, and its general effect unpicturesque. But in the natural as in the moral world that which has little show has much use. The virtues of this tree have lately been poetically celebrated by Mrs. C. Smith. Our readers will be pleased with this poem. The allusion in the third stanza is pious as well as poetical.

#### ODE TO THE OLIVE-TREE.

Although thy flowers minute, disclose  
No colours rivalling the rose,

And lend no odours to the gale;  
While dimly through the pallid green  
Of thy long slender leaves, are seen  
Thy berries pale.

Yet for thy virtues art thou known,  
And not the anana's burnish'd cone,  
Or golden fruits that bless the earth  
Of Indian climes, however fair,  
Can with thy modest boughs compare,  
For genuine worth.

Man from his early Eden driven,  
Receiv'd thee from relenting Heaven,  
And thou the whelming surge above,  
Symbol of pardon, deign'd to rear  
Alone thy willowy head to cheer  
The wandering dove.

Though no green whispering shade is thine,  
Where peasant girls at noon recline,  
Or, while the village tabor plays,  
Gay vine-dressers and goatherds meet  
To dance with light unwearied feet  
On holidays;

Yet doth the fruit thy sprays produce,  
Supply what ardent suns refuse,  
Nor want of grassy lawn or mead  
To pasture milky herds is found  
While fertile olive groves surround  
The lone Bastide.

Thou stillest the wild and troubled waves,  
And as the human tempest raves,  
When Wisdom bids the tumult cease,  
Thee, round her calm majestic brows  
She binds; and waves thy sacred boughs,  
Emblems of peace!

Ah! then, though thy wan blossoms bear  
No odours for the vagrant air,  
Yet genuine worth belongs to thee;  
And Peace and Wisdom, powers divine,  
Shall plant thee round the holy shrine  
Of Liberty.

#### LEVITY.

EPITAPH ON A BLACKSMITH.

Here lies T—S—  
Who, whilst he lived, was *hotly* employed  
In the service of his country;  
He had abilities for matters of weight,  
And, whatever came upon the anvil

He turned to advantage.

He was *dexterous* in penetrating into things;  
For few were so *hard* or so *close*  
But he would *screw* into them,  
And *spy* through them;

He showed *great strokes* of his *strong parts*.  
As well in *cutting asunder* the *firmest connexions*  
Which lay in his way,

As in *uniting* what he found *asunder*  
To answer his purpose.

Whatever *black contrivances* were *forged*,

He soon *blew them up*,  
And was *successful* in *quenching*  
The *red hot fury* of those he had in hand:

His station was an *unquiet one*;

By a *judicious use* of *instruments*,

Of which he was *master*,

And by *making vice* itself

*Subservient* to his work;

He secured his *points*;

And by *hitting the right nail on the head*,  
Arrived to the *height* of his *desires*,  
And lived, *with spirits*, in the *common way*:

In which situation

He bent himself to be *serviceable*

To his *neighbourhood*,

Among whom he *wrought a good understanding*;

And when things went *wrong or lame*,

Would stoop to set them on *better footing*.

He was not *linked* to any party;

*Old and New* were equally his interest;

He made a *great noise* in the world;

And *shone* in his station,

Till age spread a *rust* over him,

And death put out his *fire*,

And here are laid his *dust and ashes*.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Lord Erskine, a few days ago, upon a case of lunacy, in the Court of Chancery, said, that he considered the various trusts with which he was invested in a manner as nothing, when compared with the sacred duty of protecting those who were visited with so severe a calamity as that of mania. He said it was as much a disease as any other with which it pleased God to afflict mankind, and that he was sure it was always exasperated in its symptoms, and frequently rendered incurable by unkind and rigorous treatment. That he never would permit lunatics to be shut up from the common use of air and their own limbs when they were capable of enjoying protected enlarge-

ment, without danger to others or to themselves: and that, in the management of the estates of lunatics, he would not allow remainder, nor to consider them as incumbances, or to think that the property was not to accumulate for their benefit; but he would always examine with the most anxious attention, how much comfort and satisfaction the lunatic was capable of receiving from the enjoyment of that which was his own.

It is impossible for the pen to describe the emotion or the sensibility which this declaration from the Bench produced on every auditor in the Court, and we are sure it will be felt with equal interest and sympathy by every one of our readers.—*Lon. Pa.*

Lord H\*\*\*.—Sitting with Lord H. (who was much addicted to the bottle) previous to a masquerade night, he asked Foote "what new character he ought to appear in?" "New character!" said the other, pausing for some time, "suppose you go sober my Lord!"

The Lame Lover.—When Foote parted with his theatre to Coleman, he got himself engaged at the same time as a principal performer; but some difference arising about settling the value of the comedy of *The Lame Lover*, Coleman observed that it would not bring so much as the other pieces, and therefore it should have an abatement. "Yes, yes," said the other, "it will; for though he is nominally lame, I shall always lend him a foot for his support."

Gratitude of Players.—A person attacking the players in general one night in company with Foote, said, among other things, "that they had not one grain of *gratitude* about them." "Nay, now," said Foote, "you are too severe upon the profession; for to my certain knowledge there are no people more distressed at *benefits for-gotten*!"

The Discovery.—A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman before Foote, the latter whispered him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right by the law of nations, as the *first discoverer*!"

Irish Hospitality.—Foote praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips from the sister kingdom, a gentleman present asked him whether he had ever been in *Cork*. "No, Sir," said he, quickly—"but I have seen a great many *drawings* of it."

It has been the amusement of some to collect butterflies from different parts of the world, or to breed them among caterpillars

at home. These they arrange in systematic order; or dispose so as to make striking and agreeable pictures: and all must grant that this specious idleness is far preferable to that unhappy state which is produced by a total want of employment.

Charlotte Smith, even in verses intended for very young persons, displays great genius, talents, and sensibility.

TO THE LADY-BIRD.

O! Lady-Bird, Lady-Bird, why dost thou  
room  
So far from thy comrades, so distant from  
home?  
Why dost thou, who can revel all day in the  
air,  
Who the sweets of the grove and the garden  
can share,  
In the fold of a leaf, who can form thee a  
bower,  
And a palace enjoy in the tube of a flower;  
Ah, why, simple Lady-Bird, why dost thou  
venture  
The dwellings of man so familiar to enter?  
Too soon you may find that your trust is mis-  
piac'd  
When by some cruel child you are wantonly  
chas'd,  
And your bright scarlet coat, so bespotted  
with black,  
May be torn, by his barbarous hands, from  
your back;  
And your smooth jetty corslet be pierced  
with a pin,  
That the urchin may see you in agonies spin;  
For his bosom is shut against Pity's appeals;  
He has never been taught that a Lady-Bird  
feels,  
Ah! then you'll regret you were tempted to  
rove  
From the tall-climbing hop, or the hazel's  
thick grove,  
And will fondly remember each arbour and  
tree,  
Where lately you wander'd contented and  
free;  
Then fly, simple Lady-Bird,—fly away home,  
No more from your nest and your children to  
room.

*A cure for bad Poetry.*—A physician of Bath, told Foote he had a mind to publish his own poems; but he had so many irons in the fire, he did not well know what to do. "Then take my advice, Doctor," said Foote, and "*pat your poems where your irons are.*"

Boswell in his life of Dr. Johnson, a work so various and amusing that I know no reason to prefer to it any, the most delightful of the French miscellanies, has introduced, with great effect, in many passages of his enchanting book, the Doctor's sentiments concerning that same state of nature with which some of our wild men in America are so violently enamoured.

"I attempted to argue for the superiour happiness of the *savage* life, upon the usual fanciful topicks. Johnson. "Sir, there CAN BE NOTHING MORE FALSE. The savages have no bodily advantages beyond those of civilized man. They have not better health, and as to care or mental uneasiness, they are not above it, but below it, like bears. No sir, you are not to talk such paradox. Let me have no more. It cannot entertain, far less instruct. Lord Monboddo, one of your Scotch Judges, talked a great deal of such nonsense. I suffered him, but I wont suffer you."

On another occasion, when reprehending the absurdity of a certain Baronet's conversation, Johnson, to express his climax of contempt, said to him,

"Sir Thomas you talk the language of a *savage*."

But the most memorable passage is the following, in which not only the savage state, but a lawless polity and a foolish patriotism are sneered at with all the shrewdness of the homo "*emuncta narie*" of the Thracian freedman.

"The modes of living in different countries, and the various views with which men travel in quest of new scenes having been talked of, a learned gentleman who holds a considerable office in the law, expatiated on the happiness of *savage* life; and mentioned an instance of an officer who had actually lived for some time in the *wilds of America*, of whom, when in that state, he quoted this reflection with an air of admiration, as if it had been deeply philosophical: "Here am I, sovereign and independent, and the most enlightened being in the universe, free and unrestrained, amid the *rule* magnificence of nature, with this *Indian* woman by my side, and this gun with which I can procure food when I want it: what more can be desired for human happiness?" It did not require much sagacity to foresee that such a sentiment would not be permitted to pass without *due animadversion*. Johnson. "Do not allow yourself, sir, to be imposed upon by such gross absurdity. It is sad stuff; it is brutish. If a bull could speak, he might as well exclaim—here am I with this *cow* and *grass*; what being can enjoy greater felicity!"

Dryden, whose prose style is excellent, and whose elaborate and ingenious prefaces and dedications ought to be studied, has the following happy remarks somewhere.

Ovid going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them that good verses never flow but from a *serene* and *composed* spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a *damp* air.

Boswell observes in his life of Dr. Johnson that "the custom of eating dogs at Otaheite being mentioned, Goldsmith observed that this was also a custom in China, and that a dog-butcher was as common as any other butcher." Some way in England thus poetically and merrily describes

**THE CHINESE DINNER :**

A fact which occurred during Lord Macartney's Embassy to China.

The feast prepar'd, the splendour round

Allow'd the eye no rest ;

The wealth of "Ormus and the Ind"\*

Appear'd to greet the guest.

No idle tongue, no converse light,

The solemn silence brooks,

Because, 'tis fam'd, our Englishman

No word of Chinese spoke !

Now here, now there, he pick'd a bit

Of what he could not name,

And all he knew was that, in fact,

They made him sick the same.

CHING-TAU, his host, press'd on each dish,

With polish'd Chinese grace,

And much CHING thought he relish'd them

At every ugly face.

At last he swore he'd eat no more,

(\*Twas written in his looks !)

"For zounds," he said, "the Devil here

"Sends both the meat and cooks !"

But, covers chang'd, he brighten'd up,

And thought himself in luck,

When close before him, what he saw

Seem'd something like a duck.

Still cautious grown, and to be sure,

His brain he set to rack ;

At length he turn'd to one behind,

And, pointing, cried, "Quack, quack ?"

The Chinese gravely shook his head,

Next made a rev'rent bow,

And then express'd what dish it was,

By utt'ring, "Bow, wow, wow !"

Whether Dryden in the ensuing passage talks more like a philosopher, physician, or poet, we will not detain the reader by investigating.

We who are Priests of Apollo have not the inspiration when we please, but must wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to resist ; which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent at its departure.

In perusing the familiar letters of Mr. GRAY to the Earl of Sheffield, in which we think the writer appears to much more advantage than in his Roman History, we find the following admirable sentiments at the expense of two of the most execrable topics in nature, *Democracy* and the *French*

*Revolution*. It is impossible that any words we can employ should be sufficiently energetic and picturesque to express our full approbation of the following sentiments.

I begin to fear that Satan will drive me out of the possession of Paradise. My only comfort will be, that I shall have been expelled by the power and not seduced by the arts of the blackest demon in hell, the DEMON OF DEMOCRACY. Where will this tremendous inundation, this conspiracy of numbers against rank and property, be finally stopped. Europe seems to be universally tainted, and wherever the French can light a match they may blow up a mine. Our only hope is now in their decouring one another ; they are furious and hungry monsters, and war is almost declared between the moderate republicans and the absolute levellers. A majority of the convention wishes to spare the royal victims ; but they must yield to the rage of the people and the thirst of popularity, and a few hours may produce a trial, a sentence, and a guillotine. M. Neckar is publishing a pamphlet in defence of the august sufferers ; but his feeble and tardy efforts will rather do credit to himself than service to his clients.

Hunger, literary hunger, will soon compel me to write to \*Elmsley, as I have many questions to ask and many commissions to give. In the mean while, I thirst for Mr. Burke's Reflections on the Revolution of France. Entreat Elmsley, in my name, to despatch it to Lausanne with care and speed.

In a letter to Mrs. Gibbon, he says, "In the moving picture of the world, you cannot be indifferent to the strange revolution which has humbled all that was high, and exalted all that was low in France. The irregular and lively spirit of the nation has disgraced their liberty, and instead of building a free constitution, they have only exchanged despotism for anarchy. Burke, if I remember right, is no favourite of yours, but there is surely much eloquence and much sense in his book."

In another to the same—"You will allow me to be a tolerable historian, yet on a fair review of ancient and modern times, I can find none that bear any affinity with the present. My knowledge of your discerning mind and my recollection of your political principles assure me that you are no more of a democrat than myself. Had the French improved their glorious opportunity to erect a free constitutional monarchy on the ruins of arbitrary power and the Bastille, I should applaud their generous effort ; but this total subversion of all rank, order, and government could be productive only of a popular

\* Milton.

\* One of Mr. Gibbon's book-ellers.

monster, which after devouring every thing else, would finally devour itself. I was once apprehensive that this monster would propagate some imps in our happy island, but they seem to be crushed in the cradle; and I acknowledge with pleasure and pride the good sense of the English nation, who seem truly conscious of the blessings they enjoy."

Louis had given and suffered every thing. The cruelty of the French was aggravated by ingratitude, and a life of innocence was crowned by the death of a saint, or what is far better, of a virtuous Prince who deserves our pity and esteem. He might have lived and reigned had he possessed as much active courage as he was endowed with patient fortitude. When I read the accounts from some of the universal grief and indignation which that fatal event excited, I indeed gloried in the character of an Englishman: our national fame is now pure and splendid.

Yesterday the august scene was closed for this year. Sheridan surpassed himself; and though I am far from considering him as a perfect orator, there were many beautiful passages in his speech on justice, filial love, &c. one of the closest chains of argument I ever heard to prove that Hastings was responsible for the acts of Middleton, and a compliment much admired to a certain historian of your acquaintance. Sheridan in the close of his speech, sunk into Burke's arms; but I called this morning and he is perfectly well.—Gibbon.

#### THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,  
Though rude the soil and chill the air;  
Well then may ERIN'S sons adore  
Their isle that nature form'd so fair.  
What flood reflects a shore so sweet,  
As glorious Boyne, or pastoral Ban!  
And who a friend or foe can meet,  
So gen'rous as an IRISHMAN?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,  
But Principle is still his guide:  
None more repents a deed of harm,  
And none forgives with nobler pride.  
He may be dup'd, but wont be dar'd:  
Fitter to practise than to plan,  
He ably earns his poor reward,  
And spends it like an IRISHMAN.

If strange and poor, for you he'll pay  
And guide you where you safe may be;  
Are you his comrade—while you stay  
His cottage holds a jubilee;  
His inmost soul he will unlock;  
And if he may your merits scan,  
Your confidence he scorns to mock,  
For faithful is an IRISHMAN.

By Honour bound, in woe or weal,  
Whate'er he bids she dares to do;  
Tempt him with bribes, or if you fail,  
Try him in fire, and find him true:  
He seeks not safety, let his post  
Be, where it ought, in Danger's van;  
And if the field of fame be lost,  
'Twill not be by an IRISHMAN.

ERIN, lov'd land, from age to age,  
May you become more fam'd, more free!  
May peace be yours—or if you wage  
Defensive war—cheap victory!  
May plenty bloom in every field,  
Your healthful breezes softly fan,  
And Pleasure's smiles serenely gild,  
The breast of ev'ry IRISHMAN.

#### THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION- FLOWER.

In this dim cave a Druid sleeps,  
Where stops the passing gale to moan;  
The rock he hallow'd o'er him weeps,  
And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of diff'rent creed,  
An hermit's holy ashes rest,  
The school-boy finds the frequent bead,  
Which many a formal matin blest.

That truant time full well I know,  
When here I brought, in stolen hour,  
The Druid's magick misletoe,  
The holy hermit's passion-flower.

The offerings on the mystick stone  
Pensive I laid, in thought profound,  
When from the cave a deepening groan  
Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still—dost thou not hear?  
Does not thy haunted fancy start?  
The sound still vibrates on my ear—  
The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds, it came  
Unmix'd, unmelodis'd with breath;  
But grinding through some scannell frame,  
Creak'd from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it still—"Depart" it cries;  
"No tribute bear to shades unblest:  
Know here a bloody Druid lies,  
Who was not nurs'd at Nature's breast.

Associate he with dæmons dire,  
O'er human victims held the knife,  
And pleas'd to see the babe expire,  
Snul'd grimly o'er its quivering life.

Behold his crimson streaming hand  
Erect! his dark, fix'd murderous eye!"  
In the dim cave I saw him stand;  
And my heart died—I felt it die.

I see him still—dost thou not see  
The haggard eye-ball's horrid glare?  
And gleams of wild ferocity  
Dart through the sabled shade of hair!

What meagre form behind him moves,  
With eye that rules th' invading day;  
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves  
The mind to pale remorse a prey.

What wr tched—hark! the voice replies,  
“Boy, bear these idle honours hence!  
For here a guilty hermit lies,  
Untrue to nature, virtue, sense.

Though Nature lent him powers to aid  
The moral cause, the mutual weal:  
Those pow'rs he sunk in this dim shade,  
The desperate suicide of zeal;

Go, teach the drone of saintly haunts,  
Whose cell's the sepulchre of Time,  
Though many a holy hymn he chants,  
His life is one continued crime.

And bear from hence the plant, the flow'r,  
No symbols those of systems vain!  
They have their duties of the hour—  
Some bird, some insect to sustain.”

The following curious paragraphs are extracted from a Boston paper. The shaver who transmogrified a Vermont bear into an East-Indian, nondescript was probably one of those virtuous Yankee distillers, by the honourable appellation of jockies and swindlers, who, when they can no longer cheat one another, wander from home to cajole strangers.

It is remarkable that all seasons and all climates have been favourable to the wiles of deception. When practised on others, it may afford us some short gratification, but on ourselves, confusion and chagrin. We are unwilling to seem deficient in understanding, and this very unwillingness frequently precipitates us into extravagant mistakes. We are seldom more sensible of intellectual pain, than when others of inferior capacities have escaped the same deception by which we have been deluded. It is then mankind invariably commend *société*, and sigh for its absent joys. Deceptions are practised on all the senses with wonderful success; but on the sight, assisted by the reasoning faculties, they are perhaps less frequent. To this class, however, belongs the unaccountable, and I hope singular deception, which occurred last week; I refer to an animal exhibited in this town, termed a nondescript biped, and which, had it not been for the interposition of common sense, would probably still have been a source of admiration to the learned of the present day. This animal was sought with avidity by some gentlemen who have lately become naturalists, and who were profuse in expressing the gratification they received at a sight so novel and interesting. Some considered it as a *lusus naturæ*.

“Quale portentum neque militaris  
Dædala in latis alit esculetis,  
Nec Jubæ tellus generat.”

Others, however, ranked it under the genus of *Sorex*. Gentlemen repeated their visits more frequently, and several descriptions,

I am informed, were nearly completed, when, to the great disappointment of the naturalist, it proved to be a BEAR, taken in the woods of Vermont!!! Some individuals, who very fortunately could view it through no other medium than that of the most humble understanding, were the authours of this discovery, which conferred little honour on themselves, but less on the *lovers of nature*.

The bear which was exhibited in this town last week, as an extraordinary animal from the *East-Indies*, we understand was purchased at *New-York*. The owner there shaved, dressed, and disciplined him, and gave him the name of “*Pou-ican*.” He was shown in that city for two or three weeks, and had a crowded company every day. At length the imposture was discovered, and the Mayor obliged the master and his bear to leave the city.

#### HOW TO LIVE! AFTER A DUCAL RECIPE.

If the Duke of Q— does not extend his life to a still longer period, it will not be for want of *culinary comforts*, and those other succulent arts by which *longevity* is best promoted. His Grace's sustenance is thus daily administered:—At seven in the morning he regales in a warm *milk bath*, perfumed with almond powder, where he takes his *coffee* and a *buttered muffin*, and afterwards retires to his bed; he rises about nine, and breakfasts on *coffee au lait*, with *new-laid eggs*, just parboiled; at eleven, he is presented with two warm *jeuies and rusues*;—at one, he eats a *veal cutlet à la Maintenon*; at three, *jeuies and eggs*; at five, a cup of *chocolate and rusues*;—at half after seven, he takes a *heartly dinner* from high seasoned dishes, and makes suitable libations of *claret and Madeira*;—at ten, *tea, coffee, and muffins*;—at twelve, sups on a *roasted poulet*, with a plentiful dilution of *lime punch*;—at one in the morning, he retires to bed in high spirits, and sleeps until three, when his *man cook*, to a moment, waits upon him in person with a hot savory *veal cutlet*, which, with a portion of wine and water, prepares him for his further repose, that continues generally uninterrupted until the morning summons to his *lactean bath*. In this routine of *living comforts* are the four and twenty hours invariably divided; so that if his Grace does not know with *Sir Toby Belch*, “that our life is composed of the four elements,” he knows at least, with *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, “that it consists in *eating and drinking*!”

ADDISON, seeing some old writer upon Astrology, who had ridiculously asserted that in the firmament there were *tenebrious* or *dark stars*, makes the following happy application:

I consider writers in the same view this sage astrologer does the heavenly bodies.

Some of them are stars that scatter light as others do darkness. I could mention several authours who are tenebrious stars of the first magnitude, and point out a knot of gentlemen who have been dull in concert, and may be looked on as a dark constellation. The nation has been a great while benighted by several of these antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their darkness as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the British hemisphere.

George Colman, who is the best opera-writer of the present v. has just produced a musical entertainment entitled, "We Fly by Night, or Long Stories." In the character of a Luddite he introduces the following Song which contains a sportive eponym:

Around the face of blue-ey'd Sue  
Did auburn ringlets curl;  
Her lips seem'd coral dipp'd in dew,  
Her teeth two rows of pearl:  
Joe of the Bell, whose wine they said  
Was new in cask as he in trade,  
Espous'd this nonpareil.  
"You keep the bar," says Joe, "my dear,  
But be obliging, Sue, d'ye hear,  
And prove to all who love good cheer  
They're welcome to the Bell."

A London rider chanc'd to slip  
Beside the bar to dine;  
And found sweet Susan's yielding lip  
Much mellow than her wine.  
As Joe stepped in, he stamp'd and tore,  
And for the London beau, Joe swore  
He'd dust his jacket well.  
"Herd'ay!" says Sue, "what's this I trow,  
You bade me be obliging, Joe  
I'm only proving to the beau  
He's welcome to the Bell."

BURKE, in a tract which does not appear in Dodsley's edition of his works, thus describes a scoundrel and French republican.

One of their Journalists, and according to their fashion, one of their leading statesmen, was Gorgas, who published a newspaper which he called *The Galley Journal*. The title was well suited to the paper and its authour. For some felonies he had been sentenced to the galleys; but by the benignity of the late \*King, this felon, to be one day advanced to the rank of a regicide, had been pardoned and released. His gratitude was such as might naturally have been expected, and it has lately been rewarded as it deserved. This liberated galley slave was raised, in mockery of all criminal law, to be minister of justice. He has since received the punishment of his former crimes, in proscription and death.

Jack Bannister one evening when old Charles in the character of Neptune, appear-

ed in the middle of the waves, called out to him, "O ho! father, you are now in your element—half seas over."

✓ From the Charleston Courier.

SONG—On the Non-Importation Act.

The motley band of demagogues, who rule  
our potent nation,  
Have lately put a stop, it seems, to British  
importation;  
And if their words we could believe, or  
promises rely on,  
Their only wish appears to be to crush the  
British Lion.

Bow, wow, wow!

No more the dames of Charleston shall  
walk in pleasant weather,  
On shoes of softest English kid, but stiff  
old Yankee leather;  
And should their aching soles complain, or  
cursed corns should ail 'em,  
They'll soon be set to rights again by Crown-  
inshield of Salem.

Bow, wow, wow!

No more the silks of Spitalfields will rustle  
at the races,  
Nor blooming maids in British veils conceal  
their pretty faces;  
For Nicholson and Gregg and Wright, declare  
the game they drive at,  
Is to promote the publick good without re-  
garding private.

Bow, wow, wow!

The democrattick Planters all declare they'll  
not be lagging,  
But purchase Boston tow cloth up, instead of  
cotton bagging;  
All they want of British flax or hemp, is  
but a rope Sirs,  
To twist John Bull about the neck, and  
fairly hang him up Sirs.

Bow, wow, wow!

No more the brazen candlestick shall hold  
the waxen taper,  
Nor ladies write their billet-doux on hot-  
pressed vellum paper;  
Away with all their British trash, their  
brass and other metals,  
We only want some \* sheets of tin to mend  
our broken kettles.

Bow, wow, wow!

No more shall beaux, in British cloth, in  
crowds attend the churches,  
And shunning ostentation, take their stand  
within the porches:  
The belles they go to stare at there, would  
soon look very sullen,

\* Tin in Sheets may be imported.

And turn their pretty noses up at boors in  
*home-made woolen.*

*Bow, wow, wow !*

Farewell ! alas ! a long fare-well, to sparkling old Madeira,

No longer sipp'd in *English glass*, from this unhappy era

Our democrattick grog must now be drank in *German tumblers*,

Thick as the heads, coarse as the minds, of democrattick bunglers.

*Bow, wow, wow !*

There is nothing interesting in the concerns of men, whom we love and honour, that is beneath our attention.—“Love,” says one of our old poets, “esteems no office mean;” and with still more spirit, “entire affection scorneth nicer hands.”

The same sun which gilds all nature, and exhilarates the whole creation, does not shine upon disappointed ambition. It is something that rays out of darkness, and inspires nothing but gloom and melancholy. Men in this deplorable state of mind, find a comfort in spreading the contagion of their spleen. They find an advantage too ; for it is a general popular error to imagine the loudest complainers for the publick to be the most anxious for its welfare. If such persons can answer the ends of relief and profit to themselves, they are apt to be careless enough about either the means or the consequences.

#### CROSS PURPOSES.

Tom loves Mary passing well,

And Mary she loves Harry,

But Harry sighs for bonny Bell,

And finds his love miscarry ;

Bonny Bell for Thomas burns,

Whilst Mary slights his passion :

So strangely freakish are the turns

Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hal a wreath of flowers,

Which he, in am'rous folly,

Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours

It came again to Molly ;

Thus all by turns are woo'd, and woo ;

No turtles can be truer ;

Each loves the object they pursue,

But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary, Thomas grieves,

Proud Hal despises Mary ;

And all the flouts which Bell receives

From Tom, she vents on Harry.

If one of all the four has frown'd,

You ne'er saw people grummer ;

If one has smil'd, it catches round,

And all are in good humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,

Throughout the British nation ;

How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern

To smile at reformation.

And still, through life, this rule pursue,  
Whatever objects strike you,  
Be kind to them that fancy you,  
That those you love may like you.

Arbitrary power is so much to the depraved taste of the vulgar, of the vulgar of every description, that almost all the dissensions which lacerate the commonwealth, are not concerning the manner in which it is to be exercised, but concerning the hands in which it is to be placed. Somewhere they are resolved to have it. Whether they desire it to be vested in the many or the few, depends with most men upon the chance which they imagine they themselves may have of partaking in the exercise of that arbitrary sway, in the one mode or in the other.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

“A Gentle Swain,” as might be expected, perhaps, from a rustick observer, does not know the world ; at least he is profoundly ignorant of the *mundus muliebris*. Dean Swift in ten lines will fully instruct our correspondent, who appears to be quite a novice in certain mysteries :

Why is a *handsome wife* ador'd

By every coxcomb but her lord ?

From yonder *puppet-man* inquire

Who wisely lides his *wood and wire*,

Shows Sheba's Queen *completely dress'd*,

And Solomon in *royal vest* ;

But view them, *litter'd on the floor*,

Or *strung on pegs behind the door*,

*Punch* is exactly of a piece

With Lorrain's Duke and Prince of Greece.

The Translator of a Section of a Homily on Patience by one of the Greek Fathers is very respectfully requested to renew his correspondence with the Editor.

“R. F.” who in our last has very wittily and ingeniously assailed “J.S.” the critick of Carr, is cordially invited to a more intimate intercourse. If this shrewd and sensible writer will favour the Editor with the “Tour round the Lakes,” we will venture to predict that it will be aloof from all the darts of unjust criticism.

“E” wears a suit of sables ; but the dress becomes her both as a poetess and a friend. We hope that she finds consolation in that IMMORTAL WORK in which we know she is piously conversant, and that *Time*, who on all things lays his lenient hand, will assuage

her grief; and employment, literary employment, beguile the tediousness of life's dismal hour.

"An American," who, in the second number of *The Port Folio* has remonstrated with the Editor for censuring the word *progressed*, is respectfully requested to review some positions in the article alluded to. If the word occur in the newspapers or magazines of Great-Britain, they must certainly belong to a solitary tribe of miscellany to which at present the Editor has no access. With respect to the "American's" assertion that the above obnoxious verb is to be found in Walker's Dictionary, we are sorry to be obliged to contradict a person of our countryman's respectable appearance, and what is still more disagreeable, to contradict him, as Junius expresses it, *directly on the fact*. WALKER is one of those excellent guides whose steady support and bright flambeau assist us greatly whenever we rove darkling through the obscurer paths of literature. In the third London quarto edition, and the last, which is now before us, we have searched *to progress*, and we have searched *in vain*. The "American" may be assured there is *no such verb there*. The authority of Entick does not greatly terrify us: whether he, or Crakelt his successour, in the task of compiling that enormous volume, has chosen to exhibit this barbarism or not, we are not solicitous to inquire, because this same dictionary was originally intended for the use of boys from five to ten, little misses in frocks, footmen, chambermaids, and other learned persons with whose profound pursuits we do not choose to intermeddle. JOHNSON cites one instance of its employment by SHAKESPEARE, but immediately adds *not used*. His declaration of its *obsolescence* silences the dispute forever. The "American," after these hardy assertions, one of which would justify an Addison, a Burke, a Hume, or a Robertson, to revive any expression he thought proper from the trance in which it sleeps in the works of Chaucer, Gower, or John of Lydgate, *proceeds*, or if he

will have it so, *progresses* to abuse the Editor for *lack of patriotism*. What connection subsists between a philological discussion and the love of one's country, we cannot distinctly perceive, though to invigorate our dim opticks we have taken divers pinches of Cephalick snuff and put on a pair of spectacles whose pebbles are of Brazil. Because the Editor, studious, though perhaps in vain, of the purity of style, has *branded* a barbarism, it is "a new proof of *antipathy to America*"! This is one of the most extraordinary conclusions ever drawn from the wildest of sophisms, at which Logick and all her handmaids stand perfectly amazed. But the "American," though he strives with all his might to depreciate the character and to impeach the veracity of the Editor, is on the alert to commend himself for "a natural prepossession in favour of the country of his birth," and more than insinuates that the man, who dislikes *to progress*, in the provincial tongue, has no such *natural prepossession*. This is a very hackneyed topick of calumny; and the eternal jangling of this monotonous peal of old bells is a little wearisome even to the leathern ears of an Editor who is obliged to listen to many an ungrateful sound. The conductor of this Journal is in possession of no graduated scale, by which he can ascertain with mathematical exactness the precise difference between the patriotism of one American and another; for, like our correspondent, the Editor is an American; he *educated himself in America*; he lives in America; and as he does not contemplate a change in his situation, the probability is that he will die in America. He has some stake in the country. His family friends, literary friends, social friends, and party friends, are American. To America only he looks for that ordinary measure of encouragement due to pretensions humble like his own; and for a magnanimous America, a WELL-GOVERNED America, a noble, loyal, generous, gallant, high-spirited America, he feels an affection more intensely warm than all the *bickering*

flames of the patriotism either of Junius Brutus or John Hampden, of John Pym or Algernon Sidney.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

Principium dulce est, at finis amoris amarus:  
Læta venire Venus, tristis abire solet.  
Johannes Andreas.

Sweetly the day-beams on our senses steal,  
When first are felt the throbs of infant love:  
The mind how vivid! how tumultuous rove  
The charmed thoughts!—'tis paradise to feel.  
As fancy draws the curtain, melting kind,  
Her humid eyes\* half clos'd, on flowers reclin'd,

The maid appears; Love's rich and roscate dye

Glow on her cheeks, the while a struggling sigh,

Voluptuous, breathes its witchery to the wind.

But, ah! how chang'd, when from the sickening breast

Love speeds his flight, and leaves it uninspir'd!

Where are those beauties which the senses fir'd?

All fled, their radiance lost. Dark clouds invest

That fancy which of late so wildly play'd,  
And in the image of the angel maid

Beheld whatever perfect is or rare:  
While for a smiling Venus, heavenly fair,

Now fell Disgust, a gorgon, stands display'd.

PHOSPHOR.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### VERSES

Written in answer to a young lady who desired to know the reason why my muse was not awakened by the return of Spring.

Ah! what is blooming Spring to me?

The verdant field, or shady tree?

\* Umidi occhi is a frequent term of the Italian poets to denote the "eyes that speak the melting soul;" or, as Etruscus more forcibly expresses it, "occuli tremulo fulgore micantes." Collins says with great beauty, "eyes of dewy light." Every lover knows how fancy delights to riot on the charms of an absent mistress. The poet Jayadeva, whose songs, like those of Solomon, are supposed to have a mystical allusion, makes Madhava exclaim, "I meditate on her delightful embrace, on the ravishing glances of her eye, on the fragrant lotos of her mouth, on her nectar-dropping speech; yet even my fixed meditation on such an assemblage of charms increases, instead of alleviating, the misery of separation."

The winding vale, or mountain side,  
Or rocks projecting o'er the tide,  
Or murm'ring stream, or vocal grove,  
Or all the haunts of joy and love?  
Sincé no returning Spring can cheer  
The dreary Winter of my year!

In days of joy—alas! no more!  
When wand'ring on *Wautauga's* shore,  
Or bounding from his grassy side,  
I beat, with nervous arms, the tide,  
The sweet return of balmy Spring  
Awoke my muse, and bade me sing;  
But, now, alas! no Spring can cheer  
The gloomy Winter of my year!

The roscate charms of op'ning day  
No more their usual tints display:  
Nor fervid noon's meridian glow  
Can point to grottoes cool and low;  
Nor milder ev'ning's tranquil hour  
Affords its wonted soothing power.  
Ah! dear *Theana*! nought can cheer  
The mournful Winter of my year!

Whate'er my wretched fate may be,  
May joy, *Theana*, dwell with thee!  
May each revolving season bless  
My lovely friend, with happiness!  
May each returning day impart,  
Increasing pleasure to her heart!  
May blooming Spring forever cheer  
The smiling circle of her year!

PEREGRINE.

#### EPIGRAM.—From the Balance.

As Walter and Patrick one day were conversing,

And boasting of feats by their countrymen wrought;

Of their strength and their stature were quaintly rehearsing,

And what pranks they had played, and yet never were caught;

Says Walter, "the children of *Anak*, so brawny,

Were pigmies, compared to Scotch lads of the hill;

And the far-famed Goliath, was no more to Sawney,

Than Sandy's wee top to the whail of a mill!"—

"Hold, hold, by Shaint Patrick," cries Pat in a passion,

"In Ireland as much bigger as yours can be found;

I've frequently known many papple of fashion,  
So tall that their fat could nat come nigh the ground."

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

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Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, January 31, 1807.

[No. 5.]

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE finest productions of genius have been called forth by the convulsions of those contending passions which sometimes agitate the human constitution. When feeling is excited, ideas spontaneously flow, with warmth and animation, from the heart. The pompous decorations of art are, then, thrown aside with disgust; while nature, in a garb, plain and unadorned, advances, and insensibly steals a march on our sensibility. Nature is known, and must be judged of by its effects. Art labours: you see all its wily attempts to wave its sceptre victoriously over the passions and emotions of the human heart. These put you, involuntarily, on your guard, and you are enabled, without exertion, to parry the meditated blow. All the most elegant and sublime compositions, either of ancient or modern times, were written during the predominance of some passion over the system. Who can read the sonnets of Petrarch without participating with their authour in all the retirement, in all the melancholy of unreturned love? Although they are decked with the flowers of poetick fancy; although they are adorned "with the wreath of every science," you are inclined to retire with their illustrious authour to

the solitude of Vacluse, to weep over the beauty of Laura, and to lament, with unfeigned sorrow, the existence of his lawless and unhappy love. To the existence of love, that noble and generous passion, in the breast of the amiable and charitable Shenstone, are we indebted for his immortal pastoral ballad. How affecting is the song of the simple, sublime, and pathetick Burns, when bidding adieu to his beloved Eliza. The eloquence of untutored and uncultivated genius, is displayed, in the brightest colours, in that inimitable little poem. The real emotions of the authour are communicated to the reader, and he actually believes he is parting with the object of his love.\* Doctor Young, the poetick luminary of the eighteenth century, when weeping over the untimely fate of his beloved Narcissa, handed to the world his *Complaint*, which will continue to be read with increasing admiration and delight, as long as virtue is held in estimation among men.

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\* I hope the Editor will excuse me, if my attachment to the virtues of a lady of distinguished talents, refined taste, and charming manners, who has read and continues to read this poem with admiration and delight, has induced me to speak, in higher terms of it, than perhaps the accurate criticism of unbiassed judgment, or the cool reflection of enlightened reason would allow.

The preceding remarks were suggested to me by the following stanzas which came, accidentally, into my hands, and which I now transmit to you, for publication, in your elegant, literary miscellany. They were, evidently, dictated by natural feeling, and have, in my opinion, derived every possible advantage from this circumstance. They were written by a lady remarkable for amiability of disposition. She had left her paternal mansion in the State of Delaware to reside for a few months in the bosom of a hospitable family in Maryland. But during her absence, the unfortunate news of the death of a favourite brother, gave rise to the following verses. They are incomplete. She was surprised in the act of composition, and never could be persuaded to resume her pen.

S. A.

*Belle Air, Maryland.*

Sigh not ye winds, as passing o'er  
The chambers of the dead ye fly;  
Weep not ye dews! for these no more  
Shall never weep, shall never sigh.

Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest?  
How still it is within the breast!  
Why mourn? since Death presents us peace,  
And in the grave our sorrows cease.

The shatter'd bark, from adverse winds,  
Rest in the peaceful haven finds;  
And when the storms of life are past,  
Life drops her anchor there at last.

M. H.

*For The Port Folio.*

## THE DRAMA.

*New-York, December 24, 1806.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As a taste for the Theatre has lately become so very prevalent in all parts of the United States, and theatrical intelligence sought after with such avidity by all ranks of people, we, in order to gratify this ruling propensity, have been induced to give such a sketch of the New-York performers, as we presume will not be altogether uninteresting to your readers.

The following account is intended to embrace the age, person, voice, &c. of each actor and actress, who have attained to any considerable degree of eminence in their profession.

How far, Mr. Oldschool, this design may meet with your concurrence the event alone can determine. Its utility, however, appears to us so extremely obvious, that we are confident in our hopes of meeting your entire approbation.

We shall begin with Mr. Cooper, as he is at the head of our dramatic corps. Mr. C. is in figure extremely graceful, slender, and inclining to tall; his face is peculiarly handsome, and his features uncommonly expressive; his voice is strong, clear, and capable of infinite modulation. Mr. Cooper is undoubtedly the best tragedian on the American continent; the stronger and more lively passions of the soul are delineated with a skill and effect which are in vain sought for in the performances of any other actor on this side of the Atlantic. Mr. C. is in the 30th year of his age, of which he has trod the stage near twelve.

Next to our Roscius may we rank the modest and intelligent Robinson. Mr. R. is about twenty-six years of age; his figure is tall and well proportioned; his face is handsome, but wants expression; his voice is remarkably clear, but deficient in power and compass. Mr. R. plays Lewson in the Gamester, Laertes in Hamlet, and several other characters, with uncommon correctness.

Mr. Martin is one of the very few Americans who have succeeded in the histrionick art. Among the inhabitants of New-York, his talents perhaps are held in higher estimation than they would be any where else, from the circumstance of his being a native of the place. Mr. M. is about thirty-five years of age. He possesses a fine shape, which might be rendered more than commonly graceful by a proper cultivation. From a continued state of ill-health, his voice has become weak and broken, and his face thin and emaciated. Mr. M's walk in the drama is more universal than any of his brother performers. He portrays with equal success, the character of Frenchmen, Jews, country boys, fops, or gentlemen.

Mr. Tyler, in a particular line of old men, such as King Henry vi, in Richard iii, and Priuli in Venice Preserved, is chiefly excellent. Mr. T.'s voice is unpleasant and monotonous, but the features of his countenance benign and agreeable. Mr. T. is of the middle stature, and about sixty years of age. •

Mr. Harwood, as a literary character and a man of talents, is much respected. As an actor he possesses very considerable claims to public patronage. The figure of Mr. H. is rather heavy, his voice thick, and his features large. Mr. H. may be about forty-five years of age. His most esteemed performances are Falstaff, Sir Fretful, Plagiary, Dennis Brulgruddery, Sheva, &c.

Mr. Twaits is an uncommon favourite with our pit and gallery, and although he sometimes succeeds in raising a laugh among the genteeler part of the audience, the boxes, it is uniformly at the expense of nature or modesty. Mr. T. is about twenty-five years of age. His figure is small but not ill proportioned; his voice shrill, squeaking, and monotonous; and his face what the ladies call monstrous ugly, but which is, in our opinion, well calculated to give effect to scenes of low comedy and farce.

Mr. Hogg, in old men, antiquated servants, and Yorkshiremen, is universally acknowledged to be without a rival on the American stage. Though there are few who can depict the passions of cruelty, rage, anger or resentment, with as much justice as Mr. H. yet there are still fewer who can delineate with equal success the workings of paternal and filial love. His Tyke, and Job Thornberry, may rank with any thing ever exhibited on our stage. Mr. Hogg is a stout and tolerably well built man; his face, without having any pretensions to beauty, is yet manly and expressive. His voice has a striking peculiarity, probably contracted from his so frequently playing the characters of cynical old men. Mr. H. is near fifty years of age.

Messrs. Darly and Shapter are excellent bass singers, but indifferent performers.

Messrs. Hullam and Soubere are not unuseful appendages of a theatre.

Mrs. Darly's figure is small; her face is beautiful, though not remarkable for its expression; her voice is sweet and melodious, but not sufficiently strong nor varied. Sentimental girls, till lately, have been considered as Mrs. D's *chef-d'œuvre*; but the excellence which she has this winter displayed in the delineation of several tragick characters, renders this point, with many, extremely doubtful. Mrs. D. is six and twenty years of age.

Mrs. Villier's person is below the middle size; her face, without possessing any strong marks of beauty, is, however, agreeable from that smile of complacency which generally overspreads it. The lower tones of her voice are harsh and unpleasant, while the higher are powerful and melodious. Mrs. V. occasionally assumes the sock and buskin. Her tragedy often rises to excellence, and never sinks below mediocrity. Her chambermaids are remarkable for their spirit and chasteness. Mrs. V. is about thirty years of age.

Mrs. Oldmixon's figure is neither remarkable for its beauty or symmetry: her voice is squeaking, and her face can certainly have no pretensions to beauty. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, Mrs. O. has attained to a very enviable rank in her profession. As a scientifick singer, she is without a rival on the American boards. Her chambermaids and old women are superiour to any thing we ever witnessed. Mrs. O. is about fifty years of age. Miss Dellinger is an agreeable warbler, but no actress.

I remain yours &c.

THEATRICUS.

#### SALLUST.

About eighty years before the Christian era, Crispus Sallustius was born in the country of the Sabines.

He received his education at Rome, where he engaged in all the dissipation of the city, and exhibited a

remarkable instance of dissolute conduct.

The contemplation of his writings is far more agreeable than that of his life. His preceptor, whose name was Pretexatus, perceiving that his scholar showed a predilection for history, gave him a summary of the whole Roman history, to choose the particular parts which he wished to treat of. He composed the history of the civil wars of Marius and Sylla until the death of Sertorius, and of the temporary troubles excited by Lepidus after the death of the dictator.

Nearly the whole of this work is lost, and all we have to boast are the Catiline conspiracy and the Jugurthine war.

His fame as an historian, in the former work, is sullied by his evident prejudice against Cicero, who ought to have appeared the prominent figure on the canvas. It is the duty of a faithful narrator not only not to say any thing that is false, but also not to omit any thing that is true.

The senate decreed thanks to Cicero for having delivered the state from imminent danger, without effusion of blood. This was a publick act, mentioned by all the other historians: Sallust does not mention it. Catullus and Cato gave to Cicero the glorious name of father of his country, which Pliny and Juvenal have reported: Sallust does not mention it. The magistrates of Capua, the first municipal town in Italy, decreed a statue to Cicero for having saved Rome during his consulate: Sallust does not mention it. The senate granted him an unprecedented honour; it ordained what they called supplications in the temples, which had never been granted but to those who triumphed: Sallust does not mention it. In the Catiline war, every thing is accurately detailed except the actions of Cicero. The fidelity of an historian is concerned not only in exhibiting the punishment of crimes, but the conduct and the reward of virtue.

But he had married Terentia, the repudiated wife of Cicero, and his personal enmity prevailed over his

candour and his justice. Indeed he owed his situation to a fortunate election of his party. When his debaucheries had ejected him from the senate, he became a partizan of Cæsar, and by his power was restored to his seat. When governor of Numidia, he enriched himself by peculation, but the same circumstance preserved him from punishment; and Cæsar affords an additional example to that which is daily before our eyes, that the head of a party is seldom scrupulous in the choice of his associates.

It is said that, when the people accused him to the dictator, Sallust was excused from making his defence, by giving to the master whom he had served a part of the money which he had stolen, and so secured to himself the peaceable possession of that magnificent house and those beautiful gardens at Rome, which still retain the name of their former owner, and which he enjoyed till he was fifty years of age, the period of his death. When the general demeanour of Sallust is recalled to our memory, it excites a smile in the reader, who finds him so loudly declaiming against the depravity of his age, and so anxiously wishing for the revival of ancient manners.

Sallust has been accused of endeavouring to impose upon posterity by affecting great austerity in his sentiments and by holding out a moral which did not spring from the heart: that he searched for antiquated expressions only to establish a belief that his principles, as well as his style, had the virtuous severity of the first ages of the republick: that he borrowed the terms of Cato the censor, in order to make it appear that he in some measure resembled that model of virtue, to whom, in every respect, he was directly the opposite.

In every thing that respects talents, Sallust is eminently great. He exhibits not only a thorough acquaintance with the vices of Rome, but a deep and accurate knowledge of human nature. He is every where correct in his relation of events, and, except in a single instance, just in his delineation

tion of characters. He fathoms the depths of human policy, and not only describes actions, but develops motives. In that respect he is sagacious as well as faithful, and executes with great ability the highest part of the historian's office.

The reader is always gratified when he is to trace effects to their causes, is admitted to the cabinet as well as the camp, and obtains a clue which will open to him a way through the mazes of political life.

Thucydides was his model; but in nerve and force he is thought to be his superiour.

Seneca says, that in the Greek historian you may retrench somewhat without diminishing the merit of the diction, much less the plenitude of the thoughts. In Sallust, a single word suppressed, the sense is destroyed. While he is equally concise, energetic, and perspicuous, his sentences are less broken, less harsh, and more elegantly constructed than those of Thucydides. His descriptions are uncommonly correct, and his speeches are particularly animated. Who has ever read the speech of Catiline to the conspirators, beginning with the words "Ni Virtus," without being struck with admiration at the great ability of the writer? It would indeed have enhanced his fame, had he transmitted to posterity the noble and patriot address of Cicero to the rebel, when he was about to seat himself amongst the senators. The memorable exordium, "How long, O Catiline, will you abuse our patience?" rushes upon the subject with all the fire of Pindarick poetry, and the relation would have furnished an eulogium on the taste as well as the justice of the historian.

Sallust has been censured for the length of his harangues. Rapin says, that soldiers do not declaim like orators. But his speeches are those of eminent men, perfectly capable by education and talents to deliver them; and they are appropriate both to the occasion and to the speakers.

Though Sallust be concise in the narrative part of his history, he is

completely accurate, and equally celebrated for brevity and for fire. The tediousness of his introductions is the only alloy to the excellence of his works. They are circuitous to no useful purpose, for they do not conduce to the main design, and are frequently as irrelative as they are prolix. It may probably have happened to many an impatient reader, to have relinquished the pleasure which this authour would have afforded him, from the disgust, which he must have experienced at the outset. But the diligent scholar will not so soon give up the pursuit: he resembles the labourer, who exerts himself, with unabated vigour, to remove a ponderous and useless mass of earth, from the confident expectation that it covers a vein of rich and valuable metal.

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For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Various have been the opinions of the learned concerning the phenomenon of *dreaming*; some believing it to be the operation of the *soul* whilst the *body* remained in a state of *inactivity*: others, again, run counter to this opinion; as for instance, *Aristotle*, who expressly says, "a *dream* is that only in which the *soul* is *not* active; whilst *Lucretius* strikes out into a *fresh* field of speculation, and performs the whole by the *mysterious* intervention of *simulchra*, viz. a *vapour* arising from the human body, which, floating in the air, descends in sleep and assaults the *soul*. How far these sages of antiquity have succeeded in the illustration of this operation of *nature*, or whether it may not be the effect of some *supernatural* cause, (for on what principles can we account for the vision of *Brutus*, as also that of *Dion*? the former of whom was mus- ing in his tent when the spectre made its appearance, nay, even interrogated it! and the latter sitting on his porch in broad daylight!) I leave for the more sagacious to determine. This by way of preface. I now proceed to relate a dream of my own, which.

should it answer the end in view, I hope it will not signify whether it be of the sleeping or waking kind; at least I shall not be the first who has dreamed with open eyes. Mistaking the hour, and retiring to rest before my usual time, a few nights ago, I found myself indisposed for sleep; and the "moonlight (to use the language of Shakspeare) sleeping on my window," led my mind into a train of thought, and among other things, into the contemplation of that beautiful planet, that was then illuminating my room, and the various divisions of her surface into land and water, &c. with which astronomers have so very ingeniously entertained us, till at length I insensibly fell asleep, and had the following dream. Methought I was in possession of a paper entitled the "*Lunatist*," bearing evident marks of having been printed in the moon, from the following extract of an oration, delivered on a publick occasion by one of their chief orators: "Shall we, a happy and free people, enjoying the most fertile region of the moon, submit to the outrages of such an abandoned and unprincipled set of men as the Hexicothes? No, citizens, no!" But the most interesting passage of all, to me, as an *American*, and which made the deepest impression on my mind, was the declaration of an "agreement made between Thomas Jefferson, President of the *United States of America*, (earth), and a certain *Emperour of the Moon*, for all those unappropriated lands, situated near the *Lunar Taurus*." At the idea of a fresh speculation of our President, when those of *Louisiana* and the *Floridas* have been productive of so much tribulation, and even now our brave countrymen are contesting their right by the point of the sword, I gave a sudden start, which shook the pillars of my visionary building, and laid its towering battlements in ruin. After rousing your expectation in my first essay, of becoming your correspondent, I thought it would be acting the part of a vain boaster, finally to disappoint you; for, be assured, my *circumstances* are too confined to furnish

out an *entertainment* worthy of your *partaking*. But should the humble *fare* which is now spread before you meet with a good appetite, let us for a while forget the *sumptuous* table of the epicure, and yield the soul to the enjoyment of as sweet though less *luxurious* diet. The following verses written some time ago on the *death* of Mr. Fox, late Prime Minister of England, solicit a place in The Port Folio.

"In pining want, with care and sickness worn,  
Of friends bereav'd, from every comfort torn,  
How many woo thee in the lonely cell  
Where solemn gloom and boding sorrows dwell,

Imploring rest within the friendly tomb,  
And yet, O *Death*! denied this common boon.  
From hut low-roof'd, to costly mansions sped,  
Thou seek'st the statesman on the downy bed.  
Ev'n now in tears, lo! Albion's genius stands,  
And her deep groans are heard in distant lands;

The patriot weeps to see his country's woe,  
O'er foreign wars, and mighty Fox laid low;  
Fair *Science* too laments her glory gone,  
Around whose head her early honours shone;  
The *Muses* eke, amid the silent grove,  
Forego the harp, and in despondence rove;  
A solemn sadness dwells on ev'ry brow,  
And grateful tears in briny torrents flow."

F. C. C.

Carlisle, January 7th, 1807.

#### OF THE FIRST POETRY.

The praise of heroes and of gods, love-songs, pastoral and elegiac poems; in fine all those in which the heart and passions are more immediately and naturally concerned, would employ the attention of the earliest bards; and the different kinds would be cultivated more or less, according to the state of society in which men are placed, or the passions with which they are actuated.

The Arabians, Jews, Persians, and other Asiatick nations, have all discovered a propensity to poetry in an early period. And even the wild Americans, at this very day, have their war-songs and amorous ditties; which are chanted and sung with a force and spirit peculiar to themselves.

But the ancient Gothick and Celtick nations, placed in a colder climate, with nerves better braced, and spirits more invigorated, have discovered, perhaps a nobler vein, and breathed a higher enthusiasm.

From the romantick nature of their mythology, and their enthusiastick regard to women, on whom, as believing them possessed of a prophetic spirit, they bestowed

the highest honours, and worshipped them with the most distant respect; from their belief in legendary tales, enchantment and demonism; partly, too, from their own bold and intrepid spirit, as well as that of the feudal government which inspired them with great ideas of heroism and liberty, the Gothick and Celtick genius was particularly turned for musick, poetry, and the wildest raptures of enthusiasm.

The works of Ossian, who flourished in the reign of the emperor Caraccalla, are distinguished for boldness and sublimity. Born with a lofty genius and romantick soul, he had the advantage of being an eye-witness and an actor, in many of the heroick scenes he describes.

That such a man should arise in a dark and illiterate age, is only to be accounted for from the strength of nature, and the predominance of genius, men in his country being then in the next state to the savage; no laws, no civil polity, no arts, no written language. The only chance the poet had of having his works transmitted to posterity, was oral tradition, and this was subject to a thousand accidents.

Such was the footing on which stood the bards, scalds, druids, runners, and minstrels of the northern nations; yet these were then held in the highest estimation, were consulted as oracles upon all great occasions, and to them all the little learning then known was confined.

The poetick genius of the ancient Britons exerted itself in their bards with a wonderful effect; since, in their long struggle with the Romans, and afterwards with the Saxons, the druids and bards spurred on the nation with such animating strains to fight for their liberties and country, that their conquerors found it necessary to suppress or put them to death, in order to facilitate their conquests.

In the sixth century, Taliessin the king of bards, Aneurin, Llywarch-Hen, Cian, Talibearn, and all the most famous Welch poets, flourished.

Most of the works, however, of these poets are lost, and of those that remain, their antiquity and obscurity are so great, that they are become almost unintelligible.

Even the Norwegians, who were a branch of the ancient Scandinavians, and descendants of the Goths, were particularly tinctured with this poetick spirit, and have left remains that would do honour to any age, for a true and genuine enthusiasm.

Wherever, therefore, an ear for musick has prevailed, or sparks of genius-blazed, in the rudest ages, and in all nations, poetry has discovered itself, independent of climate, of the shocks of time, or the revolutions of society.

It has, however, its natural and predisposing causes; such as strong passions, solemnity of character, heroism, romance, chivalry; a country beautiful and pastoral, or wild and mountainous, luxury, indolence, war or love.

A pastoral life as affording leisure and tranquillity, naturally disposes to love and a soft kind of poetry; hence its strains are generally either amorous and tender; or gay, sprightly and cheerful.

On the other hand, a life of war, as pregnant with danger, bold enterprises, and military enthusiasm, produces a poetry, wild, bold, and elevated; sometimes deeply melancholy, but generally full of fire and sublimity.

Compare, in this view, the poetry and musick of the north and south of Scotland, and you will see whence the difference arises. The latter, like Arcadia of old, affords the sweetest pastoral strains in the world; the former breathes of nothing but wild grandeur and melancholy.

I conclude with observing, that as poetry, for reasons already given, is naturally the first exertion of eloquence or composition, in a rude and unenlightened age, so it will pass three different stages in its progress to refinement.

In the most savage state of society it will be rude, bold, metaphorical; but full of passion and nature.

In the second stage it will be more comprehensive in its objects, as well as phraseology; more correct, but less ardent; more simple than sublime.

In the third stage, imagination, passion and philosophy, will all unite to carry it to the highest perfection.

*From Burke's Maxims.*

#### CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT OF ENGLAND.

First, I beg leave to speak of our church establishment, which is the first of our prejudices, not a prejudice destitute of reason, but involving in it profound and extensive wisdom. I speak of it first. It is first, and last, and midst in our minds. For, taking ground on that religious system, of which we are now in possession, we continue to act on the early received, and uniformly continued sense of mankind. That sense not only, like a wise architect, hath built up the august fabrick of states, but like a provident proprietor, to preserve the structure from profanation and ruin, as a sacred temple, purged from all the impurities of fraud, and

violence, and injustice, and tyranny, hath solemnly and forever consecrated the commonwealth, and all that officiate in it. This consecration is made, that all who administer in the government of men, in which they stand in the person of God himself, should have high and worthy notions of their function and destination; that their hope should be full of immortality, that they should not look to the paltry pelf of the moment, nor to the temporary and transient praise of the vulgar, but to a solid, permanent existence in the permanent part of their nature, and to a permanent fame and glory, in the example they leave as a rich inheritance to the world.

Such sublime principles ought to be infused into persons of exalted situations; and religious establishments provided, that may continually revive and enforce them. Every sort of moral, every sort of civil, every sort of politick institution, aiding the rational and natural ties that connect the human understanding and affections to the divine, are not more than necessary, in order to build up that wonderful structure, Man; whose prerogative it is, to be, in a great degree, a creature of his own making; and who, when made as he ought to be made, is destined to hold no trivial place in the creation. But whenever man is put over men, as the better nature ought ever to preside, in that case more particularly, he should as nearly as possible be approximated to his perfection.

The consecration of the state, by a state religious establishment, is necessary also to operate with a wholesome awe upon free citizens; because in order to secure their freedom, they must enjoy some determinate portion of power. To them therefore a religion connected with the state, and with their duty towards it, becomes even more necessary than in such societies where the people by the terms of their subjection are confined to private sentiments, and the management of their own family concerns. All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and aw-

fully impressed with an idea that they act in trust; and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great master, authour and founder of society.

This principle ought even to be more strongly impressed upon the minds of those who compose the collective sovereignty, than upon those of single princes. Without instruments these princes can do nothing. Whoever uses instruments, in finding helps, finds also impediments. Their power is therefore by no means complete; nor are they safe in extreme abuse. Such persons, however elevated by flattery, arrogance, and self-opinion, must be sensible that, whether covered or not by positive law, in some way or other they are accountable even here for the abuse of their trust. If they are not cut off by a rebellion of their people, they may be strangled by the very janissaries kept for their security against all other rebellion. Thus we have seen the King of France sold by his soldiers for an increase of pay. But where popular authority is absolute and unrestrained, the people have an infinitely greater, because a far better founded confidence in their own power. They are themselves in a great measure their own instruments. They are nearer to their objects. Besides, they are less under responsibility to one of the greatest controlling powers on earth, the sense of fame and estimation. The share of infamy that is likely to fall to the lot of each individual in publick acts, is small indeed; the operation of opinion being in the inverse ratio to the number of those who abuse power. Their own approbation of their own acts has to them the appearance of a publick judgment in their favour. A perfect democracy is therefore the most shameless thing in the world. As it is the most shameless, it is also the most fearless. No man apprehends in his person he can be made subject to punishment. Certainly the people at large never ought: for as all punishments are for example towards the conservation of the people,

at large, the people at large can never become the subject of punishment by any human hand.\* It is therefore of infinite importance that they should not be suffered to imagine that their will, any more than that of Kings, is the standard of right and wrong.

They ought to be persuaded that they are full as little entitled, and far less qualified, with safety to themselves, to use any arbitrary power whatsoever; that therefore they are not, under a false show of liberty, but in truth, to exercise an unnatural inverted domination, tyrannically to exact, from those who officiate in the state, not an entire devotion to their interest, which is their right, but an abject submission to their occasional will; extinguishing thereby, in all those who serve them, all moral principle, all sense of dignity, all use of judgment, and all consistency of character, whilst by the very same process they give themselves up a proper, a suitable, but a most contemptible prey to the servile ambition of popular sycophants or courtly flatterers.

When the people have emptied themselves of all the lust of selfish will, which without religion it is utterly impossible they ever should, when they are conscious that they exercise, and exercise perhaps in a higher link of the order of delegation, the power, which, to be legitimate, must be according to that eternal, immutable law, in which will and reason are the same, they will be more careful how they place power in base and incapable hands. In their nomination to office, they will not appoint to the exercise of authority, as to a pitiful job, but as to a holy function; not according to their sordid selfish interest, nor to their arbitrary will; but they will confer that power (which any man may well tremble to give or receive) on those only, in whom they may discern that predominant proportion of active virtue and wisdom, taken together and fitted to the charge, such, as in the great and inevitable mixed mass of human imperfections and infirmities, is to be found.

When they are habitually convinced that no evil can be acceptable, either in the act or the permission, to him whose essence is good, they will be better able to extirpate out of the minds of all magistrates, civil, ecclesiastical, or military, any thing that bears the least resemblance to a proud and lawless domination.

But one of the first and most leading principles on which the commonwealth and the laws are consecrated, is lest the temporary possessours and life-renters in it, unmindful of what they have received from their ancestors, or of what is due to their posterity, should act as if they were the entire masters; that they should not think it amongst their rights to cut off the entail, or commit waste on the inheritance, by destroying at their pleasure the whole original fabrick of their society; hazarding to leave to those who come after them, a ruin instead of an habitation—and teaching these successors a little to respect their contrivances, as they had themselves respected the institutions of their forefathers. By this unprincipled facility of changing the state as often, and as much, and in as many ways as there are floating fancies or fashions, the whole chain and continuity of the commonwealth would be broken. No one generation could link with the other. Men would become little better than the flies of a summer.

And first of all, the science of jurisprudence, the pride of the human intellect, which, with all its defects, redundancies, and errors, is the collected reason of ages, combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns, as a heap of old exploded errors, would be no longer studied. Personal self-sufficiency and arrogance (the certain attendants upon all those who have never experienced a wisdom greater than their own) would usurp the tribunal. Of course, no certain laws, establishing invariable grounds of hope and fear, would keep the actions of men in a certain course, or direct them to a certain end. Nothing sta-

\* *Quicquid multis peccatur inultum.*

ble in the modes of holding property, or exercising function, could form a solid ground on which any parent could speculate in the education of his offspring, or in a choice of their future establishment in the world. No principles would be early worked into the habits. As soon as the most able instructor had completed his laborious course of institution, instead of sending forth his pupil, accomplished in a virtuous discipline, fitted to procure him attention and respect, in his place in society, he would find every thing altered; and that he had turned out a poor creature to the contempt and derision of the world, ignorant of the true grounds of estimation. Who would insure a tender and delicate sense of honour to beat almost with the first pulses of the heart, when no man could know what would be the test of honour in a nation, continually varying the standard of its coin? No part of life would retain its acquisitions. Barbarism with respect to science and literature, unskilfulness with regard to arts and manufactures, would infallibly succeed to the want of a steady education and settled principle; and thus the commonwealth itself would, in a few generations, crumble away, be disconnected into the dust and powder of individuality, and at length dispersed to all the winds of heaven.

To avoid therefore the evils of inconstancy and versatility, ten thousand times worse than those of obstinacy and the blindest prejudice, we have consecrated the state, that no man should approach to look into its defects or corruptions but with due caution; that he should never dream of beginning its reformation by its subversion; that he should approach to the faults of the state as to the wounds of a father, with pious awe and trembling solicitude. By this wise prejudice we are taught to look with horror on those children of their country who are prompt rashly to hack that aged parent in pieces, and put him into the kettle of magicians, in hopes that by their poisonous weeds, and wild incantations, they may

regenerate the paternal constitution, and renovate their father's life.

Society is indeed a contract. Subordinate contracts for objects of mere occasional interest may be dissolved at pleasure—but the state ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence; because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primæval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place. This law is not subject to the will of those, who by an obligation above them, and infinitely superiour, are bound to submit their will to that law. The municipal corporations of that universal kingdom are not morally at liberty at their pleasure, and on their speculations of a contingent improvement, wholly to separate and tear asunder the bands of their subordinate community, and to dissolve it into an unsocial, uncivil, unconnected chaos of elementary principles. It is the first and supreme necessity only, a necessity that is not chosen but chooses, a necessity paramount to deliberation, that admits no discussion, and demands no evidence, which alone can justify a resort to anarchy. This necessity is no exception to the rule; because this necessity itself is a part

too of that moral and physical disposition of things to which man must be obedient by consent or force ; but if that which is only submission to necessity should be made the object of choice, the law is broken, nature is disobeyed, and the rebellious are outlawed, cast forth, and exiled, from this world of reason, and order, and peace, and virtue, and fruitful penitence, into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion, and unavailing sorrow.

These, my dear sir, are, were, and I think long will be, the sentiments of not the least learned and reflecting part of this kingdom. They who are included in this description, form their opinions on such grounds as such persons ought to form them. The less inquiring receive them from an authority, which those whom Providence dooms to live on trust need not be ashamed to rely on. These two sorts of men move in the same direction, though in a different place. They both move with the order of the universe. They all know or feel this great ancient truth: "*Quod illi principi et præpotenti Deo qui omnem hunc mundum regit, nihil eorum quæ quidem fiant in terris acceptius quam concilia et cætus hominum jure sociati quæ civitates appellantur.*" They take this tenet of the head and heart, not from the great name which it immediately bears, nor from the greater from whence it is derived ; but from that which alone can give true weight and sanction to any learned opinion, the common nature and common relation of men. Persuaded that all things ought to be done with reference, and referring all to the point of reference to which all should be directed, they think themselves bound, not only as individuals in the sanctuary of the heart, or as congregated in that personal capacity, to renew the memory of their high origin and cast ; but also in their corporate character to perform their national homage to the institutor, and authour and protector of civil society ; without which civil society man could not by any possibility arrive at the perfec-

tion of which his nature is capable, nor even make a remote and faint approach to it. They conceive that He who gave our nature to be perfected, by our virtue willed also the necessary means of perfection—He willed therefore the state—He willed its connexion with the source and original archetype of all perfection. They who are convinced of this his will, which is the law, of laws and sovereign of sovereigns, cannot think it reprehensible that this our corporate fealty and homage, that this our recognition of a signiory paramount, I had almost said this oblation of the state itself, as a worthy offering on the high altar of universal praise, should be performed as all publick solemn acts are performed, in buildings, in musick, in decoration, in speech, in the dignity of persons, according to the customs of mankind, taught by their nature ; that is, with modest splendour, with unassuming state, with mild majesty and sober pomp. For those purposes they think some part of the wealth of the country is as usefully employed as it can be, in fomenting the luxury of individuals. It is the publick ornament. It is the publick consolation. It nourishes the publick hope. The poorest man finds his own importance and dignity in it, whilst the wealth and pride of individuals at every moment makes the man of humble rank and fortune sensible of his inferiority, and degrades and villifies his condition. It is for the man in humble life, and to raise his nature, and to put him in mind of a state in which the privileges of opulence will cease, when he will be equal by nature, and may be more than equal by virtue, that this portion of the general wealth of his country is employed and sanctified.

I assure you I do not aim at singularity. I give you opinions which have been accepted amongst us, from very early times to this moment, with a continued and general approbation, and which indeed are so worked into my mind, that I am unable to distinguish what I have learned from others from the results of my own meditation.

It is on such principles that the majority of the people of England, far from thinking a religious national establishment unlawful, hardly think it lawful to be without one. In France you are wholly mistaken if you do not believe us above all other things attached to it, and beyond all other nations; and when this people has acted unwisely and unjustifiably in its favour (as in some instances they have done most certainly) in their very errors you at least discover their zeal.

This principle runs through the whole system of their polity. They do not consider their church establishment as convenient, but as essential to their state; not as a thing heterogeneous and separable; something added for accommodation; what they may either keep up or lay aside, according to their temporary ideas of convenience. They consider it as the foundation of their whole constitution, with which, and with every part of which, it holds an indissoluble union. Church and state are ideas inseparable in their minds, and scarcely is the one ever mentioned without mentioning the other.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### MORTUARY.

[The following tribute to the memory of a very amiable, benevolent, and pious man, is extracted from an Eastern paper. Mr. Storer was distinguished for his love of literature, and the exercise of all the domestic and social charities. He had the heart of a Howard, and the faith of a christian. As one of the earliest friends, of one of our dearest and most venerable friends, we cherish the sweet remembrance of an exemplary character, whose life was at once, active, innocent and useful, and whose death was distinguished by that silent and quiet expiration, without agony, without terror, for which JOHNSON so often and so ardently prayed.]

Died in Boston, suddenly on the morning of the 6th of January, EBENEZER STORER, Esqr. A. M. A. A. S. and treasurer of Harvard College. He was born in this town, Jan. 27, 1730. His grandfather was col. Storer, of Wells, (Maine) of whose family honourable mention is made in

Hutchinson's history of *Massachusetts*. At the age of seven years, he was put to the Latin school, under the tuition of the celebrated master Lovell, whence, in 1743 he went to the University at *Cambridge*, where, in 1747, and 1750, he received its honours. He then became an apprentice to his father, Mr. Ebenezer Storer, a respectable merchant, with whom he afterwards went into business, and from whom he inherited a handsome estate. In 1751 he was first married, and again in 1777. By the first marriage he had four children, who survive, and by the second, three.

Few persons, perhaps, have served their generation in a greater variety of office and with greater fidelity. He had acted in the capacity of selectman and treasurer of his native town. Under the administration of the Federal Government by president Adams he was collector of the internal revenue. During fifty-two years, he was a member of the church of Christ in *Brattle-street*; the greater part of that time, one of its committee; and several years a deacon. He was a member, from the first of the society, for propagating the gospel among the Indians, and for a season, its treasurer. He was also some time treasurer of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and one of the original associates of that body. In 1777 he was elected treasurer of Harvard College, and, of course, became a fellow of the Corporation. It was in the management of this important and delicate trust, that the financial skill and punctuality of Mr. STORER were most successfully displayed; the preservation of the college funds, amidst the changes of the medium, attending our revolutionary war, was, in a great measure, owing to his sagacity and vigilance; and, to the day of his death, he executed his highly responsible duties with ease and credit to himself, and to the benefit and satisfaction of the legislature of that revered institution.

Into all his publick concerns he carried a clear knowledge of his obligations and rights, just intentions, and habits of exactness. He did every

thing in its proper season, and thus rescued his arrangements from surprise and vexation. By means of strict attention to method, the routine of his affairs suffered no interruption through the incursions of age, though for several years previous to his decease, his power of vision was nearly gone. He was fond of reading and of experimental philosophy; and in his library and studies, as in every department of life, love of order and a nice taste might easily be discerned. Tolerant and pacific he was the steady friend of civil liberty. As a christian he was enlightened, sincere and liberal. He was regular and constant in his publick and private worship of God, and grave, discreet, and exemplary in his manners. But his domestick were his most shining qualities. Of a naturally mild and social temper, and eminently happy in his conjugal connexions, he appeared in the character of husband and father to the utmost advantage. In these respects his loss is particularly felt, and will long be lamented. An affectionate relict will ever cherish the memory of a tender and faithful consort. Dutiful children will frequently call up to their recollection, the venerable form of a parent who anxiously watched their early years, and always sought their felicity. And many relatives and friends will mourn the exit of a man, who to his general integrity of character added a splendour and grace to social life.

The numerous connexions of deacon Storer will, however, be consoled by a remembrance of his virtues and his hopes. They will reflect with gratitude to heaven on the protection and blessings which he experienced in the course of a long life; and devoutly supplicate the tranquillity of his end. Surely he must be classed among happy men, whose usefulness was protracted to the very door of the tomb. The last day of his life was marked by the same noiseless regularity and attention to business, which had distinguished his whole career. In his usual health, he retired to rest on the night of the 5th inst. and sunk

quietly into a sleep from which he never awoke.

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,  
But fell, like autumn fruit, that mellow'd long;  
Ev'n wonder'd at because he dropt no sooner.  
Fate seem'd to wind him up for seventy years,  
Yet freshly ran he on sev'n winters more;  
Till, like a clock, worn out with eating time,  
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constasy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constasy?

Soame Jenyns somewhere very shrewdly remarks that "Resistance may sometimes be practised, but ought never to be preached, for we stand in need of no lessons to teach us disobedience; and therefore we do not find throughout the whole New Testament one *definition* or *recommendation* of *civil liberty*, nor one command to fight or die in its defence. These may be the glorious achievements of *patriots*, but these are not listed under the banners of Christ; the glory as well as the duty of his disciples, are—to *submit*."

The *friends of liberty* are enemies to all power, in any hands—but *their own*.

It has been asserted, that much of the elegance of ADDISON'S style is confined to the *Spectator*. This is false criticism. You see his manner in all his works. In his essay on medals, a work but little read in America, the following passages occur, which exhibit all the beauties and graces of the authour.

Medalists value themselves upon being criticks in rust, and will undertake to tell you the different ages of it by its colour. They are possessed with a kind of learned avarice, and are forgetting together hoards of such money only as was current among the Greeks and Latins. There are several of them that are better acquainted

with the faces of the Antonines than of the Stewarts; and would rather chuse to count out a sum in sesterces, than in pounds sterling.

I have heard of a virtuoso in Italy that used to swear by the head of Otho. Nothing can be pleasanter than to see a circle of these virtuosos about a cabinet of medals, descanting upon the value and rarity of the several pieces that lie before them. One takes up a coin of *gold*, and after having well weighed the figures and inscription, tells you, very gravely, if it were *brass*, it would be invaluable.

Eugenius was one that endeavoured rather to be agreeable than shining in conversation, for which reason he was more beloved, though not so much admired as Cynthio.

We are apt to think, says Eugenius, your medallists a little fantastical in the different prices they set upon their coins without any regard to the ancient value, or the metal of which they are composed. A silver medal, for example, shall be more esteemed than a golden one, and a piece of brass than either. To answer you, says Philander, in the language of a medallist, you are not to look upon a cabinet of medals as a treasure of money, but of knowledge; nor must you fancy any charms in gold, but in the figures and inscriptions that adorn it. The intrinsic value of an old coin does not consist in its metal, but its erudition. It is the device that has raised the species; so that, at present, an *as*, or an *obolus*, may carry a higher price than a *denarius*, or a *drachma*; and a piece of money, that was not worth a penny, fifteen hundred years ago, may now be rated at fifty crowns, or perhaps, a hundred guineas. I find, says Cynthio, that, to have a relish for ancient coins, it is necessary to have a contempt for the modern. But I am afraid you will never be able, with all your medallick eloquence, to persuade Eugenius and myself, that it is better to have a pocket full of Othos and Gordians, than of Jacobuses or Louis d'ors.

The first and most obvious use of medals is, the showing us the faces of all the great personages of antiquity. A cabinet of medals is a collection of pictures in miniature. You here see the copies of several statues that have had the politest nation in the world fall down before them. You have, too, several persons of a more thin and shadowy nature, as, Hope, Constancy, Fidelity, Abundance, Honour, Virtue, Eternity, Justice, Moderation, Happiness, and in short, a whole creation of the like imaginary substances. To these you may give the name of *genies* of nations, cities, provinces, highways, and the like allegorical beings. In devices of this nature, one sees a pretty poetical invention, and may often find as much thought on the reverse of a medal, as in a canto of Spenser.

History painters, perhaps without the assistance of medals, would have found it very difficult to invent such an airy species of beings, when they are obliged to put a moral virtue into colours, or to find out a proper dress for a passion.

An antiquarian, continues Cynthio, will scorn to mention a pinner or a night rail, a petticoat, or a manteau; but he will talk as gravely as a father of the Church on the *vitta* and *peplus*, the *stola* and *instita*. How would an old Roman laugh were it possible for him to see the solemn dissertations that have been made on these weighty subjects. To set them in their natural light let us fancy, if you please, that about a thousand years hence, some profound authour shall write a learned treatise on the habits of the present age, distinguished into the following titles and chapters.

Of the old British trowser.

Of the ruff and collar band.

The opinion of several learned men concerning the use of the shoulder knot.

Such a one mistaken in his account of the surtout, &c.

Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object :

and every nation has formed to itself some favourite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness.

Whether there be any American Pharisees or not, is not now the question; but we suppose that religious rascals like the following are common enough in all countries.

The Pharisees were a set of men, who were perpetually employed in external acts of piety and devotion, and as constantly employed in every species of extortion and fraud. They were equally remarkable for their religion and their roguery.

#### MERRIMENT.

The King shortly after his accession to the throne, walking one morning into his library, found one of the under librarians asleep in a chair. With that good tempered condescension and familiarity that so much distinguish him, he stepped up softly to him, and gave him a slight slap on the cheek; the sleeper clapt his hand on the place instantly, and, with his eyes still closed, taking the disturber of his nap for his fellow librarian, whose name was George, exclaimed, "Damn it George, let me alone, you are always doing one foolish trick or another."

Miss S——, a dashing Cyprian, in dancing at a masquerade at the Opera-House, happened to trip, and fell flat on her back; Lord Sandwich, who was in a domino, and near her, stooping to pick her up, said, "never mind it my pretty dear, practice makes perfect."

Mrs. D'Arblay wrote a tragedy called *Edwy and Elgiva*, which was, in 1795 brought forward at Drury-Lane Theatre; but some circumstances occurring to excite laughter, rather than pity or horror, it had the misfortune to be damned. "Among the *dramatis personæ* were no less than seven Bishops, one of whom being arrested for some treasonable practices, the King called to his attendants, "Bring in the Bishop!"—"Aye," cries a fellow in the gallery, "and make it good!" Scarcely had the audience got the better of the laughter occasioned by this sally, than their tragedy-faces were completely got the better of, by the following short dialogue between Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the heroine, and Mr. Maddocks, as her faithful attendant.

Siddons, (impatiently) "Where shall I go for ease?"

Maddocks, (softly) "Behind yon hedge."

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Amandus" speaks a language sufficiently intelligible in every country where Love has an altar, or a name. He addresses his mistress in the very spirit of these stanzas:

Deep confusion's rosy terror,  
Quite expressive paints my cheek;  
Ask no more—behold your error,  
Blushes eloquently speak.

What though silent is my anguish,  
Or breath'd only to the air;  
Mark my eyes, and as they languish,  
Read what yours have written there.

F. C. C. who dates from Carlisle, and who appears in the guise of a gentleman and a scholar, is requested to persevere in his correspondence. We think the hint of a paper from the moon is a good one. Suppose that at least as often as Luna fills her horn, he should publish "The Lunatist," a mad-cap paper, which would divert the disciples of Swift and Rabelais?

The alarm of "B" is not without reason. The time is not very distant, when even a careless listener may hearken to those dismal sounds described by the poet of Venusium:

Audiet cives accuisse ferrum  
Quo graves Persæ melius perirent  
Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum  
Kara juvenitus.

"Scriblerus" might find better employment than writing on an ungrateful topick and ploughing the sands of the sea-shore. There is an old song somewhere containing two stanzas of philosophy which Scriblerus might profitably practice:

With writing and thinking and planning large schemes,  
Who forever would keep his poor brains on a stretch?  
When, by bidding adieu to all liberty's dreams  
And planting potatoes, he soon would grow rich.

Who would angle for meals that could catch his own fish?  
As the honey unbought what desert half so sweet?  
Give me eggs of my hens in a clean wooden dish,  
And Ned's wholesome daughter to cook up the treat.

The scheme of "Zeno" is of romantick wildness: such a dauntless mortal must resemble in fool-hardiness of enterprise that desperate mariner described by Horace:

— Qui fragilem truci  
Commisit pelago ratem  
Primus nec timuit præcipitem Africum  
Decertantem aquilonibus,  
Nec tristes Hyadas nec rabiem noti.

We shall be glad to hear again from "Theatricus." Green room anecdotes are generally of a very frivolous character, and memoirs of the common herd of actors and actresses are not very interesting to the busy or the wise; but in every great town there is the quædam *ardelionum* natio of Phædrus, and to this gentle tribe of loungers any story of the stage is sufficiently interesting.

Our "Friend" from the west is not forgotten. The editor, when he reflects upon certain features in this gentleman's character, remembers and applies a passage of POPE:

Thus — *acts, who always speaks his thought,  
And always thinks the very thing he ought;  
His equal mind I copy when I can,  
And as I love, would imitate the man.*

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

Oh! how shall I invoke the muse,  
When Sorrow chills the song!  
By Babel's streams, the captive Jews,  
Their harps on willows hung!  
No more they sang in cheerful strains,  
But overcome with woe,  
They thought of Salem's flow'ry plains,  
And tears began to flow!  
Think, dearest Cara, when away  
So far from love and thee,  
How slowly moves the tedious day!  
How wretched I must be!  
How dismal Ridley's fields appear!  
All Nature wears a gloom!  
The Sun himself shines dimly here,  
To light me to my tomb!

How lonesome is the wintry blast,  
That howls along the plain!  
When will these cheerless days be past,  
And peace return again!

Soon shall I seek the cold damp grave,  
And lay my head "full low;"  
No more to hear the tempest rave,  
Or feel the driving snow!

Tell me thou fairest of the fair!  
Thou Angel from above!  
Is there no balm\* for my despair?  
No cure for hopeless love?

Say, who can life and joy impart,  
And give a mourner ease?  
Ah! who can heal a broken heart,  
And banish "fell disease!"

Oh! could I animate a dove,  
How soon I should be blest!  
Soon, in thy snowy bosom, love!  
My fluttering wings should rest!

ANNIUS.

December, 1806.

An American lady, now resident in England, has in a very obliging manner, forwarded to the Editor the following Original Epigram.

By the Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox.

Mrs. Montague told me, and in her own house,  
That she did not regard me, *three skips of a louse.*  
I forgive the dear creature, for what she has said;  
For a woman will talk of what runs in her head!

I've heard your loss—your wife is dead,  
Consoling Tom to Richard said.  
"My wife is dead," cries Dick, "I own,  
But for the loss, I know of none."

RONDEAU.

*With two black eyes*, that might a saint inflame,  
The jilt Nannette caught Strephon by surprise;  
But when the youth, enamoured of the dame,  
Requested love for love, and sighs for sighs,  
She frown'd, squall'd, cuff'd, and sent him whence he came,  
*With two black eyes.*

\* Is there no balm in Gilead, no physician there?

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, February 7, 1807.

[No. 6.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE high respectability and extensive circulation of *The Port Folio*, cannot fail to excite desire to be classed among its contributors. Under this impression I have ventured to prepare for the inspection of its editor, a small essay upon a subject never before to my knowledge treated upon—the cause of diffidence. How far I have succeeded in a just description and investigation of the matter, I leave to the judgment of others.

Being myself doomed to the innumerable disadvantages and painful occurrences which are the concomitants of this debility of constitution, I conceive myself better capacitated to enter upon an inquiry into its cause, than those who have experimented its effects.

And, firstly, I shall give a brief description of its character, and endeavour to discriminate between diffidence arising from constitution, and that resulting from bad breeding or ignorance; for however intimately they may approach, how nearly soever their appearance may coincide, there is, notwithstanding, a very material difference, though, through the obscurity of it, we often class the man of understanding and knowledge with the illiterate who bears a like ensign.

Attentive observation however may perceive the contrast. Diffidence proceeding from constitutional debility, exhibits a character which bears some resemblance to reservedness arising from an apprehension of superiority; and yet unless we suffer ourselves to be thought sullen or offended, by altogether disregarding conversation and adhering to an entire neutrality, we shall unavoidably be deemed ignorant and ill bred; for, by uniting in the mirth of a company without contributing any towards it, to laugh when others laugh, and be governed in action by them throughout, makes a person beyond almost every thing appear ridiculous. If, on the contrary, we attempt to mix in conversation, our discourse is so incorrect, the oratorical part so mangled, that what we say appears but a concatenation of nonsense. This is the destiny of such poor creatures as debility of constitution has doomed to bear the burden of diffidence. But thanks to the inventor of letters and him who brought out of the womb of obscurity the art of communicating ideas by signs, the diffident man, though debarred from the pleasures of society, and cut off from the joys of conversation, may, notwithstanding, enter his study, and not only retrieve his character from the imputation of clownish ignorance, but demonstrate to the world the extent of his under-

standing, and teach the polite votaries of fashion that not knowledge but ability is wanting to appear in the most strict conformity to the laws of good breeding and politeness.

Diffidence from bad breeding, as I have already mentioned, is very similar to the same affection resulting from weakness of constitution. Perhaps the principal difference is to be discovered in the degree of silence or neutrality observed in company. A clown, to use a familiar phrase, is led almost entirely by the nose. Inattentive to his own mind and concerns, he keeps a watchful eye to the aspect of the company, following their example with the nicest precision. When mirth sits predominant, his distorted countenance bears unequivocal indication of the faithfulness of his attention, and his sage phiz, equally declares the subject of conversation.

It is now time to enter upon the inquiry into the cause of diffidence. We may remember one of its characteristic marks is an inability to act according to what we know is proper. This is so important a part, that I believe I shall not depart from correctness in affirming it to be the whole. Now, wherein this incapacity resides is the intended subject of this inquiry. The existence of the nervous fluid or animal spirits being supported by the unerring evidence of sense, having been observed by many very eminent physiologists, I shall espouse it, for the purpose of endeavouring to account for diffidence. It is probably secreted by the brain; however, that is its residence, from whence it descends into the nerves. The medula spinalis likewise, most likely possesses the same fluid, as I have never been informed it is exclusively found in those nerves which have their origin in the brain. This fluid being thus supplied, serves the important office of stimulating the muscles into action, and is the medium by which the will acts upon the body. Now as this fluid is such an essential agent in the animal economy, the magnitude of the effect I am

about to attribute to it will of consequence appear less strange. I conceive the cause of diffidence is seated in the secreting organ of the nervous fluid; whether this fluid exudes through the coats of the arteries, or is absorbed by secerning ducts originating in the organ of its residence, is altogether immaterial to my purpose. It is sufficient it is secreted from the blood; either of those ways will suit my present design. This being rationally assented to, it is obvious both the orifices of the secerning vessels and the impetus of the blood, will have a very considerable effect upon its accumulation, and upon its quantity depends the effect I desire to elucidate. We find every stimulant action upon the system tends to remove diffidence. This is amply exemplified by receiving inebriating liquor into the stomach. Who has not experienced his own resolution invigorated thereby, or observed it upon others? This liquor, by its stimulating quality acts upon the circulation by the muscles, whereby a larger proportion of blood passes through the brain in a given time, and consequently an augmented portion of the nervous fluid is secreted.

But now to explain how this influences the resolution to remove or diminish diffidence, we must consider that diffidence results from an inability to act conformably with our judgment, *i. e.* in certain instances. This incapacity in corporeal action, is immediately the result of a deficiency of the nervous fluid. The will, in demanding the action of any part under its power, sends a portion of this fluid to give the warning and to furnish ability to perform the action. But as the strength of a muscle depends upon the energy or force with which it receives intelligence to act, and this energy being in proportion to the quantity of nervous fluid imparted, when the fluid thus directed is not sufficient to furnish the necessary tension of the muscle, it remains too flaccid, and the stimulus of the fluid only serves to excite spasmodic contraction in the part. This irregu-

lar action may with great propriety be called involuntary, because the will has not power to export the required quantity of the fluid to produce action consonant with its own dictates; and thus the characteristick of diffidence, so universally observable in corporeal action, is produced. The commotion of the mind may likewise be accounted for in the same manner. It arises partly from derangement in conceiving, and partly from deficiencies in compound action. Disordered conception is the effect of conscious incapacity to communicate our conceptions, and also the confusion attendant on an unsuccessful attempt to express them. For to begin with a strong apprehension that we shall be unable to accomplish must naturally, from the constitution of the mental system, counteract the performance. The mind is so framed, that an individual object is all we can at one moment attend to, and when the attention becomes divided between two subjects, just so much as this division is proportioned to each of them, will be their performance. A diffident man having, at the moment he undertakes to speak, two objects before his mind, his attention of course becomes divided, and he thereby disqualified to express himself. The subject he intends to speak upon, and the apprehension of being unable to perform it, are both before his attention at the same instant, and by this division is effected the many blunders in conversation which happen to bashful men. Silence likewise, so generally the concomitant of diffidence, originates from the same source, in conjunction with experience of incapacity to express our ideas. These things being present in the mind, Prudence teaches the advantage of keeping silence, rather than by attempting to speak to expose our own weakness. K.

*For The Port Folio.*

The fate of men of genius has ever excited the compassion of mankind, and surely no class of men have a more just claim to their pity. Their follies have been great, their misfor-

tunes still greater. The history of their lives presents us with such a continued scene of miseries and misfortunes that we are almost induced to believe content and happiness are incompatible with a superiour genius. Among men of uncommon genius, the poets have generally been the most unfortunate; there have been but few among them who have not lived miserably and died neglected. This, perhaps, originates in the nature of their dispositions, and in the bent of their minds producing their particular pursuits. The necessary qualifications of the mind, to form a man of perfect and superiour genius are a *sound judgment*, a *strong memory*, and a *lively imagination*. To the writer of poetry, a solid judgment is not so essentially necessary as to the philosopher, the moralist, or the statesman. We find that the poet has generally possessed a retentive memory, a vivid imagination, and, too frequently, but a small portion of judgment in the common concerns of the world. Gifted with fine and noble feelings, and exalted and lively sentiments, they disregard the plebeian prudence of pecuniary acquisitions, and provide not, by their economy, against the various wants and exigencies of life. Destitute of the necessary comforts and conveniences of life, they must depend upon the favour of the rich and powerful, or upon the productions of their genius. Their former dependence is weak and fluctuating, their latter, too frequently incompetent to their support. When these uncertain means fail, they must suffer, and when reduced to beggary and want they are not sufficiently fortified by reason and philosophy to rise superiour to their sufferings. We require only a moderate acquaintance with the lives of the poets to verify these observations. One moment we will find them exulting in the greatest prosperity, and despising the groveling multitude; and the next immersed in the lowest abyss of misery, famishing in the streets of an extensive city, or degraded in the confinement of a louth-

some prison. One moment reveling in the dissipation and extravagance of the great; the next, reduced to the situation of the lowest vagabond. At one time clothed in the richest and most fashionable garments of their country; again, naked and destitute; exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, or to the severe and killing blasts of winter.

Not only England, but France, Italy, all the countries of Europe, have at different times presented these dreadful scenes to view. Those men who are esteemed the pride of their country, who are held up as models; who one moment delight an enlightened audience by the effusions of their genius, or please the judicious by their writings, the next, are left neglected or forlorn, exposed to the inhuman treatment of their creditors or permitted to wander destitute and half famished. This is not the colouring of the imagination; read the lives of the poet, the dramatist, or the historian, and you will find these observations verified. He who stands first on the list of fame, and first among unfortunate poets, is one, the relation of whose sufferings will be a reproach to the English nation, as long as his writings shall delight, or his memory be retained.

The impassioned authour of Venice Preserved—OTWAY. We must pity this unfortunate man, we must excuse his follies. He who can read the relation of his sufferings, or of his tragical end without shedding the tear of pity, or feeling the sensibility of human nature roused, must have lost all title to humanity. The finer feelings of his soul must have been absorbed. OTWAY—that man who had so often pleased an enlightened audience by his dramattick productions; he who could so exquisitely portray the feelings of the soul; he who, all nature and energy, discovered and described the various passions of mankind; he who had rolled in pleasure and whose company had been sought after with avidity, was at length neglected and forsaken, reduced to beggary and want, and for-

ced to lurk in the most secret hiding places of London. The end of this unfortunate poet is truly lamentable, and no doubt, will always excite the pity of mankind. After experiencing a variety of misfortunes, he at last finished his existence by famine. In that city where thousands who were mere machines in creation, lived in profusion and extravagance—there one of the finest dramattick writers England ever produced died in want. The life of Savage presents us with scenes no less afflicting and painful to the soul of sensibility. Sprung from noble origin, but the fruit of illicit commerce, he entered into life with prospects little flattering, and made his exit no less degrading. He rose into notice by the splendour of his genius, but no sooner became known than he was made the unfortunate subject of persecution; and that too, by a woman who bore the sacred title of mother. Pursued by this fiend, he experienced miseries no less great than those of OTWAY. Unfortunately engaged in a riot, which issued in murder, he was condemned by the laws of his country, by the verdict of an upright jury, to suffer a publick and disgraceful death, but through the benignity of the queen, snatched from the brink of ignominy, and restored to the arms of his country; he served as one of its brightest ornaments. This man, at one time, caressed by the great, and admitted, with pleasure, into every society, was finally plunged into the greatest misery and at length ended his days in a prison. GOLDSMITH, an authour universally admired for the correctness of his observations, for the ease and gaiety of his style, extolled as a poet, for the sentiment and harmony of his lines as a dramattick writer, for the happy choice of his plots, for the wit and humour of his dialogue, lived in beggary and want. After traversing the greatest part of Europe in extreme poverty, he returned to his native shore and lingered out a miserable existence, destitute and neglected. These are a few of the most conspicuous among the unfortunate men of genius

of whom England boasts. They are but a small portion of these unfortunate men whose miseries originated in the neglect of their countrymen. The lives of the wretched Chatterton, the sublime but unhappy MILTON, the gay, volatile, witty STEELE, the brilliant, discontented POPE, are too well known for me to expatiate upon. Spain boasts of but few men of genius, known as writers; and even these few though they have established their country's fame, have lived unnoticed and unrewarded. Among these shines forth, eminently conspicuous, Cervantes, at once the pride and reproach of his country! This man, the author of a work which has stood the test of time; which for nearly three hundred years, has been read with pleasure and admiration, unlike works of a similar nature which enjoy a short lived reputation and then dwindle into oblivion. It still retains the station to which it has been raised by the universal and correct taste of mankind, and no doubt will, as long as wit and humour delight, and ridicule destroy the foibles of human nature. The author of a work so highly prized was suffered by his countrymen to lose the most valuable portion of his life in confinement among barbarous and cruel people; and when restored to his country he was condemned to pass the remnant of his days without a recompense and unnoticed.

These few examples are sufficient to show that men of a fine genius have mostly been unfortunate and have too frequently experienced the neglect and hardships of the world. There have been but a few among them who have not met death prematurely and died through want of the common necessities of life, when perhaps, had the fostering hand of charity been extended to them, the number of their days might have been increased, and the world benefited by their additional productions. Even females who have distinguished themselves by the productions of their pens have not escaped the miseries which appear to be the inseparable concomitants of a fine genius. Charlotte, the daughter of Cib-

ber the tragedian, at one time living in splendour and extravagance; surrounded by fawning crowds of sycophants and admirers attracted only by the glitter of show, and shortly after, reduced to indigence and penury; destitute of the common necessities of life, neglected by her fellow beings, and lingering out a miserable existence in the filth and corruption of the suburbs of London, ought ever to excite the pity of mankind. The lives of Chamfort, of Goldoni the Italian dramatist, of a crowd of men of genius, present to our view scenes similar to those already described. Their talents, and the benefits and pleasures they have conferred upon mankind, command our respect; their misfortunes our pity and compassion. Even when in apparent ease and affluence, they wear only the appearance of happiness, and are ever doomed to be dependent on some haughty patron, the only road to whose heart is flattery, and the only title to whose favour is the most abject and servile submission; unable or unwilling, from their situation to assert the dignity and respectability to which their talents entitle them. To be thus exposed to the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, to suffer the proud man's contumely and the oppressor's wrongs is truly a degradation of human nature. Why were we not present, we are ready to exclaim, to stretch forth the hand of charity, to snatch these unfortunate beings from their miseries, from hunger, famine, nakedness and distress, and restore them to comfort and happiness? But, alas! human nature, I fear, is every where the same, and it is only because they are beyond our reach that we thus utter our impotent expressions of benevolence. Even at this present moment, there are, perhaps, many similar objects who require our assistance, and we neglect to seek for them, but let us hope for more practical charity, and fervently pray that if ever among the sons of Columbia there should rise up (and I trust there will) men of genius, similar to those who have already flourished in Europe, that they may ne-

ver experience the neglect of their countrymen, but be received with open arms, and exalted beyond the reach of malice, beyond the wants and exigencies of life.

MORTIMER.

### THE FINE ARTS.

[In the New-York papers we are delighted to find the ensuing article. The art of engraving has, of late, in this country, certainly made no very remote steps to excellence. Messrs. Collins and Perkins, proprietors of a new and valuable edition of the Sacred Scriptures, have very judiciously excited an emulation among the artists of their city, and the success which has crowned the competitors in this race of renown is well described and justly praised by Mr. TRUMBULL, whose fame as a painter is the theme not only of American but of British praise. We have a great curiosity to see a very copious collection of prints illustrative of the Bible and of the scenery of the Holy Land, than which no subjects are more capable of sublime and beautiful illustrations by the graphic art.]

*Prize Medal.*—With the view of exciting an honourable and useful competition among the engravers of our country, Messrs. Collins and Perkins, having selected several of the most eminent in their profession, gave to each a subject to engrave, and offered a gold medal for the best. When the plates were finished, they were submitted to the examination of the President and Directors of the American Academy of Arts. The opinion of the Board as to the collective merits of the whole, and the comparative excellence of several, is expressed in the following letter from Col. Trumbull.

We cannot here omit to remark that Messrs. Collins and Perkins, in consequence of this liberal effort to advance the art of engraving in our country, by calling forth the ablest exertions of the best talents, have procured for their correct and elegant Bible, a collection of plates much superiour to any before executed in America. If publishers, generally, would offer similar incentives to the exertion of the artist, while their own interest would be advanced one of the most valuable of the Fine Arts would

be patronised and improved by the fostering hand of private munificence.

*New-York, January 3, 1807.*

Messrs. Collins & Perkins,

Gentlemen—Your letter of the 20 instant, together with the specimens of engravings executed in this country for your Bible, to which it referred, was duly received, and considered by the Directors of the Society of Arts.

I am charged, gentlemen, to convey to you the expression of the high satisfaction with which the Directors viewed these specimens of rapid improvement in the art of engraving; and to say that while all are justly to be regarded as honourable evidence of the exertions of the several competitors, they cannot refrain from expressing the very particular pleasure with which they viewed *The St. Paul*, *The Providence*, and *The Holy Family*: the works of native American artists (two of whom are unassisted by any advantage from foreign education) and all of which must be considered as unequivocal evidences of great talents, and sure promises of early and future excellence.

While the Directors bestow this justly merited applause upon the gentlemen who executed the three plates before mentioned, justice required that they should adjudge your medal to the engraver of *The Finding of Moses*, whose superiority on this first competition was naturally to be expected, from the superiour advantages which he has enjoyed in receiving his professional education in Europe.

The Directors hope that other opportunities of competition, laudable as that which you have given, will soon occur to call forth new exertions of genius and industry. And judging from the first exhibition, they cannot but indulge the hope of soon seeing this branch of the polite arts carried to a degree of perfection in America, which shall excite the surprise and even the emulation of Europe.—I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

[Mr. Carpenter, the editor of *The People's Friend*, is a disciple of BURKE. In the following ingenious manner he prefaces a beautiful apologue of that great statesman when speaking in *his* tone of contempt of Lord Malmesbury's ignominious mission to the republic of regicides.]

It has been the fate of all great men, to afford subject-matter for a large addition to the catalogue of vulgar errors which pass current in the world. None has contributed to it more than the immortal Edmund Burke, who seems to have been the person upon whose qualities more than upon any other man, the ignorant, the vain, and the unlettered have differed most essentially from the ingenious, the wise and the learned. The former have thought that he only excelled in that kind of eloquence which rested on glittering diction, lively imagery and flights of fancy; and that out of those he was nothing: the latter knew the reverse. Take away from him his eloquence, said Mr. Fox, and he appears to greatest advantage: you would then find the solid wisdom, though the fine chasing were done away. On the other hand, Mr. Fox was supposed by the former, to be conspicuous chiefly for reasoning powers; but as to eloquent language, he was, for so great a man, held to be inferior; while the judicious preferred his language very much to that of every other man. "I wish (said Burke) I wish that I could have my thoughts always expressed in the language of Mr. Fox."

The truth is, that Burke spoke and wrote in whatsoever style he pleased. "They may talk of his greatness as they please, (said a woollen manufacturer and farmer who came from a distant part of England, to consult him upon the improvement of that article) they may talk as they will, but I'll be cursed if that man was not bred a woolcomber." His state papers are held up as the most perfect models of simple yet vigorous conciseness; his letters of all the various kinds of epistolary excellence according to the persons to whom they were addressed. And for a plain, little story, simple, unadorned, yet replete with keen hu-

mour, we will set against any thing that has been written, the following, which appears in his third letter on a regicide, as a satire upon Lord Malmesbury's mission to France, and the result of it.

"An honest neighbour of mine is not altogether unhappy in the application of an old common story to the present occasion. It may be said of my friend, what Horace says of a neighbour of his, "*garrit aniles ex re fabellas*." Conversing on this strange subject, he told me a current story of a simple English country squire, who was persuaded by certain *dilettanti* of his acquaintance to see the world, and to become knowing in men and manners. Among other celebrated places, it was recommended to him to visit Constantinople. He took their advice. After various adventures, not to our purpose to dwell upon, he happily arrived at that famous city. As soon as he had a little reposed himself from his fatigue, he took a walk into the streets; but he had not gone far, before "a malignant and a turban'd Turk" had his choler roused by the careless and assured air with which this infidel strutted about in the metropolis of true believers. In this temper, he lost no time in doing to our traveller the honours of the place. The Turk crossed over the way, and with perfect good will gave him two or three lusty kicks on the seat of honour. To resent or to return the compliment in Turkey was quite out of the question. Our traveller, since he could not otherwise acknowledge this kind of favour, received it with the best grace in the world: he made one of his ceremonious bows, and begged the kicking Mussulman "to accept his perfect assurances of high consideration." Our countryman was too wise to imitate Othello in the use of the dagger. He thought it better, as better it was, to assuage his bruised dignity with half a yard square of balmy diplomattick dyachylon. In the disasters of their friends, people are seldom wanting in a laudable patience. When they are such as do

not threaten to end fatally, they become even matter of pleasantry. The English fellow-travellers of our sufferer, finding him a little out of spirits, entreated him not to take so slight a business so seriously. They told him it was the custom of the country; that every country had its customs; that the Turkish manners were a little rough; but that in the main the Turks were a good-natured people; that what would have been a deadly affront any where else, was only a little freedom there; in short, they told him to think no more of the matter, and to try his fortune in another *promenade*. But the squire though a little clownish had some homebred sense. What! have I come at all this expense and trouble all the way to Constantinople only to be kicked? Without going beyond my own stable, my groom, for half a crown, would have kicked me to my heart's content. I don't mean to stay in Constantinople eight and forty hours, nor ever to return to this rough, good-natured people that have their own customs.

"In my opinion the squire was in the right. He was satisfied with his first ramble and his first injuries. But reason of state and common sense are two things. If it were not for this difference it might not appear of absolute necessity, after having received a certain quantity of buffetings in advance, that we should send a peer of the realm to the scum of the earth to collect the debt to the last farthing; and to receive, with infinite aggravation, the same scorns which had been paid to our supplication through a commoner; but, it was proper, I suppose, that the whole of our country, in all its order, should have a share in the indignity; and, as in reason, that the higher orders should touch the larger proportion."

*From Burke's Maxims.*

#### CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT OF ENGLAND.

*(Concluded from the last number.)*

Our education is so formed as to confirm and fix this impression. Our education is in a manner wholly in the

hands of ecclesiasticks, and in all stages from infancy to manhood. Even when our youth, leaving schools and universities, enter that most important period of life which begins to link experience and study together, and when with that view they visit other countries, instead of old domesticks whom we have seen as governors to principal men from other parts, three-fourths of those who go abroad with our young nobility and gentlemen are ecclesiasticks; not as austere masters, nor as mere followers; but as friends and companions of a graver character, and not seldom persons as well born as themselves. With them, as relations, they most commonly keep up a close connexion through life. By this connexion we conceive that we attach our gentlemen to the church; and we liberalize the church by an intercourse with the leading characters of the country.

So tenacious are we of the old ecclesiastical modes and fashions of institution, that very little alteration has been made in them since the fourteenth or fifteenth century; adhering in this particular, as in all things else, to our old settled maxim, never entirely nor at once to depart from antiquity. We found these old institutions, on the whole, favourable to morality and discipline; and we thought they were susceptible of amendment without altering the ground. We thought they were capable of receiving and meliorating, and above all of preserving, the accessions of science and literature, as the order of Providence should successively produce them. And after all, with this gothic and monkish education (for such it is in the ground-work) we may put in our claim to as ample and as early a share in all the improvements in science, in arts, and in literature, which have illuminated and adorned the modern world, as any other nation in Europe: we think one main cause of this improvement was our not despising the patrimony of knowledge which was left us by our forefathers.

It is from our attachment to a church establishment that the English

nation did not think it wise to entrust that great fundamental interest of the whole to what they trust no part of their civil or military publick service, that is, to the unsteady and precarious contribution of individuals. They go further. They certainly never have suffered and never will suffer the fixed estate of the church to be converted into a pension, to depend on the treasury, and to be delayed, withheld, or perhaps to be extinguished by fiscal difficulties; which difficulties may sometimes be pretended for political purposes, and are in fact often brought on by the extravagance, negligence, and rapacity of politicians. The people of England think that they have constitutional motives, as well as religious, against any project of turning their independent clergy into ecclesiastical pensioners of state. They tremble for their liberty, from the influence of a clergy dependent on the crown; they tremble for the publick tranquillity from the disorders of a factious clergy, if it were made to depend upon any other than the crown. They therefore made their church, like their King and their nobility, independent.

From the united considerations of religious and constitutional policy, from their opinion of a duty to make a sure provision for the consolation of the feeble and the instruction of the ignorant, they have incorporated and identified the estate of the church with the mass of *private property*, of which the state is not the proprietor, either for use or dominion, but the guardian only and the regulator. They have ordained that the provision of this establishment might be as stable as the earth on which it stands, and should not fluctuate with the Euripus of funds and actions.

The men of England, the men, I mean, of light and leading in England, whose wisdom (if they have any) is open and direct, would be ashamed, as of a silly deceitful trick, to profess any religion in name, which by their proceedings they appear to condemn. If by their conduct (the only language that rarely lies) they seemed to re-

gard the great ruling principle of the moral and the natural world, as a mere invention to keep the vulgar in obedience; they apprehend that by such a conduct they would defeat the politick purpose they have in view. They would find it difficult to make others believe in a system to which they manifestly gave no credit themselves. The christian statesmen of this land would indeed first provide for the *multitude*; because it is the *multitude*; and is therefore, as such, the first object in the ecclesiastical institution, and in all institutions. They have been taught that the circumstance of the gospel's being preached to the poor, was one of the great tests of its true mission. They think, therefore, that those do not believe it who do not take care it should be preached to the poor. But as they know that charity is not confined to any one description, but ought to apply itself to all men who have wants, they are not deprived of a due and anxious sensation of pity to the distresses of the miserable great. They are not repelled through a fastidious delicacy, at the stench of their arrogance and presumption, from a medicinal attention to their mental blotches and running sores. They are sensible, that religious instruction is of more consequence to them than to any others; from the greatness of the temptation to which they are exposed; from the important consequences that attend their faults; from the contagion of their ill example; from the necessity of bowing down the stubborn neck of their pride and ambition to the yoke of moderation and virtue; from a consideration of the fat stupidity and gross ignorance concerning what imports men most to know, which prevails at courts, and at the head of armies, and in senatos, as much as at the loom and in the field.

The English people are satisfied, that to the great the consolations of religion are as necessary as its instructions. They too are among the unhappy. They feel personal pain and domestick sorrow. In these they have no privilege, but are subject to

pay their full contingent to the contributions levied on mortality. They want this sovereign balm under their gnawing cares and anxieties, which being less conversant about the limited wants of animal life, range without limit, and are diversified by infinite combinations in the wild and unbounded regions of imagination. Some charitable dole is wanting to these, our often very unhappy brethren, to fill the gloomy void that reigns in minds which have nothing on earth to hope or fear; something to relieve in the killing languor and over-laboured lassitude of those who have nothing to do; something to excite an appetite to existence in the pallid satiety which attends on all pleasures which may be bought, where nature is not left to her own process, where even desire is anticipated, and therefore fruition defeated by meditated schemes and contrivances of delight; and no interval, no obstacle, is interposed between the wish and the accomplishment.

The people of England know how little influence the teachers of religion are likely to have with the wealthy and powerful of long standing, and how much less with the newly fortunate, if they appear in a manner no way assorted to those with whom they must associate, and over whom they must even exercise, in some cases, something like an authority. What must they think of that body of teachers, if they see it in no part above the establishment of their domestick servants? If the poverty were voluntary there might be some difference. Strong instances of self-denial operate powerfully on our minds; and a man who has no wants has obtained great freedom and firmness, and even dignity. But as the mass of any description of men are but men, and their poverty cannot be voluntary, that disrespect which attends upon all lay poverty, will not depart from the ecclesiastical. Our provident constitution has therefore taken care that those who are to instruct presumptuous ignorance, those who are to be censors over insolent

vice, should neither incur their contempt, nor live upon their alms; nor will it tempt the rich to a neglect of the true medicine of their minds. For these reasons, whilst we provide first for the poor, and with a parental solicitude, we have not relegated religion (like something we were ashamed to show) to obscure municipalities or rustick villages. No! we will have her to exalt her mitred front in courts and parliaments. We will have her mixed throughout the whole mass of life, and blended with all the classes of society. The people of England will show to the haughty potentates of the world, and to their talking sophisters, that a free, a generous, an informed nation, honours the high magistrates of its church; that it will not suffer the insolence of wealth and titles, or any other species of proud pretension, to look down with scorn upon what they look up to with reverence; nor presume to trample on that acquired personal nobility, which they intend always to be, and which often is, the fruit, not the reward, (for what can be the reward?) of learning, piety, and virtue. They can see, without pain or grudging, an archbishop precede a duke. They can see a bishop of Durham, or a bishop of Winchester, in possession of ten thousand pounds a year; and cannot conceive why it is in worse hands than estates to the like amount in the hands of this earl, or that squire; although it may be true, that so many dogs and horses are not kept by the former, and fed with the victuals which ought to nourish the children of the people. It is true, the whole church revenue is not always employed, and to every shilling, in charity; nor perhaps ought it; but something is generally so employed. It is better to cherish virtue and humanity, by leaving much to free will, even with some loss to the object, than to attempt to make men mere machines and instruments of a political benevolence. The world on the whole will gain by a liberty without which virtue cannot exist.

When once the commonwealth has

established the estates of the church as property, it can, consistently, hear nothing of the more or the less. Too much and too little are treason against property. What evil can arise from the quantity in any hand, whilst the supreme authority has the full, sovereign superintendence over this, as over any property, to prevent every species of abuse; and, whenever it notably deviates, to give to it a direction agreeable to the purposes of its institution.

In England most of us conceive that it is envy and malignity towards those who are often the beginners of their own fortune and not a love of the self-denial and mortification of the ancient church, that makes some look askance at the distinctions and honours, and revenues, which, taken from no person, are set apart for virtue. The ears of the people of England are distinguishing. They hear these men speak abroad. Their tongue betrays them. Their language is in the *fabrics* of fraud; in the cant and gibberish of hypocrisy. The people of England must think so when these *praters* affect to carry back the clergy to that primitive evangelick poverty, which, in the spirit, ought always to exist in them, (and in us too, however we may like it) but in the thing must be varied, when the relation of that body to the state is altered; when manners, when modes of life, when indeed the whole order of human affairs has undergone a total revolution. We shall believe those reformers to be then honest enthusiasts, not as now we think them cheats and deceivers, when we see them throwing their own goods into common and submitting their own persons to the austere discipline of the early church.

With these ideas rooted in their minds, the commons of Great-Britain, in the national emergencies, will never seek their resource from the confiscation of the estates of the church and poor. Sacrilege and proscription are not among the ways and means of our committee of supply. The Jews in Change-alley have not

yet dared to hint their hopes of a mortgage on the revenues belonging to the See of Canterbury. I am not afraid that I shall be disavowed, when I assure you that there is not one publick man in this kingdom, whom you would wish to quote; no, not one of any party or description, who does not reprobate the dishonest, perfidious, and cruel confiscation which the national assembly has been compelled to make of that property which it was their first duty to protect.

It is with the exultation of a little national pride I tell you, that those amongst us who have wished to pledge the societies of Paris in the cup of their abominations, have been disappointed. The robbery of your church has proved a security to the possessions of ours. It has roused the people. They see with horror and alarm that enormous and shameless act of proscription. It has opened, and will more and more open, their eyes upon the selfish enlargement of mind, and the narrow liberality of sentiment of insidious men, which, commencing in close hypocrisy and fraud, have ended in open violence and rapine. At home we behold similar beginnings. We are on our guard against similar conclusions.

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#### FLORUS.

L. Annæus Julius Florus was born a little more than a century after our Saviour, and composed an abridgement of the Roman history till the time of Augustus. He has the singular merit of having included in one small volume, in four books, the annals of seven hundred years, without having omitted a single important fact. The conspiracy of Catiline is recounted in two pages, and yet nothing essential is omitted. His style is so florid as to have the appearance of poetry in deranged measure. He has all the declamation of an orator; and when we look for a correct recital of the history of the Romans, we find a warm panegyrick on many of their achievements.

On this account Florus must be read without that confidence which we repose in many other authours. He is careless in chronology; and being desirous of stating such circumstances as ought to have occurred on particular occasions, he sometimes deviates from the scrupulous accuracy of historical truth.

#### VELLEIUS PATERCULUS.

Velleius Paterculus lived in the time of Tiberius, was of a respectable family, and served several campaigns under the emperor. He wrote a compendium of the history of Greece and Rome, from the earliest period to his own age. He is a useful authour, and not deficient in ease or elegance of style. He is remarkably mild in his censures, but most unaccountably extravagant in his praise of the Cæsars. Augustus is a god; and Sejanus, the fawning and cruel minister of Tiberius is extolled with encomiums which are due only to virtue. The objection to his partiality is confined to the latter part of his work, and is common to many historians, whose prejudices or whose fears disguise or suppress their opinions. Paterculus has a happy and beautiful brevity of narration, which in a small compass contains all the graces of style, and is embellished with wise maxims and useful morals.

Whatever other historians have recorded will be found in this writer, who possesses in a singular degree the merit of perspicuity.

#### CORNELIUS NEPOS.

Of Cornelius Nepos we have received no authentick account, except that he was born at Hostilia, near the banks of the river Po, in the reign of Augustus, and, amongst other literary characters, was honoured by the Imperial patronage. The work which has reached posterity is his lives of illustrious Greeks and Romans. The style of it displays the elegance of the age in which he lived; and while it contains a summary of their principal actions, it is replete with judicious

reflections upon them. He abounds in taste, but not in force and strength. In reporting events he does not enter into the details which mark the characteristic traits of the actors, and which distinguish the perspicacity of the historian.

Rome had not yet its Plutarch.

#### SUETONIUS.

Somewhat more than a century after the christian era, C. Tranquillus Suetonius was the secretary of the Emperor Adrian. He has left a history of the twelve Cæsars, and is considered scrupulously exact and methodical. He omits nothing which concerns the person whose life he writes; and is a reporter of actions, but not a painter of the manners. He is a pleasant authour to consult, for he is a detailer of anecdotes. In reflections he is very sparing, contenting himself with recounting events without feeling or exciting any emotion. The office of a narrator satisfies his ambition; and from the little interest he takes respecting the conduct of his heroes, he has attained the praise of strict impartiality.

The character of the Emperours is no where more justly represented, but the description of their vices has been thought unnecessarily minute.

The language of Suetonius is elegant; his narration easy and perspicuous.

Nature had been kind to him in her endowments, and he acknowledged her kindness by the industry with which he applied to his education.

An acquaintance with these minor historians is expected of the general scholar.

Some beauties will please, and some information will instruct him in them all; but after he has consulted them for the gratification of his curiosity, or the refreshment of his memory as to particular facts, he will perceive, that his taste can alone be duly formed, and his knowledge sufficiently amplified by a frequent and attentive perusal of the three accomplished historians of Rome.

## OF THE ORIENTAL LEARNING AND PHILOSOPHY.

Man, in his rude and uncivilized state, has no great exercise of reason. To the numerous objects that press around him, his internal senses seem not equally awake with the external. No examination into causes from effects even the most surprising; he feels, but reflects not. His passions, on some occasions, may be strongly alarmed and put in agitation; but these suggest nothing to the reasoning powers, which seem to lie dormant in this dominion of nature and instinct; or, if they awake and try to form conclusions, they start, as from a hideous dream, with all the motley images that a distempered imagination can muster up.

In this state, mankind have no notion of a Deity, except it be from tradition; and this, as it existed in the first nations, if we except the Jews, was strangely absurd and wide of the truth; till we find afterwards, as men advanced in society and knowledge, a faint light dawn, that led them to juster ideas.

And this was chiefly effected by the philosophers, endued by Providence in different parts of the world; no doubt to usher in and further its own mighty and inscrutable designs.

A Persian Zoroaster, a Chinese Confucius, a Grecian Socrates: even the Celtick Druids and Indian Bramins, in different ages, and in different countries, have all been instrumental in this way, in many respects, perhaps, which we cannot see.

All these men at the same time, that they were excellent moralists, were also deep inspectors into nature; and from an attentive survey of her wonderful operations, were naturally led to the consideration of a first cause.

In reality, this study of nature was prior to the other, and it was not till men had made pretty good advances in it, that they were led to the study of its author.

It likewise deserves to be remarked, that among the Gentile nations, not only theology and philosophy originated in an advanced state of society, when men had leisure and curiosity to push the speculative sciences as far as they could go; but that in general the way to these last was paved by the precession of the necessary arts.

The Egyptians knew nothing of astronomy or the celestial phenomena, till they were obliged, by reason of the annual inundations of the Nile, to learn mensuration, in order to ascertain their property. Upon this early and necessary initiation, they took their ground, and mounted, by gradual steps in the geometrical scale, from the mensuration of lands to that of pyramids; till, having got thus far on their way, they looked still higher. and by an easy transition appli-

ed those calculations to the motions of the heavenly bodies, which they had formerly applied with success to the pyramids and the Nile.

From some such accidental cause, the sciences seem to have taken rise very early in the east, and probably at a date prior to their rise in Egypt; though I doubt much, if in those regions they were ever prosecuted to such advantage.

Astronomy, more particularly, seems to owe its invention to the Orientals. We find Zoroaster the Persian excelling in magick, and conversing with the stars, at a very early period. The Arabian and Chaldean shepherds were a kind of astrologers by profession, and gave those names to many of the stars which they still retain.

The doctrine of the metempsychosis, which the Egyptians adopted so readily into their religion, and which Pythagoras afterwards imported thence into Greece, was, beyond all doubt, of eastern extraction. This opinion, very probably, arose from some remaining impressions of the fall of man, that still kept hold of the minds of those that lived so near the time and scene in which it happened. And, as the origin of evil has been a matter of curious disquisition among the inquisitive of all ages; so, among those subtle philosophers of the east, who had an uncommon turn for such dark speculations, any hypothesis that served to remove the difficulty but one step farther back, would be gladly embraced, concerning a topic of all others the most abstruse, and the most incomprehensible to the human mind.

It is not unlikely, that the building of Babel in the plains of Shinar, which took place immediately after the flood, first set men the example of building in those parts; and that even the Egyptians might have borrowed the first idea of their pyramids, and other stupendous works, from the same original.

In general, it may be observed, from the immense structure of Babel, the magnificence of the Babylonian walls, and the stateliness of the Egyptian pyramids, that the luxury and pride of these ancient nations led them to works of vastly greater pomp and expense than any the moderns can boast of. Yet, from these very buildings, though astonishingly great, but defective in elegance, we may guess the taste of those times to have been gross, and the genius rude.

Indeed it is presumable that the fine arts naturally associate together, from the near relation in which they all stand to one another; and as we have never heard of renowned poets or statuaries among the Babylonians, that consequently they could never have a very elegant taste in any other of the polite arts. Magnificence and a pompousness of manner they might possess; but, like the modern Chinese, they would show in their

designs more of the monstrous extravagance of art, than of the simple and pleasing dignity of nature.

Compare to those immense eastern works, the Grecian architecture of later date; the noble remains of which, at Balbeck and Palmyra, in the islands of the Archipelago, and in many parts of Greece, excite, to this hour, our highest admiration.

The beautiful remains of ancient painting, statuary, medals, and gems, besides those of architecture, lately found upon the discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii, all of them in the purest Greek style, still farther confirm our admiration of the taste and genius of that wonderful people.

On the other hand it must be granted, that the Greeks themselves, with all their ingenuity, derived many resources either more immediately from the Babylonians, or immediately from the Egyptians and Phœnicians. We have already mentioned the metempsychosis as owing its origin to the same quarter, as also physicks, astronomy, and moral philosophy.

A certain mediocrity, however, of abilities, has, in general, characterized the nations of the East from remotest time; the natural consequence, no doubt, of their climate and soil, which warm, relax, and dispose to dissipation. Hence those nations, though naturally ingenious, have been always retarded in their progress in the arts; especially in those of the intellectual or finer kind that require any great or persevering exertions.

A certain length, indeed, they have gone in most or all of these, but they have, for the most part, shown more ardour than ability, and more ingenuity than judgment or solidity.

The Arabs have been always much the same in character; alert, active, ingenious, nimble in horsemanship, and addicted to plunder. At one period, (during the califate), they either invented or improved several curious sciences, such as algebra, chemistry, medicine, which, along with other assistances, aided to rekindle the lamp of learning in Europe, after it had been extinguished for many centuries during the dark and Gothick ages.

The ancient Persians were famous for astronomy and other sciences; dexterous in archery; ambitious and restless in war. They are still ingenious in the arts; excel in poetry, but retain, in a great measure, their pristine effeminacy and love of pleasure.

The Indians throughout the whole extent of the Mogul empire, as well as in the kingdoms of Ava, Siam, and Pegu, are universally characterized, as particularly ingenious in the nicer mechanick arts, such as weaving, colouring, japanning. They are in general a mild and harmless people, excepting

the Malayese, who are said to be treacherous, and addicted to plunder.

Porcelaine-making is peculiar to the Chinese, who are indeed still more active than the Indians, more moderate in their passions; and, with some exceptions, are, perhaps, the most enlightened, virtuous, and industrious of all pagan nations.

Upon the whole, from the heat of the climate, and the luxuriance of the soil, which incline to voluptuousness, these eastern nations are in general luxurious, but without quick and lively, and in a certain degree industrious and active. Their genius, indeed, is moderate, being more acute than profound, more shrewd than solid. Like their bodies, their minds are but of middling ability. Neither Newtons nor Shakespeares have ever arisen among them; few great warriors; their philosophy has been more of the moral than of the physical kind; and though they may have excelled in the softer sorts of poetry, it is probable that they want force and elevation for its more grand and noble exertions.

Moreover, if we take a view of the different nations that lie more to the north, we shall find them, if not more effeminate and luxurious, at least more indolent and inactive than those just now mentioned. The Asiatick Turks, particularly, come under this description. Whether their spirits are naturally flatter, or that their continual use of opium, and the character of their religion, all contribute to this supine solemnity, is hard to determine: but they are grave and silent in the extreme. Their indolence is excessive, and their ignorance equal to their indolence.

In this torpid state of ignorance and insipidity lie buried their large possessions in Asia Minor, Greece, Egypt, Barbary, Syria, part of Arabia, and the Holy Land.

Such, and so successful has the Koran been, (when joined to the above causes and the despotism and barbarity of Tartar-genius) in banishing arts and humanity from a very considerable portion of the habitable globe.

In fine, the northern nations of Asia, have been remarkable for nothing but a bold ferocious spirit, a genius for war, and sudden and destructive invasions of the countries around them.

Some exceptions, however, must be made to this remark. Gengis-Khan and Tamerlane were both as eminent for their magnificence and encouragement of learning, as for their renown in war. Enriched by the spoils of the East, these great conquerors reared cities in deserts, and tried to fix the roving Tartar, by introducing architecture, letters, and the other fine arts.

But this light was only a flash, which for a moment illumined, without dispelling that thick cloud of ignorance which has always

covered these dreary and inhospitable regions. This country of Tartary, of immense extent, and far larger than all Europe, is the same over which wandered the ancient Scythians, the native hive, whence issued, in successive swarms, those barbarous hordes that overwhelmed the Roman empire, peopled the northern parts of Europe, gave emperours to China and Indostan, and detached colonies to plant a new world in the western continent.

It may therefore with justice be concluded, that though the arts and sciences have taken their rise in the East, and have thence travelled westward, first to Egypt and afterwards to Greece and Rome, that they have generally improved in their progress in proportion to the nature of the soil and climate, and the ardour with which they have been pursued; that neither the warmer nor colder regions have been greatly favourable to their culture, the former relaxing, the latter contracting the human faculties; that in the temperate climes of Europe they have flourished to most advantage; that it is probable they will thence migrate to the western continent in order to enlighten a new world; that they will finally spread themselves over the most savage tribes, and, with their sacred influence, polish and improve the most uncivilized nations.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful dirty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

We know, and it is our pride to know, that man is by his constitution a religious animal; that atheism is against not only our reason but our instinct; and that it cannot prevail long.

No lines can be laid down for civil or political wisdom. They are a matter incapable of exact definition. But, though no man can draw a stroke between the confines of day and night, yet light and darkness are upon the whole tolerably distinguishable.

Terror is not always the effect of force; and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource; for, conciliation

failing, force remains; but force failing, no further hope of reconciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms, by an impoverished and defeated violence.

The two following ballads are the ingenious productions of Dibdin, who as a song-writer of a peculiar class has displayed more invention and wit than any of his contemporaries. We are not positive that the last has not appeared before, but it displays so much humour and character that it will not be a sacrifice of time, to listen to it again.

Ingenious bards have often tried  
Man's best resemblance to define;  
I hold (nor startle child of pride)  
Our likeness is the race canine!

'Gainst this let no one set his face,  
I go on sure and certain ground;  
Where can throughout the human race,  
More strict fidelity be found?

The dog, if needful, to his death,  
Demonstrating what honour is,  
For his protection yields his breath,  
And saves that life which cherished his.

Nor can this any stigma fix  
At which the nicest ear may start;  
But shows, that though they play dogs' tricks  
Men have fidelity at heart.

Sly dogs, queer dogs, mankind we name,  
Then who my thesis shall condemn,  
For, if their titles be the same,  
They must ape us, or we ape them.

Pug dogs, that amble through the street  
To crop we aptly may compare;  
And every female that you meet  
Can tell you who the puppies are.

For sad dogs one can scarcely stir,  
Of spaniels there's a catalogue;  
The dogged cynick is a cur,  
A tar 's the English mastiff dog.

With dogs such dashing sportsmen suit  
As instinct use, but never think;  
And yet the dog 's the wiser brute,  
For he can neither smoke nor drink!

Bullies are whelps that growl and snarl  
And quarrel loud, but never fight;  
Mongrels are Envy's sons that snarl,  
And show their teeth—but cannot bite.

The terrier the undertaker hits  
The Greek 's a fox that skips and cogs,  
Comical dogs are smarts and wits,  
And toppers are all jolly dogs.

At Wapping I landed and call'd to hail Mog,  
 She had just shaped her course to the  
 play;  
 Of two rums and one water I ordered my  
 grog,  
 And to speak her soon stood under way.  
 But the Haymarket I for old Drury mistook  
 Like a lubber so raw and so soft;  
 Half a George handed out, at the change  
 did not look,  
 Manned the rattlins and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers  
 With many a coxcomb and flirt,  
 Such a damnable squalling saluted my ears  
 I thought there 'd been somebody hurt;  
 But the devil a bit, 'twas your outlandish rips,  
 Singing out with their lanterns of jaws,  
 You 'd a swore you 'd been taking of one of  
 those trips  
 'Mongst the Caffrees or wild Catabaws.

What's the play Ma'am, says I, to a good-  
 natur'd tit.

The Play! 'tis The *Uproar*, you quiz,  
 My timbers, cried I, the right name on't  
 you've hit,

For the devil an uproar it is:  
 For they pipe and they squeel, now ahow,  
 now aloft,

If it wa'n't for the petticoat gear  
 With their squeaking, so Mollyish, tender  
 and soft,

One should scarcely know Ma'am from  
 Mounseer.

Next at kicking and dancing they took a  
 long spell,

All springing and bounding so neat,  
 And spessiously one curious Madamoiselle

Oh! she daintily handled her feet.  
 But she hopped and she sprawled and she  
 spun round so queer,

'Twas, you see, rather oddish to me,  
 And so I sung out, pray be decent my dear,  
 Consider I'm just come from sea.

T'ant an Englishman's taste to have none of  
 these goes,

So away to the playhouse I'll jog,  
 Leaving all your fine Bantams and Ma'am  
 Parisoes,

For old Billy Shakspeare and Mog.  
 So I made for the theatre and hail'd my dear  
 spouse;

She smiled as she saw me approach,  
 And when I 'd shook hands and saluted her  
 bows

We to Wapping set sail in a coach.

During the time that martial law was in  
 force in Ireland, and the people were prohi-  
 bited from having fire-arms in their pos-  
 session, some mischievous varlets gave in-  
 formation that a Mr. Scanton of Dublin, had  
*three mortars* in his house. A magistrate  
 with a party of dragoons in his train, sur-  
 rounded the house and demanded in the  
 King's name, that the *mortars* should be de-  
 livered to him. Mr. Scanton, who is a res-  
 pectable apothecary, immediately produced  
 them; adding, that as they were useless  
 without the *pestles*, these also were at His  
 Majesty's service.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

Verses occasioned by the absence of Cara.

Who now will court the soothing breeze,  
 That fans the pensive night,  
 When Cynthia pours through waving trees,  
 A flood of trembling light?

Who now will hear the cascade play,  
 And riv'let murmur by?  
 Or view the charms of setting day  
 Upon the western sky?

Thou gentle cascade cease to play!  
 And cease to wave ye trees!  
 When lovely Cara is away,  
 Your charms no longer please!

No more let Cynthia o'er the woods,  
 Her silv'ry lustre shed!  
 Nor moon-beams dance on quivering flood,  
 Since lovely Cara 's fled!

ANNIUS.

## EPIGRAMS.

Alike in temper, and in life,  
 A drunken husband, sottish wife;  
 She a scold, a bully he—  
 The devil 's in't they dont agree.

You sell your wife's rich jewels, lace and  
 clothes,  
 The price once paid, away the purchase  
 goes;  
 But she a better bargain proves, I'm told  
 Still sold returns and still is to be sold.

Thus spoke the humorous *Bowry* from his  
 bed,  
 When a late visit some rude villains made,  
 What seek ye here, my friends, at midnight  
 pray,  
 The devil a thing can I see at mid-day.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

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Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, February 14, 1807.

[No. 7.]

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

[The "Lancaster Repository" contains several ingenious articles. Among its curiosities we find the following.]

———*Tobacco.*———

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

WHATEVER has a tendency in the smallest degree to promote the satisfaction and happiness of man, should excite his esteem and deserve his most earnest attention. However just this may be, our experience too frequently evinces a contrary disposition. Even religion, which is almost universally acknowledged to be the true basis of all present as well as future happiness, and which we cannot contemplate without the utmost love, respect and reverence, has been vilely and without examination, traduced by the persevering efforts of speculative and theoretical philosophers. When this copious source of felicity has not escaped unjust animadversion and illiberal detraction, it is not surprising if those that are of a secondary nature should undergo the same fate.

Among the many and useful things thus honoured with scurrility and abuse, none stands so preeminently conspicuous as the practice of using that salutary, precious and agreeable

plant, commonly known by the appellation of Tobacco. Innumerable are the calumnies propagated to the prejudice of this inestimable weed. Philosophers, forsaking the arduous and dignified studies of the sciences, have contributed the powerful sanction of their names to stigmatize it. Physicians have sought its total extirpation. Orators have declaimed against it. Neither have the fair sex, justly celebrated as the friends of humanity, been parsimonious of their tea-table censure. In fine, every class of citizens, from the aged and infirm to the young and alert, from the proud lord to the abject slave, have all defamed it. To combat this formidable host, and support what so many condemn and so few commend, may be deemed presumptuous; but truth is omnipotent, and error, though sanctioned by the authority of great names, shrinks appalled at its powerful approach.

It is, alas! but too well known, that this plant was not at all, or at least very little cultivated among the ancients. Although history has not recorded it, yet for my part were I owner of the solar system, I would bet half a dozen planets against a potato, that Homer well knew the use of tobacco. Or how, in the name of all that is marvellous, can we ever account for the production of so noble

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\* Every essay must have a motto,

and heavenly, a poem as the *Iliad*? How can we account for the mock sublimity, the bombast, and turgidity of Lucan, but by supposing that he wanted a cigar to invigorate his fancy, refine his taste, and enlighten his judgment? To what but the want of tobacco, can we ascribe the false taste that so infected the later Roman poets and orators? Indeed I very shrewdly suspect, that the downfall of Rome itself is attributable to the same lamentable cause.

The aborigines of America are the first who are certainly known to have cultivated it. The celebrated Mango Copac was indubitably a chewer and smoker of tobacco, or Peru would never have risen to such a degree of splendid magnificence. Introduced into Europe by some bold and enterprising mariners, it has since that period obtained an almost universal prevalence.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that in the southern states and in other places it affords subsistence to thousands who are engaged in its culture and manufacture; and that no inconsiderable revenue thereby accrues to our government.

The utility and necessity of cultivating tobacco being so apparent, let us proceed to the examination of its intrinsic qualities when prepared for use, which are threefold; and by which we are enabled either to snuff, chew, or smoke it.

First then, of snuff.—The pleasing sensations occasioned by these pulverized particles when applied to the irritable muscles of the nose, are only known to practitioners. It thrills through and affects the whole system with indescribable pleasure. Hence it is that we perceive every amateur of pleasure, elegance, and taste, provide himself with a capacious receptacle for these delicious atoms. There is also another consideration deserving to be mentioned. The beau never displays his gallantry in company to greater advantage than by the exhibition and presentation of his box. In doing this, how peculiarly elegant is his dexterity and

alertness? And what graces does it not also give to the ladies! What but an adamant heart can behold unmoved the fascinating and resistless charms of a lady introducing the summits of her digits into the receptacle of these pungent grains of titillating dust! Who that is not steeled will not bow with reverential deference before the shrine of omnipotent beauty, when exhibited in this alluring attitude! Would it not moreover pierce the stubborn heart of a Zeno, to hear a beautiful lady sneeze, “and making the high dome reach to her nose!” And how useful is it to supply chasms in conversation, which are so perplexing to the finical and light-headed coxcomb! The happy introduction of a box will furnish a thousand incidents, when other topics are exhausted and conversation begins to flag. With what learning and eloquence can a person expatiate upon the beauty and elegance of the box, or upon the merits and demerits of using its contents! Thus would the visits of his drowsy majesty be excluded from every company by the prevention of taciturnity. In oratory too, snuff has a peculiar excellence, which is generally insufficiently appreciated. How apropos is it for an orator when embarrassed and his ideas dissipated, to gain time for recollection by taking a pinch?

Secondly, as to chewing.—This, if inferior to snuffing, in point of pleasure, is far superior with respect to utility. As they differ in their application, so do they in their operation. This acts upon the mind, that upon the organs of sense. Nothing so effectually fixes and grapples the attention in perusing, or collects ideas in writing compositions. It concentrates in itself the respective qualities of industry, patience, and perseverance. The mind, wearied with intense application, becomes languid and relaxed; but a quid seasonably applied, will, by its vivifying influence, soon restore it to its original energy. It possesses a certain stimulating power, which never fails exciting to action. How happy then would it be for the

literary world, were all dull scribblers to indulge themselves in the copious use of this delectable weed! Fire and energy would abound in all their writings, and in future none would incur that odious imputation of being "Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep."

Administered in this way, tobacco may also be considered as a medicine. Who is there that has not experienced the excruciating pain and piercing torment of the tooth-ach? How many are the restless days and sleepless nights passed in the agonies of this fell tormenter? In vain is recourse had to the disciples of Hippocrates. In vain are the arcana of physick ransacked for an antidote of this "hell of all diseases." But tobacco, trivial as it may appear, reduces the obstinate inveteracy of this hideous and gigantick monster, and restores to the unhappy victim his ease and repose.

Thirdly, the last, though not the least in excellence, is smoking. The fumes of a cigar spread a calm over and check the turbulence of the passions. The mind perplexed with care, and the body fatigued with labour, flies to a cigar as the composer of the one, and the restorer of the other. Is a man immersed in difficulties? here does he find a happy extricator. Is he in distress? here he finds a gentle comforter. Is he in solitude? here does he procure a pleasant companion. View the peasant after the labour of the day, seated in his cot, surrounded by his consort and the playful fruits of their love, "inhaling the fumes of the Indian weed." Gloomy care is dispelled his brow, and cheerful content beams from his placid countenance. View the profound and philosophick Hobbes immersed in smoke, and surrounded with tobacco-pipes, instructing and enlightening mankind. View also the immortal Newton, brightening his fancy with the resuscitating fumes of this humble plant, while discovering those laws which connect and bind the universe. View these scenes ye proud enemies of tobacco, and say if

you can, that smoking has not the most felicitating and useful effect both upon the body and the mind.

Can it be possible, that to this polite, fashionable, and philosophical practice, it has been objected that it is offensive to ladies!—Some attention, it must be confessed, ought to be paid to the fastidious squeamishness of false delicacy. This, however, is only a frivolous freak of fashionable folly. Have we not seen the French and Irish ladies puff a cigar with all the *sang froid* of the veriest smoking Dutchman? We cannot but lament for their sake, that the capricious fashion of our modern belles has expelled the determined smoker from their society. Unconscious of the advantage of this practice, they unwisely deprive themselves of that which would add a *ceatus* to their charms. "As distance lends enchantment to the view," and as smoke has an effect similar to distance, must not the person of a lady, when seen through the medium of the odoriferous fumes of tobacco, appear more smooth and regular. Must it not harmonize their features and polish their appearance, without sullyng the alabaster of their bosoms? Why then, ye giddy fair ones, do ye not retract a decree so injurious to yourselves, and again admit the long-avoided smoker? Slight causes frequently produce great events, and who knows but by this means agreeable husbands may be acquired, of whom you would otherwise be deprived?

Hail, source of inestimable delight! May thy excellencies be duly appreciated by thy fair censurers! May thy virtues be transmitted to the latest posterity!—May thy ——— but enough.

ZIMMERMAN.

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FROM THE EMERALD.

The following poetick effusion from Grant's poem on the restoration of learning in the East, is not to be surpassed by the most fortunate passages in English poetry. The whole

performance is not merely eminent as a prize-poem: it affords a fair promise that its authour will soon be advanced among the peers of the literary realm, and transmit his dignities to the latest generation; that he will soon shine "last but not least" among the English classicks. Addison observes, that he who is not pleased with the perusal of Livy, has no taste for history. To test poets we propose another experiment. The man that can read the 14th line of the following extract—

"On thy cold stone looks down the eastern star,"

and not feel its poetick effect, has no taste for poetry.

"Nor these alone; but lo! as Wellesley leads,

Rise other names, and a new race succeeds.  
Rous'd by his call, the youthful bands aspire  
To Jones's learning or to Jones's fire;

In clust'ring ranks the meed of song they claim,

And toil and brighten up the steep of fame.  
Thou too, had heaven but listened to our prayer,

Thou too, Mackenzie, shouldst have brightened there.

Oh, hopes dissolv'd, oh, prospects all decay'd!

Oh, dawn of glory opening but to fade!  
Pleas'd we beheld thy early laurels bloom,  
Nor knew they wove a trophy for thy tomb.  
By Hoogley's banks from kindred dust how far!

On thy cold stone looks down the eastern star.

But still affliction views thy ashes near,  
The mould is precious and that stone is dear:  
Her nightly thought surmounts the roaring wave,

And weeps and watches round thy distant grave.

Yet say, why on that dark eventful day,  
That call'd thee from the shores of Thames away,

When friendship's warmth, 'mid parting sorrows burn'd,

Hand press'd in hand, and tear for tear return'd;

Though Hope was there all credulous and young,

Why on thy brow a cheerless shadow hung?  
E'en at that hour did dark forebodings shed  
O'er shivering Nature some unconscious dread?

And felt thy heart new wounds of sadness flow,

Prophetick sadness and a weight of woe?

"How dark though fleeting are the days of man!

What countless sorrows crowd his narrow span!

For what is life? a groan, a breath, a sigh,  
A bitter tear, a drop of misery,  
A lamp just dying in sepulchral gloom,  
A voice of anguish from the lonely tomb.  
Or wept or weeping all the change we know;

'Tis all but mournful history below—  
Pleasure is grief but smiling to destroy,  
And what is sorrow but the ghost of joy?—  
Oh, haste that hour whose rustling wings shall play

To warn the shades of Guilt and Grief away."

In the third number of The Port Folio we inserted a very humorous parody of the following ballad of Burger. We understand from the critics in the German language that the original is eminently beautiful. Its merit was once so highly appreciated in England that a host of translators started at once in the race for publick favour. The ensuing version which is, we believe, by Walter Scott, Esq. well deserves a place in this Journal.

Earl Walter winds his bugle horn,  
To horse, to horse, halloo, halloo!  
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,  
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack from couples freed  
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake,  
While answering hound, and horn, and steed  
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day  
Had painted yonder spire with gold,  
And calling sinful man to pray  
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd.

But still earl Walter onward rides,  
Halloo, halloo and hark again,  
When, spurring from opposing sides  
Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right,  
Well may I guess but dare not tell;  
The right-hand steed was silver white,  
The left the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,  
His smile was like the morn of May;  
The left, from eye of tawny glare,  
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He wav'd his huntsman's cap on high,  
Cried "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!  
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,  
To match the princely chase, afford."

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"  
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;  
"And for Devotion's choral swell  
Exchange the rude, discordant noise."

"Today the ill-omen'd chase forbear;  
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;  
Today the warning spirit hear,  
Tomorrow thou may'st mourn in vain."

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"  
The sable hunter hoarse replies;  
"To muttering monks leave matin song,  
And bells, and book, and mysteries."

Earl Walter spur'd his ardent steed,  
And launching forward with a bound,  
"Who for thy drowsy priest-like rede  
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?"

"No! pious fool, I scorn thy lore;  
Let him who ne'er the chase durst prove  
Go join with thee the droning choir,  
And leave me to the sport I love."

Fast, fast earl Walter onward rides,  
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill,  
And onward fast, on either side,  
The stranger horsemen follow'd still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,  
A stag more white than mountain snow;  
And louder rung earl Walter's horn,  
"Hark forward, forward, holla ho!"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way,—  
He gasps the thundering hoofs below;  
But live who can, or die who may,  
Still forward, forward! on they go.

See where yon simple fences meet,  
A field with Autumn's blessings crown'd:  
See prostrate at earl Walter's feet  
A husbandman with toil embrown'd.

"O mercy, mercy! noble lord;  
Spare the hard pittance of the poor,  
Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd  
In scorching July's sultry hour."

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,  
The left still cheering to the prey:  
The impetuous earl no warning heeds,  
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound, so basely born,  
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"  
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,  
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"

So said, so done—a single bound  
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale:  
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,  
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,  
Destructive sweep the field along,  
While joying o'er the wasted corn  
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again up-rous'd, the tim'rous prey  
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;  
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,  
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd;  
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;  
Amid the flock's domestick herd  
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,  
His track the steady blood-hounds trace:  
O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill  
Th' unwearied earl pursues the chase.

The anxious herdsman lowly falls;  
"O spare! thou noble baron, spare  
These herds, a widow's little all,  
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,  
The left still cheering to the prey;  
Nor prayer nor pity Walter heeds,  
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog! to stop my sport  
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine;  
Though human spirits of thy sort  
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"

Again he winds his bugle horn,  
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"  
And through the herd in ruthless scorn,  
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;  
Down sinks the mangled herdsman near;  
The murd'rous cries the stag appal,  
Again he starts new-nerv'd by fear.

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,  
While big the tears of anguish pour,  
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,  
The humble hermit's hut obscure.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,  
Fast rattling on his traces go;  
The sacred chapel rung around  
With hark away, and holla, ho!

All mild, amid the rout profane,  
The holy hermit pour'd his pray'r,  
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain,  
Revere his altar, and forbear!"

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,  
Which, wrong'd by cruelty or pride,  
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head;—  
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside."

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads,  
The black wild whooping points the prey:  
Alas! the earl no warning heeds,  
But frantick keeps the forward way,

"Holy or not, or wright or wrong,  
Thy altar and its rights I spurn;  
Not sainted martyr's sacred song,  
Not God himself shall make me turn."

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,  
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"  
But off on whirlwind's pinions borne,  
The stag, the hut, the hermit go.

And horse and man, and hound and horn,  
And clamour of the chase was gone:  
For hoofs and howls, and bugle sound,  
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gaz'd th' affrighted earl around;—  
He strove in vain to wake his horn,  
In vain to call; for not a sound  
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;  
No distant baying reach'd his ears;  
His courser rooted to the ground,  
The quick'ning spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker round it spreads,  
Dark as the darkness of the grave;  
And not a sound the still invades  
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head  
At length the awful silence broke;  
And from a cloud of swarthy red,  
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

"Oppressor of Creation fair!  
Apostate spirit's harden'd tool!  
Scourge of God! scourge of the poor!  
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Go, hunt forever through the wood;  
Forever roam th' affrighted wild;  
And let thy fate instruct the proud  
God's meanest creature is his child."

'Twas hush'd: one flash of sombre glare  
With yellow ting'd the forests brown;  
Up rose earl Walter's bristling hair,  
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;  
A rising wind began to sing;  
And louder, louder, louder still,  
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

The earth is rock'd, it quakes, it rends;  
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,  
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend  
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose,  
Well may I guess, but dare not tell:  
His eye like midnight lightning glows,  
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

Earl Walter flies o'er bush and thorn,  
With many a shriek of helpless woe,  
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,  
And hark away, and holla, ho!

With wild Despair's averted eye,  
Close, close behind, he marks the throng;  
With bloody fangs and eager cry,  
In frantic fear he scours along.

Still shall the dreadful chase endure  
Till time itself shall have an end;  
By day earth's tortured womb they scour,  
At midnight's witching hour ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,  
That oft the lated peasant hears:  
Appalled he signs the frequent cross,  
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear  
For human pride, for human woe,  
When at his midnight mass he hears  
Th' infernal cry of holla, ho!

[In Cumberland's life we find slight sketches of Johnson and Goldsmith so highly finished that we see them perhaps more advantageously than in the full length by Boswell.]

There is something in Goldsmith's prose that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over except for the pleasure it bestows. Obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet there is no doubt, but the paucity of his verses does not allow us to rank him in that high station where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, variety, and grandeur of design to constitute a first rate poet. The Deserted Village, Traveller, and Hermit, are all specimens, beautiful as such, but they are only birds' eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent whole must be accomplished before we can pronounce upon the maker to be the ποιητής. Pope himself never earned this title by a work of any magnitude but his Homer, and that being a translation, only constitutes him an accomplished versifier. Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies, nor worthy of his talents. I remember him when in his chamber in the temple he showed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature*; it was with a sigh such as Genius draws when hard necessity drives it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds, and beasts, and creeping things, which Pidcock's showman, would have done as well. Poor fellow! he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose but when he saw it upon the table. But publishers hate poetry, and Paternoster Row is not Parnassus. Even the

mighty Dr. Hill, who was not a very delicate feeder, could not make a dinner out of the press till by a happy transformation into Hannah Glasse he turned himself into a cook, and sold receipts for made-dishes to all the savoury readers in the kingdom. Then indeed the press acknowledged him second in fame only to John Bunyan; his feasts kept pace in sale with Nelson's fasts, and when his own name was written out of credit, he wrote himself into immortality under an *alias*. Now though necessity, or I should rather say the desire of finding money for a masquerade drove Oliver Goldsmith upon abridging histories and turning Buffon into English, yet I much doubt if without that spur he would ever have put his Pegasus into action; no, if he had been rich, the world would have been poorer than it is, by the loss of all the treasures of his genius and the contributions of his pen.

Who will say that Johnson himself would have been such a champion in literature, such a front-rank soldier in the fields of fame, if he had not been pressed into the service, and driven on to glory with the bayonet of sharp necessity pointed at his back? If Fortune had turned him into a field of clover, he would have lain down and rolled in it. The mere manual labour of writing would not have allowed his lassitude and love of ease to have taken the pen out of the inkhorn, unless the cravings of hunger had reminded him that he must fill the sheet before he saw the table cloth. He might indeed have knocked down Osborn for a blockhead, but he would not have knocked him down with a folio of his own writing. He would perhaps have been the dictator of a club, and whenever he sat down to conversation, there must have been that splash of strong, bold thought about him, that we might still have had a collectanea after his death; but of prose I guess not much, of works of labour none, of fancy perhaps something, more especially of poetry, which, under favour, I conceive was not his tower of strength. I

think we should have had his *Rasselas* at all events, for he was likely enough to have written at Voltaire and brought the question to the test, if infidelity is any aid to wit. An orator, he must have been; not improbably a parliamentarian, and if such, an oppositionist, for he preferred to talk against the tide. He would INDUBITABLY HAVE BEEN NO MEMBER OF THE WHIG CLUB, no *partisan of Wilkes*, no friend of Hume, no believer in Macpherson, he would have put up prayers for early rising, and lain abed all day, and with the most active resolutions possible, been the most indolent mortal living. He was a good man by nature, a great man by genius; and we know what he was by compulsion.

For The Port Folio.

### A POEM,

In the Scottish dialect.

#### 1.

Fair fa the Scottan wale o' lands,  
Thou art nae damn'd wi' gowdan sands  
But high in fame thy glory stands  
For native valour,  
And Truth and Freedom joining hands  
Without curtailer.

#### 2.

Though far remov'd, I'se ne'er neglect  
To proffer thee a son's respect,  
And wish thee blessings monie a peck  
Wi' a' that's daintie,  
That dool and sorrow ne'er may speck  
Thy peace and plenty.

#### 3.

What though thy hazy clime deny  
The products of a warmer sky,  
Let grapes and manna please the eye  
Of those that need 'em,  
In thee a nobler growth we spy,  
The sons of Freedom.

#### 4.

O Liberty, intrepid maid!  
Thy first delight's a northern shade  
Where Independence lifts his head,  
Thy reckless daddy,  
Wi' him to dwell on hill or glade  
Thou'rt always ready.

#### 5.

Thou shun'st the clime where Nature pours  
Her luscious fruits and gaudy flowers,  
For Indolence, thy foe, devours  
The gowden treasures,

And men wi' bitter sweets allures  
To wastefu' pleasures.

## 6.

Bold Industry supports thy train  
Wha reckons healthy labour gain,  
And climbs the hill contemning pain  
Of truth and honour,  
Despising lazy loons and vain  
Wi' virtuous scunner.

## 7.

Thou dwalt on Athens' rocky shore  
Wi' meikle fame in days of yore,  
An then to Rome went haffins o'er,  
But curst her eagle  
Wha suck'd thy fav'rite children's gore  
Warse than a beagle.

## 8.

In brave Galgacus' artless ranks  
A strapin chiel wi' naked shanks  
Wha play'd Agricola's waefu' pranks  
Thou soon found shelter,  
And dang the Romans o'er Tay banks  
All helter-skelter.

## 9.

An aye sinsyne thy presence makes  
Sweet Eden o' the lan' of cakes,  
For as thy brilliant lustre decks  
The meanest cottage,  
The ploughman blythly sings and takes  
His milk and pottage.

## 10.

Thus musing o'er the falls o' Clyde  
Ance by my lane I could na hide  
The notions that the foaming tide  
Rais'd in my bosom,  
But cried, like ane himsel beside,  
I maunna lose them.

## 11.

Rocks awfu' with toad-colour'd skin,  
White waters roaring down the lin,  
A curling nebul rising thin  
Frae the dark bottom,  
Made a' my flesh wi' quaking spin  
Like a tee-totum.

## 12.

The clouds now glittering green and gold  
Struck by sun-beams rich bows unfold,  
The trees shine all in chrystal mould  
A glorious view,  
Which mair sublime taught to behold  
Than sage Bossu.

## 13.

Tush, tush, cries Shank, wha stood unseen,  
Gachame and wash your bleary cen,  
Had ye but trudg'd where I hae been  
Ayont Ontary,  
Ye durst na roose this little scene  
But becn mair wary.

## 14.

A Scotchman's never pleas'd to find  
His country's wonders left behind,  
I scarcely therefore brought my mind  
To gie him credit,  
Vile Prejudice was still so blin',  
Although he said it.

## 15.

Then as a wife a quarter gane  
A restless longing fill'd my brain  
To view mysel this awfu' scene  
An aff I started;  
My friens to stop me tried in vain,  
I can't be thwarted.

## 16.

But meikle sorrow did I dree  
Frae smells and sickness on the sea,  
An' faith it aft repented me  
That I left Greenock;  
Och thought I to be hale and free  
At my ain winnock.

## 17.

New-York at length the vessel made,  
I danc'd sans tunes I was sae glad,  
An got a little by the head  
But that's no matter,  
I cam na o'er in Tartan plaid  
To drink wall water.

## 18.

Ashore I went to view the town,  
An staring travell'd up and down,  
But may my name be Jock the loon  
If gow'd and perlins  
Were laying as some thravarts croon  
As thick as sterlins.\*

## 19.

Then to the college I proceed  
To see what sciences they seced,  
Alack I spy the prudent heed  
Which fathers pleases,  
They give their race nae time to speed  
In learning's mazes.

## 20.

To Alma Mater those are sent  
Wha in the nursery should be pent,  
At which strict Kemp must aye lament  
With a' his knowledge,  
For youth to profit must have spent  
Some years at college.

## 21.

Next to the courts I wing my way,  
Says I the judge makes long delay,  
Why dont you see him several bray  
In yonder corner,  
To bareness such I am the fae  
And rigid scorner.

\* Alluding to the delusive expectations of emigrants.

22.

O leeze me on the ermine white,  
An' scarlet robes, my great delight,  
Their grandeur overpower's the sight,  
And gars the bodies  
True witness give in trembling plight,  
And clears their noddies.

23.

I turn'd about in hot disgust,  
And thro' the pressing crowd I pusht,  
When a' the noisy folks were husht,  
An' whispering roun'  
Now we shall here it we'el discuss  
Wi' reas'ning soun'.

24.

Back then I look'd, a chiel began,  
His voice an' manner gar me stan',  
Bright HAMILTON they call'd the man,  
An' I grew eerie  
Lest Tammy Erskine he'd out span,  
Or witty Harry.

25.

Alas! I'm taul this genius rare,  
With whom in faith few could compare  
Is silent now for ever mair,  
A curse on duels,  
May a' that for sic wark prepare  
Soon get the cruels.

26.

To Albany I take my course,  
In Mynhers' sloop, an' fair the worse,  
For captain Chase rough as a horse,  
A Frenchman bobbin,  
Twa Irish blades, the friens o' force,  
Fill up the cabin.

27.

To Lewis Inn I quickly came,  
The bar-room's fu' as it can cram,  
Each has a pipe, each has a dram,  
Gentle and simple,  
For after breakfast myriads swarm  
This morning temple.

28.

The clouds of incense drive me out,  
Wi' wat'ry een and sneezing snout,  
Alack I heard na the dispute  
That twa rough bar-men  
Had wi' a judge and gen'ral stout  
'Bout peace and war man.

29.

Now to Schenectady we ride,  
And find the town in dismal tide,  
The college billies canna bide  
Their braw new tutor,  
But straps to such become the guide,  
Frae Rab the sutor.

30.

Och leaved Edwards now's awa,  
Of whom fu' loudly they might blaw,

Altho' some think there is a flaw  
In his dark question;  
A bone that discontents may gnaw  
For everlastin'.

31.

Black woods and mires, a gloomy sight,  
Give to my journey sma' delight,  
At length to Niagara hight  
Wi' mickle labour  
I got, but in a sorry plight  
Wi' rags and slaver.

32.

Back then I gaze upo' the States,  
An' ilka ane its dixi gates,  
But faith my mem'ry clearly dates  
Their treatment coothy,  
The folks as lang shall be my pets  
As I grow drowthy.

33.

An' that's for aye a neebour thought  
Wha swoor I have perpetual drought,  
But what o' that, their kindness wrought  
Upo' my nature,  
Tho' Prejudice against them fought  
Wi' giant stature.

34.

Weel, billies, if ye want to see  
Braw charming lassies chaste and free,  
Wi' smiling mou' an sparkling ee,  
The States can show them,  
And men o' judgment, wit, and glee,  
For now I know them.

35.

Grete are the numbers I could roose,  
Wha shaw'd me kindness in my cruise,  
But to be nam'd they dinna choose,  
At which I'm sorry,  
Their very names would help my muse,  
To be more cheery.

36.

O Sister States! lang may ye reign  
Exempt frae a' politick pain;  
Let sacred union be the chain  
Of your sheet anchor,  
And Peace wi' a' her jolly train  
Your surest banker.

37.

Now to the fa's I teuk my rout,  
An fairly awn there is nae doubt,  
At Painter's door without dispute,  
But they are greater  
Than dainty Clyde, tho' he could spout  
Ten times mair water.

38.

But still my fancy wild began  
As on the Table Rock I stan',  
To swear the fa's were not so gran',  
As trav'lers painted,

Nor yet so high by monie a span,  
The sight assented.

39.

Next down the Indian stair I crawl,  
And skin from off my curpin haul,  
Then to my guide aneath I squall,  
Where are ye, Billy,  
Here like a snail upon the wall,  
I'm tied unwillie.

40.

Now at the bottom in amaze  
Up to the fa's I woody gaze,  
Four suns stand glitt'ring in the haze,  
And then the din,  
Wi' rising clouds a' in a blaze,  
Strike deaf an' blin'.

41.

The mighty rock appears to view  
Bent like an English hunter's shoe,  
Or like the moon a week frae new,  
And bending forward,  
So that the tides of greenish hue,  
Dash fairly downward.

42.

Thrice did my Muse wi' vaprin try  
To sing what fills my ear and eye,  
The tow'ring height, the fleecy sky,  
The deep-ton'd thunder,  
She fail'd alas and 'gan to cry,  
For spite and wonder.

43.

Hameward now I teuk my road  
An' quickly to Ontario trode,  
Roun' it I sail wi' packs a load  
To see the towns,  
And find ilk ane the sweet abode  
Of jolly loons.

44.

Down Laury's burn in haste I get,  
But faith the Rapids mak me sweat,  
A trembling hardly leaves me yet  
To think of Francy,  
Wha in his lake me sae beset  
As was na chancy.

45.

In Montreal I find mysel,  
Wi' iron doors and windows snell,  
The houses dark, I whisper Bell  
Here thieves are plenty;  
No faith, quoth he, but fires to quell,  
We are thus tenty.

46.

O Montreal! thou bears the gree  
For coothy hospitality,  
To strangers thou 'rt sae kind and free  
As gars them bletcher  
Thy praises till the day they dee  
An' brack their tether.

47.

And aften was the foaming bowl  
Grac'd wi' a glorious flow of soul,  
When M. and J. sat cheek by jowl,  
An' R. sae pithy,  
I hear them speak without control,  
I was sae blythe the aye.

48.

My course to stout Quebeck I steer,  
The town that cost the realm sae dear,  
The walls are tough and need na fear  
The threats of faes,  
Weel fenc'd wi' fouth of batt'ring gear  
'Gainst gloomy days.

49.

Romantick scenes are here in plenty,  
An ane frae Diamond Cape right dainty,  
But for my part I was mair tenty  
To drap some tears  
Where Wolfe on glorious fame sae bent ay?  
His exit cheers.

50.

O fa's o' Clyde, your fate bewail!  
For Montmorency's beat you hale,  
But husht, the vessel 's gaen to sail,  
And I'm ashore—  
America, farewell, farewell,  
For evermore.

LIVR.

About the middle of the century which preceded the birth of Christ, Titus Livius, a native of Padua, appeared at Rome to give celebrity to the Augustan age.

We have very little account of his life, but the defect is supplied by the possession of a work which has no rival amongst the ancients. When in its complete state, it was composed of one hundred and forty books, and embraced the whole history of the Roman empire, from its foundation to the death of Drusus, who was adopted by Augustus.

Of this inestimable performance, only thirty-five books remain. The loss, it is to be feared, is now irretrievable. Time and bigotry have probably concurred in destroying this invaluable store of learning. The latter has been a restless, violent, and too successful enemy to learning; and many of the pages of this authour have haply been obliterated to make room for the tales of a legendary saint or the masses of a superstitious monk.

So great was the reputation of Livy, and so extensively diffused, that an inhabitant of Cadiz, a place at that time entirely out of the world, went from his country for the sole purpose of seeing so distinguished a man, and returned as soon as his curiosity had been gratified. Upon this subject, it was well observed by Saint Jerom, that it is a very extraordinary circumstance, that a stranger, entering a city such as Rome, should wish to see any thing there but Rome itself.

It is very remarkable, that, although patronised by Augustus, Livy dared to confer praise on the republican party, on Brutus, Cassius, and particularly on Pompey, insomuch that Augustus named him the Pompeian.

In the next reign, the conduct of government to aulthours was so changed, that Cremutius Cordus, fearful of the resentment of Tiberius, starved himself to death for having denominated Cassius the last of the Romans. Livy extols the rising state of Rome as if she had then been the mistress of the world; and perhaps in real grandeur and glory she more excelled when she fought against Pyrrhus and against Carthage, than when her widely extended empire emboldened her to assume that imperious title. At the former periods, the republick appeared in the ascendant, when fortitude, patriotism, and probity, gave the truest dignity, and the brightest lustre to its name.

Livy has been accused of being a fabulous writer; but the prodigies he speaks of are only represented as traditional, and formed part of an empire where all was presage and divination. The bulk of the people were superstitious, and government turned this superstition to the publick advantage. Irreligion alone has been found essentially hostile to social and moral order. The books of the Sybils were always holden sacred, and consulted as occasions required. Perhaps even the fine genius of Livy might be tinctured with the popular creed as to fatalism and divination. It has also been objected to this writer, that his history, in point of the

speeches it contains, resembles a romance. It is sufficient to support the veracity of an history, if it gives the substance of what an eloquent man did or might be supposed to say on a certain occasion. At Rome, no one could aspire to office without being obliged sometimes to address three or four hundred senators, sometimes an assembled and tumultuous people. Legal accusations and defences were the great vehicles of eloquence. The most considerable members of the state were orators. Trifling discussions were carried before the prætors, at an inferiour tribunal; but all important causes were heard before a certain number of Roman knights, in a vast forum, filled by an attentive multitude; so that he who exposed himself to this perilous proof, required to be very sure of his talents and his firmness. Eloquence, a rare quality in monarchies, was rendered, by habit, a common one in the republicks both of Greece and Rome. In those states the art of persuasion carried with it a power, inconceivable by those, who live in countries, where it is the creature either of authority or of influence. The historian therefore has not too highly coloured the sentiments of the speaker, though perhaps he has varied or dilated the language, in which they were conveyed. If any one doubt whether the harangues given by Livy suit the character and circumstances of the speakers; among many, that would tend to solve the doubt, let him peruse the discourse which Quintius Capitolinus, one of the greatest men of his time, and, what meant the same thing when greatness and virtue were synonymous, one of the best citizens, addressed to the Roman people, when the animosity of the two orders made them forget their common interest, and be regardless of their danger. The Æqui and Volsci were at their gates, about three hundred years after the building of the city, and there was no preparation or disposition to oppose them. On this occasion, Quintius mounts the tribune, and addresses the people in a speech, wherein are assembled all the

means of persuasion; which the art of oratory possesses. The tone is noble, the style pathetick, the diction elegant and harmonious.

Quintilian speaks of the *lactea ubertas* of Livy. He is indeed a model of imitation to all, who would compose in Latin, for his narration has sweetness, purity, and eloquence. The high rank he holds amongst his contemporaries will always be sustained; he is ever intelligible, diffusive without tediousness, and argumentative without pedantry.

The cause of truth and virtue he uniformly defends: and as the life of a scholar is rarely replete with incidents, although that of Livy was extended to his sixty-seventh year, yet tradition has told us so little of him, that his works, which on every account may be recommended to the study of youth, are the best comment on his character. The historical merit of this writer is the majestic flow of narrative; in which events follow each other with rapidity, yet without hurry or confusion: to this may be added the continual beauty and energy of his style, by which his readers are transported from their closet to the theatre of action.

The taste, the judgment, the eloquence of the Augustan age are no where more happily combined than in the pages of Livy. Be his subject what it may, whether it require force or delicacy, whether an army is to be inspired to some great achievement, or a senate to be softened into compliance, he touches it with a master-hand. Each, for the time, appears his characteristic, till a sudden transition shows him equally possessed of the opposite.

Longinus says of the sublime, that it pleases every body, and pleases at all times. The Roman historian answers completely to this definition.

Nearly two thousand years can attest the general approbation, with which he had been read. Sublimar thoughts are found in no historian. yet those of Livy are always uncon-

strained and natural to the person who utters them.

It has been observed, that the writers of tragedy diversify their scenes by art; and after the mind has been kept long upon the stretch, by the representation of some great action, they throw in something of less importance to relax it.

Livy is said to have adopted their plan; and when he has excited all the pain and sorrow his readers can bestow, he soothes them by some engaging circumstance, that relieves the mind by diverting the attention.

Judgment is a predominant quality in him. It is equally evident in his selection of words, and in his delineation of characters. Not only are his Romans distinguished from the inhabitants of other countries by their opinions and their manners, but from themselves at the different eras and under the different forms of their government.

This quality it is, which enables him to discern what is proper to every character, and to temper the fire of Genius by discretion. This warrants his panegyrists in their warm eulogium, that "no man was ever great with so much ease, none was ever familiar with so much dignity."

#### LEVITY.

[The ensuing banter is unquestionably from the pen of some prejudiced Englishman. His description of the state of society, and mode of polity which existed among the *savages* of our country, we trust, whatever may be the resemblance in some slighter features, will never be mistaken for the likeness of these "*free, sovereign, and independent states*."] ]

"It is the first idea of an *American*, that every man is born *free* and *independent*, and that no power on earth has any right to diminish, or circumscribe his *natural liberty*. There is hardly any appearance of *subordination* either in *civil* or *domestick* government. Every one does what he pleases. Fathers and mothers live with their children like persons whom chance has brought together, and whom no common bond unites. Their manner of educating their children is suitable

to this principle. They never chastise or punish them, *even during their infancy*. As they advance in years, they continue to be entirely masters of their own actions, and seem *not* to be conscious of being responsible for any part of their conduct.

"The power of their *civil magistrates* is *EXTREMELY* limited. Among all their *tribes*, their *sachem*, or *chief*, is elective. A council of *old men* is chosen to assist him, without whose advice he determines no affair of importance.

"The *sachema* neither *possess*, nor claim any great degree of authority. They *propose* and *entreat*, rather than *command*. The obedience of the people is altogether *voluntary*. When *war is resolved* (but here, at least, for the *present*, the resemblance will not hold,) the *chief* arises, and offers *himself* to be the *leader*."

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VAGUES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Spirited glee, and doleful ditty,  
Mourning sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

They who have made but superficial studies in the natural history of the human mind, have been taught to look on religious opinions as the only cause of enthusiastick zeal, and sectarian propagation. But there is no doctrine whatever, on which men can warm, that is not capable of the very same effect. The social nature of man impels him to propagate his principles, as much as physical impulses urge him to propagate his kind. The passions give zeal and vehemence. The understanding bestows design and system. The whole man moves under the discipline of his opinions. Religion is among the most powerful causes of enthusiasm. When any thing concerning it becomes an object of much meditation, it cannot be indifferent to the mind. They who do

not love religion hate it. The rebels to God perfectly abhor the author of their being. They hate him "with all their heart, with all their mind, with all their soul, and with all their strength." He never presents himself to their thoughts, but to menace and alarm them. They cannot strike the sun out of Heaven, but they are able to raise a smouldering smoke that obscures him from their own eyes. Not being able to revenge themselves on God, they have a delight in vicariously defacing, degrading, torturing, and tearing in pieces his image in man. Let no one judge of them by what he has conceived of them, when they were not incorporated, and had no lead. They were then only passengers in a common vehicle. They were then carried along with the general motion of religion in the community, and without being aware of it, partook of its influence. In that situation, at worst, their nature was left free to counterwork their principles. They despaired of giving any very general currency to their opinions. They considered them as a reserved privilege for the chosen few. But when the possibility of dominion lead, and propagation presented themselves, and that the ambition, which before had so often made them hypocrites, might rather gain than lose by a daring avowal of their sentiments, then the nature of this infernal spirit, which has "evil for its good," appeared in its full perfection. Nothing indeed but the possession of some power can with any certainty discover, what at the bottom is the true character of any man.—Burke.

### THE BELIEVER AND THE ATHEIST.

B. That is as certain as that God hath made the world.

A. Psha! he did not make the world.

B. (With surprise) No! who made it then?

A. Why nobody. It never was made.

B. How came it here?

A. Why it has been here from all eternity.

*B.* I should never have guessed it to be so old. But still you have not informed me how it exists.

*A.* By chance.

*B.* By chance!

*A.* Yes, unquestionably by mere chance. You have no notion of the power of chance.

*B.* The power of chance!—Chance is blind.

*A.* Blindness does not diminish power. For, even according to your Bible, Sampson was able to pull down a house, and smother three thousand Philistines, after he was stone blind.

*B.* Sneering is one thing and reasoning is another.

*A.* Then let us reason—I speak for the power of chance. Were a thousand dice put into a box, and thrown out often enough, there can be no doubt but six thousand would be thrown at last; nay, if a hundred thousand were to be rattled and thrown without ceasing, six hundred thousand would appear in process of time at one throw. Why, therefore, may not this world, such as we find it, have been cast up by the mere rattling of atoms?

*B.* I should humbly conceive, that it rather was the production of an almighty intelligent Maker. I am fully convinced, that order, uniformity, and exquisite adaptness, must be the work of intelligence and wisdom as well as power.

*A.* Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus."

What do you think of that maxim of Horace?

*B.* I think it a very good one as he applied it. But I am convinced that Horace, though a heathen, would not have brought it into such an argument as the present.

*A.* Perhaps not, for as you say, he was an ignorant heathen, and believed in gods.

*B.* Had he lived at present he would have confined his faith to one; for independent of the christian religion, all the improvements that have been made in science since his time lead us to acknowledge a first intelligent creator and governour of the universe.

*A.* They lead me to no such things. I adhere to chance, and acknowledge no other God. What do you say to that?

*B.* I say, that was I to utter such an impious expression, I should be afraid of going to hell.

*A.* There again! Why there is no such place.

*B.* How can you be sure of that?

*A.* Because the thing is impossible.

*B.* Did you not assert a little while ago that the world was made by chance?

*A.* I assert so still!

*B.* Then how can you be sure that such a place as hell is not made by chance also.

This unexpected question seemed to disconcert the philosopher.

*B.* (With a very serious air) Sir, I would not have you to trust entirely to such reasoning, which is wicked as well as inconsistent: and permit me to add a piece of advice, which it greatly imports you to follow—Renounce impiety, that in case there should, by chance or otherwise, be any such place as hell prepared for blasphemers, you may not be sent to it.

It is in the relaxation of security, it is in the expansion of prosperity, it is in the hour of dilatation of the heart, and of its softening into festivity and pleasure, that the real character of men is discerned. If there is any good in them, it appears then or never. Even wolves and tigers, when gorged with their prey, are safe and gentle. It is at such times that noble minds give all the reigns to their good nature. They indulge their genius even to intemperance, in kindness to the afflicted, in generosity to the conquered; forbearing insults, forgiving injuries, overpaying benefits. Full of dignity themselves, they respect dignity in all, but they feel it sacred in the unhappy. But it is then, and basking in the sunshine of unmerited fortune, that low, sordid, ungenerous, and reptile souls swell with their hoarded poisons; it is then that they display their odious splendour, and shine out in the full lustre of their native villainy and baseness. It is in that season that no man

of sense or honour can be mistaken for one of them.

"You do not pretend to assert, that negroes are originally on a footing with white people, you will allow, I hope, that they are an inferior race of men." Thus was speaking in company of a West India planter.

"I will allow," replied a gentleman present, "that their hair is short, and ours long, that their nose is flat and ours raised, that their skin is black and ours white; yet after all these concessions, I still have my doubts respecting our rights to make them slaves."

A person present at the performance of a serious opera, on an Italian stage, after having displayed great signs of satisfaction, cried out, "The composer deserves to be made chief musician to the Virgin, and to lead a choir of angels."\*

Those who are bountiful to crimes, will be rigid to merit, and penurious to service. Their penury is even held out as a blind and cover to their prodigality. The economy of injustice is, to furnish resources for the fund of corruption. Then they pay off their protection to great crimes and great criminals, by being inexorable to the paltry frailties of little men; and these modern flagellants are sure, with a rigid fidelity, to whip their own enormities on the vicarious back of every small offender.

Contempt is not a thing to be despised. It may be borne with a calm and equal mind, but no man by lifting his head high can pretend that he does not perceive the scorns that are poured down upon him from above.

If we make ourselves too little for the sphere of our duty; if on the contrary, we do not stretch and expand our minds to the compass of their ob-

ject, be well assured that every thing about us will dwindle by degrees, until at length our concerns are shrunk to the dimensions of our minds. It is not a predilection to mean, sordid, home-bred cares, that will avert the consequences of a false estimation of our interest, or prevent the shameful dilapidation into which a great empire must fall, by mean reparations upon mighty ruins.

#### MERRIMENT.

When Lord Thurlow was chancellor, his mace-bearer, who had attended him to the court and the House of Lords for years in awful silence, thinking one day that he saw something like a smile on his Lordship's face, ventured to simper out, "My Lord, this is a fine day." "Damn you and the day too," thundered out his Lordship.

Miss. Mellon, walking in a garden at Plymouth, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, the proprietor informed the ladies that they might eat plentifully of fruit, for there was none forbidden in that garden.—"Excepting *Melon*," replied the sprightly young actress.—"That is *forced*," retorted a lady in company.

Charles Fox.—at a consultation of the minority members on a day previous to a great question, it was asked who had best open the business; Mr. Fox exclaimed, with the tyrant Richard, "*Saddle black Surry*\* for the field tomorrow."

A clergyman having written some observations on Shakspeare's Plays, carried a specimen of his performance to Mr. Sheridan, and desired his opinion: "Sir," said Mr. Sheridan, "I wonder people won't mind their own affairs; you may spoil your own *Bible*, if you please, but pray let ours alone."

A young fellow, who fancied he had talents for the stage, offered himself to the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, who desired him to give a specimen of his abilities to Mr. Lewis, the acting manager. After he had rehearsed a speech or two in a wretched manner,

\* It is a popular opinion in Italy, that the Virgin Mary is very fond, and an excellent judge of music.

\* Now Duke of Norfolk.

Lewis, asked him, with a contemptuous sneer, whether he had ever done any part in comedy. The young fellow answered that he had done the part of Abel, in the Alchymist; to which Lewis instantly replied, "You mistake my dear Sir, it was the part of Cain you acted; for I am sure you murdered Abel."

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"H" pleasingly reminds us of a fine passage in the Anti-Jacobin:

And while the spinster grieves in wild afflict,  
Vexed with dull megrim or vertigo light,  
Pleas'd round the fair the dawdling doctors stand,  
Wave the white wig and stretch the asking hand,  
State the grave doubt, the nauseous draught decree,  
And all receive, though none deserve a fee.

"G" and "K" may, like some of the English *Cantabs*, recount college exploits in the ensuing style,  
Tell how at *Cam* we run our race,  
Not like the present *babes of grace*,  
In thumbing musty lore,  
No books but *magazines* we read,  
At barb'rous Latin shook our head,  
And voted Greek *a bore*!

"H" need not be solicitous about the *binding*, the *contents* of the volume are sufficiently brilliant and sufficiently durable.

Genius, like Egypt's Monarchs, timely wise,  
Constructs his own memorial ere he dies,  
Leaves his best image in his works enshrined,  
And makes a mausoleum of mankind.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

##### THE RELAPSE.

And is it so? ye powers above!  
Say, must I yield again?  
Again, must yield to mighty Love,  
And wear his servile chain!

Again, the "God of soft desires"  
Inflicts the pleasing smart!  
Again, he lights his wonted fires  
In my distracted heart!

Tyrannick Love! why should'st thou still,  
Afflict my anxious breast?  
Ye passions wild,—obey my will!  
Thou flutt'ring spirit—rest!

I will not yield. Avaunt ye fears!  
By heaven, I will be wise!  
But—Cara, heavenly fair, appears!  
And—resolution dies!

The mounds of prudence swept away,  
Forward the torrents roll:  
And Cara, with triumphant sway,  
Reigns o'er my conquer'd soul!

In vain, I fly to distant hills,  
To banish grief and care;  
Or listen to the noisy rills,  
For Cara still is there!

I hear the streams that ever flow;  
They murmur Cara's name!  
I hear the gentle zephyrs blow;  
They sweetly breathe the same.

Where'er I rove, the lovely maid,  
In airy vision flies!  
Deep in the dark sequestered shade  
She dances in my eyes!

When night, in sable darkness, hides  
The wide-extended glade,  
The sylph-like phantom swiftly glides  
In ev'ry deep'ning shade!

Were I the lord of earth and sea,  
Were all creation mine,  
O Cara! for one smile from thee,  
I would the whole resign!

Let Cara smile—I'll bless my fate,  
Though glory it denies,  
Nor envy Kings their regal state,  
Nor gods their azure skies!

ANNIUS.

##### THE ODDS.

The bright bewitching Mary's eyes  
A thousand hearts have won,  
Whilst she, regardless of the prize,  
Securely keeps her own.  
Ah! what a dreadful girl are you,  
Who, if you e'er design  
To make me happy, must undo  
999!

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, February 21, 1807.

[No. 8

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

These polish'd arts have humaniz'd mankind.

IT is grateful, sometimes, to retire from the employments of the noisy world, and seek amusement in the retreats of literature. There can be no higher pleasure, than the cultivation of the fine arts, to those who delight in the improvement of society, and who can enjoy the pleasing duty of labouring to advance the interests of posterity. The gradations of America, owing to various causes have, heretofore, been slow and imperceptible; and the minds of her children have been abstracted by the pursuits of ambition or of wealth, from an attention to elegant learning. But amidst the darkness, some coruscations have recently appeared, and the exertions of a few individuals promise to establish a basis, on which a superstructure shall be erected worthy a Greek or Roman name. The flattering hopes that are entertained, by no means transgress the limits of probability, for circumstances sanction the expectations. A nation, munificent, prosperous, and free, will support an institution, design-

ed with prudence, and established with firmness and zeal. At a time like this, observations on a particular art will not be deemed intrusion; because, however unworthy in themselves, they will be ennobled by the excellence of their theme.

It was a remark of the great Bacon, and universal experience confirms its truth, that in the rise of a nation the military arts flourished, during its maturity the liberal, and the arts of luxury when on its decline. Our infancy, which was rocked in the cradle of war, is passed, and we have not yet, I trust, arrived at the period of declension: we are then, precisely at the season represented by the philosopher, as adapted to the advancement of liberal science.

Poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture are properly termed the liberal arts. Where one has flourished, the others have generally followed in its train; so that the cultivation of one has been the cultivation of all. But the respective merits of each admit of a comparison. Judging then, either by the effects produced on our minds, or by the qualifications requisite to form a proficient, can we hesitate to bestow the laurel on the art of painting? Shades of Homer and of Virgil condemn me not for the decision! for the Iliad and Ænied owe their charms more to elegance of thought than refinement of numbers; more to the

\* The Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. I would encourage them in the words of Cicero: Pergite, ut et vobis honori, et amicis utilitati, et reipublicæ emolumento eae possitis! De Oratore.

richness of the mind from which they flowed, than to the splendour of dress with which they are encircled. Poets have been immortalized because they have been philosophers; and their precepts delivered in another form, would produce effects almost equally beneficial. Musick, the companion and sister of Poetry, may add her charms, but still their united efforts cannot surpass the beauties of painting.

Segnius irritant animos, demissa per aurem  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et  
quæ  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

Sculpture has exercised the labours of genius, and transmitted through the course of time, the features of illustrious men: but, except in the durability of its works, it shrinks from a comparison with painting; for the chill and inexpressive aspect, the beamless eye, the cold, and colourless lips, but feebly convey to the mind of the beholder, the character of the soul; while the canvas seems to live, to breathe, to speak, under the touch of a master's pencil. Sculpture indeed was not deemed unworthy the attention of Socrates; but he is not indebted to that employment for any of his fame. Socrates ennobled the art, but the art never added a single ray to the unclouded glory of Socrates.

Architecture is rather a useful than an elegant art. By the mere exertion of mechanical talents it may be improved to perfection, and its noblest efforts exhibit a display of taste and execution, but not the offspring of an original mind. A superiour painter must be a superiour genius. If he would depict *the human face divine*, how various, how extensive, how complicated must be his abilities! The proportioned position and accurate delineation of features, the appropriate degrees of light and shade, the vivid glow of colours, are but the least important of his objects. He must describe physically the anatomy of the body, he must enter into the very soul of his subject, and diffuse over the lifeless canvas, the *bright effluence* of genius, of benevolence, or of heroism.

Even the minutest work of creation contains ten thousand beauties hidden from a vulgar eye, which the artist must elicit, and display in their various perfections. Nature must be studied in her simplest state. No words are presented, from which taste or judgment may select the most appropriate: no language is to be uttered, but the language of the heart. He must transfer his soul into another's bosom, and tracing to their sources, the springs of action, he must display their full maturity by the powers of his art.

Painting may be considered the prolific mother of all science. Its origin is discernible in the hieroglyphicks of Egypt, which comprised the literature of the world; and which, representing by characters similar to the objects they expressed, the occurrences that could engage the attention of mankind, collected and preserved whatever was worthy of remembrance. These, we are told, had descended from the earliest periods of man, and indeed, in the fabulous legends of the east, had existed upwards of ten thousand years. The invention of letters by Cadmus, was but an improvement on an earlier art, and a substitution of an arbitrary for a certain character. Thus painting was the source whence written language was derived, and after giving birth to a language for philosophers, separated from her original design and formed a science for unlettered man.

Throwing off her original simplicity, Painting became more perfect, as the world advanced. Rapid improvements are discernible in the days of Zeuxis and Apelles; the art was cultivated with success in after ages, and at length arrived at a degree almost inimitable during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when Florence boasted the grandeur of Michael Angelo and the sweetness of Leonardo; Rome gloried in the expressive simplicity of her Raphael; the grace of Corregio adorned the school of Lombardy; and France and Flanders witnessed with paternal pride the labours of Le Brun and Reubens. In their

works the ignorant and the wise can jointly participate, and the benefits of their art have extended over every condition of men.

## SALADIN.

In many of our daily prints poetical essays of great merit abound. Of these fugitives some are of a political complexion, which, nevertheless, deserve much of the attention of men of letters. The *Gazette* of the United States, some time since, introduced to the publick the ensuing classical poem, an imitation of the seventh eclogue of Virgil. Of this occidental pastoral the images are brilliant and the versification soft and pleasing.

In that bright season when the orb of day  
Pours down from Cancer his refulgent ray,  
When the ripe harvest waves its golden head,  
And bounteous Nature's richest stores are spread,

Swelling with transports to but few allow'd,  
I burst indignant from the senseless crowd.  
Leaving to — the cares of state,

To me how little, but to some how great!  
Forth to the fields I took my willing way,  
Careless and free through Nature's walks to stray.

My lov'd pedometer, companion true,  
Had scarce assum'd its station in my shoe,  
When deck'd in hues fantastically bright,  
An insect rose before my ravished sight.  
Sudden I sprang to seize the shining prey!  
Sudden it turn'd, and flittered far away.

Onward I mov'd, ambitious to obtain  
The prize which monarchs might contend to gain,

Turned as it turned, with spirit unsubdued,  
As it fled forward, forward I pursued.  
The eager chase my footsteps soon had lead  
Where rolls Potowmack through his shadowy bed.

But still undaunted, as the distance grew,  
So grew my ardour, and my courage too.  
At length the insect, feeble, faint and slow,  
Flapped its broad wings and seemed to wait the blow.

How my heart bounded, when, with rapture warm,

To grasp the glittering prize I raised my arm;

How my heart sunk, when, rousing from its dream,

The treach'rous insect darted o'er the stream.  
Hope, which sustain'd me with increasing force

Through the long windings of my devious course,

Now fled at once, and left me on the shore,  
In tears my disappointment to deplore.

But soon the breeze, that wafted on its wing

The sweetest incense of retiring spring,  
Shed o'er my languid limbs refreshing balm,

And hush'd my soul to philosophick calm.  
While turning in my mind a thought that rose,

Why butterflies should deem mankind their foes,

Daphnis appear'd, whose sympathetick breast

Swelled with the sorrows that my tale expressed—

“But cease,” he cried, “these accents of despair,

“The loss, though great, tomorrow may repair.

“In yonder bower beside the limpid stream,

“Where the thick foliage turns the solar beam,

“Two swains prepare, as simple nature moves,

“To sing, in artless strains, their distant loves;

“Osages both, both in the pride of youth,

“The self taught sons of Innocence and Truth.”

Quick through my veins a pulse of rapture ran,

And my thoughts rose from butterflies to man.

Reclin'd at ease we found the amorous swains  
Who thus contended in alternate strains;  
Alternate strains in which the muse delights  
Who guards of amorous swains the equal rights.

1st. *Os.* Bright are the beams that on his summit play,

When the Salt Mountain greets the god of day,

But brighter far the radiance of my fair  
When bear's grease glitters on her jetty hair.

2nd. *Os.* Sweet are the odours that perfume the gale

When tall magnolias their scents exhale,  
But sweeter far the fragrance of my love  
When fish-fat odours through her tresses move.

1st. When from our sight Shawbonkin disappears,

The sad Salt Mountain melts in briny tears;

But when her presence gladdens all the plain,

The briny tears are chrystalized again.

2nd. The mammoth moans when Scuttawawbah's gone,

And magpies murmur in lugubrious tone;

She comes, the mammoth gently swells his throat,

And magpies chatter in their softest note.

1st. When woods resound not with Shawbonkin's song,

In bubbling sighs Missouri creeps along;

But if her voice the list'ning grove employ,  
Th' enraptured river undulates with joy.

2nd. If Scuttawawbah weeps, the frogs are mute,

And prairie dogs lie howling at her foot;

She smiles, the frogs their concert raise again,  
And prairie dogs bound nimbly o'er the plain.

1st. When 'in the song Shawbonkin bears the prize,

The rocks and vales in acclamation rise,  
Shawbonkin's name the mountain god re-sounds,

Th' harmonious name the echoing wood re-bounds.

2nd. When Scuttawawbah triumphs in the dance,

Mammoths and prairie dogs their heads advance,

And Scuttawawbah's animating sound  
In joyful iteration flies around.

Here ceas'd the swains, and each with downcast eyes

And modest mien, awaits th' expected prize.  
Touch'd with the sight, ingenuous youths!

I cried,

My heart expanding with the noblest pride,  
No wreath of conquest is to either due,

For both to nature and to love are true.

To each I grant equality of praise,

And here distribute the divided bays.

[We have repeatedly taken occasion to speak in terms of commendation of the *Providence Gazette*, a paper, in which politicks sometimes give place to literature. "The *Adelphiad*," frequently appears in this gazette, and has many attractions. The following appears to us a sensible article of criticism. We are no enthusiasts in favour of Bloomfield, but we think that the *sum cuique* ought always to be fairly awarded.]

#### THE ADELPHIAD.

Whatever may be thought, by those who delight to be spectators of newspaper pugilism, of the mode by which the respective combatants fight for the victory, some rules ought to be established before the battle begins. Criticks, who aspire to no more dignity on the literary stage, than common pugilists do on theirs, degrade the functions of their office, and their long-flowing robes give to the caricature all the gravity of burlesque. It resembles the contest of two grave doctors of divinity, who, instead of entering the lists with a decency becoming their profession, prove their orthodoxy by their fists, and leave their dishevelled wigs on the ground *for the benefit of the barber*. It becomes every one who feels for the welfare of letters, to enter his protest against such a pug-nacular mode of deciding the controversies of Parnassus. Melpomene, or Clio, may be requested to retire from the stage of publick observance, without

bearing around their eyes azure evidence of the delicacy of their opponents. Our modern descendants of Longinus have but half learned their trade; a faulty paragraph receives no quarter, it is given up to the sport and contempt of mankind; but the most brilliant passages they will not condescend to notice. That profound English critick, John Dennis, once attended a play, and observing some who had the temerity to laugh without his consent, rose from his seat in high dudgeon, and shook his cane at the audience. In short, our criticks ramble through the literary field, where many a beautiful flowret solicits their acceptance, present us with a nosegay of nettles, and confidently affirm that the soil abounds in nothing else. The admirers of Bloomfield with justice complain, that their bard has been thus unmercifully handled; that in quest of *latent deformity*, his criticks have neglected *obvious beauty*. If any man supposes that the friends of the poet admire him for those passages which his censurers have cited as the best effusions of his muse, he libels common sense. We will not waste one word of contempt on those, who sneer at the humility of the poet's occupation. It is a rancorous compliment paid to his genius, when his criticks abuse him, because his poverty once compelled him to the drudgery of a shoemaker. We are aware of, and are ready to admit the justification of some of his criticks, that they wrote for the purpose of finding fault *somewhere*, and lest they should not accomplish their object, adulterate a passage with their own nonsense, and then palm it on mankind as the poet's. One of them, for instance, desires to know what the bard means by the following line:

"The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful bow:"

and with propriety thinks, that as Ceres was never put to the patronage of a dancing-master, she could not instruct her children in such a mode of salutation. Now, if our critick does not think it below his transcendent

dignity to read before he condemns, we would, with trembling diffidence, supplicate his attention to the preceding line:

"Shot up from broad rank blades, that droop below,

"The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful bow," or curve.

We hope that he will hereafter wait until Bloomfield does write nonsense, and not manufacture it on his own anvil. That Bloomfield has faults, and some of an *obtrusive* kind, we are not disposed to controvert; there is an evident struggle between his genius and education, in which sometimes, though seldom, the latter obtains the ascendancy; but its reign is short, and is succeeded by a defeat unexpected and glorious. We will now briefly exhibit Bloomfield as nature sometimes has exhibited him; and as his critics have displayed the incrustation only, we will now throw out some casual glimpses of the diamond.

When Genius is occupied with the delightful task of portraying whatever lies within the ken of its own observance, how brilliant is the sketch!

"The small dust-coloured beetle climbs with pain  
O'er the smooth plantain leaf, a spacious plain;  
Thence higher still by countless steps conveyed,  
He gains the summit of a shivering blade;  
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,  
Exulting in his distance from the ground."

The appropriation of the feelings of a man, when climbing a dangerous precipice, to the small and dust-coloured beetle, who gains the "summit" of a leaf, is beautifully poetick, and leads to the belief that angels look upon all the efforts of human ambition with the same degree of insignificance.

Those who slaughter the lower orders of creation, not for subsistence, but *amusement*, will find the following description accurate; and those whose pleasures are not derived from *torture*, will see and admire in the poet's painting, what they would despise and shrink from in the *original*. The poet addresses a dog:

"When the warm pack in faulting silence stood,  
Thine was the note to rouse the list'ning wood;

Rekindling every joy in ten-fold force,  
Through all the mazes of the tainted course.  
Still foremost thou! the daring stream to cross,

And tempt along the animated horse;  
Foremost o'er fen or level mead to pass,  
And sweep the showering dew-drops from the grass;

Till bright emerging from the mists below,  
To climb the woodland's hill-exulting brow."

Moonlight is the time when *lovers* delight to ramble; probably *some of our readers* may find that the following description is not at warfare with nature.

"He views the white-rob'd clouds in clusters driven,  
And all the glorious pageantry of heaven;  
Low on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,  
The rising vapours catch the silver light;  
Thence Fancy measures as they parting fly,  
Which first shall throw its shadow on the eye."

Even the foibles of this bard excite a vivid interest. We love to see Piety at the plough, while Infidelity too often resides in splendid mansions. Gratitude to God, and benevolence to mankind, assume a rustick dress. Fastidious is the taste that cannot pardon little opacities, where the countenance is elsewhere so luminous. We have no doubt that the rigid Johnson himself would have rejoiced in an opportunity to take such retiring merit by the hand, and to have assigned it a conspicuous place in his biographical temple.

W.

#### MARTIAL.

Martial was a Spaniard, and born at Bilbilis about thirty years after Christ. As soon as he arrived at manhood he repaired to Rome. By his talents and flattery he recommended himself to the emperor Domitian. After his death he satirized his benefactor; and being disappointed in his hope of gaining the favour of his successour he returned to his native country, and died there at the age of seventy-five.

He has left fourteen books of epigrams; and so prolific was his muse,

that she is said to have produced no fewer than twelve hundred, three-fourths of which might well have been suppressed.

They have come down to us in the best order, as he himself arranged them; and they retain the dedications at the head of each book. If this be a subject of congratulation to the learned, it will certainly not console them for the loss of so many of the works of Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus.

Epigram is styled by Dryden the lowest sort of poetry; and it has been said that Martial, at the bottom of the hill, diverts himself with gathering flowers, and following insects very prettily. If he made a new year's gift, he sent with it a distich. If a friend died he wrote an epitaph. If a statue was erected he wrote an inscription. If he wished to please the great, his style was turned to panegyrick.

The first book is, indeed, a panegyrick on Domitian, against whom it would be more agreeable to peruse a satire. Then follow extravagant praises on the wonderful spectacles he exhibited to the people. This shows what importance the Romans attached to this species of magnificence, and at the same time how difficult it was to flatter this master passion of the emperour. Martial is often extremely reprehensible in the choice of his subject, and gives scope to an imagination not restrained by judgment or decorum. Sometimes he wearies the reader with the prolixity or ambiguity of his preambles. In giving praise and censure he appears to be governed more by prejudice or policy than by justice and truth; and he is more attentive to wit than to morals. But his composition has extraordinary merit. It is in general both correct and elegant; and his fancy is prolific of beautiful images. In attack wit he surpasses every other writer, and is familiar with every kind of verse.

Pliny the younger observes of him, that perhaps his writings may not obtain immortality, but that he wrote as if he thought they deserved it.

The opinion of criticks on the subject of Roman poetry has been this—that from the first Punick war to the time of Augustus, that is, in the days of its youth, it was strong and nervous, but not beautiful; in the Augustan age it combined both, was manly and polite; from the beginning of Nerva's reign to the end of Adrian's, tawdry and feeble.

It is a sufficient proof of the decline of learning, and of taste in the latter period, when we are told that Virgil and Horace were dethroned from their legitimate seat of empire in the public opinion, and that Lucan and Persius were the usurpers, who seized the sceptre, and reigned without control in their stead.

#### OF THE ORIGIN OF GRECIAN LITERATURE, AND OF THE EARLIEST WRITERS.

The invention of letters the Greeks derived from the Phœnicians, who being the first navigators, were led to invent written language for the greater security and despatch in their mercantile transactions.

As to their theology, it seemed more peculiarly their own; their oracles were peculiar; their worship of deified heroes connects them with the Gothick or Celtick nations; their sacrifices and funeral ceremonies were partly borrowed, and partly their own; but their fables of the Elysian Fields and Tartarus were taken from the Egyptians.

The Greeks, for their improvement in language, as well as in other arts, owed a great deal to the detached manner in which they lived in separate and independent states. The manners of two of the most distinct and distant nations in the world cannot be more different than were those of the Lacedæmonians and Athenians; though they dwelt in each other's neighbourhood. The laws and institutions of their several founders and legislators, no doubt gave a different cast to the minds of the people; and this, heightened by the continual jealousy and distance which prevailed between them, gave rise, in a great measure, to that disparity both in manners and language which forms one of the most agreeable contrasts in the world.

But the Athenians bore away the palm, if not for military glory and purity of manners, at least for their progress in the arts, from all the states of Greece.

The nature of their government was such as gave more scope to their natural genius

than the Spartan polity did to theirs. As their rulers were generally set up and supported by the people, it became an object of concern to the former to court the favour of the latter by all means in their power.

As nothing could be more popular and powerful than eloquence, therefore this art was cultivated with the greatest industry and application. All the flowers of rhetoric and all the graces of speech were employed to work upon the minds of the people. Hence their language, naturally sweet, became more and more harmonious. Pure, nervous, and copious in its expression; and in its pace soft and majestic, it supplied, like a fine and vast river, those rich harvests of eloquence, history, and poetry, that flourished to such a degree in this favourable soil, as rendered Greece the wonder of the world.

There never was a language so excellent as the Greek, nor ever will be; as there never was so pure and rich a fountain from which to draw one, nor so many happy and concurrent circumstances to favour its refinement. And that there never will be one to compare with it, we may judge from the mixed state of all modern tongues. Indeed the French, in point of accuracy, approaches it the nearest; but in every other respect, it is as much inferior, as the sound of a pipe is inferior to the sound of an organ.

Even in Homer's time, and probably before it, the Greeks must have made great progress in literature. His poems are the most excellent, not only in regard of invention and language, but even of judgment and contrivance, that ever the world saw.

What helps or assistances he had either from his contemporaries, or those that went before him, we cannot with certainty tell; but, it is extremely probable, that in his time, Greece was highly improved in laws, government, sciences, and arts.

Besides the active and inquisitive nature of the Greeks, the institution of the Olympic games greatly favoured their intercourse with other nations, and their consequent improvements.

Not only military exercises, feats of strength, and activity of body, were tried at this tribunal, and received proportioned honours; but prizes were proposed to the efforts of genius; and literary merit departed crowned with the wreath that was at first adjudged only to exertions of the corporeal kind.

On this occasion it was that Herodotus, the father of historians, put in his claim for glory; and, in a full assembly of all Greece, recited aloud those nine books of history, which are still extant; and which, on account of their peculiar sweetness and elegance of style, were honoured by this august assembly with the name of the nine Muses.

Thucydides, we are told, being then but a boy, was so taken with them at their recital, and with the praises which the authour received, that he himself was inflamed with the like glorious ardour; and, from that moment, applied himself to the writing of history.

Hesiod mentions, in one of his poems, a contest that he had with a poetical rival, for the prize of poetry; and did he not add that he himself gained the victory, I should incline to believe that this rival was Homer; notwithstanding that Herodotus would make us believe the contrary, by placing Hesiod much later than Homer. I am so far of a different opinion, that I imagine he was a little elder, though still his contemporary. His total silence of Homer, during the course of his poems, very much countenances this opinion, and makes it probable that some rivalry and jealousy subsisted between them; as we find Virgil silent of Horace, perhaps for the same reason.

The simplicity of style observable in Hesiod is another argument in our favour. His subjects, indeed, are mostly didactic, and therefore less susceptible of embellishment than Homer's. In his *Theogonia* and *Shield of Hercules*, however, where he has most scope for the sublime, he exerts it indeed, but still with reserve and a tempered modesty. On the other hand, Homer, on great occasions, calls forth all his powers, and, though still simple in his language, blazes continually in the energy of his thoughts and fire of his descriptions.

As there is a striking similarity between the style of both poets, so it is probable that Homer, besides his expressions, might have borrowed his machinery from Hesiod. The *Theogonia* might have given him the first hint of introducing the gods into his work; which appears so useful an embellishment, that without it an epick poem loses half its beauty.

The *Shield of Hercules* may be considered as the prototype of the *Shield of Achilles*, and the very original from which it was drawn. After all, in point of genius, I think Hesiod bears hardly the same proportion to Homer, that Lucretius does to Virgil.

Homer was somewhat elder than Solomon, if he lived, as Herodotus says, 168 years after the Trojan war. But for the above reasons, I plant him near 200 years later, viz. about the first Olympiad, and a few years before the building of Rome.

It is observable that Hesiod's *Shield* has been imitated, not only by Homer, but by Virgil, Camoens, and Tasso, in their different poems, which proves what a beauty this poetical embellishment is deemed. The embroidered robe on the couch of Thetis, as described by Catullus, in his "Marriage of Peleus and Thetis," a poem, is another beauty of a similar kind.

About the time of Servius Tullius, flourished the seven wise men of Greece; to whom succeeded Æsop the first writer of fables; and Pythagoras, who first called himself a philosopher. Before him, they were called wise men or sages.

Then likewise flourished the lyric poets Alcæus, Sappho, Simonides, Anacreon, and Pindar. Nor must we forget Minnermus, the first writer of love-elegies; whose maxim was:

Τὸ δὲ βίον, τὸ δὲ τιμῶν αἰὲς χερσὶν Ἀφροδιδίτης;

All these were masters and first performers in the art; and set the example to the Romans to follow their steps in the different departments in which they chose to shine.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine" which we scarcely need inform the reader is not only the oldest but the most respectable of the British Journals devoted to science and literature, the following article has recently appeared. The description, by an eye witness, of *Calpe's Rock*, so memorable for many a romantick adventure cannot but be interesting to most of our readers.

*Particular description of the Rock of Gibraltar.*

MR. URBAN,

Being at anchor lately in the Bay of Gibraltar, that wonderful place could not fail of exciting my curiosity to go ashore and examine more particularly the place. If the small account here subjoined should be worth preserving, it is at your service.

NAUTICUS.

The Rock of Gibraltar is most wonderfully situated; its shape very much resembles a barn, but is of different colours; it runs out into the sea its whole length, which is about three miles, the extremity of which is called Europa point, from its being the most southern part of all Europe. The East side is bounded by the Mediterranean sea, the West by Gibraltar bay, North by the Spanish lines, South by the Straits of Gibraltar. The north end is highest, being one mile and a half. In a fine day, from here a person may see almost to Malaga, and the beautiful town of Estanpona by the sea side has a most delightful appearance. On the hills the Sun shines long after he has set at Gibraltar. The hills in Grenada are beyond it. From the top of the Rock may be

seen the Straits of Gibraltar, Cabrita point (which with Europa point forms the bay) mountains in Spain, the town of Algeziras, the Queen of Spain's chair, the neutral ground, the Spanish lines; two rivers in Spain which communicate with the bay, very large rocks and hills in Africa, the town of Cena, Apeshill (Mount Abyla,) and almost to Tangier, and many other places.

On the East side, at the bottom of the Rock, which is nearly perpendicular and very cragged, is Cataline bay: here is but one house; there are several caves or holes in the Rock where the fishermen live; there is a garden belonging to the house, where the owner sells wine, porter, fish, &c. to those who go about the Rock examining its parts. The lower part of this side is sand: on the higher part grows a plant of which brooms are made: here are a few guns on this side. Between the house and Europa point, high up in the Rock, is a cave, at the entrance of which are three stones, so much in the shape of men dressed in the Turkish habit, that I, as well as most other travellers, took them to be such, to the great amusement of my guide, who for that purpose asked me if I did not see three men sitting at the cave's mouth. Great part of this side Northward is sandy, at the bottom are also found muscles in plenty. On the West side at the bottom, is the town of Gibraltar, a very populous place, being some few of most nations, but chiefly English and Spanish; these two last are the languages chiefly spoken. On this side, higher up, nearer Europa point, is a very large cave, called St. Michael's, the entrance is so very steep that it is descended with some difficulty; from this place are several avenues, or a great many windings and narrow places, of which no one has ever found the end, though attempted by many: some believe they go under the Mediterranean sea Eastward, but one or two go different ways; it is said that one goes through the Rock to the town, another finds its way out at a little distance from the entrance: the water keeps dripping

through the top, and forms several curious petrefactions, and some pillars are formed of great thickness, some hang like isicles; there are a great number of loose stones in the bottom. On this side near the north is a large old castle, called the Moorish Castle, being built by them when in their possession; it is all brick, but so thick that it has resisted a great number of shot, which may plainly be seen by its side; a continuation of the building to the sea side is formed by a kind of wall. Between this and the north end are several caves cut through the rock, out of which are pointed a number of guns in nearly all directions, but most command the land side, or Neutral Ground.\* Each has its name, as St. George's Cave, Lord Cornwallis's Cave; the latter is very spacious. The magazines are also in the rock. To these places a soldier attends the company. The north end is very steep, almost perpendicular; here are also several guns and large mortars, with shot and hand grenades piled up in order and always ready. In looking southward along the top of the rock, the middle is considerably lower; but rises again at the other end, where is a single tower; and beyond that is Windmill Hill, where it descends sometimes gradually, sometimes steep, till it terminates in the sea, where it is called Europa point, as before mentioned; the lowest part between the north end and Windmill Hill is called the Saddle of the rock. Here are some buildings for the guns at North End: they point mostly to the Spanish lines and batteries, of which there are two; one battery north east commands the bay, the other on the west coast near the Mediterranean sea. From the north end to Windmill Hill the top of the rock resembles the ridge of a house or barn, so narrow that no one can walk on it, but very craggy. North End,† as before said, is half a

league high down to the Neutral Ground; the signal lower informs the town and the ships in the bay what ships are coming east or west, and of what nation.‡ Under the signal tower are two guns, one of which fires every night at sunset, and eight o'clock in winter, nine in summer, and daybreak every morning, called the sunset gun.

At Windmill Hill is a signal tower, but never used: sentinels are constantly at all these places. From Windmill Hill in the descent to Europa point is a large stone handsomely cut in the rock; here also are mortars pointing to the Straits: in this part is a red kind of earth, of which a few bricks are made: both prickly pears and geraniums grow here spontaneously, to a great height, and a specie of aloe, called Adam's Thread: but the thread when extracted appears more like horse-hair, being stiff if kept till dry; some make fishing lines of it; it is a curious plant, but has no offensive smell: in Spain it grows to about ten feet. Here is a stone also, of a slate colour, from which diamonds are extracted; but they are so very small as not to be worth the labour of breaking and searching for them. Great guns are also placed from Europa point to the north end, at the bottom of the Rock, of 32 and 42 pounders, with iron trucks. Several elm trees grow on the west side: and one very large one, my guide told me, was a locust or wild honey tree. In the gardens are cultivated orange-trees, palms, almond trees, &c. The west side is far from being a regular slope; in one place it is so steep that a large piece of rock is broken off, but it is secured with a kind of iron dogs to keep from rolling down upon the houses below. On the west side are two moles, one near the north end, and the other the south. Also a con-

always get on the lee side of the rock; people may take them, but are not allowed to kill one on any account.

‡ A stone thrown from this place, a person may count 130 quick, before it reaches the sea on the sea side.

\* The only entrance by land.

† Monks inhabit this part; some very large, but whatever way the wind blows they

venient dock-yard, and a place where boats land, called the Ragged Staff: the Lazaretto<sup>\*</sup> is also at the north end, where are also most of the small craft and merchants. Here is generally a kind of market held of fowls, pieces of raw sugar cane, &c.; to enter the town at this end you must pass the sallyport. Exclusive of the guns before mentioned, are many more at the north end, which makes it impregnable; also grates ready to heat the shot if required. At the north end, part of the rock is blown up for building. From this place northward, is sand for a mile, called the Neutral Ground, where the Spanish lines cross the place from sea to sea: the two Spanish batteries are one at each extremity, and here are the Spanish sentinels.—Though Gibraltar is in Spain, yet it is called going into Spain when this place is passed going northward. By the sea side on the Neutral Ground, are found a variety of beautiful shells; on the east side are found innumerable quantities of razor fish, shell or knife-handled solens, and a great number of others of different descriptions, but no Echinites: but on the west side of Neutral Ground are Echinites, but no razor fish to be seen, and but few others; here are starfish and sea-eggs, or urchins prickly; and a Caput Medusa was found at the bottom of the bay in about 20 fathoms. The chief part of the town is between the middle of the rock and the Moorish Castle. The hospital, which has an elegant appearance, and the barracks, are nearer Europa point; also the burying ground: but the church (the only English one in the place) is adjoining to the gov. house, whither all the English repair; it is not very large; in this church, or more properly chapel, is interred gen. O'Hara, late governor of this place. The Spanish church is not far distant; in it are the images of the Virgin Mary, and several others in wax-work, dressed in black silk; and over the altar stands

the large figure of Joseph of Arimathea, at which all bow after returning from the altar; there are also a great many very beautiful paintings. Here are a number of Spaniards, whose customs and manners differ from the English in wearing cloaks, or some great coats, with only the left arm in the sleeve, the other thrown over the shoulder, and seldom go out but with a çigarr or pipe in their mouths, but the former is chiefly perferred. There is also a sect which dresses different from others; their heads are shaved, and their beards grow, wear a kind of cap, a shirt with scarce any collar, white waistcoat, buttons down the middle, over that a red one, and outermost a short black kind of gown or coat, so contrived that all are seen, the red one buttoning but half way, and the outer one scarce at all.

Mount Abyla stands opposite to Gibraltar, or Mount Calpe, which are the Pillars of Hercules; the former has by no means a pleasing appearance: the top is in general enveloped with clouds. The town of Ceuta appears strongly fortified opposite Gibraltar.—Sancta Roque is about three or four miles, stands very high, and has a pleasing appearance; it is a stony soil, but productive, and there is a fine view of Gibraltar from St. Roque. On the top of a hill or mountain between St. Roque and Gibraltar, stands a small building, somewhat like a castle, called the Queen of Spain's chair; where it is said she with some friends retired, with a vow not to leave that place till Gibraltar was taken; how far that is true the reader must judge; however, it has a beautiful picturesque view, being the only building on the hill.

#### DUTIES.

*From Burke's Maxims.*

Neither the few nor the many have a right to act merely by their will, in any matter connected with duty, trust, engagement or obligation. The constitution of a country being once settled upon some compact, tacit or expressed, there is no power existing of force to alter it, without the breach of the covenant, or the consent of all the

\* Near this place is a battery terminating in the east, called the Devil's Tongue.

parties. Such is the nature of a contract. And the votes of a majority of the people, whatever their infamous flatterers may teach in order to corrupt their minds, cannot alter the moral any more than they can alter the physical essence of things. The people are not to be taught to think lightly of their engagements to their governors; else they teach governors to think lightly of their engagements towards them. In that kind of game in the end the people are sure to be losers. To flatter them into a contempt of faith, truth, and justice, is to ruin them; for in these virtues consists their whole safety. To flatter any man, or any part of mankind, in any description, by asserting, that in engagements he or they are free whilst any other human creature is bound, is ultimately to vest the rule of morality in the pleasure of those who ought to be rigidly submitted to it; to subject the sovereign reason of the world to the caprices of weak and giddy men.

But, as no one of us men can dispense with publick or private faith, or with any other tie of moral obligation, so neither can any number of us. The number engaged in crimes, instead of turning them into laudable acts, only augments the quantity and intensity of the guilt.

I am well aware, that men love to hear of their power, but have an extreme disrelish to be told of their duty. This is of course; because every duty is a limitation of some power. Indeed, arbitrary power is so much to the depraved taste of the vulgar, of the vulgar of every description, that almost all the dissensions which lacerate the commonwealth, are not concerning the manner in which it is to be exercised, but concerning the hands in which it is to be placed. Somewhere they are resolved to have it. Whether they desire it to be vested in the many or the few, depends with most men upon the chance which they imagine they themselves may have of partaking in the exercise of that arbitrary sway, in the one mode or in the other.

It is not necessary to teach men to thirst after power. But it is very ex-

pedient that, by moral instruction, they should be taught, and by their civil constitutions they should be compelled, to put many restrictions upon the immoderate exercise of it, and the inordinate desire. The best method of obtaining these two great points forms the important, but at the same time, the difficult problem to the true statesman. He thinks of the place in which political power is to be lodged, with no other attention, than as it may render the more or the less practicable, its salutary restraint, and its prudent direction. For this reason no legislator, at any period of the world, has willingly placed the seat of active power in the hands of the multitude: because there it admits of no control, no regulation, no steady direction whatever. The people are the natural control on authority; but to exercise and to control together is contradictory and impossible.

As the exorbitant exercise of power cannot, under popular sway, be effectually restrained, the other great object of political arrangement, the means of abating an excessive desire of it, is in such a state still worse provided for. The democrattick commonwealth is the foodful nurse of ambition. Under the other form it meets with many restraints. Whenever, in states which have had a democrattick basis, the legislators have endeavoured to put restraints upon ambition, their methods were as violent, as in the end they were ineffectual; as violent indeed as any the most jealous despotism could invent. The ostracism could not very long save itself, and much less the state which it was meant to guard, from the attempts of ambition, one of the natural inbred incurable distempers of a powerful democracy.

But to return from this short digression, which however is not wholly foreign to the question of the effect of the will of the majority upon the form of the existence of their society. I cannot too often recommend it to the serious consideration of all men, who think civil society to be within the province of moral jurisdiction, that if we owe to it any duty, it is not subject

to our will. Duties are not voluntary. Duty and will are even contradictory terms. Now, though civil society might be at first a voluntary act (which in many cases it undoubtedly was) its continuance is under a permanent standing covenant, coexisting with the society; and it attaches upon every individual of that society, without any formal act of his own. This is warranted by the general practice, arising out of the general sense of mankind. Men without their choice derive benefits from that association; without their choice they are subjected to duties in consequence of these benefits; and without their choice they enter into a virtual obligation as binding as any that is actual. Look through the whole of life and the whole system of duties. Much the strongest moral obligations are such as were never the results of our option. I allow, that if no supreme ruler exists, wise to form, and potent to enforce, the moral law, there is no sanction to any contract, virtual or even actual, against the will of prevalent power. On that hypothesis, let any set of men be strong enough to set their duties at defiance, and they cease to be duties any longer. We have but this one appeal against irresistible power:

*Sigenus humanum et mortaliatemnis arma,  
At sperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi.*

Taking it for granted that I do not write to the disciples of the Parisian philosophy, I may assume that the awful author of our being is the author of our place in the order of existence; and that having disposed and marshalled us by a divine tactick, not according to our will, but according to his, he has, in and by that disposition, virtually subjected us to act the part which belongs to the place assigned us. We have obligations to mankind at large, which are not in consequence of any special voluntary pact. They arise from the relation of man to man, and the relation of man to God, which relations are not matters of choice. On the contrary, the force of all the pacts which we enter into with any

particular person or number of persons amongst mankind, depends upon those prior obligations. In some cases the subordinate relations are voluntary, in others they are necessary—but the duties are all compulsive. When we marry, the choice is voluntary, but the duties are not matter of choice. They are dictated by the nature of the situation. Dark and inscrutable are the ways by which we come into the world. The instincts which give rise to this mysterious process of nature are not of our making. But out of physical causes, unknown to us, perhaps unknowable, arise moral duties, which, as we are able perfectly to comprehend, we are bound indispensably to perform. Parents may not be consenting to their moral relation; but consenting or not, they are bound to a long train of burthensome duties towards those with whom they have never made a convention of any sort. Children are not consenting to their relation, but their relation, without their actual consent, binds them to its duties; or rather it implies their consent, because the presumed consent of every rational creature is in unison with the pre-disposed order of things. Men come in that manner into a community with the social state of their parents, endowed with all the benefits, loaded with all the duties of their situation. If the social ties and ligaments, spun out of those physical relations which are the elements of the commonwealth, in most cases begin, and always continue, independently of our will, so without any stipulation on our part, we are bound by that relation called our country, which comprehends (as it has been well said) “all the charities of all.”\* Nor are we left without powerful instincts to make this duty as dear and grateful to us, as it is awful and coercive. Our country is not a thing of mere physical locality. It consists, in a great measure, in the ancient order into which we are

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\* Omnes omnium charitates patria una complectitur. Cic.

born. We may have the same geographical situation, but another country; as we may have the same country in another soil. The place that determines our duty to our country is a social, civil relation.

These are the opinions of the author whose cause I defend. I lay them down not to enforce them upon others by disputation, but as an account of his proceedings. On them he acts; and from them he is convinced that neither he, nor any man, nor number of men, have a right (except what necessity, which is out of and above all rule, rather imposes than bestows) to free themselves from that primary engagement which every man born into a community as much contracts by his being born into it, as he contracts an obligation to certain parents by his having been derived from their bodies. The place of every man determines his duty. If you ask *Quem te Deus esse jussit?* You will be answered when you resolve this other question, *Humana qua parte locatus est in re?*\*

I admit, indeed, that in morals, as in all things else, difficulties will sometimes occur. Duties will sometimes cross one another. Then questions will arise, which of them is to be placed in subordination; which of them may be entirely superseded? These doubts give rise to that part of moral science called *casuistry*; which though necessary to be well studied by those who would become expert in that learning, who aim at becoming what I

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\* A few lines in Persius contain a good summary of all the objects of moral investigation, and hint the result of our inquiry: There human will has no place.

*Quid sumus? et quidnam victuri gignimur? ordo*

*Quis datus? et metæ quis mollis flexus et unde?*

*Quis modus argento? Quid fas optare? Quid asper*

*Utile nummus habet? Patriæ charisque propinquis*

*Quantum elargiri debet?—Quem te Deus esse*

*Jussit?—et humana qua parte locatus est in re?*

think Cicero somewhere calls *artifices officiorum*; it requires a very solid and discriminating judgment, great modesty and caution, and much sobriety of mind in the handling; else there is a danger that it may totally subvert those offices which it is its object only to methodize and reconcile. Duties, at their extreme bounds, are drawn very fine, so as to become almost evanescent. In that state, some shade of doubt will always rest on these questions, when they are pursued with great subtilty. But the very habit of stating these extreme cases is not very laudable or safe: because, in general, it is not right to turn our duties into doubts. They are imposed to govern our conduct, not to exercise our ingenuity; and, therefore, our opinions about them ought not to be in a state of fluctuation, but steady, sure, and resolved.

Amongst these nice, and therefore dangerous, points of casuistry may be reckoned the question so much agitated in the present hour: Whether, after the people have discharged themselves of their original power by an habitual delegation, no occasion can possibly occur which may justify the resumption of it? This question, in this latitude, is very hard to affirm or deny: but I am satisfied that no occasion can justify such a resumption, which would not equally authorize a dispensation with any other moral duty, perhaps with all of them together. However, if in general it be not easy to determine concerning the lawfulness of such devious proceedings, which must be ever on the edge of crimes, it is far from difficult to foresee the perilous consequences of the resuscitation of such a power in the people.

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#### For The Port Folio.

Mrs. C. Smith is much admired by the ladies as a novelist, and not without reason. But though in this florid walk of composition, her genius is very conspicuous, we think that her poetical is still better than her prose style. Let us look at a little poem which she has just published, and see whether, under her management, a Cankered Rose does not still appear beautiful.

#### THE CANKERED ROSE.

As spring to summer hours gave way,  
And June approach'd, beneath whose sway

My lovely Fanny saw the day  
 I mark'd each blossom'd bower,  
 And bade each plant its charms display  
 To crown the favour'd hour.

The favour'd hour to me so bright,  
 When Fanny first beheld the light,  
 And I should many a bloom unite,  
 A votive wreath to twine,  
 And with the lily's virgin white  
 More glowing hues combine.

A wreath that while I hail'd the day,  
 All the fond things I meant might say,  
 (As Indian maids their thoughts array,  
 By artful quipos wove,)  
 And fragrant symbols thus convey,  
 My tenderness and love.

For this I sought where long had grown  
 A resary I called my own,  
 Whose rich unrivall'd flowers were known  
 The earliest to unclose,  
 And where I hop'd would soon be blown,  
 The first and fairest rose.

An infant bud there cradled lay  
 Mid new-born leaves, and seemed to stay  
 Till June should call with warmer ray  
 Its embryo beauty forth;  
 Reserved for that propitious day  
 That gave my Fanny birth.

At early morning's dewy hour  
 I watch'd it in its leafy tower,  
 And heard with dread the sleety shower  
 When eastern tempests blew,  
 But still unhurt my favourite flower  
 With fairer promise grew.

From rains and breezes sharp and bleak,  
 Secur'd I saw its calyx break,  
 And soon a lovely blushing streak  
 The latent bloom betray'd;  
 (Such colours on my Fanny's cheek  
 Has cunning Nature laid).

Illusive Hope! the day arriv'd,  
 I saw my cherish'd rose—it liv'd,  
 But of its early charms depriv'd,  
 No odours could impart,  
 And scarce, with sullied leaves, surviv'd  
 The canker at its heart.

There, unsuspected, long had fed  
 A noxious worm, and, mining, spread  
 The dark pollution on its head,  
 That drooping seemed to mourn  
 Its fragrance pure and petals red  
 Destroyed ere fully born.

Unfinish'd now and incomplete  
 My garland lay at Fanny's feet;  
 She smil'd—ah, could I then repeat  
 What youth so little knows;  
 How the too-trusting heart must beat  
 With pain, when Treachery and Deceit  
 In some insidious form defeat  
 Its fairest hopes—as cankers eat  
 The yet unfolded rose.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
 In the light air waves the willow;  
 Every thing of moving kind  
 VARIES with the veering wind:  
 What have I to do with thee,  
 Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
 Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
 Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
 Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
 What have I to do with thee,  
 Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

The story of Cinderella is very playfully told in verse by one of the classical contributors to The Anti-Jacobin.

So, the sad victim of domestick spite,  
 Fair Cinderella past the wintery night,  
 In the lone chimney's darksome nook im-  
 mured,  
 Her form disfigured and her charms obscur-  
 ed.  
 Sudden her godmother appears in sight,  
 Lifts the charmed rod, and chants the mys-  
 tick rite;  
 The chanted rite the maid attentive hears,  
 And feels new earrings deck her list'ning  
 ears;  
 While, 'mid her towering tresses aptly set,  
 Shines bright, with quivering glance, the  
 smart Aigrette;  
 Brocaded silks the splendid dress complete,  
 And the glass slipper grasps her fairy feet:  
 Six cock-tail'd mice transport her to the ball,  
 And liveried lizards wait upon her call.

## SONG.

Tight lads have I sail'd with, but none e'er  
 so slightly  
 As honest Bill Bobstay, so kind and so true:  
 He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so  
 tightly,  
 The forecable's pride, and delight of the  
 crew!

But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters  
 He went, though his fortune was kind with-  
 out end;  
 For money, cried Bill, and them there sort  
 of matters,  
 What's the good on't, d'y'e see, but to suc-  
 cour a friend.

There's Nipcheese, the purser, by grinding  
 and squeezing,  
 First plund'ring, then leaving the ship like a  
 rat,  
 The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze  
 in,  
 And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his  
 hat.

My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean  
 should rock her,  
 Though she roll in misfortune and pitch end  
 for end,  
 No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,  
 When by handing it out, he can succour a  
 friend.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry,  
 "spite of their crosses,  
 And forgetful of toil that so hardly they  
 bore,  
 That sailors at sea, earn their money like  
 horses,  
 To squander it idly like asses ashore."

Such lubbers their jaw would coil up; could  
 they measure,  
 By their feelings, the gen'rous delight with-  
 out end,  
 That gives birth in us tars to that truest of  
 pleasures,  
 The handing our rhino to succour a friend.

Why what's all this nonsense they talk of,  
 and pother  
 About rights of man? what a plague are they  
 at?  
 If they mean that each man to his mess-  
 mate's a brother,  
 Why the lubberly swabs, every fool can tell  
 that.

The rights of us Britons we know to be loyal,  
 In our country's defence, our last moments  
 to spend,  
 To fight up to the ears to protect the blood  
 royal,  
 To be true to our wives, and to succour a  
 friend.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our new correspondent and name-  
 sake is requested to peruse the follow-  
 ing passage from a truly original writer.  
 The poetry is sweet and the philoso-  
 phy admirable.

I note sometimes in thee, dear Joe,  
 And, faith, I'm griev'd to find it so,  
 A sneaking love of gold :  
 T'were worth a groat to know how first  
 Avarice so free a bosom curst;  
 I fear me thou grow'st old.

But shall I tell thee how I heard  
 A Bishop, with a sapient beard,  
 This folly once deride?  
 He said, indeed he *prov'd* it too,  
 That Nature's *real* wants were few  
 And easily supplied.

Thend—n it—'s blood thou mak'st one swear,  
 Why all this toil to split a hair,  
 And swell a useless heap?  
 When thou might'st glide along at ease,  
 No bairns to breed, no wife to please,  
 And live like me, dog cheap.

Believe me, Joe, youth wanes apace,  
 And see already every Grace  
 On tiptoe to be gone;  
 For hoary Age, with wrinkled mein  
 That scares each charm as soon as seen,  
 Is hobbling briskly on.

Oh! then adieu to soft delights,  
 To careless days and amorous nights;  
 And hours of sweet repose.  
 Anxiety succeeds, and Pain  
 That shuts the languid eye in vain  
 Nor rest nor slumber knows.

The vicissitudes of which "Sensi-  
 tive" complains are inevitable. It is  
 so in nature; it is so in life. *Non  
 semper arcum tendit Apollo*, says Ho-  
 race, and a Scottish lady somewhere  
 exclaims in a tone of the deepest des-  
 pondency,

I have seen the Morning with gold the hills  
 adorning,  
 And loud tempests storming before middle  
 day;  
 I have seen Tweed's silver streams shining  
 in sunny beams,  
 Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on  
 their way.

We can refer our correspondent to  
 another lyrick bard for a similar senti-  
 ment:

Dost thou repine, man? mark the rose,  
 At morn, with vernal tints it glows,  
 And breathes its sweets around;  
 At eve, behold it pale and dead,  
 To beauty lost, its fragrance fled,  
 And withering on the ground.

Mark too the Morn: now full and fair,  
 She shines, and Earth and Sea and Air  
 Smile in the yellow gleam;  
 Anon her glories disappear,  
 And not a Star that gilds the sphere  
 But yields a brighter beam.

But let it be remembered that  
 growling thunder is succeeded by ge-  
 nial softness, and that from our natu-  
 ral love of variety life becomes more  
 interesting from eternal change.

The tone of "Hilario" is in unison  
 with George Colman's jovial muse.

That life is a journey no mortal disputes,  
 Then we'll liquor our brains, boys, instead  
 of our boots;  
 And each toper shall own, on life's road as  
 he reels,  
 That a spur in the head is worth two on the  
 heels.

"K" who has written on diffidence,  
 has *modest* merit, and we shall be hap-  
 py to encourage it again.

To "Mortimer" we render our  
 thanks for a very elegant essay on the

fortunes or rather the *misfortunes* of men of genius. The subject is vast, interesting, and curious; and our correspondent has handled it with equal adroitness and sensibility.

Of "Peregrine" we shall make no *stranger*; or if we meet him in that guise, as a stranger we shall give him welcome.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### ELEGY.

On the Death of a female friend.

Ah me! how silent is this midnight hour,  
How sad the thoughts that chase the balm  
of sleep,

Whilst faithful Memory with her magic  
power,

Recals the lovely friend for whom I weep.

The friend for whom, when Youth and Pleasure  
smil'd,

My artless Muse so fondly loved to sing,  
Whose converse sweet, each transient  
care beguil'd,

And gave new charms to Youth and Nature's  
Spring.

But those are past, chill Autumn fades the  
year,

And Sorrow presses on my aching heart;  
Relentless Death beheld his victim near,  
And aim'd too surely his envenom'd dart.

Then though no more I court the sportive  
Muse,

Nor with her flowrets seek to strew my  
way,

This once I ask, let not the Nine refuse  
Their inspiration to my plaintive lay.

For oh! thou dear, though transient source  
of joy,

To tempt thy stay in vain Affection tries;  
Not thy lov'd husband; not thine infant boy,  
Could long detain thee from thy native  
skies.

The sweet companion of my happiest hours,  
The cherish'd treasure of a mother's heart;  
Thine was each tender name that life endears,

And thine each charm that nature could  
impart.

And oh! how fondly have I loved to trace  
The soften'd radiance of that eye benign,

Whilst the sweet smile of that expressive  
face,

Most surely beam'd a ray of love divine.

Yet ne'er reflected that so fair a mind,  
Such warm benevolence, such perfect love,  
Not long to earth's low vale could be confin'd,  
An exile from her kindred train above.

But he who gave that mind its every grace,  
Who saw, well pleas'd, that she was pure  
in heart,

Hath said that such shall see his sacred face,  
And from his presence never shall depart.

Then henceforth let each murmur be suppress'd,

My heart be grateful such a friend was  
given,

Through life she shone the fairest and the  
best,

Then early found acceptance in the courts  
of Heaven.

#### EPIGRAMS.

I know the thing that's most uncommon:  
Envy, be silent and attend!

I know a reasonable woman,  
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, and by rumour,  
Not grave thro' pride, or gay thro' folly,

An equal mixture of good humour,  
And sensible soft melancholy.

Has she no fault then? Malice says, sir,  
Yes, she has one I must aver;

When all the world conspires to praise her,  
The woman's deaf and does not hear.

On a young lady walking in publick, with her breast  
nearly uncovered.

As pedlars, to allure the passers by,  
Display their goods to catch the wandering  
eye;

So you, mistaken maid, lay ope your breast,  
And think that sight will recommend thee  
rest;

But, prithee, let it henceforth be conceal'd.  
For charms like yours tempt most when least  
reveal'd.

#### A GOOSE'S REASON.

A goose, my grannam one day said  
Entering a barn, pops down its head,

I begged her then the cause to show:  
She told me she must wave the task:

For nothing but a goose would ask  
What nothing but a goose could know

Pollio, who values nothing that's within,  
Buys books, like beavers—only for their skin

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

"Manners with fortunes, humours turn with  
climes,  
"Tenets with books, and principles with  
times."

WHY is it, Mr. Oldschool, that so much has been said against Fashion and her votaries? As long as we are acquainted with the history of the polite world, and perhaps ages earlier, it has been the humour of more than half mankind to inveigh bitterly against the prevailing habits, manners, and opinions of the day. Why has no defence been advanced of the practices of every body? Is it because the accusers are too numerous or too respectable? Or is it not rather because no one has thought it worth his labour to deny assertions that nobody believed, or refute arguments that were devoid of reason? Whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain, that daws, generation after generation, have forever been pecking at honours above their reach, and condemning the times for their own follies, errors and vices. These *acti temporis laudatores* indulge themselves in sighing away Sundays, in fruitless railings at they know not what, and wishes that they could live, they know not how; until, filled with spleen, vapours, *canui*, and other amiable companions of idleness, they exclaim

Let this pernicious hour,  
Stand aye accursed in the kalendar.

Now, for my part, I humbly conceive we are not a jot worse, less happy, or more uncomfortable than our ancestors were before us, or our posterity are likely to be in time to come.

I know a number of these discontented beings, and I have ever found that whatever their age, sex or condition may be, they have all turned *railers* because some favourite object in the hill of their ambition has vanished from their grasp before they could mount to its reach. They are generally of these three classes; coxcombs, madmen, and a numerous and respectable order of living things vulgarly cyleped *old maids*. And here let me observe, this term *old maids*, has no limitation of sex, but the male maids are quite as plentiful an article, and quite as uneasy as the female. Both together form a degree, sometimes termed tabbies, solitaires, or what you will.

The coxcomb is, perhaps, the most extensive circle in society, and indeed is diffused over every other. It is often used as a *nomen generalissimum*, and as such is perfectly understood. But besides its generick signification, it is used particularly; thus we say coxcombs in love, coxcombs in physick, in law, in writing, and in fashion. The last species are they to whom I now allude. Discontented with every thing, but themselves, they assume

a prerogative of finding fault with all the world besides, and decry the practices of the present day, because foolish, they have read or heard of better in another age or country.

By madmen I do not mean those who are so wild as to be caged or confined; or those who are so far gone as to show their distemper to the world, and who, therefore, pass unnoticed, however strange may be their conduct: no, they are those poor, disappointed, imposing maniacs, whose brains have been clouded by some unexpected obstacle in life. This may arise from difficulties in the great ladder of ambition, or in the circles of polished life, where losses at cards, or failures in wit are very apt to make men curse the one or the other; or, above all, in affairs of love. This love is a sore destroyer of reason, merriment and good fellowship. It is at best but a romantick, antiquated, unfashionable disease; and if unsuccessful, tortures the constitution mental and corporeal, more than all the disorders collected in the *Anatomic of Melancholie*. A disappointed lover is sure to find fault with every thing, and more especially with that fashionable intercourse which communicated the infection to his blood. Sometimes he falls into my third class of railers, and when that is the case, he is incorrigible indeed.

With the railing spinsters of forty, and upwards, I tremble to interfere, for they are "as full of quarrel as my young mistress's dog." In one respect, however, we cannot but commend their judgments; I mean, in their desires to restore dress to its ancient simplicity and innocence. The existing style of dressing must be wrong, improper, and indelicate of course; so it has been time out of mind; we must go back then for a proper period to imitate, until we arrive at the age of the bare-legged Britons; but they dressed fashionably, so we must retreat farther back still, and assume the fig leaves of mother Eve; or perhaps it were better to discard even those, as unnecessary encumbrances, and thus reform fashion altogether.

I must say, Mr. Oldschool, that I think we have every reason to be satisfied with the manners of our own day; and I most potently believe, their greatest enemies would rue the hour they should be thrown aside. Although they may not always give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth, yet they preserve the order of society, and tend to uphold the distinction between the man and the fellow; than which nothing can be more useful or important.

"Untune that string,

"And hark what discord follows, each thing meets

"In mere oppugnancy."

There may be, there must be, some evil practices in vogue; but would you extirpate every flower of the field because the luxuriance of the soil has given birth to some noxious weeds? The noblest things in nature are the most liable to abuse.

SALADIN.

An insect so contemptible as the Moth one would imagine to be unworthy the attention either of the naturalist or the philosopher. "The clown treads on it daily with his clouted shoon," even children who chase the butterfly, neglect the Moth who has no splendour to attract their vagrant curiosity. But the eye of a poet seeth all things, as we read the ear of Jealousy heareth all things. A moral and female writer has thus ennobled this humble topic.

#### THE MOTH.

When dews fall fast, and rosy day  
Fades slowly in the west away,  
While evening breezes bend the future  
sheaves;

Votary of vesper's humid light,  
The Moth, pale wanderer of the night,  
From his green cradle comes among the  
whispering leaves.

The birds on insect life that feast,  
Now in their woody coverts rest,  
The swallow slumbers in his dome of clay,  
And of the numerous tribes who war,  
On the small denizens of air,  
The shrieking bat alone is on the wing for  
prey.

Eluding him on lacey plume,  
The silver Moth enjoys the gloom,  
Glancing on tremulous wings through twilight  
bowers,  
Now flits where warm nasturtiums glow,  
Now quivers on the jessamine bough,  
And sucks, with spiral tongue, the balm of  
sleeping flowers.

Yet if from open casement stream  
The taper's bright as penny beam,

And strikes with comet ray his dazzled sight;  
Nor perfume'd leaf nor honied flower  
To check his wild career have power,  
But to the attracting flame he takes his rapid flight.

Round it he darts in dizzy rings,  
And soon his soft and powder'd wings  
Are sing'd; and dimmer glow his pearly eyes,  
And now his struggling feet are foil'd,  
And scorch'd, entangled, burnt, and soil'd,  
His fragile form is lost—the wretched insect dies.

Emblem too just of one whose way  
Through the calm vale of life might lay,  
Yet lur'd by Vanity's illusive fires,  
Far from that tranquil vale aside  
Like this poor insect suicide  
Follows the fatal light, and in its flame  
expires!

#### OF THE GRECIAN PHILOSOPHERS.

Thales the Milesian, and Pythagoras of Samos, were among the earliest and best of the Grecian philosophers: the latter is said, and with great probability, to have understood the true system of the Universe; and taught the transmigration of souls, as borrowed from the Gymnosophists or Indian Bramins.

The former, who lived six hundred years before Christ, was both an excellent moralist and natural philosopher, for so early a period. He is thought to be the first Grecian who merited the name of an astronomer.

Anaximander, Anaximenes, and afterwards Anaxagoras, improved upon the former discoveries; but the latter in particular, who had a wild, but sublime and extensive genius, and more accuracy of judgment than his predecessors.

Zeno was the founder of the stoical school; and Epicurus of that one that goes under his name to this day: both went to extremes; one founding happiness or the chief good on apathy, or an insensibility to pleasure and pain; the other on pleasure alone. Another sect, called the Eclectic, embraced a middle course between the two.

Socrates, the wisest and best of all the philosophers, followed very much this middle path; and was the purest both in practice and doctrine, of all the Grecian sages.

On account of his dedicating his studies and doctrines chiefly to morality, he is said to have first brought Philosophy from the heavens and the stars, about which she had hitherto been employed, to dwell in cities and societies of men.

Socrates was perhaps one of the best and greatest men of antiquity. As Homer was in poetry, he was without doubt the great

fountain-head of all that was most valuable in the Grecian philosophy; and his morality seems to have approached the nearest of any to that of the great founder of the Christian faith.

In explaining his philosophy by familiar allusions and parables, he also resembled him.

The Greeks, therefore, at this period, were the most distinguished nation on earth for learning and arts. From the days of Homer and Hesiod, down to those of Sophocles and Euripides, we see them going on in one continued course of improvement. Philosophy went hand in hand with Literature; and, in the age of Aristotle, we believe it to be arrived at its highest pitch of refinement.

The excellent application which this philosopher made of it to poetry and eloquence; the laws he thence deduces with such justness and precision on the economy of these two arts, at once evince the uncommon acuteness of his genius, and point out a sure path to succeeding ages, to guide themselves in their intellectual exertions by the rules of right reason and common sense.

Plato, his cotemporary and fellow disciple, had merit; though of a different kind. He had more brilliancy of fancy than solidity of judgment; hence his diction is often more elegant than his reasoning is just. But he has made amends for this by the universal good tendency of his morals, the serious grandeur of his thoughts, and the extraordinary beauty and splendour of his style. Add to this a simplicity joined with majesty; in which perhaps none of his countrymen, if we except Homer, ever equalled him. Xenophon, was his worthy disciple.

Theophrastus and Cebes followed; the former, both a moralist and natural philosopher, trod the steps of his master Aristotle. His *characters* are equally eminent for that justness of painting and sweetness of style; and are imitated by Bruyere and others.

His history of plants is allowed great merit by the naturalists.

As for Cebes, he has immortalized his fame by that *Tablature* of human life that passes under his name. The *Visions of Mirza* by Addison are a kind of distant imitation of this beautiful allegory; and though very striking, hardly equal to the original.

#### OF THE GRECIAN ORATORS—DEMOSTHENES CHARACTERIZED.

Demosthenes who flourished somewhat later than the above-mentioned writers, may, with justice, be styled the Prince of Grecian eloquence. Isocrates charms by the harmony of his periods; Lysias and Isæus by a certain attick grace; Eschines by a manly and copious oratory; but De-

mosthenes surpasses them all in fire, vehemence, precision, and closeness.

He excels in brevity, yet is clear and strong; his reasoning carries conviction in every word; he thunders, he lightens: he rolls his sentences with a kind of rapid harmony, yet seemingly without art; and in this way he overpowers us before we are aware.

From his conciseness arises his strength; he is never diffuse, nor, like Cicero, weakens his style by bestowing an additional word for the sake of rounding a period. He strives not to please, but to persuade; and his arguments are as strong and close as his style.

Upon the whole, he excels in that kind of eloquence which is the reverse of the copious, the sweet, or the flowery; his manner is ardent, concise, and simple; quite different from the Ciceronian, which is copious, flowery, and artificial.

What must we think of that eloquence that roused Greece, set on foot armies, shook the throne of Philip, and agitated the people to such a degree as to render them impatient to undertake the most arduous enterprises in defence of their country, and the destruction of tyranny? Such was the eloquence of Demosthenes.

#### OF THE GRECIAN DRAMATICK WRITERS.

Much about the above period flourished Sophocles and Euripides, these most exquisite tragedians, and glories of the Athenian stage.

Poetry now enjoyed her greatest triumph, when, to the most charming flowers of eloquence, she could join the wreath of virtue, and the palm of philosophy. Happy had this conjunction reformed the Athenian manners, as it delighted their fancy and wrought on their passions. But neither the sublimity of Sophocles, nor pathos of Euripides, produced this effect.

Eschylus, the father of Greek tragedy, was somewhat older than these; but still their cotemporary. He was the first who brought the drama from the Thespian cart to the stage. His character is sublimity and vehemence joined to rudeness and obscurity; which last throw a veil over his merit, and render him but little known. His two successors already mentioned, improved upon him considerably.

Euripides, as being the disciple of Socrates, is perhaps the most didactic and moral of all tragick authours, if we except Shakspeare. He is more pathetick than Sophocles, though not so sublime or descriptive. His diction, however, is sufficiently dignified and elegant; and his versification is possessed of the greatest ease, sweetness, and variety.

Besides the elegance, and pathos, so peculiar and delightful in these poets, one can never enough admire that chastity and purity of morals that predominate every where in their drama. Love, the hinge upon which modern tragedy seems to turn, is hardly noticed. The truth of history and nature is not violated to make room for a romantick passion that intoxicates the brain; and, if it does not corrupt, at best but amuses, without improving the heart.

As for Aristophanes, their cotemporary, and the father of the ancient comedy, notwithstanding his attick salt and elegance; he has too much of a rude buffoonery, and that too exerted against the most worthy characters, such as Socrates and Euripides, that cannot but disgust a well-formed taste, accustomed to the chaster strains of his two dramattick brethren.

Upon a comparison of these poets with the moderns, we must allow their plots are more simple and uniform; their characters in general more natural; their action and fable more important; and their language more harmonious and elegant. Their chorus, in particular, exhibits such a show of picturesque beauties as can hardly be paralleled in our times; besides its being in other respects, a suitable and agreeable accompaniment of the drama. However, it may be proper here to observe, that Milton has most happily imitated those choruses in his *Comus* and *Sampson Agonistes*; which display beauties of this kind not unworthy of the ancients.

On the other hand, the modern plays, from the strong mixture of love in them, are frequently more soft and tender than the ancient; but this tenderness too often degenerates into insipidity. Shakspeare alone, with little exception, has managed this passion with a true taste; no rant, no raving, no unnatural wildness; all the passions in him are touched with the hand of a master; and love, which appears among the rest, (accidentally introduced, not obtruded) speaks its own native language; the language of the utmost delicacy and tenderness.

#### GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE GREEK WRITERS.

We have now carried the Greek writers to the age of Alexander the Great, when their language arrived at its greatest refinement.

What particularly distinguishes them is, first, a certain delicacy joined with sweetness, peculiar to themselves: secondly, a certain chastised elegance approaching to dryness.

Examples of the first kind are, Herodotus, Xenophon, Theocritus, Anacreon.

Of the second are : Pindar,\* Thucydides, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Theophrastus.

The more raised and elevated writers are Homer, Plato, Lucian, Sophocles, Eschylus, Euripides.

Upon the whole, the compositions of the Greeks, like their architecture, boast those simple and sublime beauties that are the picture of nature and truth only ; nothing is exaggerated or distorted ; all is delicacy, grace, and sweet simplicity. What an idea do they give of the virtue and purity of a people that in their best times had never their equals ; and still in their works shine to succeeding ages unrivalled patterns of beauty, simplicity, and unaffected greatness?

#### QUINTILIAN.

If any thing could give additional value to the writings of Quintilian, it is the epoch in which they were composed.

Marcus Fabius Quintilianus, was a Spaniard, born during the reign of the emperor Claudius, in the first christian century, and appointed by the government of Rome a publick teacher of rhetorick : he was also a barrister of great eminence ; and after the laborious exercise of his two-fold office for twenty years, he gave lasting celebrity to retirement by the composition of an immortal work.

All his promised visions of happiness were, however, quickly dissipated by the loss of his wife and two sons ; and he died in the year ninety-five, dejected in spirit, and poor in circumstances.

For fifty years the world were not in possession of his institutes, which were discovered by a monk of Florence in the tower of a monastery.

Quintilian is as praise-worthy for his resolution, as he is respectable for his talents. In a degenerate age he conceived the bold project of reviving sound eloquence, and of restoring it to its ancient rights.

He did this first by his example ; for his pleadings, which are unfortunately lost, are said to have been the only ones that recalled the age of Augustus. He saw the pure eloquence of Cicero and Hortensius, although

for a while sustained by Messala and Pollio, soon precipitated to its fall by a crowd of rhetoricians who every where opened schools for the art which they had disgraced. He became the restorer of learning ; and received the consular fasces from the emperor Domitian, as a reward for the instruction which he had given to his nephews.

His institutes were written when he was sixty years of age ; and though antiquity has transmitted his name to us with unbounded praise, and Martial calls him the glory of the Roman toga, still his invaluable work on the subject of oratory contains his most splendid eulogium.

It is divided into twelve books ; and comprehends not only a perfect system for the contemplation of the orators, but an able criticism on the works of the Greek and Roman classics. The general purport of the two first books, are precepts worthy the attention both of parents and of tutors. He shows the advantages of early application to study, and the preference of publick to private education, on the ground, that it better qualifies youth to live in society, for which they were destined. A lecture may be of more avail when given to an individual ; but the form of publick schools, and the habit of publick and similar exercises, in his opinion excite genius by the spur of emulation. The sensations are more lively when they are not solitary, and learning in publick schools is diffused by contagion.

Quintilian conducts the young scholar through the instruction of his early years, to the study of eloquence ; and in addition to languages and grammar, he recommends musick and geometry, as the one forms the ear and gives him the sentiment of harmony, and the other accustoms him to accuracy and method. He requires from him who prepares himself for eloquence, what Cicero recommends in his treatise "On a perfect Orator." The peroration of his first book is a noble instance of the enthusiasm of an accomplished scholar. Youth are so susceptible of false taste, that he exhorts them to adhere to the perusal of

\* It is said that Thucydides formed himself upon the concise manner of Pindar.

the best authours; recommends Livy in preference to Sallust, but places Cicero before all others.

When he enters upon the subject of eloquence, he discusses all the frivolous questions which were then in vogue, and which are very uninteresting to us. He denies what we consider as a truth, that eloquence is the art of persuasion; and asserts what we probably may deny, that the name of orator does not belong to him, who is not at the same time eloquent and virtuous. With respect to the first question he says, the definition is incorrect, since eloquence is not the only thing that persuades, for that beauty, and tears, and mute supplications, persuade also. When Antony the orator, pleading for Aquilius, suddenly tears off the habit of the accused and exhibits the wounds he had received in fighting for his country; the Roman people cannot resist the spectacle, but absolve the criminal. The answer seems easy and obvious; the Roman people were not persuaded, they were moved: and to speak correctly, beauty charms, tears soften, but eloquence persuades.

With respect to his second objection, the instance of Cæsar may refute it. Cæsar, in the opinion of Cicero, was a very great orator, but he certainly would not have allowed him to be a virtuous character.

All the world will agree with Quintilian when he exalts the art of speaking, and shows the preeminence which it gives to man above all other animals; and a more attentive perusal of the writings of Cicero and Quintilian on the subject might probably tend to supply the great desideratum in an English education.

The art of eloquence, like other arts, is the effect of habit; and in so enlightened an age and country, it seems strange that an accomplished orator should still be regarded as a phenomenon. When ever it shall become a fashionable part of the education of youth to learn to convey their ideas with as much care as they have acquired them, the wise senator and the able speaker will more fre-

quently be found in the same person; and no long exercise is required to evince the assertion of Horace, "that if the subject be well understood, words will spontaneously present themselves."

Quintilian, like Aristotle, mentions three kinds of oratorical composition, the demonstrative, the deliberative, and the judicial.

Funeral orations are of the first kind; amongst the ancients, these were delivered by the relations of the deceased.

Julius Cæsar, in pronouncing an eulogy on his aunt Julia, deduced their mutual origin from the goddess Venus on the one side, and from Ancus Martius, the fourth king of Rome, on the other. Thus, said he, you will find in my family the sanctity of kings, who are the masters of men; and the majesty of the gods, who are the masters of kings.

Marcellus had been one of the greatest enemies of Cæsar. Since the battle of Pharsalia he had retired to Mitylene, where he cultivated in peace that literature which he passionately loved. In an assembly of the people, his brother Caius threw himself at the feet of the dictator to obtain his return. Cæsar desired that the suffrages of the senators should be taken individually. He wished to hear Cicero on a question which might exhibit the sensibility of his friendship, and he was not deceived.

In place of a simple form of compliment, Cicero addresses to the dictator the most noble, the most pathetic, and at the same time the most patriotick speech, that gratitude, friendship, and virtue could dictate to an elevated soul. It is impossible to read it without admiration and emotion.

Blame is the predominant feature of another species of demonstrative eloquence, of which the first oration against Catiline, furnishes a specimen.

The deliberative eloquence is found in the writings of the historians, in the Philippicks of Demosthenes, and

in the orations of Cicero for the Manilian, and against the Agrarian law.

It may not be inopportune to observe that these Agrarian laws never were intended to attach upon private property, but only to divide certain conquered lands amongst a number of the poorer citizens. It was never a question, whether all the lands of the state should be equally divided amongst them, until the barbarians of the north enslaved all the polished countries of Europe. The most celebrated banditti of Rome, even the cut-throats of Catiline did not conceive this plan. When the tribune Rullus endeavoured to revive a law which was the stalking-horse of ambitious citizens, Cicero invited him to contest the point with him in publick, and nothing more was heard of that bugbear with which the tribunes had always been accustomed to terrify the senate.

The judicial kind of eloquence comprehends all the affairs which are brought before courts of justice. The most remarkable of this species was the dispute between *Æschines* and *Demosthenes*; and the defence of the latter is considered as the highest of the judicial kind.

In the *Areopagus*, a court remarkable for its purity, a crier was charged to interrupt the pleader, who wandered from his subject to endeavour to move the pity of the judges. In other courts, it was permitted the orator to assist himself with all his weapons; and in this art, *Quintilian* is of opinion that *Cicero* surpasses the Grecian orator.

In theory it seems either absurd or improper to attempt to make an impression upon a judge, who either is, or ought to be, an impassible being. Demonstrative eloquence is, in the opinion of *Quintilian*, susceptible of all the ornaments of art. Deliberative eloquence ought to be more severe and dignified; judicial eloquence, strong in proof and convincing in argument, free in expression, impetuous and impassioned, and lastly, powerful in exciting emotions in the judges. Of its five distinct parts, the

exordium is to render the judges favourable and attentive, the narration to explain the fact, the confirmation to establish it by evidence, the refutation to destroy the arguments of the adverse party, the peroration to resume the substance of the discourse, and to engrave on the minds of the judges the impressions which it is most necessary to give them.

In this part of an oration, sensible objects were found to have the greatest effect. We see a tremendous example of it when *Antony* placed before the eyes of the Roman people the bloody robe of *Cæsar*. *Quintilian* mentions some instances in which the absurd exercise of this art entirely defeated its intention and its use. An advocate, pleading for a young woman whose husband had been assassinated, expected that a great effect would be produced if his portrait were exhibited to the judges at the peroration; but the persons to whom the office was entrusted, not knowing which was the peroration, every time the orator turned his head their way, failed not to hold out the portrait; which when the spectators beheld, they found that he whom the widow lamented so much was nothing but an old cripple. They immediately burst into laughter and thought no more of the pleader.

A certain person of the name of *Glycon* had brought a child into the court, with the hope that his tears and cries might soften his judges, and placed his tutor behind him to prompt him when he ought to begin. *Glycon*, full of confidence, addressed him at the critical period, and asked him why he wept? It is because my tutor pinches me! exclaimed the child. Thus ended all the hopes of the orator.

The business of a speaker is threefold, to instruct, to move, and to please. He instructs by reasoning, he moves by the pathetick, he pleases by elocution. In the latter are three predominant qualities, clearness, correctness, and ornament. *Quintilian* treats of the arrangement of words, of numbers, and harmony of periods. Every scholar, senator, and publick speaker.

will read him with pleasure and advantage; and although his object was to form his disciples for the Roman bar, and his work is more particularly applicable to their tribunals, yet it will open a wide field of instruction to every one who shall pursue the profession of the law in any age and in any country.

#### CLASSIFICATION OF CITIZENS.

(From *Burke's Maxims*.)

The legislators who framed the ancient republics knew that their business was too arduous to be accomplished with no better apparatus than the metaphysicks of an under graduate, and the mathematicks and arithmeticks of an exciseman. They had to do with men, and they were obliged to study human nature. They had to do with citizens, and they were obliged to study the effects of those habits which are communicated by the circumstances of civil life. They were sensible that the operation of this second nature on the first produced a new combination; and thence arose many diversities amongst men, according to their birth, their education, their professions, the periods of their lives, their residence in towns or in the country, their several ways of acquiring and of fixing property, and according to the quality of the property itself, all which rendered them as it were so many different species of animals. Hence they thought themselves obliged to dispose their citizens into such classes, and to place them in such situations in the state as their peculiar habits might qualify them to fill, and to allot to them such appropriated privileges as might secure to them what their specifick occasions required, and which might furnish to each description such force as might protect it in the conflict caused by the diversity of interests, that must exist, and must contend, in all complex society: for the legislator would have been ashamed, that the coarse husbandman should well know how to assort and to use his sheep, horses, and oxen, and should have enough of common sense not to

abstract and equalize them all into animals, without providing for each kind an appropriate food, care, and employment; whilst he, the economist, disposer, and shepherd of his own kindred, subliming himself into an airy metaphysician, was resolved to know nothing of his flocks but as men in general. It is for this reason that Montesquieu observed very justly, that in their classification of the citizens, the great legislators of antiquity made the greatest display of their powers, and even soared above themselves. It is here that your modern legislators have gone deep into the negative series, and sunk even below their own nothing. As the first sort of legislators attended to the different kinds of citizens, and combined them into one commonwealth, the others, the metaphysical and alchemical legislators, have taken the direct contrary course. They have attempted to confound all sorts of citizens, as well as they could, into one homogeneous mass; and then they divide this amalgama into a number of incoherent republics. They reduce men to loose counters, merely for the sake of simple telling, and not to figures whose power is to arise from their place in the table. The elements of their own metaphysicks might have taught them better lessons. The trol of their categorical table might have informed them that there was something else in the intellectual world besides *substance* and *quantity*. They might learn from the catechism of metaphysicks that there were eight heads more,\* in every complex deliberation, which they have never thought of, though these, of all the ten, are the subject on which the skill of man can operate any thing at all. So far from this able disposition of some of the old republican legislators, which follows with a solicitous accuracy the moral conditions and propensities of men, they have levelled and crushed together all the orders which they found, even under the coarse unartificial arrangement of the monarchy, in

\* Qualitas, Relatio, Actio, Passio, Ubi, Quando, Situs, Habitus.

which mode of government the classing of the citizens is not of so much importance as in a republick. It is true, however, that every such classification, if properly ordered, is good in all forms of government; and composes a strong barrier against the excesses of despotism, as well as it is the necessary means of giving effect and permanence to a republick. For want of something of this kind, if the present project of a republick should fail, all securities to a moderated freedom fail along with it; all the indirect restraints which mitigate despotism are removed; insomuch that if monarchy should ever again obtain an entire ascendancy in France, under this or under any other dynasty, it will probably be, if not voluntarily tempered at setting out, by the wise and virtuous counsels of the prince, the most completely arbitrary power that has ever appeared on earth. This is to play a most desperate game.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

### SONG—BY DIBDIN.

If bold and brave thou can'st not bear  
Thyself from all thou lov'st to tear,  
If, while winds, war, and billows roll,  
A spark of fear invades thy soul,  
If thou'rt appall'd when cannons roar,  
I pray thee, messmate, stay ashore:

There, like a lubber,  
Whine and blubber,  
Still for thy ease and safety busy,  
Nor dare to come,  
Where honest Tom,  
And Ned, and Nick,  
And Ben, and Phil,  
And Jack, and Dick,  
And Bob, and Bill,  
All weathers sing, and drink the swizzy.

If, should'st thou lose a limb in fight,  
She who made up thy heart's delight,  
For recompense that thou art kind,  
Shall prove inconstant as the wind,

If such hard fortune thou'st deplore,  
I pray thee, messmate, stay ashore:

There like a lubber, &c.

If pris'nér in a foreign land,  
No friend, no money at command,  
That man thou trusted hadst alone  
All knowledge of thee should disown;  
If this should vex thee to the core,  
I pray thee, messmate, stay ashore.

There, like a lubber, &c.

In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Curdistan, as he governs Thrace: nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers, which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose reign, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigour of his authority in his centre, is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed, as you are in yours. She complies to; she submits; she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

The following old and humorous song was a great favourite of Burns. The two last stanzas have peculiar beauty, and the effect described in the last is acknowledged by many an honest fellow.

When I have a sixpence under my thumb,  
Then I'll get credit in ilka town;  
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gae by;  
Oh, Poverty parts good company,  
Todlin hame, todlin hame,  
O cou'd na' my love come todlin hame.

Fair fa' the good wife and send her good sale,  
She gives us white bannocks to drink her ale;  
Synce that if her tuppony chance to be sma',  
We'll tak' a good scour o't and ca'l away.  
Todlin hame, todlin hame,  
As round as a neap come todlin hame.

My Kimmer and I lay down to sleep,  
And twa pint stoups at our bed's feet,  
And ay when we waken'd we drank them  
dry;

What think ye of my wee Kimmer and I,  
Todlin hame, and todlin hame,  
Sae round as my love comes todlin hame.

Leeze me, on liquor, my todlin dou  
Ye're ay sae good humour'd when wetting  
your mou',

When sober sae sour, ye'll fight with a flea,  
That 'tis a blithe sight to the bairns and me  
When todlin hame, todlin hame,  
When round as a neap you come todlin hame.

Of all things, Wisdom is the most  
terrified with epidemical fanaticism,  
because of all enemies it is that against  
which she is the least able to furnish  
any kind of resource.

It is a great mistake, that the desire  
of securing property is universal  
among mankind. Gaming is a principle  
inherent in human nature. It  
belongs to us all.

When Southey, in a mood of political discontent  
wrote the following ingenious lines, there was no  
room for querulousness. The British Constitution to  
which he alludes was neither rotten nor decayed. It  
was more vigorous than ever. Although therefore the  
application to England cannot be made, yet he who in  
America adverts to what we once were, to what we  
might be, and to what we are, will soon see that the  
oak of our national strength and dignity is rotten to  
the very core.

#### THE OAK OF OUR FATHERS.

Alas for the oak of our *fathers*, that stood  
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

It grew and it flourish'd for many an age,  
And many a tempest wreak'd on it its rage,  
But when its strong branches were bent with  
the blast,  
It struck its roots deeper and flourish'd more  
fast.

Its head tower'd high, and its branches  
spread round,  
For its roots were struck deep, and its heart  
it was sound,  
The bees o'er its honey-dew'd foliage play'd,  
And the beasts of the forest fed under its  
shade.

The oak of our fathers to Freedom was dear,  
Its leaves were her crown, and its wood was  
her spear.

Alas! for the oak of our fathers, that stood  
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

There *crept* up an *ivy*, and clung round the  
trunk,

It struck deep in its mouth, and its juices it  
drunk;

The branches grew sickly, depriv'd of their  
food,

And the oak was no longer the pride of the  
wood.

The foresters saw, and they gather'd around,  
Its roots still were fast, and its heart still  
was sound;

They lopt off the boughs that so beautiful  
spread,

But the *ivy* they spar'd on its vitals that fed.

Nolonger the bees o'er its honey-dews play'd  
Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its  
shade;

Lopt and mangled the trunk in its ruin is  
seen,

A monument now what its beauty has been.

The oak has received its incurable wound,  
They have loosen'd the roots, though the  
heart may be sound;

What the travellers at a distance green  
flourishing see,

Are the leaves of the *ivy* that *poison'd* the  
tree.

Alas! for the oak of our FATHERS, that  
stood

In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

EDMUND BURKE, speaking, on a certain  
occasion, of his own temper, has so exactly  
described the spirit of a virtuous adventurer,  
that we cannot refrain from copying the para-  
graph.

"*Nitor in adversum*" is the motto  
for a man like me. I possessed not  
one of the qualities nor cultivated one  
of the arts that recommend men to fa-  
vour and protection. I was not *made*  
*for a minion or a tool*. As little did I  
*follow the trade* of winning the hearts,  
by imposing on the understandings of  
the *people*. At every step of my pro-  
gress in life (for in every step I was  
traversed and opposed) and at every  
turnpike I met, I was obliged to *show*  
*my passport*, and again and again to  
*prove my title to the honour of*  
*BEING USEFUL TO MY COUNTRY*. I  
have *no* arts, but *manly* arts. On  
them I have stood, and please God, to  
the last gasp will I stand.

It is laughable to find old Rétif de  
la Bretonne emulating the naïveté of  
Florian. There is as much differ-  
ence between them as between a Satyr  
and a Grace.

Kotsebue, in his last Tour to Paris,  
mentions having met this old liquorish  
goat in a polite coterie; pour le coup,  
he ought to have said *il était amène la*  
*par la chaussure provoquant d'Amable*.  
(Vide Rétif's *Nouvelles Contempo-*  
*raines*.) For the honour of the fair  
Parisians I hope Rétif's Adelaide  
Martin, and Amable Gauthier are  
stories not founded on modern man-  
ners, but the offspring of a prurient  
brain.

## IMPROMPTU,

After a visit to Mrs. —, of Montreal.

'Twas but for a moment—and yet in that time  
She crowded th' impressions of many an  
hour;

Her eye had a glow like the sun of her clime,  
Which wak'd every feeling at once into  
flower.

Oh! could we have sto'p'd but one rapturous  
day

To renew such impressions again and again,  
The things we should look, and imagine, and  
say

Would be worth all the life we had wasted  
till then!

What we had not the leisure or language to  
speak

We should find some more exquisite mode  
of revealing,

And between us, should feel just as much in  
a week

As others would take a millenium in feel-  
ing!

Gibbon, somewhere, talks in the following  
style, which, doubtless, will be considered  
as an abomination by every whig.

I was returned at the general elec-  
tion for the borough of Leskeard. I  
took my seat at the *beginning of the*  
*memorable contest* between Great Bri-  
tain and America, and supported with  
many a sincere and silent vote, the  
*rights*, though not perhaps the *interest*  
of the mother country.

When I lov'd you I can't but allow  
I had many an exquisite minute;  
But the scorn that I feel for you now  
Hath even more luxury in it.

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,  
Some witchery seems to await you;  
To love you is pleasant enough,  
And oh! 'tis delicious to hate you.

From the Repertory.

## COLIN AND ECHO.

Where lofty beeches form a shade,  
Close by a river's side,  
Young Colin sung of Adelaide,  
And Echo thus replied:

Colin—O charming little Adelaide,  
Indeed I love thee well;

Echo—well!

Colin—And many a tale my charming maid,  
Of early love could tell.

Echo—tell.

Colin—But tho' my bosom fondly swell,  
The tale I dare not try;

Echo—try.

Colin—And Echo too my heart will tell  
Where now enchain'd you lie.

Echo—you lie.

Colin—But why should Colin linger here,  
And mutual love forego?

Echo—go!

Colin—Yet would she not! ah! much I fear  
The maid would answer no.

Echo—no.

Colin—And what should I, poor simple boy  
Thus cover'd with chagrin?

Echo—grin.

Colin—O what if she, ah hopeless joy!  
Should ask her Colin?

Echo—in in!

Colin—O let me haste to Adelaide  
And all her frowns defy.

Echo—fy!

Colin—And who for such a lovely maid  
Would e'er refuse to die?

Echo—I.

Goldsmith has finely described the delights  
of a *summer* evening in the country. One of  
our own writers has, in the Monthly Antho-  
logy, painted the brightness of his *winter* fire,  
and we commend the artist for his ingenuity.

I like to sit in my study in a winter  
evening, when the wind blows clear,  
and the fire burns bright. If I am  
alone, I sometimes love to muse loose-  
ly on a thousand flits of the imagina-  
tion; to remark the gentle agitations  
of the flame; to eye the mouse, that  
listens at his knot hole, and then runs  
quick across the hearth; or dwell long  
on the singing of the wood, when the  
heat drives out the sap. I believe that  
such reverie softens the heart, while it  
relaxes the body, for thus the senses  
are gratified in miniature. In the  
first I have the *softest* colours, and the  
*sweetest* and *most* various undulations,  
and in the gentle musick of the green  
stick there is melody for fairies. No  
sense is particularly excited by my  
grey, silk-footed, and crumb-nibbling  
animal, but perhaps he might teach  
me a lesson of prudence, not to set  
out on a journey, till I have inquired  
the dangers and difficulties of the way.  
While I am in this state of lonely  
musing, I sometimes lapse unknow-  
ingly into grief; for *my guardians are*  
*dead*, and *my friends are far from me*,  
*my years are hastening away*, "and  
evening with its hollow blast murmurs  
of pleasures never to return." P

this state I do not like to indulge, for sorrow grows by musing: I therefore rouse myself from fears that dishearten, to studies that strengthen or exhilarate me; and when I have lighted a cigar, and put on more wood, I track Park to the banks of the Niger, or I mount the walls of Rome with "Bourbon and revenge," and close the evening with an act from Shakspeare, the best of poets and the wisest of writers.

SONG—BY DIBDIN.

A voyage at sea and all its strife,  
Its pleasure and its pain,  
At every point resembles life:  
Hard work for little gain.  
The anchor's weigh'd, smooth is the flood,  
Serene seems every form,  
But soon alas! comes on the scud,  
That speaks the threat'ning storm.  
The towering masts in splinters shivering,  
The useless sails in tatters quivering,  
Thunder rolling, lightning flashing,  
Waves in horrid tumult dashing,  
Foam along the dreary shore.  
Still while tars sit round so jolly  
The sprightly flute calls care a folly;  
Aloft, a low, afloat, aground,  
Let but the smiling grog go round,  
And storms are heard no more.

The voyage through life is various found,  
The wind is seldom fair,  
Though to the Straits of Pleasure bound  
Too oft we touch at Care;  
Impervious dangers we explore,  
False friends, some faithless she;  
Pirates and sharks are found ashore  
As often as at sea.

A lowering storm, from envy brewing;  
Shall at a distance menace ruin,  
While Slander, Malice, and Detraction  
A host of fiends shall bring in action,  
And plant Care's thorns at every pore.  
Yet round to sweet domestick duty  
Some manly imp or infant beauty  
Clings round his neck, or climbs his knees,  
Each thorn's pluck'd out, pain's turn'd to ease,  
And storms are heard no more.

The ship towers gaily on the main,  
To fight its country's cause,  
And bids the obedient world maintain  
Its honours and its laws;  
Nor from surrounding danger shrinks  
Till sacrificed to fame;  
Death dealing round, she nobly sinks  
Only to live in name.  
And so the man: his ample measure  
Fill'd with alternate pain and pleasure,  
Till long in age and honour living,  
Life's strength worn out, a lesson giving

To those he leaves his well-got store.  
Mild Hope and Resignation greeting,  
The playful soul in inches fleeting  
Makes onward to its native skies,  
While gasping Nature pants and dies,  
And storms are heard no more.

No species of architecture is better calculated for the dwelling of *heavenly pensive contemplation* than the Gothick; it has a powerful tendency to fill the mind with sublime, solemn, and religious sentiments; the antiquity of the Gothick churches contribute to increase that veneration which their form and size inspire. We naturally feel a respect for a fabrick into which we know that our forefathers have entered with reverence, and which has stood the assault of many centuries, and of a thousand storms.

TO THE MEMORY OF ADMIRAL NELSON.

Written in America.

To thy great soul all danger was the same,  
The path of death was but the path to fame.  
How near by deeds are mighty souls allied!  
Thus Wolfe, and thus the god-like Theban died.

No vulgar death concludes a life so great,  
The common actor meets a common fate:  
A slow disease consumes his active fire;  
Safe on the couch let such a soul expire:  
But noble deeds should meet a noble doom,  
And in the trophy find a glorious tomb;  
A tomb that draws from ev'ry eye the tear,  
A hero's tomb to all mankind is dear.  
Fame crowns the valiant Nelson as he dies,  
And makes the scene immortal where he lies.

I once thought that a man of much vivacity was not capable of entering into the details of business: I now see, that he, who is certainly a man of wit, can continue methodically the necessary routine of business, with the patience and perseverance of the greatest dunce that ever drudged in a computing house.

THE THREE SIGHS,

OR, SORROW, HOPE, AND BLISS.

Near yonder cliff there stands a cot,  
Long favour'd by the foaming tide;  
When Edward left the much-lov'd spot,  
With parting kiss fair Anna sigh'd—  
"With Edward's presence bless'd today,  
"But sad will be tomorrow:  
"Adieu! adieu!" she scarce could say,  
And heav'd the sigh of Sorrow.

Some months had pass'd in silent grief,  
 When Reason's voice resum'd its way;  
 She knew complaint ne'er gave relief,  
 So grew resign'd from day to day.  
 Off from the cliff she'd plaintive cry,  
 "He may return tomorrow;"  
 While thus she sang, Hope's rising sigh  
 Reliev'd the sigh of Sorrow.

And now the vessel homeward steer'd,  
 She saw the well-known token wave—  
 (The faithful sight her bosom cheer'd)  
 The token she at parting gave.  
 Fond Edward cried, with ardent kiss—  
 "Thou shalt be mine tomorrow!"  
 While thus he spake, the sigh of Bliss  
 Dispell'd the sigh of Sorrow.

Whom do the *jacobins* mean by the  
*word people*? That desperate crowd,  
 studious of novelty, which a dema-  
 gogue can rake from any kennel in  
 any city? What honest man in the  
 community but wishes that such crea-  
 tures should be coerced to decency  
 by the *whip* of the beadle. Grave  
 authority, watching the ark of govern-  
 ment, should hold no other language  
 than *Dryden's*:

Nor shall the RASCAL RABBLE here have  
 place,  
 Whom men no TITLES gave, and God no  
 grace.

## SONG.

Lo! friend of my youth! Why dwell you  
 no more

Mid the scenes of affection so dear?  
 Why still dost thou wander from home far  
 away,

Why linger with strangers so many a day,  
 Tho' the dark storm that shaded thy pros-  
 pect is o'er,  
 Tho' fled is pale Misery's tear?

O say, is the form thou so fondly didst love,  
 Eras'd from thy still valu'd heart?  
 Do the warm glowing feelings thou cherish'd  
 awhile,

No longer the tear of remembrance beguile?  
 O say, do the visions that happiness wove  
 No longer their magic impart?

Ah! yet ere the gay tints of beauty are fled  
 Ere the rose of delight blooms no more,  
 Come wand'r'er below'd! to Emma, O come,  
 The tribute of rapture shall welcome thee  
 home;

And the chaplet of bliss that once circled  
 thy head,  
 Affection's warm breath shall restore.

A linkboy asked Dr. Burgess the  
 preacher, if he would have a light.

"No child," says the doctor, "I am  
 one of the lights of the world." "I  
 wish then," replied the boy, "you  
 were hung up at the end our alley, for  
 it is a devilish dark one."

Lines addressed to a Lady who had remarked that  
 her heart was often sad when she seem'd gay, and  
 that she frequently retired to indulge her tears when  
 the festive circle had withdrawn.

And canst thou act so false a part,  
 As feign a joy thou dost not feel?  
 And canst thou a dejected heart  
 Beneath imposing smiles conceal?

Or rather—why should secret grief  
 That gentlest bosom thus annoy?  
 Why thus impel to seek relief  
 From tears that stain the cheek of joy?

But I may not the cause inquire:  
 The heart alone its sorrow knows,  
 And oft delighteth to retire,  
 By all unseen to weep its woes.

And sure the tear that dims thine eye,  
 The sigh that heaves thy tender heart,  
 Are dearer far than all the joy  
 That mirth and jollity impart.

In a new work of uncommon excellence, one of the  
 Royal Academicians, a man of various genius, at once  
 a painter and a poet, thus poignantly expresses his  
 contempt for the coxcombs of modern philosophy.

Ungrac'd, ungracious, dull, demure and vain,  
 A cavilling, cold, pert, disputatious train;  
 The nation's obloquy, the time's offence,  
 Infect philosophy and torture sense;  
 Pervert all truth, proscribe each finer art,  
 Fire the weak head, and freeze the feeling  
 heart;

Adrift in Passion's tempest turn the mind,  
 And cut the moral cables of mankind;  
 In patchwork of exploded follies wrought,  
 Close quilted in good housewifery of thought,  
 Their heads with straws from Rousseau's  
 stubble crown'd,

Our metaphysick madmen rave around,  
 With Kings and Priests they wage eternal  
 war,  
 And laws and life's strait waiscoat they  
 abhor,

As crafty means to cheek the mind's career,  
 And put inspir'd philosophers in fear;  
 To cramp the energies of soul and sense,  
 And constitute enjoyment an offence.  
 What food for ridicule! what room for  
 wrath!

When Study works up Folly to a froth!  
 When Dullness bubbling o'er Ambition's fire,  
 In cloud and smoke and vapour will aspire;  
 Through each foul funnel of the press will  
 rise,  
 And fill with fog the intellectual skies.

So many ridiculous things occur every day in the world, that men who are endowed with that degree of sensibility which usually accompanies genius, find it very difficult to maintain a continued gravity. This difficulty is abundantly felt in the grave and learned professions of law, physick and divinity; and the individuals who have been most successful in surmounting it, and who never deviate from the solemnity of established forms, have not been always the most distinguished for real knowledge or genius; though generally they are most admired by the multitude, who are very apt to mistake that gravity for wisdom, which proceeds from a literal weight of brain, and muddiness of understanding. Mistakes of the same kind are frequently made in forming a judgment of books, as well as men. Those which profess a formal design to instruct and reform, and carry on the work methodically, till the reader is lulled into repose, have passed for deep and useful performances: while others, replete with original observations and real instruction, have been treated as frivolous, because they are written in a familiar style, and the precepts conveyed in a sprightly and indirect manner.

#### MUSICK,

[By William Strode, who died in 1644.

When whispering streams do softly steal  
With creeping passion thro' the heart;  
And when at every touch we feel  
Our pulses beat and bear a part;

When threads can make  
A heart-string quake,  
Philosophy  
Can scarce deny

The soul can melt in harmony.

O lull me, lull me! charming air,  
My sense is rock'd with wonders sweet;  
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,  
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet;

Grief who need fear  
That hath an ear?  
Down let him lie,  
And slumbering die,

And change his soul for harmony.

The grand scale on which the beauties of nature appear in Switzerland and the Alps, has been considered by

some as too vast for the pencil; but among the sweet hills and vallies of Italy, her features are brought nearer the eye, are fully seen and understood, and appear in all the bloom of rural loveliness. Tivoli, Albano, and Frascati, therefore, are the favourite abodes of the landscape painters who travel to this country for improvement; in the opinion of some, these delightful villages furnish studios better suited to the powers of their art, than even Switzerland itself. Nothing can surpass the admirable assemblage of hills, meadows, lakes, cascades, gardens, ruins, groves, and terraces, which charm the eye as you wander among the shades of Frascati and Albano, which appear in new beauty as they are viewed from different points, and captivate the beholder with endless variety.

#### TO JANE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Come, Queen of the Fairies, so rosy and gay,  
We must crown you with flowers as the  
daughter of May,  
And pluck from these groups that enamel  
the earth,  
A garland to honour the day of your birth.

First the Cowslip so sweet, with her bright  
yellow bells,  
And the Violet, whose fragrance all other  
excels,  
And the blue Perywinkle just under the wall,  
And the Hyacinth that rises so stately and  
tall.

We'll forget not the Primrose so modest and  
shy,  
Nor her neighbour the Daisy that blushes  
hard by;  
Nor the powder'd Auricula gracefully bold,  
With his cousin the Polyanth' crested with  
gold.

From the Almond's pink blossom we'll bor-  
row a spray,  
And the rich scented Wallflower a tribute  
must pay,  
The Jonquil and Pansy their beauties unite,  
And the sweet humble Lily be drawn to the  
light.

With a garland so beauteous, such bright  
auburn hair,  
What form with my Darling's can fancy  
compare?  
Yet a garland more beauteous her breast  
may adorn,  
Than courts the soft dew drops of May's  
lucid morn.

If mild and good humour'd, obliging and kind,  
The fruits of the heart aid the blossoms of mind;  
If Duty and Love join with Spirit and Ease,  
They form the dear chaplet that always will please.

Wear these in your bosom, my sweet little Jane,  
And the flowers that we prize will unfaded remain;  
Tho' beauty may vanish and fortune grow cold,  
Yet the garland of Virtue will never wax old.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Still thought recalls those hours of bliss  
That swiftly in her presence flew;  
Again imprints the parting kiss,  
When scarcely we could say adieu.  
Still fondly treasures ev'ry word  
That dow'd persuasive from her tongue,  
Each vow that I with rapture heard,  
Each wish that in our bosoms sprung.

*For The Port Folio.*

SONG,

*Translated from the Guelick.*

1.

Health and joy to the charmer I saw yesternight,  
Thy merits surpass Albion's beauties so bright,  
Innum'able gifts on thee Nature bestows  
Which rang'd by thy wisdom fresh graces disclose.

2.

For certainly Nature to thee hath been kind  
Whom she makes beauty's queen with no follies to blind;  
No pride, no conceit, not a fault we behold,  
Among females you stand like a diamond in gold.

3.

One third of thy beauties no words can express,  
Thy white heaving bosom, thy shape, air, and face;  
Thy colour so lovely, tap'ring fingers so fair  
Adapted to fancy-works tasteful and rare.

4.

While one Briton lives thy dear mem'ry remains,  
O, fairest of damsels! high blood fills thy veins;  
How sweet is thy breath, and what fire in thy glance,  
How graceful to music thou mov'st in the dance.

5.

Thy teeth like the chalk-moisten'd coral surrounds  
Whence a voice more harmonious than organs resounds.  
Unless there should lurk imperfections unseen  
Thy symmetry equals bright Venus the queen.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The pedantry of the following rhapsody will, perhaps, find an excuse in the reading it displays. And I am sure that an attempt to extract amusement from a very irksome task, if it do not meet the general taste, will please those of your readers, who are employed in the education of youth.

### THE DAY—PART I

At seven just I lift my head,  
What, says Hurry, still in bed!  
You might have ta'en a morning walk,  
But, hark! the children how they talk.  
You 'll hinder breakfast, quickly rise,  
A sluggard never gain'd a prize.  
Thus sharply rous'd, my vest I snatch,  
But stopping, turn to look my watch;  
What, only seven! Sloth exclaims,  
And rising too, my master dreams;  
As little ease to any falls,  
Why make it less ere business calls;  
Or longer from yourself conceal,  
That lounging 's better than a meal;  
Consider, sir, it 's hardly light,  
And pleasanter to sit at night:  
Besides you have three quarters good:  
It 's cold, and bears\* dislike the wood.  
Up late, and rising early too  
Is more than mortal man can do.  
I 'm sorry more I can't relate,  
For John† broke up the strange debate:  
"Sir, breakfast waits," on Sloth I frown,  
And bawl, I 'm just a coming down.

Good morning, sir, your eyes are red,  
Perhaps with laying long in bed,  
Or rather sitting up at night,  
Sir, one or t'other 's surely right.  
We drink our tea and munch our toast,  
As silent as the Samian host;  
And breakfast ends without a joke,  
For where's the wit where nothing 's spoke.

I slowly move along to school,  
To exercise an irksome rule;  
Behold me come to Wilson's door,  
This morning 's cold! your lips are sore,  
Bit by the frost, I look for rain,  
Sit down, sir—No, I can't remain,  
Your servant, sir, it 's just my hour,  
Ha!—here 's a boat, some tidings sure.  
For longer stay I lack pretence,  
And therefore march to scatter sense.  
The school assembl'd, Dick proceeds,  
And from the British story reads

\* Several bears had been seen in the road.

† The servant boy.

How Rosamond, that beauteous maid,  
Was, for pure love, to death betray'd;  
How stern Dunstan hating evil,  
With pincers hot torments the devil,  
Old Nick, as all the monks depose,  
Roar'd loud while Dunstan burnt his nose,  
And swore it prick'd him to the quick,  
To lose his nose by such a trick.  
Robert comes—this word? what gabble,  
Silence! bless me! what a rabble;  
This \* sentence, sir, I can't explain,  
Why Cæsar argues might and main,  
That souls are mortal—death a sleep,  
Where man shall neither sing nor weep.  
Sir, sense for Libra can't be found;  
Tut, man! it means a Roman pound,  
There Nepos† gives the Roman praise,  
But flattery always must debase;  
This Atticus was each man's friend,  
If gifts to friendship can pretend,  
The vile, ambitious, and the proud,  
The learn'd, wretch'd and the good,  
Intreated humbly for his aid,  
And always had their wants allay'd;  
Time never blasts his cautious aim,  
And truth confirms the dastard name.

Sir, Terence‡ paints a droll disease,  
Which, trust me, doctors can't appease,  
Phadria in a passion swore  
His mistress' face to see no more,  
Till two whole days were come and spent,  
And out of town he quickly went;  
These days to kill, apart from harm,  
In dulness at his country farm;  
But all in vain—he pass'd his house,  
Nor knew it more than Madam Goose,  
And looking round for sweet repose,  
Back straightway to his mistress goes.

I'll thank you, master, to explain  
What Ovid's|| florid lines contain,  
Bold Jason begs his cunning wife,  
To renovate his father's life;  
His wife, submissive, gladly goes  
Nine days and nights without repose,  
To gather herbs through hill and dale,  
Invoke the gods, and chant her spell.  
Returning thence she fills a pot,  
With vervain, hellebore, and soot;  
With plants cut up by Luna's light,  
Owls' bills and wings, a sorry sight,  
The scales and entrails of a snake,  
And eke the gizzard of a rake,  
The liver of a stag she takes,  
Because his life seven ages makes,  
And also adds his head and chin,  
With poppy juice to make it thin—

\* Vide Cæsar's speech in Sallust.

† Vide Nepos' Life of Atticus and Plutarch.

‡ Vide Terence, Eunuch, Act 4, Scene 2.

|| Vide Ovid's Meta, Book 7, Table 2.

She makes this curious mixture boil,  
And stirs it till it's thick as oil:  
Behold, she cuts old Eson's throat,  
Whose senile blood 's too thin to cleat;  
The blood expell'd, the juice she gives,  
And notice, Eson 's young and lives;  
As fresh he looks as heretofore,  
When twenty-three, tho' now fourscore.  
Alas! we have no doctors nigh  
To save us thus, so we must die.

There Horace,\* in his usual way,  
Instructs with tales like honest Gay;  
A Roman had two sons, it seems,  
For instance just like Dick and James;  
To each he gives with prudent care,  
Of his estate an equal share.  
And feeling Death's relentless stroke,  
Thus briefly to his children spoke:  
My dearest Dick, when I survey'd  
Your playthings broken and decay'd,  
And given to the first you met,  
Or lost or stolen without regret:  
And you, dear James, with boding fear,  
Hide yours in holes with anxious care,  
I greatly fear'd that both your minds  
Were ting'd with ills of diff'rent kinds,  
Lest Dick should soon a spendthrift turn,  
And James with love of money burn:  
But hear a dying sire's advice,  
It 's short yet worth a wond'rous price,  
Your wealth 's enough, ne'er make it less.  
Nor greater, nor for honour press,  
Nor bribe a sycophant for praise,  
Nor swell with pride at vulgar gaze,  
And if your passions you must prove,  
It 's not a crime to fall in love.

Here Tacitus† vile wars relates,  
And customs of barbaric states;  
How ladies of true German blood,  
To friends while fighting handed food;  
Urg'd them to fight with might and main,  
To die, or victory obtain;  
Then, if their scars are all before,  
They chant their praise from shore to shore;  
But when base wounds deform their backs  
They wish them stretched out on racks.

A truce—the writing 's now begun,  
Be silent, what! already done?  
Thus hold the pen, what shabby stuff,  
Your paper 's spoil'd from rolling snuff.  
Home now I run with eager speed,  
Burnet's copious tracts to read;  
But feeling soon my thoughts adrift,  
I seek a little ease from Swift,  
His wit my spirits soon recalls,  
When, dinner sir, John loudly bawls:  
I run with more than usual pace,  
But not in time to hear the grace.

(To be continued.)

\* Sat. 3, Book 2, line 168. † De moribus Germanorum.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

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Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, March 7, 1807.

[No. 10.]

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

If the Editor thinks the following effusion of fancy worthy of insertion it is at his disposal.

It was designed as a faint essay to express the inclination of the authour, and also the plan of education, according to his notion, most proper for the instruction of youth.

**A**URELIUS was a farmer of great respectability. The younger part of his life was spent in a populous city, where he not only acquired a knowledge of the world, but having access to a publick library he stored his mind with all kinds of information. His disposition inclining him to solitude and study, he relinquished a lucrative employment, and purchasing a small farm retired to give freedom to his inclination in philosophical inquiries. After spending some years in a state of celibacy he entered into a conjugal life with an amiable young woman, an orphan under the guardianship of a neighbouring farmer. In this state his happiness could only be increased by the blessing of offspring, in which he was speedily gratified, and before the fourth year of his wedlock found himself in possession of two charming boys, when heaven, as if desirous to satiate his felicity, granted him his wish, for his desire of having but few children was answered; Charles and Edward were his only offspring.

Blessed now with the fulness of happiness, he regaled himself in the bosom of felicity. His two sons grown to an age fit to receive instruction were taken under his own immediate tuition. Aware of the danger to which the morals of children are exposed, particularly at country schools, and how much the examples they there see militates with the endeavours of parents; he wisely sacrificed his own ease to the good of his boys, and undertook their education at the expense of his own liberty. The confinement and interference with business so generally adduced by parents to rid themselves of the trouble of educating their own children sunk into an atom, and the importance of

“Teaching the young ideas how to shoot,  
“The wayward passions how to move,”

eclipsed and banished all other considerations from his regard.

Charles and Edward were now occasionally called from play, and taught the rudiments of language; and to encourage them Aurelius occasionally illustrated the numerous advantages and pleasure of knowledge; he likewise frequently offered a reward much more grateful to youthful minds: the privilege of riding, fishing, &c. By these means he wrought in them a fondness for learning, and hastened the progress of his pupils to the happy hour when their acquisition of

knowledge would enable them to join hands with him in promoting science. Having now advanced them to an ability to read and write, and to understand arithmetick, he put into their hands the elements of the mathematicks, thereby to frame their minds for just reasoning, and to give them a relish for truth. The boys enamoured with their new employment and animated with the clear certainty they perceived as they came to understand the propositions, bent with fresh vigour to their studies; and Aurelius had now the pleasure of seeing his pupils, though but lads, able to reason like men. Not satisfied with bare assertion, they demanded reasons, and this was the moment for their introduction into philosophy; convinced of this Aurelius considered the most proper part to commence. Natural philosophy he knew was very intricate, many of the causes of the phænomena of nature lay veiled in obscurity and altogether beyond the reach of their imperfect intellect. However, he at length concluded upon the physical part of natural science into which study the lads were ushered. Metaphysicks beside being more abstruse might, he apprehended, from their present state of intellect lead to infidelity or the renunciation of the important truth of divine revelation. He, therefore, prudently settled them to the simplest phænomena of nature, and as the most extensive and important part of natural knowledge depended upon chemistry, he first initiated them into that study: thence they were conducted to mechanicks, which completed what is termed experimental philosophy; and enabled them to understand the various operations and effects of nature. He was now gratified with seeing his boys acquainted with almost every part of physical knowledge, and taking disposition from his example they brought every thing practicable to the test of experiment.

Natural history was next imposed upon them, and finally he put into their hands the invaluable Essay on Human Understanding by J. Locke. Having now passed through the in-

tended circle of knowledge, and arrived at an age suitable to acquire some occupation, Aurelius considered the most judicious manner for their introduction and exposure upon the theatre of the world; he knew vice was unbounded, no profession exempt from the imputation of it; and, therefore, concluded to give liberty to their inclination. When the two boys fixed upon agriculture, Aurelius, well satisfied with their choice, continued to instruct them, not only in theory, but imposing the practice upon them they became fully acquainted with both art and science, and by the will of their father settled on an adjoining tract of land where they lived and became respectable and highly useful men.

RUSTICUS.

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*For The Port Folio.*

### THE DRAMA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The letter of your correspondent Theatricus purporting to be a sketch of the New-York performers is sometimes questionable in point of criticism and sometimes erroneous in point of fact.

The ages of Mr. Tyler and Mrs. Oldmixon are advanced a good five years a piece. Mrs. Villiers is said to be about thirty, and Mrs. Darley about twenty-six years of age. The truth is, that Mrs. Villiers is the youngest of three sisters, of whom Mrs. Wood of the Philadelphia Theatre is the eldest, and Mrs. Darley the second. Theatricus's criticism on Mrs. Villiers's acting gives a pretty faithful picture. She occasionally assumes (for so, I presume, your correspondent means to inform you) *both* the sock and the buskin. I sympathize with you in the pleasure with which you must have heard of the chastity of her chambermaids.

I differ very much with your correspondent on the merits of Messrs. Robinson, Martin, and Hogg. I believe Mr. Robinson to be modest, and this virtue is far from weighing little in my estimation; he may be intelligent, and he generally remembers his

part; but he has the most intolerable slowness of enunciation, and misplaced pathos, that it is possible for you to conceive. Upon offering his hand the other evening to a character with whom he was to make his exit, he made the following stately, affecting, and emphatic speech: "Give—me—YOUR—hand."

Mr. Martin I call remarkably insignificant. His manner of speaking is trivial, and his action inanimate. Theatricus gives you a wide circle of character, which Mr. Martin he tells you portrays with equal success. Perhaps I ought to leave this position as it stands; but I am tempted to say that I have once seen him perform an *Irishman* with rather more success than any thing else.

Mr. Martin has an unaccountable popularity in New-York; something like, give me leave to say, Mr. Fennel's in Philadelphia. I have never witnessed any extraordinary display of powers in this gentleman, and his forgetfulness of his part exceeds every thing that might hope for the indulgence of the house. I am assured however, from a quarter which leaves me no room to doubt the truth of the statement, that Mr. M. is *twenty* years younger than he is described to be in the letter of Theatricus.

So much for the minor particulars to be corrected or disputed; but what I and others have read with absolute amazement, is the account given you of Mr. Twaits. This gentleman is rather too fond of making a scar-mouch of himself, to give entire satisfaction; but the faults laid to his charge by Theatricus, appear to me to have no existence. I have witnessed Mr. Twaits's performances a sufficient number of times to be able to declare, that Mr. Twaits *never offends against modesty*; nor do I think it creditable that he could at any time succeed in raising a laugh among the genteeler part of the audience, the boxes, of New-York, at the expense of modesty. The assertion is a little rash.

Theatricus tells you that Mr. Twaits's face is what the ladies call monstrous

ugly. I do not find that (at least *all*) the ladies of New-York are of this opinion; nor do I think that Theatricus, if he saw Mr. Twaits when he has taken less pains than usual *to beautify* himself (as in the first scene of *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*) would pronounce any such sentence. This expression, and others, occurring in your correspondent's letter, I suspect that he is in the habit of seeing the performers of New-York at a distance only, and that he has not seen them very often. As to Mr. Twaits's voice, it has always excited my admiration. It has an extraordinary compass and sweetness. It has an elegance which often forcibly (to my mind) contrasts itself with the inelegance of his character and the buffoonery of his action. I will add what it will give you satisfaction to hear, and what I repeat on good foundation, that, in private life, Mr. Twaits is entitled to more than common praise, whether as a man or as a student of his art. Though on the stage he is often no more than a *merry-andrew*, behind the scenes his judgment and genius are often resorted to in the most refined departments of the drama; and at home his hours are so spent as to render him eminently qualified for rendering this species of service. I have been much displeased with him in *Goldfinch*, whom he makes a stableboy; but, in his proper walk, he cannot but be an acquisition and an ornament to any theatre.

OBSERVATOR.

#### AUSONIUS.

Ausonius lived in the fourth century, and was preceptor to Gratian. By the interest of his royal pupil he was advanced to the consulship. In ancient times the poet and the statesman were frequently combined, but in modern ones the phenomenon would be very extraordinary.

No one excels Ausonius in imagination or invention, in strength of language or in keenness of wit. But his faults at least counterbalance his merit; for his fancy, which was inexhaustible, is never chastised by a sense

of propriety or decorum. His language is inelegant, and the inequality of his pieces is the consequence of negligence, an unpardonable fault in a writer. He who presumes to solicit publick attention, ought certainly to omit no means in his power to deserve it; and the useful qualities of diligence and accuracy, give respectability to moderate talents and atone for many defects in composition.

It should seem as if it had been impossible to corrupt the chastity of Virgil's muse; but the ill-placed industry of Ausonius has effected this unjustifiable purpose, and his Cento Nuptialis will be an eternal monument of his disgrace.

#### CLAUDIAN.

Towards the end of the fourth century, and in the reign of Honorius and Arcadius, Claudian wrote several poems, which are scarcely worthy the name of epick. His Rape of Proserpine stood highest in his own esteem, and the opinion of criticks has confirmed the judgment which he formed of it. But genius not under the guidance of discretion, is ever found to be equally dangerous in writing and in conduct. His flights are often extravagant although beautiful, and his figures are too bold to be endured by the lovers of correct composition,

The purity of his language and the melody of his numbers, obtained him the praise of Scaliger. Of wit he has the happiest vein; and it is a subject both of surprise and concern, that as the latter part of his life was passed in retirement and literary ease, he did not employ it in correcting the inequalities of his work, and weighing them by that standard of taste of which, from his admiration of Virgil, he had formed no incompetent idea.

He would then perhaps have possessed much of the majesty of the Martuan bard, and might have claimed the distinguished honour of exhibiting an exception to the corrupted style which deforms all the poetry, not only of his own age, but of the three centuries which preceded him.

#### *Lives and Characters of eminent Greek Writers.*

##### ANACREON:

A lyric poet, born at Teios, a city of Ionia, flourished about 532 years before the Christian era. Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, invited him to his court, and made him share with him in his business and pleasures. Pleasure he was fond of to excess; and his philosophy seems to have been entirely that of Epicurus, so that Polycrates could not have chosen a more accomplished master of revels.

His philosophy was to make the most of the present life, without reference to futurity. Notwithstanding his dissipation he lived to the age of 85; being choked, we are told, by a grape-stone that stuck in his throat, as he was regaling on some new wine.

There is but a small part of his works that remain; for, besides odes and epigrams, he composed elegies, hymns, and iambicks.

His poems, which are extant, were rescued from oblivion by Henry Stevens. His manner in these odes is ingenious, but peculiar, and has never been rightly copied. Horace has imitated some of his beauties, particularly his Bacchanalian odes. But there is a kind of allegory in him, which, though generally natural, is somewhat obscure, and difficult either to imitate or explain!

His subjects are often trivial enough, but are rendered agreeable by his wit, which is of the laughing kind, abounding in smiles and graces, and tinged with satire. No author's temper was ever more strongly impressed on his works; for, by reading even a few odes, we see at once what kind of a man he was.

##### PINDAR:

The prince of lyric poets, was born at Thebes 520 years before Christ. He received his first musical instructions from his father, who was a flute-player; after which, according to Suidas, he studied under Myrtis, a lady of distinguished abilities in lyric poetry. He was afterwards the pupil of Corinna, a lady of equal genius in the lyric muse.

As Pindar's first essays were wild and luxuriant, on communicating his attempts to the last lady, she told him that he should sow with the hand, and not empty his whole sack at once.

Pindar, however, soon quitted these female leading strings, and became the disciple of Simonides, now arrived at an extreme old age. After which he soon surpassed all his masters, and acquired the highest reputation over Greece; but, like a true prophet, he was less honoured in his own country than elsewhere; for, at Thebes, he was often pronounced vanquished in the musical

and poetical contests by candidates of inferior merit.

Myrtis and Corinna afterwards disputed the prize with him at Thebes. He obtained a victory over Myrtis; but was vanquished five different times by Corinna. Perhaps this was owing, says Pausanias, to the latter's beauty, which influenced the judges.

Pindar had the mortification, before he quitted Thebes, to see his Dithyrambicks traduced, abused, and turned into ridicule by the comic poets of his time; and Athanasius tells us, that he was severely censured by his brother lyricists, for his being a lipogrammatist, and composing an ode from which he excluded the letter S. Whether these censures proceeded from envy cannot be determined.

Pindar, however, upon leaving Thebes, became the idol of Greece, and was courted by all the heroes, princes, and potentates of his time. He seems often to have been present at the four great festivals of the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean and Isthmian games, as may be seen from the odes he composed on these occasions, which are in the true spirit of lyric poetry, sublime, full of rapture, wild and abrupt in their transitions, concise, obscure, and moral.

He also composed elegies on the death of great personages, which were esteemed as master-pieces of the kind, but none of them are now extant.

Pindar lived to the great age of 90; being, along with Anacreon and Sophocles, the longest liver of all the poets. Most others have been generally short-lived; which happens, perhaps, either from the delicacy of their bodily frame, the too frequent irregularity and misfortunes of their lives, or their intense application to study above their strength.

#### SOPHOCLES:

Was archon or chief magistrate of Athens, in which office he commanded the forces of the republick, and signalized himself by his valor on many great occasions.

He composed plays till he was very old, and retained his genius to the last; for he composed his Oedipus Coloneus, when, on account of his great age, he was alledged by his heirs, who wanted to grasp his estate, in a state of dotage. But producing this play before the judges who sat upon the cause, he said he would give up his title, if they thought a dotard could produce such a piece. Upon which he was honourably acquitted. Of 100 tragedies he is said to have written, only seven have been preserved to our time. He died aged 91; about 406 years B. C.

#### THEOCRITUS:

Was born at Syracuse; but lived at the court of Egypt, in the reign of Ptolemy Phi-

ladelphus, about three hundred years B. C. He was made keeper (by that prince) of the famous Alexandrian Library, and was succeeded in that office by Apollonius Rhodius, the author of the Argonautick expedition, a beautiful poem still extant.

It is said, that, at his return to Syracuse, venturing to speak ill of Hiern, king of that city, he was put to death by his order. There are still extant his Idylliums in the Dorick dialect, with some other poems; all of great merit; particularly on account of their admirable simplicity, and the sweetness of the dialect in which they are written.

He may be justly considered as the father of pastoral poetry. Grace and simplicity are his characteristic. He is sometimes tender; often excels in description, and has, moreover, a kind of humour peculiar to himself. His first six Idylliums are all instances of the above beauties; although several of the rest are equally excellent. He represents the manners, pleasantry, and humour of peasants and shepherds, with peculiar propriety and exactness; and in this species of writing stands unrivalled.

#### DEMOSTHENES:

The prince of orators, flourished in the time of Philip, king of Macedon: somewhat prior to the age of Alexander.

No orator ever cultivated his parts to more advantage; or more overcame natural and almost insuperable defects, by practice, art, and diligence. It is said that he studied Thucydides with great exactness; and read him many times over before he began to compose. No orator was ever more laborious; and yet there is not the least appearance of labour or affectation in his style. He uses no circumlocutions, no idle parade of words; which might enfeeble the effects of his eloquence.

On the contrary, he comes to the point at once: his bold and decisive eloquence strikes like lightning; and produces instantaneous effects. And in this way he animated not only his countrymen, the Athenians, but by the matchless power of his oratory, gained over in one day the Thebans, their mortal antagonists, to join the common confederacy; and this too in opposition to the famous orator Python of Byzantium, employed by Philip against him. His oration struck the Thebans, though a dull people: with a kind of enthusiasm, and they instantly cried: "Come, let us take arms! let us march against Philip!"

The dispute between Eschines and Demosthenes is very famous. The affair was thus: The latter having rebuilt, at his own expence, the walls of Athens, the citizens out of gratitude honoured him with a golden crown, according to the decree of Ctesiphon to that purpose. But Eschines, out of jea-

lousy and envy, censured this decree. The cause was to be pleaded before the people.

Nothing of the kind ever excited so much curiosity, or was pleaded with so much pomp. Vast was the concourse from all parts of Greece, says Cicero, and no wonder; for what sight could be nobler than a conflict between two orators, each of them excellent in his way; both formed by nature, improved by art, and animated by perpetual feuds, and implacable animosity.

These two orations may be justly considered as the master-pieces of antiquity, especially that of Demosthenes. Cicero translated the latter, a strong proof of the high estimation in which he held it. Unluckily for us, the preamble alone of that performance is now extant, which is sufficient to make us regret the loss of the rest. The oration of Eschines has come down entire; and is indeed a most valuable and finished piece, whether we consider the purity and elegance of the style, or the closeness and strength of the argument; and we may guess that nothing could make it lose its effect; but that it had to combat with Demosthenes, in whose harangue there was, no doubt, more of that force and fire that nothing can resist.

#### PLATO:

Plato was born at Athens 430 years B. C. He was a person of quality; being descended by his father from royal ancestors, and by his mother from Solon. In his youth he was much addicted to poetry. He first wrote odes and dithyrambicks, and afterwards epick poetry; which last, finding much inferior to Homer, he burned.

Soon after, meeting with Socrates, he was so charmed with his way of discoursing, that he forsook poetry; and applied himself wholly to moral philosophy. Eight years he lived with Socrates; in which time he committed, as did Xenophon, the substance of his master's doctrines to writing.

Upon Socrates's death, he retired in melancholy to Megara; where he was kindly received by Euclid, who had been one of that philosopher's first scholars. He afterwards travelled in pursuit of knowledge. From Megara he went to Italy, where he conferred with Eurytus, Philolaus, and Archytas of Tarentum. These were the most considerable of the followers of Pythagoras; and from them he borrowed his natural philosophy.

Thence he passed into Egypt; where he became acquainted with the Egyptian Theology; their skill in geometry, astronomy; and from their priests and wisemen, Pausanias says, he learned the immortality and also the transmigration of the soul. He at last travelled into Persia to consult the magi about the religion of the country; and he designed penetrating even into India to visit the Brachmans and Gymnosophists; but the wars in Asia hindered him.

Returning to Athens, he set up a school of philosophy in the Academy: a place of exercise in the suburbs beset with woods. His fame was so great that he was sent for to different courts, not only to teach the young men in philosophy, but also the laws of government. He went not to any of them, but gave rules of government to all.

He lived single, yet soberly and chastly. He was a man of great virtue, yet exceedingly affable and easy. He conversed civilly with all the philosophers of his time; although pride and envy were then at their height.

Aristotle, Hyperides, Demosthenes, and Isocrates, were all his scholars. This extraordinary man being arrived at 81 years of age, died a very easy and peaceable death, in the midst of an entertainment according to some; but, according to Cicero, as he was writing.

Plato may be called the prince of the Grecian philosophers that have left any thing in writing; and he appears to have come nearest to the spirit of his great master Socrates. His genius as well as his temper, seem to have been of a turn truly divine; and wholly devoted to virtue.

Vast and sublime in his conceptions, pure in his heart, and full of a simple but majestic eloquence, he instructs us with a pathetic philosophy that outshines all the ancients; and as he strikes the imagination more, so he likewise may be said to touch the heart more than any other writer of the same kind. Cicero knew the value of Plato, when he calls him the divine, by way of distinction from all other philosophers; and he certainly read and copied him more than any other.

His dialogues contain the quintessence of the Socratic philosophy, besides the addition of many noble conceptions of his own; and they are peculiarly excellent on account of their style, which indeed is the grand pattern of the dialogue style to succeeding writers. Cicero and Lucian, who are both eminent this way, must have profitted much by having so good a master before them.

The method of throwing one's thoughts, upon any subject, into the form of dialogue, if done successfully, must be allowed to have peculiar force and vivacity; but yet, to succeed in it, is a work of difficulty. A certain liveliness of imagination, as well as acuteness and penetration of judgment, a quick comprehension of arguments on both sides of a question; together with a talent in drawing character, must join in forming the able dialogist. Shaftesbury, in his *Characteristicks*, has imitated the dialogue-style, with no bad success; although Xenophon, rather than Plato, seems to have been his favourite author. The first edition of Plato was published by Aldus at Venice in 1513.

## CLERGY OF FRANCE.

When my occasions took me into France, towards the close of the late reign, the clergy under all their forms, engaged a considerable part of my curiosity. So far from finding (except from one set of men, not then very numerous but very active) the complaints against that body, which some publications had given me reason to expect, I perceived little or no publick or private uneasiness on their account. On further examination, I found the clergy in general, persons of moderate minds and decorous manners; I include the seculars, and the regulars of both sexes. I had not the good fortune to know a great many of the parochial clergy; but in general I received a perfectly good account of their morals, and of their attention to their duties. With some of the higher clergy I had a personal acquaintance: and of the rest in that class, very good means of information. They were, almost all of them, persons of noble birth. They resembled others of their own rank; and where there was any difference, it was in their favour. They were more fully educated than the military noblesse; so as by no means to disgrace their profession by ignorance, or by want of fitness for the exercise of their authority. They seemed to me beyond the clerical character, liberal and open; with the hearts of gentlemen and men of honour; neither insolent nor servile in their manners and conduct. They seemed to me rather a superiour class; a set of men, amongst whom you would not be surprised to find a Fenelon. I saw among the clergy in Paris (many of the description are not to be met with any where) men of great learning and candour; and I had reason to believe, that this description was not confined to Paris. What I found in other places, I know was accidental; and therefore to be presumed a fair sample. I spent a few days in a provincial town, where, in the absence of the bishop, I passed my evenings with three clergymen, his vicars-general, persons who would have done honour to any church. They were all well-

informed; two of them of deep, general and extensive erudition, ancient and modern, oriental and western; particularly in their own profession. They had a more extensive knowledge of our English divines than I expected; and they entered into the genius of those writers with a critical accuracy. One of these gentlemen is since dead—the Abbe *Morangis*. I pay this tribute without reluctance, to the memory of that noble, reverend, learned and excellent person; and I should do the same with equal cheerfulness, to the merits of the others, who I believe are still living, if I did not fear to hurt those whom I am unable to serve. Some of these ecclesiasticks of rank, are, by all titles, persons deserving of general respect. They are deserving of gratitude from me, and from many English. If this letter should ever come into their hands, I hope they will believe there are those of our nation who feel for their unmerited fall and for the cruel confiscation of their fortunes, with no common sensibility. What I say of them is a testimony, as far as one feeble voice can go, which I owe to truth. Whenever the question of this unnatural persecution is concerned I will pay it. No one shall prevent me from being just and grateful. The time is fitted for the duty; and it is particularly becoming to show our justice and gratitude when those who have deserved well of us and of mankind are labouring under popular obloquy and the persecutions of oppressive power. You had before your revolution about an hundred and twenty bishops. A few of them were men of eminent sanctity, and charity without limit. When we talk of the heroick, of course we talk of rare virtue I believe the instances of eminent depravity may be as rare amongst them as those of transcendent goodness. Examples of avarice and of licentiousness may be picked out, I do not question it, by those who delight in the investigation which leads to such discoveries. A man, as old as I am, will not be astonished that several, in every description, do not lead that perfect life of self-denial, with regard to wealth or

to pleasure, which is wished for by all, by some expected, but by none exacted with more rigour, than by those who are the most attentive to their own interests, or the most indulgent to their own passions. When I was in France, I am certain that the number of vicious prelates was not great. Certain individuals among them not distinguishable for the regularity of their lives, made some amends for their want of the severe virtues, in their possession of the liberal; and were endowed with qualities which made them useful in the church and state. I am told, that with few exceptions, Louis the Sixteenth had been more attentive to character, in his promotions to that rank, than his immediate predecessour; and I believe (as some spirit of reform has prevailed through the whole reign) that it may be true.—*Burke.*

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Parties of pleasure are those where many people are apt to continue, forcing smiles, and yawning spontaneously for two or three hours after all relish is fled.

In this dismal condition many remain night after night, because the hour of sleep is not yet arrived;—and what else can they do?

What a listless situation! Without any pleasure where you are, without any motive to be gone, you remain in a kind of passive, gaping oyster state, till the tide of the company moves you to your carriage. And when you recover your reflection in your bedchamber, you find you have passed the two last hours in a kind of humming buzzing stupor, without satisfaction or ideas of any kind.

### FINE GENTLEMEN,

Till they have been wound up by their valets, many seem absolutely incapable of motion. They have no more use of their hands for any office about their own person, than if they were paralytick: at night they must wait for their servant, before they can undress themselves and go to bed: in the morning, if the valet happen to be out of the way, their master must remain helpless and sprawling in bed, like a turtle on its back upon the kitchen table of an alderman.

One great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. Young says—

“The present moment, like a wife we shun,  
“And ne’er enjoy, because it is our own.”

Charlotte Smith, with great felicity of choice, has formed a beautiful bouquet

### OF WILD FLOWERS.

Fair rising from her icy couch,  
Wan herald of the floral year,  
The Snowdrop marks the Spring’s approach  
Ere yet the Primrose groups appear,  
Or peers the Arum from its spotted veil,  
Or odorous Violets scent the cold capricious gale.

Then thickly strewn in woodland bowers  
Anemones their stars unfold,  
There Spring the Sorrel’s veined flowers  
And rich in vegetable gold,  
From Calyx pale the freckled Cowslip born  
Receives in amber cups the fragrant dews of morn.

Lo the green Thorn her silver buds  
Expands to May’s enlivening beam,  
Hottonia blushes on the floods,  
And where the slowly trickling stream  
Mid grass and spiry rushes stealing glides,  
Her lovely fringed flowers fair *Maryanthes* hides.

In the lone copse or shadowy dale,  
Wild cluster’d knots of Harebells blow  
And droops the Lily of the vale,  
O’er Vinca’s matted leaves below,  
The Orchis race with varied beauty charm,  
And mock the exploring bee, a fly’s aerial form.

Wound in the hedgerows oaken boughs  
The Woodbine’s tassels float in air,  
And, blushing, the uncultur’d Rose  
Hangs high her beautiful blossoms there.

Her fillets there the purple Night-shade  
weaves,  
And the Brionia winds her pale and scol-  
lop'd leaves.

To later Summer's fragrant breath  
Clematis' feathery garlands dance;  
The hollow Foxglove nods beneath,  
While the tall Mullein's yellow lance  
Dear to the mealy tribe of evening, lowers,  
And the weak Galium weaves its myriad  
fairy flowers.

Sheltering the coot's or wild duck's nest,  
And where the timid Halcyon hides,  
The Willowherb in crimson drest,  
Waves with Arundo o'er the tides;  
And there the bright Nymphia loves to lave  
Or spreads her golden orbs upon the dimp-  
ling wave.

And thou, by Pain and Sorrow blest,  
Papaver, that an opiate dew  
Conceal'st beneath thy scarlet vest,  
Contrasting with the Cornflower blue,  
Annual months behold thy gauzy leaves  
Bead in the rustling gale amid the tawny  
sheaves.

From the first bud whose ventures head  
The Winter's lingering tempest braves,  
To those which mid the foliage dead  
Sink latest to the annual graves:  
All are for food, for health, or pleasure given,  
And speak, in various ways, the bounteous  
hands of Heaven.

Never was there a jar or discord  
between genuine sentiment and sound  
policy. Never, no, never, did Nature  
say one thing and Wisdom say another.  
Nor are sentiments of elevation in  
themselves turgid and unnatural. Na-  
ture is never more truly herself, than  
in her grandest forms. The Apollo  
of Belvedere (if the universal robber  
has yet left him at Belvedere) is as  
much in nature, as any figure from the  
pencil of Rembrandt, or any clown in  
the Rustick revels of Teniers. Indeed  
it is when a great nation is in great  
difficulties, that minds must exalt  
themselves to the occasion or all is  
lost. Strong passions under the di-  
rection of a feeble reason feeds a low  
fever, which serves only to destroy the  
body that entertains it. But vehement  
passion does not always indicate an  
infirm judgment. It often accom-  
panies and actuates, and is even aux-  
iliary to a powerful understanding;  
and when they both conspire and act  
harmoniously, their force is great to

destroy disorder within, and to repel  
injury from abroad.

Dibdin, studious of nautical phrases and of the  
manners of every mariner, is well qualified to de-  
scribe the jolly tars of Old England. The following  
is his latest drawing of some Tom Pipes or Jack Rat-  
lin.

Jack dances and sings and is always content  
In his vows to his lass he'd ne'er fail her,  
His anchor's atrip, when his money's all  
spent,

And this is the life of a sailor.

Alert in his duty, he readily flies,  
Where the winds the tir'd vessel are  
flinging,  
Though sunk to the sea-gods or tossed to the  
skies,

Still Jack is found working and singing.

Longside of an enemy boldly and brave  
He'll with broadside on broadside regale  
her,

Yet he'll sigh to the soul on that enemy's  
grave,

So noble's the mind of a sailor.

Let canons roar loud, burst their sides let  
the bombs,

Let the winds or dread hurricane rattle,  
The rough and the pleasant he takes as if  
comes,

And laughs at the storm and the battle.

In a fostering power while Jack puts his trust  
As Fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her,  
Resign'd still and manly since what must be  
must,

And this is the mind of a sailor.

Though careless and headlong if danger  
should press,

And rank'd 'mong the free list of rovers,  
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,  
And prove the most constant of lovers.

To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,  
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,  
He's gentle as Mercy, as Fortitude brave,  
And this is a true English sailor.

During a late war between France  
and Great Britain, an English vessel of  
superiour force took a French frigate  
after an obstinate engagement. The  
frigate was brought into a commercial  
town upon the English coast, and the  
officers were treated with great hospi-  
tality by some of the principal inhabit-  
ants: one very rich merchant in parti-  
cular invited them frequently to his  
house, where he entertained them in a  
very magnificent manner. The first  
day on which they dined with him, his  
lady behaved with such peculiar atten-  
tion to the prisoners, that she seemed

to neglect the other guests at her table. After the company had withdrawn, she said to her husband, that it gave her pleasure to perceive that the French gentlemen who had just left them, instead of giving way to vain repining, or allowing their spirits to be depressed by their misfortunes, had shown the utmost cheerfulness and gaiety during the whole repast; all except one, who seemed much dejected, and almost entirely overcome with the idea of being a prisoner. This she accounted for by supposing that his loss was greater, and she apprehended from the obstinate silence he had retained, and from the discontent and melancholy so strongly marked in his countenance, that the poor gentleman would not long survive his misfortune.

"I cannot imagine who you mean," said the husband.

The lady described the man so exactly, that it was impossible to mistake him.

"That unfortunate gentleman," said the husband, "is none of the prisoners; he is the captain of the English vessel who took them."

The following hunting song is so infinitely superior to the vulgar ditties of the English sportsman, that it challenges a place in every literary Journal. Nothing can be more sprightly than the measure, and nothing more classical than the imagery. A very ingenious parody of this admirable song was some years ago published in the eastern papers. It was the production of a Cambridge scholar, and was very playfully descriptive of the manners and habits of some of his college contemporaries. We hope the author, or the editor of this ballad, which is extremely honourable to the poet, will address it as soon as possible to The Port Folio.

Songs of shepherds in rustical roundelays,  
Formed in fancy and whistled on reeds,  
Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,  
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.  
Sottish Silenus to Phæbus the genius  
Was sent by dame Venus a song to prepare  
In phrase nicely coin'd and verse quite refin'd,  
How once the States divine hunted the hare.

Stars quite tir'd with pastimes Olympical,  
Stars and planets that brilliantly shone,  
Could no longer endure that men only should  
Revel in pleasures, and they but look on.  
Round about horned Lucina they swarmed,  
And quickly informed her how minded they were,  
Each god and goddess to take human bodies  
As lords and ladies to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,  
And pale Proserpina sat down in her place  
To guide the welkin and govern the ocean,  
While Dian conducted her nephews in chase,

By her example the father to trample,  
The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air;

Neptune the water, and wine Liber Pater,  
And Mars the slaughter to follow the hare.

Young God Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,  
Borrow'd o' the muses with kisses and prayers;

Stern Alcides on cloudy Caucasus,  
Mounted a centaur that proudly him bears,  
The postilion of the sky, light heeled Sir Mercury,

Made his swift courser fly fleet as the air;  
While tuneful Apollo the pastime did follow  
To whoop and to holla boys, after the hare.

Drowned Narcissus from his metamorphosis,  
Roused by Echo, new manhood did take;  
Snoring Somnus up started from Cim'ries—  
Before for a thousand years he did not wake.

There was lame club-footed Mulciber boot-ed,

And Pan too promoted on Corydon's mare,  
Æolus flouted, with mirth Momus shouted,  
While wise Pallas pouted, yet followed the hare.

Grave Hymen ushered in lady Astrea,  
The humour took hold of Latona the cold;  
Ceres the brown too, with bright Cytherea,  
And Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold,  
Shamefaced Aurora, with witty Pandora,  
And Maia with Flora did company bear;  
But Juno was stated too high to be mated,  
Although Sir, she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls of Olympical nectar  
The Troy-born boy now presents on his knee;

Jove to Phæbus carouses in nectar,  
And Phæbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;

Wherewith infused, I piped and mused  
In language unused their sports to declare,  
Till the vast house of Jove, like the bright spheres did move,

Here 's a health then to all that love hunting the hare.

Taste for letters I think essentially necessary to the happiness of people of high rank and great fortune. If they are ambitious, the cultivation of letters, by adorning their minds, and enlarging their faculties, will facilitate their plans, and render them more fit for the high situations to which they

aspire. If they are devoid of ambition, they have occasions for some of the pursuits of science as resources against the languor of retired or inactive life. A taste for letters, I am almost convinced, is the only thing which can render a man of fortune tolerably independent and easy through life. Whichsoever of the roads of science he loves to follow, his curiosity will continue to be kept awake. An inexhaustible variety of interesting objects will open to his view—his mind will be replenished with ideas—and even when the pursuits of ambition become insipid, he will still have antidotes against ennui.

The early butterfly is thus described by Mrs. Smith.

Trusting the first warm day of Spring,  
When transient sunshine warms the sky,  
Light on his yellow spotted wing  
Comes forth the early butterfly.

With wavering flight he settles now  
Where pilewort spreads its blossoms fair,  
Or on the grass where daisies blow,  
Pausing he rests his pinions there.

But, insect, in a luckless hour,  
Thou from thy winter home hast come,  
For yet is seen no luscious flower  
With odour rich and honied bloom.

And these that to the early day,  
Yet timidly their bells unfold,  
Close with the sun's retreating ray,  
And shut their humid eyes of gold.

For night's dark shades then gather round  
And night winds whistle cold and keen,  
And hoary frost will crisp the ground  
And blight the leaves of budding green.

And thou poor fly, so soft and frail,  
Mayst perish ere returning morn,  
Nor ever on the summer gale,  
To taste of summer sweets be borne!

Thus inexperienced Rashness will presume,  
On the fair promise of life's op'ning day,  
Nor dreams how soon the adverse storm  
may come  
That hushed in grim repose expect their  
evening prey.

A certain obliging ecclesiastick, had taken the trouble, at the earnest request of a Roman lady, to arrange matters between her and a French Marquis, who was put into immediate possession of all the rights that were ever supposed to belong to a

*cicisbeo*. The woman nauseated her husband, which had advanced matters mightily; and her passion for the Marquis was in proportion to her abhorrence of the other. In this state things had remained but a very short time when the Marquis called one afternoon to drive the Abbé out a little in the country. He declined the invitation, saying by way of apology: "Je suis dans les horreurs de la digestion." He then inquired how the Marquis's amour went on with the lady. "Ah, pour l'amour cela est à peu près passé": replied the Marquis, "et nous sommes actuellement dans les horreurs de l'amitié."

The ensuing merry poem is such a happy imitation of an ode of Horace, that our readers will peruse it with pleasure.

Ode, written by George Lord Viscount Townsend to Dr. Andrews, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

Ne sit ancilla &c.

Blush not dear Andrews, nor disdain  
A passion for that matchless dame,  
Who kindles in all breasts a flame,  
By Beauty's magick force:  
What tho' on Dolly's lovely head  
Summers twice ten are scarcely fled,  
Is it, on that account, decreed  
She must refuse of course?

Miltown, coeval with thy sire,  
Durst to a blooming maid aspire,  
And felt, or feigned, a lover's fire,  
At seventy-three or more.  
Bligh, who on Churchill's battles bled,  
Took a young virgin to his bed;  
No horny dreams disturbed his head,  
Tho' shaking at fourscore.

Intrepid Lucas, lame and old,  
Bereft of eyesight, health and gold,  
To a green girl his passion told  
And clasped the yielding bride!  
Then, prythee leave that face of care,  
Let not your looks presage despair,  
Be jovial, brisk and debonnaire,  
My life you're not denied.

Nor think, my friend, because I prize  
Her breasts, that gently fall and rise,  
Her auburn hair and radiant eyes,  
I envy your espousal;  
No rival passion fires my breast,  
Long since from amorous pains at rest,  
Nay more, to prove what I've professed,  
I'll carry your proposal.

A French Marquis paying a visit to an English gentleman, found an English newspaper on his table; it con-

tained a long and particular account of a debate which had happened in both Houses of Parliament; he read it with great attention; and then throwing down the paper, he said to his friend, "Mais mon ami, pendant que vos messieurs s'amuse à jaser comme cela dans votre chambre des pairs & votre Parlement; parbleu un étranger amoit beau jeu avec leurs femmes."

The poetry of Sir John Suckling is extremely sweet, and full of conceits, not without a deep tinge of the Goldsmith simplicity.

Upon the Patches worn by lady D. E.  
I know your heart cannot so guilty be,  
That you should wear those spots for vanity;  
Or as your beauteous trophies put on one,  
For every murder which your eyes have done;  
No! they're your mourning weeds for hearts forlorn,  
Which, tho' you must not love, you could not scorn;

To whom since cruel honour does deny  
The joys could only cure their misery;  
Yet you this noble way to grace them found,  
Whilst thus your grief their martyrdom has crown'd:

Of which take heed you prove not prodigal,  
For if to every common funeral  
By your eyes martyr'd, such grace were allowed,  
Your face would wear—not patches, but a cloud.

A certain person (whether a Frenchman or an Englishman, we cannot inform our readers) but who certainly was a courtier, and possessed the highest possible regard for all living monarchs, and considered them as no better than any piece of clay when dead, had a full length picture of his own sovereign, in the principal room of his house; on his majesty's death, to save himself the expense of a fresh body, and new suit of ermine, he employed a painter to brush out the face and periwig, and clap the new king's head on his grandfather's shoulders; which, he declared, were in the most perfect preservation, and fully able to wear out three or four such heads as painters usually give in these degenerate days.

#### SONG,

The crafty boy that had full oft essayed,  
To pierce my stubborn and resisting breast,

But still the bluntness of his darts betrayed,  
Resolved at last of setting up his rest,  
Eitlier my unruly heart to tame,  
Or quit his godhead and his bow disclaim.

So all his lovely looks, his pleasing fires,  
All his sweet motions and his taking smiles,  
All that awakes, all that inflames desires,  
All that sweetly commands, all that beguiles,  
He does into one pair of eyes convey  
And there begs leave that he himself may stay!

And then he brings me where his ambush lay  
Secure and careless to a stranger land:  
And never warning me, which was foul play,  
Does make me close by all this beauty stand  
Where first struck dead, I did at last recover,  
To know that I might only live to love her.

So I'll be sworn I do, and do confess  
The blind lad's power, while he inhabits there;  
But I'll be even with him nevertheless,  
If e'er I chance to meet with him elsewhere:  
Where eyes invite the boy to tarry,  
I'll fly to hers as to a sanctuary.

One of those saucy travellers who have the presumption to deride what in their opinion is absurd in the customs or peculiarities of this privileged country, thus contemptuously describes the comforts of travelling in one of our stage-waggons. What is more provoking in this Englishman's sarcasm is that he is a republican.

To those accustomed to travel in so elegant a vehicle as an English mail-coach, an American stage must appear a wretched conveyance. It is a carriage similar to those often used for carrying wild beasts in the country parts of England. It has five rows of seats, including the driver's, and those it conveys are guarded against cold, snow, or rain, by leather curtains, which button to the body of the carriage, but which are often torn, and always in consequence of distension loose, and consequently admit a great deal of air. The baggage of all the passengers is crammed into the coach; and not unfrequently three passengers are impacted upon each seat. In the summer, when it is necessary to ride with the curtains up, the passengers

are exposed to clouds of dust, a burning sun, and sultry winds.

#### THE GUILTLESS INCONSTANT.

My first love, whom all beauties did adorn,  
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn;  
Since, like the tender in my breast, it lies,  
By every sparkle made a sacrifice.  
Each wanton eye can kindle my desire,  
And that is free to all which was entire.  
Desiring more by the desire I lost,  
As those that in consumptions linger most.  
And now my wand'ring thoughts are not confin'd

Unto one woman but to womankind:  
Thus for her shape I love, that for her face,  
This for her gesture, or some other grace:  
And when that none of all these things I find,

I choose her by the kernel not the rind:  
And so I hope, since my first hope is gone,  
To find in many what I lost in one;  
And like to merchants after some great loss  
Trade by retail that cannot do in gross.  
The fault is hers that made me go astray,  
He needs must wander that has lost his way;  
Guiltless I am; she does this change provoke

And made that charcoal which to her was oak,

And as a looking glass from the aspect,  
While it is whole does but one face reflect,  
But being cracked or broken there are grown  
Many less faces where there was but one:  
So love unto my heart did first prefer  
Her image, and there placed none but her;  
But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn

Many less faces in her place are born.

To my lady E. C. on her going out of England.  
I must confess when I did part from you,  
I could not force an artificial dew  
Upon my cheeks, nor with a gilded phrase  
Express how many hundred several ways  
My heart was tortur'd, nor, with arms across,

In discontented garbs, set forth my loss:  
Such loud expressions many times do come  
From lightest hearts, great griefs are always dumb;

The shallow rivers roar, the deep are still;  
Numbers of painted words may show much skill;

But little anguish and a cloudy face  
Is oft put on to serve both time and place:  
The blazing wood may to the eye seem great,

But 'tis the fire rak'd up that has the heat,  
And keeps it long. True sorrow 's like to wine,

That which is good doth never need a sign.  
My eyes were channels far too small to be,  
Conveyers of such floods of misery:

And so pray think; or, if you'd entertain  
A thought more charitable, suppose some strain

Of sad repentance had not long before  
Quite empty'd for my sins that wat'ry store.

The conclusion of the above verses is so feeble and spiritless that it is omitted in this transcript.

In one of my visits to the Vatican at Rome, I was accompanied by two persons who had never been there before: one of them is accused of being perfectly callous to every thing which does not immediately touch his own person; the other is a worthy man: The first, after staring some time with marks of terroure at the group, at length recovered himself, exclaiming with a laugh—"Egad, I was afraid these d—d serpents would have left the fellows they are devouring, and made a snap at me; but I am happy to recollect they are of marble."—"I thank you, sir, most heartily," said the other, "for putting me in mind of that circumstance; till you mentioned it, I was in agony for those two youths."—*Dr. Moore.*

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*For The Port Folio.*

B. B. HOPKINS & CO.

Classical, Literary, and Professional Booksellers, No. 170, Market-street, will in a few days put to press and publish with all convenient despatch,

#### SELECT SPEECHES,

Forensic and Parliamentary, with illustrative remarks,

By N. CHAPMAN, M. D.

The editor very respectfully acquaints the subscribers to the above work, that his success in the collection of speeches has exceeded his most sanguine expectations.—By the zealous and active exertions of a friend abroad, he has had procured and sent him, a numerous list of speeches of the eminent lawyers and statesmen, who have figured in Great Britain and Ireland during the last half century.—Among these he enumerates the late lord Chatham's, lord Mansfield's, lord Lyttleton's, (the younger) lord Thurlow's, lord Wedderburn's, lord North's, lord Germain's, lord Camden's, Mr.

*Dunning's*, Flood's, Grattan's, colonel Barre's, the present Mr. Sheridan's, and Mr. Erskine's, now lord chancellor, &c. &c.

He has also received the whole of the speeches of the late Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, recently collected and published in six octavo volumes, from which he will *copiously*, though *carefully* select such as are particularly recommended by the value of the matter, or the brilliancy of the style: and in order to gratify the eagerness which he presumes will arise, to possess these unrivalled specimens of eloquence, the leading volumes of the work will be principally devoted to their publication.

In short, the editor confidently assures the patrons of the work, that he will present them with a very, complete exhibition of *modern eloquence*.

#### LIFE OF FOX.

We have perused a very amusing work entitled, "Recollections of the Life of the late Right Honourable Charles James Fox," &c. printed in New-York, and just published in this city by B. B. Hopkins & Co. and W. P. Ferrand. It is from the pen of B. C. Walpole, Esq. and exhibits a well-drawn portrait of the moral and political character of that celebrated orator and statesman. It is not, as is too often the case with works of this kind, a mere panegyrick upon the hero of the tale. The virtues and the vices which were almost equally conspicuous in the character of Mr. Fox, are placed before the reader in such a manner as to excite alternately applause and censure, admiration and disgust. Some judicious and discriminating comparisons are drawn between the character and conduct of Mr. Fox and his great and more consistent rival Mr. Pitt. A very interesting account is given of the separation which took place between him and his friend and political instructor, Mr. Burke, in the year 1791, and the inflexibility with which Burke adhered, to the end of his life, and even on his death bed, to his purpose of keeping up no intercourse with a man

whose principles he thought dangerous to his country; and this notwithstanding repeated overtures from Mr. Fox.

On the whole, we recommend this little volume to general perusal, as well calculated to afford both amusement and instruction.—*U. S. Gazette*.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE DAY—PART II.

(Concluded.)

A second time the school collects,  
To lessen still the soul's defects,  
When James reads from the Mantuan bard  
That death was Turnus' sad reward;  
And also, that the Latian maid  
Intreats to have her lover staid—  
I bid him stop, for now-a-days,  
The ladies mock the pains they raise.  
I've laboured Sir, with all my might,  
And yet the woman's eggs aint right,  
Th' ingredients of the cake are found,  
Of honey just a Grecian pound.

I've drawn the angles and the lines,  
Then look the table for the sines,  
Come, to Geography attend,  
And mark how far the States extend,  
Behold, the globe before you stands,  
With all its mountains, seas and lands;  
We prove it round as cup or ball,  
For valiant Drake sail'd round it all;  
Of course the ancients call'd it vain,  
This earth a wide extended plain,  
On Atlas' shoulders made to poise;  
Who firmly stood on a tortoise.  
Nor can we trust the silly monk†,  
Who said geographers were drunk  
To think the earth e'er chang'd her place,  
And thanked the Lord for special grace,  
By which he proved it like a table,  
Square, well jointed, rough and stable.  
The steady change of night and day,  
He sol'd, he said, the truest way;  
A mountain rises near the lines,  
Round which the sun forever shines:  
When he's behind we pine in night,  
And when before we roll in light!  
But Galileo soon proclaims  
These notions crude and idle dreams,  
And made the bigots fiercely stare,  
On telling that our earth's a sphere:  
And that it mov'd by heaven's will,  
While Sol himself stood nearly still.  
One motion gave us day and night,  
And one the varying year's delight,  
He also taught the sun was greater  
Than mother earth and all her matter,

\* Questions in Algebra.

† See Robertson's dissertation on India.

And that the moon was little less  
 Than terra's half on which we press.  
 The nations heard him with amaze,  
 The monks and bishops wildly gaze;  
 The Pope himself by Mary swore,  
 Such lies were never broached before;  
 And calls a council to consign  
 This heretick to wrath divine.  
 The council met—the Pope arose,  
 And groaning humbly rends his clothes,  
 Then praying much for Peter's grace,  
 Proceeds to state this impious case.  
 "My dearest friends, these latter times,  
 The Scripture says, shall reek with crimes,  
 But what vile sins so mar the flock,  
 As those from an heretick stock:  
 Vile doctrines have been often taught,  
 With horrible damnation fraught,  
 But Galileo now essays,  
 To make us disbelieve our eyes;  
 The sun, he says, does hardly move,  
 An arrant lie as all can prove,  
 And also that he's ten times greater  
 Than mother earth with all her matter;  
 Tho' every man can see with ease  
 He's little larger than a cheese.  
 The moon, this heretick maintains,  
 Great mountains, seas and dens contains,  
 Yet we can see, with half an eye,  
 She's smaller than a pastry pye.  
 He also says the earth runs round,  
 But who e'er tumbled off the ground.  
 Such blasphemies at once convict  
 This man an impious heretick,  
 We, therefore, by our power divine,  
 His body to the flames consign;  
 His soul, where fire and brimstone rain,  
 Shall share in Satan's horrid pain,  
 Unless he instantly recants,  
 And humbly with contrition pants;  
 Our mercy then may pardon give,  
 And teach him in the truth to live."

Our sage no martyr courage vaunts,  
 And therefore hastily recants.  
 I now return from this digression  
 To mark the subject of your lesson,  
 My pupils yawn and cry alack,  
 No end appearing to my clack,  
 When William sees their dismal case,  
 He comes and says, with smiling face;  
 This word I can't perceive for blots,  
 The Rambler, speaking there of oats,  
 The meaning Sir? Tut, worse and worse,  
 He calls them food for Scotch and horse.  
 But taking Johnson's sense amiss,  
 I turn, and bid the school dismiss.

At tea the children's harmless prattle,  
 Please us more than gossip tattle,  
 Or if our humour must have vent,  
 It's instantly on authors spent;  
 Dull Gillie's milk and water style,  
 Mad Heron's undiscerning file;  
 Delighting each in periods dark,  
 Afford us room for much remark;  
 Or if we're in a merrier mood,  
 We treat ourselves with better food,

Scriblerus, Dryden, Swift, or Pope,  
 Forbid our brightened souls to mope,  
 But if it happen that we dream,  
 Of glory and the Grecian name,  
 Great Homer sanctifies our rage,  
 Sublimely bright in every page.  
 The children cry; my book I seek,  
 Some hours to kill with musty Greek,  
 Or mathematicks deep but rare,  
 Withdraws my soul from eating care,  
 This done, I read a page of Locke;  
 Or dullness' sleepy powers invoke  
 To purify my plaguy rhymes,  
 And mark me for her own betimes;  
 Anon! my mind to nought attends,  
 But only thinks of absent friends.  
 One o' clock, the sentry cries,  
 Then whispers Prudence "save your eyes;"  
 Inclining this advice to keep,  
 I shut my book to go to sleep;  
 Stop, Conscience cries, with tone severe,  
 And first your day's exploits declare.  
 By dealing out some mental food,  
 I think I've done some little good;  
 To sin, in truth, I lack'd occasion,  
 Who does ill without temptation?  
 Breathing this I quench the taper,  
 Convinc'd that human life's a vapour.

N. N.

## For The Port Folio.

## TO LEYRIDA

By those soul-breathing eyes beaming brightly with blue,  
 Which enraptur'd I saw as I gaz'd upon you,  
 And the words you pronounced when you  
 vow'd to be true,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the blush of thy cheek that so softly beguiles,  
 By the sportful young Cupids that dance in thy smiles,  
 And all the wild tricks that they play in their wiles,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the wishes that often steal o'er my night-dreams,  
 By the morning distrusts that obscure the bright beams,  
 And the sorrows that flow in quick-falling streams,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the mem'ry of days, that, ah me long are past,  
 By the dark low'ring clouds that my joys have o'ercast,  
 And the pitiless storm that now howls with bleak blast,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the green rolling waves that so gently did glide,

When we walk'd by the stream at the mild  
even-tide,  
And in raptures thy lover conversed by thy  
side,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida !

By the promise you made me while yet we  
were young,

By the soft flowing accents I caught from  
your tongue,

And the love-breathing notes which so  
sweetly you sung,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida !

By the blossoms that then did so fragrantly  
grow,

By the night-winds that now sweep in mur-  
muring low,

And seem by their sad strains to echo my  
woe,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida !

By the songs I have sung all attuned to thy  
praise,

By the zephyrs that lingered to list to my  
lays,

I conjure thee remember the quick-passing  
days,

When you vow'd you would love  
me, Leyrida !

SEDLEY.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE MISANTHROPE. A FRAGMENT.

Where wild Wautauga's angry waves  
Thro' wilder mountains roar,  
Where hungry wolves, from lurid caves,  
Their frightful howlings pour,

Where eagles fix their airy seats,  
Above the lonely stream,  
Where Panthers find secure retreats,  
And luckless ravens scream,

There will I dwell—with friendly bears,  
I'll fix my social den,  
And bid adieu to all the cares  
Of faithless, savage men !

If passing clouds with fury driv'n,  
Break on the mountain side,  
And all the hail and rain in heav'n,  
Come down to swell the tide,

If howling blasts sweep thro' the caves,  
And mountain torrents roar,  
And old Wautauga's foaming waves  
Beat on the solid shore ;

If lightnings flash, and thunders roll  
And awful meteors play,  
Secure from man my tranquil soul  
Will bless the peaceful day.

Tho' central fires from sulph'rous beds,  
With direful shocks explode,  
Secure from man, no minor dreads  
Shall visit mine abode !

No seeming friend's insidious wiles  
Can e'er assail me there ;  
Nor will I dread the pois'nous smiles  
Of the seductive fair !

Nor bloated Wealth, with shallow brain,  
And silly pompous stride,  
Shall vex my wounded soul again,  
Or wake my dormant pride.

Cactera desunt.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

Scenes of delight ! where many a day  
Has pass'd on rapid pinions by,  
Why turn I from your charms away,  
Or view them only with a sigh !

Why have ye lost for me those joys,  
That once were to my heart so dear,  
When from a crowded city's noise  
I brought a hermit's feelings here ?

Ye are the same : as green your trees,  
As richly do your blossoms glow,  
As sweet a fragrance fills your breeze,  
As pure your winding rivers flow.

Yet I—how chang'd a heart is mine !  
I heedless through your beauties rove,  
While doom'd, at distance doom'd to pine,  
From her whose smile is life and love.

#### EPITAPHS.

##### SELBY, YORKSHIRE.

Here lies the body of poor *Frank Roxe*  
Parish-clerk and grave-stone cutter ;  
And this is writ to let you know,  
What *Frank* for others us'd to do,  
Is now for *Frank* done by another.

##### IN WREXHAM CHURCH-YARD.

Here lies John Shore,  
I say no more ;  
Who was alive  
In sixty-five.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, March 14, 1807.

[No. 11.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

To give a conspicuous place to the following article affords us peculiar pleasure, not merely from the subject, which is sufficiently agreeable, but because we have a very high respect for the literature and principles of its orthodox author. He has had the glorious privilege of being educated in a seminary where sober Experience is venerated rather than madcap Theory, and where Fanaticism, both in Religion and Politicks is held in SOVEREIGN CONTEMPT by all the learned and the loyal.

IN the preface to the "Robin's Petition" p. 46, it is said "The Robin-red-breast of England appears to be not only a favourite of every family, but the very nightingale of the poets." This is an error\* into which the Editor of The Port Folio has been led by ornithologists who have not given proper descriptions of these celebrated birds. The difference, however, between them is more than generic. They are of different species. Perhaps it would not be disagreeable to the readers of the English poets, to

have a more accurate description of them than has hitherto been given.

The *rubecula*, or robin-red-breast of Europe, resembles, in colour, the robin of America, but it is in appearance much more neat and delicate; and its size is similar to that of the blue-bird of this country. Every infant is inspired with a superstitious respect for this bird as well as the wren;† being taught as soon as they can speak that

The robin and the wren  
Are God Almighty's cock and hen,

There are some strokes which are delicately descriptive of the habits of the robin, in Peter Pindar's tale of the magpie and robin. Although a domestic bird, in the spring it retires to coppices, groves, lonely habitations, solitary churches, old castles and woods. In the legendary ballad of The Children in the Wood, it is poetically said that

Robin-red-breast, painfully,  
Did cover them with leaves.

In its lonely retreats it continues to chant its morning and evening hymn, in notes mild, plaintive and soothing; but not various and loud as those of the nightingale; and

\* In this place the ingenious author has misunderstood the Editor. The latter merely meant to say, in his metaphorical manner, that the robin was as great a favourite of the poets as the nightingale herself, and equally celebrated in their songs. He never dreamed of any other resemblance between these birds.

† From this similarity of colour, the American robin, which in reality is the red-breast thrush, was misnamed by the first emigrants to this country.

‡ I frequently see the wren in this country, but it is called by some other name.

it is not at all shy of the human observer. In the fall of the year it returns to the busy haunts of men—where, on the highest sprays of the elm or poplar, it hails the approach of the sun, or sings its requiem to departing day. When the ground is covered with snow, it familiarly enters the houses, and picks up the crumbs, to the great delight of the family, of whatever sex or age.

But, on the other hand, the nightingale is the most solitary of all the feathered tribes. It is a bird of passage which makes its first appearance about the 20th of April, and never is seen after July. There is no variety in its plumage, which is of the most delicate brown imaginable, and its eyes are of the purest black. Its haunts are the most solitary that can be found; but it frequently makes its abode in gentlemen's gardens, where the shrubberies are thickly interwoven with woodbine, honeysuckle, eglantine, and other aromatic shrubs which are capable of screening the songster from human observation, of which it is extremely shy. The quickset hedges which divide the fields in England, are thickly interwoven with the woodbine, honeysuckle, eglantine, nightshade, and other plants which afford a sombrous shade; and these situations are the resort of the nightingale, which never visibly associates, even with its own kind. This bird is a size larger than the robin; i. e. about the size of the American hangnest, here called the red robin. The poet who describes the Italian piper as overpowering and destroying Philomela, certainly did that feathered tribe great injustice; as no Cremona, or other instrument could ever equal the sweetness, force, clearness, and variety of the voice of the nightingale, which admits every kind and degree of modulation; from what musicians call G bass to D in alt. The robin never sings in the night, or the nightingale in the day, unless in dark cloudy weather, or in the most gloomy covert. But all night long, for about three months, is a great part of Europe enraptured by their divine and enchanting sounds, which, in a still

night can be heard more than a mile. Simple ideas, as Mr. Locke has observed, cannot be described; therefore it would be useless for me to attempt describing the voice of the nightingale; nor can any musical instrument give any thing like an adequate idea of that divine melody. It was formerly my practice to stand hours, almost every night, at my chamber window, to hear that melody which, in my opinion, was superiour to the harmony Milton speaks of, which

—suspended hell,  
And took with ravishment the thronging audience.

You one moment hear, as Walcott says, an

—unpresuming sound,  
Afraid dim nature's deep repose to wound.

that in an instant is swelled to the most powerful degree, which holds you, as it were, by enchantment, and you feel as if all nature were, at once, dissolved into the sweetest sensations of sound. But Milton shall speak for me again, as his words are more descriptive than any I can put together:

—A soft and solemn breathing sound  
Rose, like a stream of rich, distill'd perfumes,  
And stole upon the air that even Silence  
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wish'd she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more  
Still, to be so plac'd.

Mrs. Radcliffe has also touched this subject with a delicate hand. "It was music so sweet, so solemn! it seemed like the hymn of angels descending through the silence of night! Now again it died away, and Fancy almost beheld the holy choir reascending towards heaven; then again it swelled with the breeze, trembled awhile—again died into silence! It paused; rose again in mournful sweetness, and then died in a cadence that seemed to bear the listening soul to heaven!"

—  
For The Port Folio.

#### ON COMPOSITION.

The art of composition and the study of language have, of late, been sedulously cultivated. The precision, per-

spicuity and nervous elegance which are required in the present age, were unknown to many of our predecessors; and it is a curious speculation to trace how much of philosophy and metaphysical research depend on the accurate choice of phrases.

It has been often objected to the study of languages, that it is a search after words rather than ideas; but words are simply the signs of ideas, and are, in fact, the only means by which their originals can be conveyed. When we perceive the use of etymology in fixing the precise signification of words, we must allow that the study of various languages is not without its use; though we cannot deny even in our own, accurately considered, there are yet many unexplored mines of wealth, that every day refine and harmonize the English tongue: this the numerous publications of the age sufficiently attest, very few of which are now deficient in those graces of style which were formerly very rarely to be met with.

The abstract science of universal grammar is, perhaps, one of the most abstruse studies that can be pointed out. To reduce the principles of all languages to a few leading rules—to point out where vernacular idioms differ, and wherein they agree—to discriminate between the nice shades of almost synonymous expressions—to lead the way to nervous precision, judicious arrangement, and all the various beauties of composition, demand a mind, at once comprehensive and intelligent, an attention unwearied and acute, and a judgment well regulated and refined. Yet when we observe the variety of opinions in the world, on points which seem calculated to draw all thinking minds to one centre, we cannot help imagining such diversity to arise from a want of precision in terms, and to fancy that a perfect universal grammarian would be the best peacemaker in all the regions of philosophy! Far then be it from the candid and liberal mind to despise the researches of the grammarian or the etymologist; nor let the still humbler critic, who confines himself to the

simple investigation of those beauties of which the more scientific philologists point out the causes, be thought to labour in an ungrateful soil. Every one who adds a portion, however small, to the beauty of writings adds, at least, an equal quota to the allurements of literature; and he who develops the causes and principles of such beauty, and enables others to detect the hidden, yet attractive charms of arrangement and composition, opens to those who would otherwise be mere common readers, a new source of pleasure and amusement.

It has been remarked, that the nearer a language approaches to perfection, the fewer perfectly synonymous terms it possesses. The refinement which gradually improves every object, gives to every word a slight tinge of meaning, which its nearest synonyma cannot supply; and it is by attention to these delicate variations, that language has acquired the degree of refinement which at present adorns it: and of all the beauties which the delicacy (some call it fastidiousness) of the present age has taught us to admire, none can, perhaps, more obviously tend to the real improvement of language, than precision in terms.

It is always with something like disappointment and mortification that the thinking reader meets with ill-chosen words, in writers otherwise elegant and correct; and there are few mistakes of the kind which strike with greater disgust than where a term, which is derived from a philosophical root, is applied in an improper manner. The word *palpable*, for instance is often misused in lieu of *evident*, *apparent*, &c. Nothing can grate more harshly on the ear. It would be nearly as accurate, to talk of hearing a smell, or smelling a sound, as to convey the idea of feeling (that is touching) an appearance. *Palpable* so decidedly applies to those objects that are perceptible to the touch, that, when thus misused, it recalls Mrs. Slipslop to the reader or hearer's mind.

I mean not to remark on those colloquial barbarisms which often dis-

grace the conversation of many persons who would write, at least tolerable grammar; yet a very slight degree of attention might prevent such faults, without giving the least appearance of pedantry: but my present intention is, to observe on a few of the leading features of written language, in order to enable some readers to peruse a well-composed book with greater relish, and some writers to pay attention to circumstances which at present they disregard as trivial.

There ought to be general characters of wholeness in every composition, to which all inferior parts ought to tend. Every species of writing has its peculiar and characteristick beauties, and it is necessary to avoid, as a fault, those which belong to another class. The steady, didactic style of argumentative writing is disgraced, not adorned, by the brilliancy of imagination, or by pathetick appeals to the feelings. The page of history requires a clear and luminous style, neither involved in intricacy, nor tricked out in metaphor. The stronger passions may be allowed to employ figurative language, because the common tone of conversation is not sufficiently energetic to display their force; but the true pathos is founded on simplicity. In this manner, each style of writing has its own appropriate beauties, which cease to be such when forced into the service of other branches; and many thoughts and expressions, in themselves *admirable*, lose all their merit, and even become faults, when placed where they have no right to be found.

There are, however, beauties which belong equally to every style of writing; among which perspicuity holds a distinguished place. That book can never be well written which requires each page to be read over a *second* time, with additional care, and which yet leaves no impression on the mind, even after a *third* reading. Perspicuity relates both to arrangement and style, and in both conduces to imprint the subject on the mind, and to annex to it clearer and more luminous

ideas. Perspicuity of arrangement can rarely be obtained by a rapid writer, since it requires the situation of whole paragraphs to be changed; but then when it has been sufficiently attended to, every part of the work reflects lustre on the rest—the chain of reasoning is clearly perceived, the scope of the subject readily retained, and the particular arguments accurately remembered. All these advantages are assisted and embellished when perspicuity extends also to style, which demands a strict attention to grammatical construction, and the specific meaning of words. To attain this distinguished perspicuity, it is not only necessary that the common rules of grammar should not be violated, or the principles of syntax disregarded; but that all the niceties of construction should be punctiliously attended to, as they conduce even more to perspicuity than they do to elegance.

PHILANTUS.

## ★ BIOGRAPHY.

Biography, says an Oxford scholar, is a branch of history, which, in point of importance and moral utility, ranks as high as any. The biographer, by his accurate researches supplies the deficiencies of the historian. What the latter gives us only in outlines and sketches, the former presents in more complete and highly finished portraits.

The name of VIRGIL is sufficient to ensure the attention of the reader.

About seventy years before Christ, the birth of Publius Virgilius Maro gave celebrity to Andes, a small village near Mantua. His education was begun at the neighbouring town of Cremona, a place remarkable for the formation of taste and the exercise of talents; and completed at Milan, the seat of all the ingenuous arts.

When the republican forces, under Brutus and Cassius, had experienced a fatal defeat at Philippi, and lands were divided amongst the soldiers of the conquerors, all the property of Virgil was included in the forfeiture.

This apparently unfortunate event was the cause of his future prosperity and eminence. In his distress he

wisely repaired to Rome, solicited and obtained the patronage of Mæcenas, by whose means and those of Asinius Pollio, he obtained an introduction to the Emperour Augustus, and was shortly after favoured with the restoration of his estate. By the liberality of his imperial patron and his courtiers, his circumstances soon became affluent.

It is almost unnecessary to observe of a writer, who is in the hand of every schoolboy, that his works are pastoral, agricultural, and epick.

In all his poems, critics have declared him to be a plagiarist. Besides his acknowledged imitations of Homer, they have accused him of borrowing from Ennius, Pacuvius, and Accius, as well as from his contemporaries Lucretius, Catullus, and Varius. Macrobius says, that his second book of the *Eneid*, which contains the fine description of the sack of Troy, was borrowed almost word for word from a Greek poet whose works are lost, and whose name was Pisander.

The first production of Virgil was his *Bucolicks*, consisting of ten *Eclogues*, written in imitation of the *Idyllia* of Theocritus, begun in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and completed in three years.

It has been observed, that there is such an incongruity between the simple ideas of the swain and the polished language of the courtier, as to render it very difficult to reconcile them by any arts of composition; that the Dorick dialect of Theocritus must ever give to the Sicilian bard a preeminence in this species of poetry; that there are in the *Bucolicks* of Virgil the native manners and ideas without any of the rusticity of pastoral life.

Those critics who give the preference to Virgil have said, that as he is more varied, he is also more elegant than Theocritus; that his shepherds have more spirit without ever having too much, that his harmony has an inexpressible charm, a mixture of sweetness and of art, which Horace considers with reason as a particular present which the Muses have made to him; that he interests more than

the Sicilian poet in the sports and amours of his rusticks, and has no negligence or languor; that it is impossible to read these poems without committing them to memory, or at least without desiring to read them over and over again.

In attestation of the excellence of the *Bucolicks*, we are told that the Romans were so enamoured of them that they were frequently recited upon the stage, and that Cicero, hearing some of them, exclaimed, *Magna spes altera Roma!*

His next composition was the *Georgicks*, the idea of which was taken from the *Works and Days* of Hesiod; but there is no other similarity than that of their common subject. Hesiod delivers his precepts of agriculture with the utmost simplicity: Virgil has embellished his work with all the dignity which sublime versification can bestow. It is addressed to Mæcenas, at whose request it was undertaken, and divided into four books. The first treats of ploughing; the second of planting; the third of cattle; and the fourth of bees, their food, polity, and diseases. The whole concludes with the beautiful episode of Aristæus and Eurydice. The *Georgicks* were written at Naples, and employed him seven years. Considered as didactic poems, and adapted to the climate of Italy, they have the highest claim to merit. As poetical compositions, their elevated style, the beauty of their similies, the sentiments interspersed in them, and the elegance of their diction, excite the admiration of every judicious reader. During four days which Augustus passed at Atella, on his return to Rome to refresh himself from fatigue after the battle of Actium, the *Georgicks* were read to him by the authour, who was occasionally relieved in his task by his friend Mæcenas.

It is suggested by Mr. Gibbon, that Augustus was highly delighted with the *Georgicks* from a motive less creditable both to himself and to the bard, than that of sound criticism and good taste. That he rejoiced in every thing which could reconcile his

soldiers to a peaceful life; and that the description given by Virgil of the repose and happiness of the country, gratified him as a politician, when he perceived the effect which it produced on the veterans of his army.

They insensibly became enamoured of the innocent and useful employments of agriculture, and waited with patience for a long course of years before the Emperor had established a treasury to repay them for their military toils.

In this instance, poetry, like music had "charms to sooth the savage breast;" and while it conveyed the soundest precepts of a useful art, was subservient to the most important purposes of the state.

The poems of Homer, and the laws of the epick, which had been so ably formed and promulgated by Aristotle, were an advantage to Virgil in his composition of the *Æneid*, which few poets have had so favourable an opportunity to enjoy.

The *Æneid* was written at the particular desire of Augustus, who was ambitious of having the Julian family represented as lineal descendants of the Trojan *Æneas*. The character of the hero of the poem has been said to be faulty on account of its coldness; that he was never warmed or impassioned, although perpetually in tears or at prayers; that his desertion of Dido is neither gallant nor heroic; that the description of the sports in the fifth book refrigerates the reader; and that the last six books deserve to be generally condemned. The foundation of a state which was to be the cradle of Rome, and the arrival of a stranger announced by ancient oracles, who disputed with a prince for the daughter of a king to whom that prince was betrothed, are the subjects of them. The different people of Italy divide between the two rivals, and raise in the reader an expectation of action and of interest. But what is the result? In place of these we find a monarch who is not master of his house, and has not a will of his own; who after having received the Trojans

with cordiality, permits his queen and intended son-in-law to carry on the war against them, and shuts himself up in his palace that he may take no part in it; Lavinia too, a mere mute, although the deadly contest is on her account; and the queen after the defeat of the Latins commits suicide, but excites no pity. Turnus is killed by *Æneas* without producing the least interest in the victory of the one or in the fall of the other. That the battles are an abridgment of those of Homer, with less diffusiveness, but with less fire also, and resemble petty skirmishes amidst barbarous colonies. That in the seventh book the poet carries us into a new world, and introduces us to personages absolutely unknown; *Ufens*, *Tarchon* and *Mezentius* are very different from *Ajax*, *Hector* and *Diomed*; and the antiquities of Italy, which flattery induced him to penetrate, are as obscure as those of Greece are illustrious. That the transient interest we feel in favour of the young *Pallas* the son of *Evander*, of *Lausus* the son of *Mezentius*, of *Camilla* the queen of the *Volscians*, cannot compensate for the want of that general interest which ought to move the whole machine of the epick.

If posterity, severely just, take cognisance of these defects, still sufficient merit remains in the *Æneid* to entitle its authour to the appellation of the prince of Latin poets, which his contemporaries bestowed upon him.

The second, fourth and sixth books are universally regarded as the most finished performances which epick poetry ever produced in any nation.

The filial piety and misfortunes of *Æneas*, after the catastrophe of Troy, strongly interest the reader in his subsequent adventures. The picture of that city in flames can never be enough admired.

The character of Dido appertains entirely to the authour, and has no model in all antiquity.

The prophetick rage of the *Cumæan Sibyl* displays the enthusiasm of the poet.

The episode of Nisus and Euryalus, that of the funeral of Pallas, and that of the buckler of Æneas, are the perfection of the art of painting.

Virgil is not more conspicuous for strength of description than propriety of sentiment, and when he takes a hint from the Grecian bard, he does not fail to improve upon it.

One instance may suffice.

In the sixth book of the *Iliad*, while the Greeks are making great slaughter amongst the Trojans, Hector, by the advice of Helena, retires into the city to desire that his mother would offer up prayers to the goddess Pallas, and promise her a noble sacrifice if she would drive Diomed from the walls of Troy. Immediately before his return to the field of battle, Hector has his last interview with Andromache, whom he meets with his infant son, Astyanax. Here occurs one of the most beautiful scenes of the *Iliad*, where the hero takes the boy in his arms, and pours forth a prayer that he may one day be superiour in fame to his father. In the same manner Æneas, having armed himself for the decisive combat with Turnus, addresses his son Ascanius in a beautiful speech, which, while it is expressive of the strongest paternal affection, contains a noble and emphatic admonition suitable to a youth who had nearly attained the period of manhood.

He certainly owed much of his excellence to the wonderful powers of Homer. His susceptible imagination was captivated by amiable traits of the *Odyssey*, and warmed by the fire of the *Iliad*. Improving the characters of the gods, he sustains their dignity with so uniform a lustre that they seem truly divine.

Mr. Gibbon observes, "that the more we know antiquity, the more we admire the art of this poet." His subject was narrow. The flight of a band of exiles, the combat of some villagers, the establishment of an ill-fortified town; these are the travels, so much vaunted, of the pious Æneas. But the poet has ennobled them, and he well knew by ennobling them how

to render them the more interesting. He embellished the manners of the heroick ages, but he embellished without disguising them. Father Latinus and the seditious Turnus are transformed into powerful monarchs. All Italy feared for its liberty. Æneas triumphs over men and gods.

"He never seems more master of his art than when descended to the shades below with his hero: his imagination appears to be enfranchised: Romulus and Brutus, Scipio and Cæsar, show themselves there such as Rome admired or feared them.

It adds much to the celebrity of Homer, that he wrote in an age when the intellect was not generally improved by cultivation, and that he was indebted for his inexhaustible resources to the capacity of his own mind.

Virgil, on the contrary, lived in a period when literature had attained to a high state of improvement. Perhaps Homer lived and died in a state of poverty; Virgil was enabled by the affluence of his circumstances to allot twelve years to the composition of his *Æneid*, which even at his death was unfinished, and by a pious neglect of the dying injunctions of its authour, rescued from the destruction to which he destined it. The wish of the poet for the destruction of his work probably arose from his perceiving it to want uniformity, and unity. Had he lived, he would either have connected or obliterated the detached parts of the latter books.

A remarkable circumstance respecting the character of Virgil as a poet is the equable perfection of his style. It is at once the delight and despair of all who esteem and cultivate Latin poetry.

Where is the scholar, mature in years and judgment, who does not admire the colouring and the variety of his pictures, and that unvaried harmony, which does not only play upon the ear but penetrates to the soul? If he do not equal Homer in invention or in the richness of imagination in the aggregate, it has by some been contended that he surpasses him in the splendour of certain passages, in correctness, and in taste.

In the perusal of this fine poem, there is no part which strikes the reader more forcibly than the descent of Æneas to the shades below; and the effect it produces on the mind would be much less powerful if we were to assent to the hypothesis of a very learned critick, Dr. Warburton, that it is only a figurative description of the initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries.

Every one of the circumstances of the descent convinces Mr. Gibbon, that Virgil describes a real not a mimick world; and that the scenic lay in the infernal regions, and not in the temple of Ceres. The singularity of the Cumæan shores, the lake Avernus, the black woods which surrounded it when Virgil came to Naples, were suited to gratify the superstition of the people. It was generally believed that this dreadful flood was the entrance of hell, and an oracle was established on its banks, which pretended by magick rites to call up the departed spirits. The conversation between Æneas and the priestess may convince us that this was a descent to the shades, and not an initiation. "*Facilis descensus Averni,*" &c.

That every step may lead us to the grave is a truth, but the mysteries were open only a few days in the year. The descent of the mysteries was laborious and dangerous; the return to light easy and certain; but in real death this order is inverted. If we consider the awful scene as a mimick show exhibited in the temple of Ceres by the contrivance of the priest or the legislator, all that was terrible or pathetick disappears at once; the melancholy Palinurus, the wretched Deiphobus, the indignant Dido, and the venerable Anchises, "*tenuem sine viribus umbram.*"

The strictures of that able critick, Mr. Gibbon, on the fanciful and ingenious position of the bishop contained in his miscellaneous tracts, are worthy the attention of every scholar; and there will probably be few readers whom he does not convince, that the opinion which is opposite to his own would deprive the Mantuan bard of a

large portion of his deserved praise, as it would tend to make the spirit of one of the finest parts of the Æneid entirely evaporate in lifeless allegory.

Virgil is said to have received two thousand pounds from Octavia, the sister of the emperour, for the incomparable verses in which he introduces the name of her son Marcellus, whom she had lately lost. If this were the conduct of a courtier, how untrue is he to himself when he represents his hero assisting the Etruscans to punish their former tyrant Mezentius: Mr. Gibbon thinks that "such opinions, published by one who has been esteemed the creature of Augustus, show that, though the republick was subverted, the minds of the Romans were still republican." He is also of opinion that, had this part of the work been recited before the court, the reward given him for his former compliments to the reigning family would have been withholden.

In every point of view Virgil appears to advantage as a writer; it is undeniable that he does not merely recite the labours of rusticks or an uninteresting story of travels, but is a new Orpheus, whose lyre induces savages to depose their ferocity, and whose hero unites them by the ties of manners and of laws.

Æneas is the minister of celestial vengeance, the protector of oppressed nations, who launches thunder on the head of the guilty tyrant, but is softened by the unfortunate victim of his fury, the young and pious Lausus, worthy of a better father and a more propitious destiny.

Virgil determined to correct his poem, which he polished with a scrupulous and painful accuracy at Athens the renowned seat of eloquence and philosophy. In the delightful gardens of Epicurus, he conceived that he should have full leisure to complete an immortal work, but the arrival of Augustus from the East frustrated his design; and on his return to Rome with his imperial patron, he was seized with sickness at Megara, and expired at Brundisium in the fifty-second year of his age. The place

of his interment; and his tomb still exists within two miles of Naples near the road to Puteoli.

He is said to have written an inscription for his monument, which in two simple lines tells the place of his nativity and his burial, together with the subject of his poems. But the verses are so unworthy of his muse that they probably are spurious.

His fortune he divided between the emperor and his minister, and his friends Varius, Plotius, and Tucca. These bequests, the unsuspicious testimonies of gratitude and friendship, evince the goodness of his heart; and the proofs which posterity have received of the excellence of his understanding, and the correctness of his taste, will be acknowledged by them as long as learning shall be hallowed, and superiour talents regarded with admiration.

#### *Lives and Characters of eminent Greek Writers.*

##### XENOPHON:

An eminent general, philosopher, and historian was born at Athens; and became early a disciple of Socrates, who is said by Strabo to have saved his life in battle.

At the 50th year of his age he engaged in the expedition of Cyrus, and accomplished his celebrated retreat in fifteen months.

The jealousy of the Athenians banished him from his native city for engaging in the service of Sparta and Cyrus. He therefore retired to Scillus, a town of Elis; where he built a temple to Diana, and devoted his leisure to philosophy and rural sports.

Commotions arising in that country, he removed to Corinth, where he is said to have composed his Grecian history, and to have died at the age of 90, in the year 360 B. C.

His works are written with great exactness, and flow with a transparent clearness, a native purity and sweetness that are the very quintessence of Attick elegance. The best editions are those of Franckfort and Oxford.

His Cyropædia seems to be a philosophical romance rather than a history; in which the simplicity of the Persian manners affords an excellent moral lecture. The character of Cyrus is well delineated, breathing an air of humanity and justice that is seldom to be met with: his death-bed speech is particularly excellent; and the story of Panthea is so striking, natural and well told, that it affords the reader as much pleasure as any the finest tragedy in the world.

His Memorabilia Socratis are rather in a dry style; but yet they are an exact picture of the life and conversation of that divine man; even more so than the dialogue of Plato, who has intermixed a good deal of his own; and gives more scope to his imagination than Xenophon.

His Anabasis, or Retreat of the 10,000, which he himself conducted, and wrote, has been compared to Cæsar's Commentaries; but seems to have some faults. It is too uniform and regular, and not written in the easy manner of memoirs, such as those of Julius Cæsar. It must, indeed, be allowed to possess much beauty of diction and mastery in eloquence; both in particular descriptions, and several good harangues.

But Xenophon, in this work, is observed to be vain: he talks too much of himself, and omits no opportunity to set forth a certain Athenian to the best advantage. He praises, though with great address and delicacy, his moderation and evenness of temper, his resolution and foresight and undaunted courage; his religion and eloquence, &c. &c. His own harangues are always extremely laboured, and never fail of producing their effect. In a word, with all the veil of the most refined modesty with which he palliates and endeavours to cover his own praises, he is himself the hero of the piece, drawn indeed with masterly art and delicacy; but, under this veil, lurks a concealed vanity, which one would not have expected from a man of the first abilities, and one of the chief ornaments of the Socratic school.

Cæsar, in my opinion, evinced a higher soul, by talking always of himself with a peculiar reserve and modesty; and never but when he ought. Yet I would not hence conclude, that the latter was a better man than the former; for perhaps Cæsar, under a veil of greater modesty, concealed a greater pride and a higher ambition.

I am rather inclined to agree with Cicero, when he says, (among other high encomiums on Xenophon), that his Praise of Agesilaus and Œconomicks alone, are such pictures and images of excellence as none but the best of men could describe, and the best of men practise.

Even this same vanity which we condemn in the character of Xenophon, is somewhat palliated, though not excused, when we consider it as incident to other men of great eminence.

Cicero was full of it; and for all his philosophy, managed it with much less delicacy than Xenophon.

Diogenes, and all the rest of the cynical sect, were exceedingly proud and conceited; although they can boast of no kind of comparison with the agreeable and smiling philosophy of Xenophon.

Lucretius, the great champion of Atheism, boasts, in the most ostentatious manner of his *aurea dicta* and glorious doctrines borrowed from Epicurus; whom he celebrates as another sun arisen to enlighten a darkened world.

Sully, in his Memoirs of Henry the fourth of France, often speaks of himself with a degree of vanity and ostentation; and cardinals Richelieu and de Retz were both vain men, though great politicians, but of much less honesty than Sully. Indeed cardinal de Retz saw his follies at last, and candidly confessed his faults.

It were endless to mention instances both among men of learning and men of business and of the world, guilty of this most insinuating and prevalent of all passions, vanity; and which is the more to be lamented as it is often combined with great parts; though from many instances to the contrary,

both ancient and modern, and from the most natural reflections on human nature, we may conclude, that it is seldom or never prevalent with men of the greatest parts. Modesty, on the contrary, is their characteristic. I instance Homer, Socrates, Plato and Virgil, among the ancients; and Shakspeare, Bacon, Boyle,\* Milton and Newton, out of a hundred instances, among the moderns.

#### ARISTOTLE :

This chief of the Peripatetick philosophers was born at Stagyra, a small city in Macedon, in the 99th Olympiad, about 384 years B. C.

He went to Plato's school at 18, and studied till he was 37. He differed from his master in several tenets; which produced their separation, and Aristotle set up a school for himself in the Lycæum. As he gave his doctrines walking along among his auditors, his sect assumed the name of Peripateticks. He died in his 63d year; two years after Alexander.

His genius seems to have been of the most comprehensive kind; various, acute, and penetrating; but logical, dry and didactic. He was an excellent rhetorician and critic; a natural philosopher of the first rank; and, on every subject he composed like a master. He wrote also of law, politics, and poetry; and even composed in the latter art no mean poem.

The fault of his style is, that it affects extreme conciseness which renders it difficult and obscure. His Art of Poetry, alone, has afforded subject for volumes of commentaries.

#### ARRIAN :

Xenophon's style, which is elegantly simple, was followed as a model by many succeeding writers. But, of all others, Arrian, the disciple of Epicetus, who flourished under the emperor Adrian, copied his manner with most exactness and merit.

Resembling his master, in being a philosopher, a general and an historian,

\* Sir Robert Boyle was among the first revivers of experimental philosophy: he was a great and good man, and remarkable for modesty.

he wrote the campaigns of Alexander the Great in seven books, in imitation of Xenophon, who composed those of Cyrus in the same number.

The beautiful simplicity with which this history is written, together with the fidelity of the narration, makes it highly interesting.

Swift, who was not the most easy man in the world to please in his reading, mentions, in a letter to Mrs. Johnstone, his having read over in an evening after coming home from a visit, 200 pages of this book.

The *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, said likewise to be composed by Arrian, is as remarkable for the beauty of its style, as for its morality. With what pleasure and profit have I often perused this excellent little book that contains such valuable maxims, both of moral and prudential conduct, expressed with such conciseness as the memory easily retains, such happy allusions as delight the imagination, and such justness and good sense as gain at once the assent of the understanding!

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

### A NEW HUNTING SONG.

Aurora, now summon the lads of the course,  
Ye hunters from slumb'ring arise;  
Behold how the sun in full splendour beams  
forth,

How ruddy and bright seem the skies!  
Then mount your fleet steed—to the meadows repair,  
No pleasure surpasses the sight of the hare.

The sluggard that dozes his life-time away,  
And censures the joys we partake;  
May strut for a while in the sunshine of day,  
But we deem his bliss—a mistake!  
As we bound o'er the heath, blooming health  
marks the face,  
And the horn's mellow notes but enliven the  
chace.

The foppling may boast of his BEAUTY and  
ease,  
And play with his mistress's fan;

Let him look in his glass—the reflection  
may please,

Tho' he's more an ape than a man!  
Unkenel the hounds, to the meadows repair,  
And let us, enraptur'd, give chace to the  
hare.

Thro' life we some kind of a pastime pursue,  
The statesman will dwell on the laws;  
The crick will tell you what learning can do,  
While the lawyer will gain a bad cause,  
But we more exalted, breathe joy in the vale,  
And taste true delight in a jug of mild ale!

Diana commands—now ye sportsmen arise,  
The huntsman the summons proclaim;  
Away to the woods, where the fox closely  
lies.

The scent is now fresh on the plain,  
Since the sun gilds the east, and the morning  
is bright,  
Let the sports of the day crown with rapture  
the night.

“Do you really, in your conscience,” said an Englishman to a Scotchman, “imagine that the Forth is a finer river than the Thames?”—“The Thames!” exclaimed the north Briton, “why my dear sir, the Thames at London is a mere gutter in comparison of the Frith of Forth at Edinburgh.”—“I suppose, then,” said the Englishman, “that you do not approve of the view of Windsor castle?”—“I ask your pardon,” replied the other, “I approve it very much—it is an exceeding pretty kind of a prospect: the country appears from it as agreeable to the sight as any plain flat country, crowded with trees and intersected by inclosures, can well do; but I own I am of opinion, that mere fertile fields, woods, rivers, and meadows can never perfectly satisfy the eye.”—“You imagine, no doubt,” said the Englishman, “that a few heath-covered mountains and rocks embellish a country very much?”—“I am precisely of that opinion,” said the Scot; “and you will as soon convince me that a woman may be completely beautiful with fine eyes, good teeth, and a fair complexion, though she should not have a nose on her face, as that a landscape or country can be completely beautiful without a mountain.”—“What do you think,” said the Englishman, “of the palace of St. James’s?”—“It is,” exclaimed the

Scot, "a scandal to the nation; it is both a shame and a sin, that so great a monarch as the King of Scotland, England, and Ireland, with his royal family, should live in a shabby old cloister, hardly good enough for monks. The palace of Holyrood-house, indeed is a residence fit for a king."—"And the gardens—pray what sort of gardens have you belonging to that palace?" said the Englishman; "I have been told you do not excel in those."—"But we excel in gardeners," replied the other, "which are as much preferable as the creator is preferable to the created."—"I am surprised, however," rejoined the south Briton, "that in a country like yours, where there are so many creators, so very few fruit gardens are created."—"Why, sir, it is not to be expected," said the Scotchman, "that any one country will excel in every thing. Some enjoy a climate more favourable for peaches, and vines, and nectarines; but by G——, sir, no country on earth produces better men and women than Scotland."—"I dare say, none does," replied the other: "so as France excels in wine, England in wool and oxen, Arabia in horses, and other countries in other animals, you imagine Scotland excels all others in the human species."—"What I said, sir, was, that the human species in no country excelled those in Scotland."—"You will then permit me to observe," said the Englishman, "that men being its staple commodity, it must be owned that Scotland carries on a brisk trade of *exportation*; you will find Scotchmen in all the countries of the world."—"So much the better for all the countries of the world," said the Scotchman; "for every body knows that the Scotch cultivate and improve the arts and sciences wherever they go. But there are various reasons," continued he, "for so many of my countrymen sojourning in London: that city is now in some measure the capital of Scotland as well as of England. Upon the whole, the advantages which England derives from the union are manifest."—"I shall be obliged to you," said the Englishman,

"if you will enumerate a few of them."—"Has she not," resumed the Scot, "has she not greatly increased in wealth since that time? Has she not acquired a million and half of subjects? Has she not acquired security? There is no door open now, sir, by which the French can enter into your country: they dare as soon be d—— as attempt to invade Scotland. Without a perfect union with Scotland, England could not enjoy the principal benefit she derives from her insular situation."—"Not till Scotland should be subdued," said the Englishman."—"Subdued!" repeated the astonished Scot; "let me tell you, sir, that it is a very strange hypothesis; if you are conversant in history you will find, that after the decline of the Roman empire, the course of conquest was from the north to the south."—"You mean," said the south Briton, "that Scotland would have conquered England."—"Sir," replied the other, "I think the English as brave a nation as ever existed, and therefore I will not say that the Scotch are braver; but I am sure, that rather than submit, they would try to subdue the English, and you will admit that the trial would be no advantage to either country."—"Although I am fully convinced," said the Englishman, "how the experiment would end, I should be sorry to see it made."—"Yet, sir, there are people of your country, as I am told, who endeavour to exasperate the minds of the inhabitants of one part of Great Britain against the natives of the other, and to create dissensions between two countries whose mutual safety depends on their good agreement; two countries whom nature herself, by separating them from the rest of the world, and encircling them with her azure bond of union, seems to have intended for one."—"I do assure you, my good sir," said the English gentleman, "I am not of the number of those who wish to raise such dissension. I love the Scotch; I always thought them a sensible and gallant people."—"You are a man of honour and discernment," said the Caledonian, seizing him eagerly by the hand; "and

I protest without prejudice or partiality, that I never knew a man of that character who was not of your way of thinking."

## A SCHOOL ECLOGUE.

EDWARD.

Hist, Henry! hist! what means that air so gay?

Thy looks, thy dress, bespeak some holyday;  
Thy hat is brush'd; thy hands with wondrous pains,

Are cleans'd from garden mould and inky stains;

Thy glossy shoes confess the lacquey's care;  
And recent from the comb shines thy sleek hair.

• What god, what saint, this prodigy has wrought?

Declare the cause; and ease my lab'ring thought.

HENRY.

John, faithful John, is with the horses come,  
Mamma prevails, and I am sent for home.

EDWARD.

† Thrice happy who such welcome tidings greet!

Thrice happy who reviews his native seat!  
For him the matron spreads her candy'd board,

And early strawberries crown the smiling board;

For him crush'd gooseberries with rich cream combine,

And bending boughs their fragrant fruit resign:

Custards and syllabubs his taste invite;  
Sports fill the day, and feasts prolong the night.

• Think not I envy, I admire thy fate;

‡ Yet ah! what different tasks thy comrades wait!

Some in the gammar's thorny maze to toil,  
Some with rude strokes the snowy paper soil,

Some o'er barbarick climes in maps to roam,  
Far from their mother-tongue, and dear-loved home,

Harsh names, of uncouth sound, their memories load,

And oft their shoulders feel the unpleasant goad.

WILLIAM.

Doubt not our turn will come some future time.

Now Harry hear us twain contend in rhyme,  
For yet thy horses have not eat their hay,  
And unconsum'd as yet th' allotted hour of play.

HENRY.

• Then spout alternate, I consent to hear,

\* Sed tamen, ille Deus qui sit, da Tityre nobis.

† Fortunata senex, hic inter flumina nota.

‡ Non equidem invidio, miror magis.

§ At nos hinc alii sapientes ibimus Afros,

¶ Pars Scythiam, et rapidum Cretæ venientis Oasem.

• Alterius dicitis.

Let no false rhyme offend my critick ear;  
But say, what prizes shall the victor hold?  
I guess your pockets are not lin'd with gold!

WILLIAM.

A ship these hands have built, in ev'ry part  
Carv'd, rigg'd, and painted, with the nicest art;

The ridgy sides are black with pitchy store,  
From stem to stern 'tis twice ten inches o'er,  
The lofty mast, a strait, smooth hazel fram'd,  
The tackling, silk, the Charming Sally nam'd;  
And—but take heed lest thou divulge the tale  
The lappet of my shirt supply'd the sail;  
An azure ribband for a pendant flies:  
Now, if thy verse excel, be this the prize.

EDWARD.

For me at home the careful housewives make,

With plums and almonds rich, an ample cake.

Smooth is the top, a plain of shining ice,  
The west its sweetness gives, the east its spice:

From soft Ionian isles, well known to fame,  
Ulysses' once, the luscious currant came.

The green transparent citron Spain bestows,  
And from her golden groves the orange glows.

So vast the heaving mass, it scarce has room  
Within the oven's dark capacious womb;  
‡ Will be consign'd to the next carrier's care,  
I cannot yield it all—be half thy share.

WILLIAM.

Well does the gift thy liquorish palate suit;  
• I know who robb'd the orchard of its fruit;

When all were rapt in sleep, one early morn,  
While yet the dewdrop trembled on the thorn,

I mark'd when o'er the quickset hedge you kept,

† And, sly, beneath the gooseberry bushes crept;

Then shook the trees, a show'r of apples fell,  
And, where the hoard you kept, I know full well;

The mellow gooseberries did themselves produce.

For thro' thy pocket oozed the viscous juice.

EDWARD.

I scorn a tell-tale, or I could declare  
How, leave unask'd, you sought the neighbouring fair;

Then home by moonlight spurred your jaded steed,

And scarce returned before the hour of bed.  
Think how thy trembling heart had felt affright,

Had not our master supped abroad that night.

• Non ego, te vidi, Damonie—

† —Tu post carecta latibas.

WILLIAM.

On the smooth white-washed ceiling near  
thy bed,  
Mixed with thy own, is Anna's cypher read ;  
From wreaths of dusky smoke the letters  
flow ;  
Whose hand the waving candle held, I know.  
Fines and jobations shall thy soul appal,  
Whene'er our mistress spies the sully'd wall.

EDWARD.

Uncon'd her lesson once, in idle mood,  
Trembling before the master, Anna stood ;  
I marked what prompter near her took his  
place,  
And, whispering, sav'd the virgin from dis-  
grace ;  
Much is the youth bely'd, and much the  
maid,  
Or more than words the whisper soft con-  
vey'd.

WILLIAM.

Think not I blush to own so bright a flame,  
Even boys for her assume the lover's name ;  
\* As far as alleys beyond taws we prize,  
Or venison pastry ranks above school pies ;  
As much as peaches beyond apples please,  
Or Parmesan excels a Suffolk cheese :  
Or P—— donkeys lag behind a steed,  
So far do Anna's charms all other charms  
exceed.

EDWARD.

Tell, if thou canst, where is that creature  
bred,  
Whose wide-stretch'd mouth is larger than  
its head ;  
† Guess, and my great Apollo thou shalt be,  
And cake and ship shall both remain with  
thee.

WILLIAM.

Explain thou first, what portent late was  
seen,  
With strides impetuous, posting o'er the  
green,  
Three heads, like Cerberus, the monster  
bore,  
And one was sidelong fix'd, and two before ;  
Eight legs, depending from his ample sides,  
Each well-built flank unequally divides ;  
For five on this, on that side three are found,  
Four swiftly move, and four not touch the  
ground.  
Long time the moving prodigy I view'd,  
By gazing men, and barking dogs pursu'd.  
HENRY.  
Cease ! cease your carols both ! for lo ! the  
bell  
With jarring notes, has rung out Pleasure's  
knell ;  
Your startled comrades, e'er the game be  
done,

\* *Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olive.*† *Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.*

Quit their unfinish'd sports, and trembling  
run.

Haste to your forms before the master call !  
With thoughtful step he paces o'er the hall,  
Does with stern looks each playful loiterer  
greet,  
Counts with his eye, and marks each vacant  
seat ;  
Intense, the buzzing murmur grows around,  
Loud, thro' the dome, the usher's strokes  
resound.  
Sneak off, and to your places slyly steal,  
Before the prowess of his arm you feel.

I remember a young gentleman,  
whom a strong and retentive memory  
of battles and sieges, often set a prating  
very *mal à propos*. One of his  
companions expressed much surprise  
at his knowledge, and wondered how  
he had laid up such a store. " Why,  
truly," replied he, with great frank-  
ness, " it is all owing to my bungling  
blockhead of a valet, who takes up  
such an unconscionable time in dress-  
ing my hair, that I am glad to read to  
keep me from fretting ; and there are  
no newspapers or magazines to be had  
in this country. I have been driven to  
History, which answers nearly as well.

Dr. Moore.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

Dear Euphemia, why has heaven  
The "breath of life" to mortals given,  
And spirit from above ?  
Dear Euphemia, lend thine ear ;  
I will whisper—thou shalt hear ;  
We only live to love.

Love is the good that God bestows  
Amongst a thousand heavy woes,  
Upon the human race ;  
For life itself would be a curse,  
And earth a hell, or something worse,  
Without this sweet solace.

Ah ! who would be the sport of fate,  
In this forlorn and stupid state  
Of dull existence here ;  
A prey to sorrow, toil and pain,  
To cares and fears—a ghastly train !  
If love should disappear ?

When we are sunk in deep distress,  
When sorrow, toil and fears oppress,  
'Tis Love affords relief.  
'Tis Love dispels the gloom of care,  
Shakes off the torpor of despair  
And calms the bursts of grief.

Who would wish to see the sun  
In his eternal circuit run,  
Dispensing gaudy light!  
To see the stars in armies rise,  
And take their stations o'er the skies  
On each succeeding night?

Or who could bear to see the moon  
Repair her wasted orb so soon  
In her accustom'd way?  
Or still to see the rolling year,  
When finished once, again appear,  
And round the seasons play?

Or who would hear the trump of fame,  
The ruthless deeds of war proclaim,  
And talk of thousands slain;  
Or tell when fate decrees a peace,  
And bids the bloody conflict cease,  
And kindle war again?

Say who could bear this endless round,  
Where nothing but the same is found  
Around, below, above?  
Once having viewed these objects o'er,  
Ah! who would wish to view them more,  
Without the sweets of love?

The wandering course let Herschell trace  
Of planets in ethereal space;  
Or solar spots descrie;  
Two lovely eyes are brighter far,  
Than Venus or the Georgian star,  
Revolving in the sky!

But, dear Euphemia, walk with me,  
We'll view the stars as well as he,  
And talk their wonders o'er!  
We'll talk of worlds in other spheres,  
Where we shall dry our bitter tears,  
And love for evermore!

Let those who will, admire the plain,  
Where Ceres spreads her waving grain,  
In gay, luxuriant pride:  
Or let them climb the mountains high,  
Where boundless prospects meet the eye  
Of vales and rivers wide.

To me dejected and alone,  
Let no romantick scenes be shown  
To rouse the listless mind;  
The wonders of the earth and skies  
Pass like a dream before my eyes,  
And leave no trace behind!

But let Euphemia hold my arm,  
E'en barren rocks have power to charm,  
And savage hills shall smile:  
Elysian scenes of bliss shall rise,  
And deserts bloom like Paradise,  
Or some enchanted isle!

'Tis love that sends those pleasing dreams,  
To those who muse by silver streams,  
Or under shady trees;  
Love gives a charm to myrtle bowers,  
And lends a fragrance to the flowers,  
And freshness to the breeze.

No longer, dearest girl delay,  
Alas! the powers of life decay,  
And frozen age comes on;  
And thou thy folly shalt bewail,  
When scenes of joy and pleasure fail;  
And days of love are gone!

Ah! why that form divinely fair,  
And why that mild, enchanting air,  
Those sweet seducing wiles?  
And why that glance of fond desire,  
That eye that speaks a soul of fire,  
Those heart-subduing smiles?

Why does thy breast with ardour glow?  
Why dost thou look and languish so,  
Consumed by hidden fire?  
Why should thy bosom heaving high,  
Present Elysium to my eye,  
And kindle mad desire?

Like Moses on the mount I stand,  
And view afar the promis'd land;  
But never must be there!  
Did I not looks and blushes see?  
Didst thou not smile, and smile on me?  
And must I still despair?

Oh! hide thy soul-transporting charms!  
Or let me sink within thine arms,  
In wild delirious joy!  
Wilt thou, as Sirens did of old,  
The story as by HOMER told,  
Allure and then destroy?

PHILANTUS.

February 15th. 1807.

—  
For The Port Folio.

#### A FAMILY PICTURE.

Seek not in publick places for a wife,  
Be not deluded by the charms of sight,  
Retirement only yields the friend for life,  
Who shares your grief and doubles your delight.

When orient rays within your curtains peep,  
And on her roseate face enlivening play,  
What joy to view her rous'd from peaceful sleep,  
Unfold her eyes on you and welcome day.

What joy! to tend the plants her hand has rear'd,  
To trace their foliage and their various hues,  
Some by affecting incidents endear'd—  
Some by distinction of the moral muse.

What joy! to see your children gambol wild,  
Or hear them prattle, with remarks acute,  
To blend amusement with instruction mild  
"And teach the young idea how to shoot."

What joy! at evening, daily duties done,  
To saunter with your lov'd to Prospect Hill

And catch the glories of the setting sun;  
Till wand'ring "Contemplation has her fill."

Now as you homeward bend your musing  
way,

Whilst fades the glimmering landscape on  
the sight.

What joy! to hear her quote the pensive  
Gray,

Or name some fav'rite authour for the night.

What joy! that during day she leisure found,  
To give industrious poverty relief,  
To pour her balm into Affliction's wound,  
To wipe the tear from furrowed cheeks of  
Grief.

Such are the joys a rural wife bestows,  
Each hour displaying something to admire,  
But most her goodness with affection flows,  
Should you (her first, last thought) her  
aid require.

See her, when sickness lays you faint in bed,  
Gently remove the candle's painful glare,  
And cautious walk with softly stealing tread,  
Your medicine or nutrition to prepare.

Her soothing accents charm away your pains,  
Her gay encouragement your fears be-  
guiles;

And tho' her mind a widow's thoughts sus-  
tains,

Her looks beam confidence with cheering  
smiles.

All day, all night her eyelids never close,  
But seated silent anxious by your side,  
How every breath is watched, if chance  
you doze,

How quick, if restless, every want's  
supplied.

When pitying heaven concedes her secret  
prayer

And threat'ning Death withdraws his bran-  
dished dart,

A tender sense of her assiduous care  
More than her virgin charms shall win  
your heart.

Now view her with her group of pledges  
dear,

When on your pillow rais'd they round you  
stand;

Each glist'ning eye full of a rapturous tear  
They press with glowing lips your wi-  
thered hand.

Now "gathering up her young" lest you  
should feel .

O'erpowered with joy, to nursery they  
move,

And there, by her example taught to kneel  
Uplift their little hands in grateful love.

Song, musick, dancing and the flowing bowl,  
Nay e'en the youthful, warm, enamoured  
kiss

Cannot so deeply interest the soul,  
As this sweet scene of fond domestick  
bliss.

### *For The Port Folio.*

#### THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

An imitation of Goldsmith's Country Schoolmaster.  
Beneath yon willow's shade whose pendant  
boughs

Wave gently as the breathing zephyr blows,  
There in his hall, where rogues and knaves  
resort,

The country justice holds his little court;  
A man he is whose solemn visage shrouds  
His folly from the view of gaping crowds:  
Whose bold decrees with mangled Latin  
fraught,

For legal learning pass and solid thought.  
Him trembling culprits eye, with fearful  
glance,

When they unwilling at his call advance;  
They scan each gesture, every feature trace,  
And read their fortune in his changing face.  
Yet he is kind—(whene'er a bribe he sees)  
And raises many a sinner from his knees—

Not that he e'er was of the numerous tribe  
Whose sell their judgment for "a paltry bribe."  
His conscience ne'er will let him be at ease,  
Till the bribe doubles, the conviction fees.  
For half a league at least extends his fame,  
'Tis certain he can read and write his name,  
Judgments can sign, a bill of costs can draw,  
And knows that murder is against the law.  
In arguing too the neighbour's own his strength,  
None can surpass in noisiness and length.  
Like rude barbarians rushing from the north  
Whose number conquered more than war-  
like worth,

His words pour forth impetuous to the fight,  
And Reason's regulars are put to flight.

O. F. Q.

#### EPITAPH,

On a gamester's tomb-stone.

Here lies the body of All Fours,  
Who lost his money and lost his hours;  
If sir you want to know his name,  
'Tis High, and Low, and Jack, and Game.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, March 21, 1807.

[No. 12.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### ON COMPOSITION.

**A**MONG the most common and unobserved faults, though it be one which involves the meaning of all writers, is the mistaking the active and passive states, both in nouns and verbs, and the mingling of the two in the different members of a sentence. Not to go far for an example, the word *perspicuity* is not unfrequently confounded with *perspicacity*; the former being the passive, the latter the active noun. We meet with numerous examples of mingling passive and active construction in different members of a sentence, in the very best of English writers. But it would lead me beyond my limits were I to enter critically on the subject, and produce vouchers for all that I advance. I mean merely to offer some light to those who wish to investigate the subject more curiously.

Another beauty which may be universally adopted, is the use of nervous or energetick expressions; the figure Metonymy, judiciously applied, is of great service in this respect. No description is vivid expressed in general terms; a few lively and well-chosen particulars give force to the whole, and impress the mind with stronger ideas. Description, however,

ought, by no means, to run out into a verbose detail of minute particulars; a few leading ones convey much more meaning.

To compress the most forcible ideas into the smallest compass, will ever be the first beauty of writing: yet pursued too far, that brevity which is the greatest cause of perspicuity will produce obscurity. Diffuseness of style must always be weak, languid, and prosaïck: *prosaïck* not in opposition to *poetick*, but to that manly energy which good language demands, whether in prose or verse. The judicious appropriation of epithets also confers much strength on expression; two never ought to be taken where one will suffice. Though the endeavour to discriminate between the most delicate shades of meaning is always laudable, yet, by seeking to express too accurately, elegance and strength are sacrificed at the altar of description, as we may often see the half-finished sketch of a portrait promising the most perfect likeness, and losing its expression when more exquisitely wrought by the laborious pencil.

Narrative should always be as concise as is consistent with clearness, where it is introduced as an illustration of any opinion. Where it is the principal business, it will allow of a little more diffusion; but many works would gain more in strength than they

would lose in size, by being compressed into a smaller compass.

The worth of expression must be estimated by the quantum of thought it conveys. Many writers have a great facility of expression, and yet make no permanent impression on their readers. This is the case very frequently in poetry, more so than in prose; and it must be confessed that, though the sterling weight of thought will sometimes excuse infelicity of expression in prose, yet it is directly the reverse in poetry, which often pleases from being happily worded, though from the paucity of idea, it glides over the mind, nor leaves behind it the smallest trace. It is however, necessary to good poetry, as well as to good prose, that both merits should be united;—that to strength of meaning should be added beauty of language and felicity of expression: and perhaps, a better criterion of the merits of writing can scarcely be found than the traces it leaves on the mind of an intelligent reader. The remembrance of a work will be clear or confused, in proportion as the work itself had a claim to either character; and yet it is observable, that the reader of reflection would rather, at some distance of time, reperuse the work he remembers best, than that of which he has a slighter recollection. I am, however, in this instance, alluding to books of argument or science, of which the remembrance and approbation will ever be in just proportion to their own perspicuity and the judiciousness of their arrangement.

In the sentence just finished, occurs an instance of construction which I should be puzzled to explain, but which shows, in part, what I mean with respect to the just agreement between the two members of a sentence. I had written, "*in just proportion to their own perspicuity and judicious arrangement*;" but in this construction, which can hardly be called *faulty*, I was struck with what appeared to me an incongruity, and altered the sentence as it now stands. I know not whether this will be deemed too fastidious, but at

least it serves to illustrate the opinions before advanced.

That more of the pleasure of reading, depends on language than is generally imagined, I am perfectly convinced. I would therefore advise all those who wish to be noticed among the *literati* of the age, to pay particular attention to the terms of their expressions, and the construction of their phrases. It is by no means necessary to the beauty of writing, that every period should be turned with the ponderous rotundity of Johnson's language; nor indeed is any peculiar manner necessary to produce the effect proposed: the language ought to vary with the subject, to be appropriate to it, and not to wear the same uniform character whether it be employed on serious or jocular subjects, on topics of feeling, or those of science and argument.

Voltaire, who wished to be thought a universal genius, as he attempted every kind of writing, is completely a mannerist; and every one of his works, be it grave or gay, historical, ironical, argumentative, or poetical, bears what is expressively called "*Le Sceau de Voltaire*." (I speak from a cursory perusal of his works). Voltaire had, perhaps, a genius, as it is called, only for irony: this talent he possessed in the strongest degree: but Voltaire must not rest his future fame on any other of the numerous qualifications he laid claim to. As a poet, perhaps the genius of his language, rather than any deficiency in himself prevented him from rising above mere mediocrity! but as an historian, a philosopher, and above all, a philologist, I fear his claims to *universal genius* are very illfounded.

PHILANTUS.

---

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A work has lately been published in New-York, entitled *Salmagundi*, or the Whim Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and others. The motto is a ludicrous one:

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez  
Et smoakem, toastem, roastem, folkesez,  
Fee, faw, fum. PSALMANAZAR.

With baked, and broiled, and stewed and  
toasted,  
With fried and boiled, and smoaked and  
roasted,  
We treat the town.

We should think our time but ill spent, were it merely employed in criticising and animadverting on the trifling faults of this witty production. Its beauties so far predominate over the defects that we are inclined to pass them over in total silence. Its claims to excellence, are however, strong and decisive. It bears the stamp of superiour genius, and indicates its unknown authours to be possessed of lively and vigorous imaginations, a happy turn for ridicule, and an extensive knowledge of the world. Like the Spectator, its design is to mend the morals, correct the manners, and improve the taste of the age. What degree of success this plan may meet with is not easily to be determined; but the intention of its authours appears so praiseworthy, and the talents they display in the execution of the work so unquestionable, that we ardently wish them every encouragement which genius has a right to demand. For the amusement and gratification of your readers, we have made the following extract from the third number of the work, which is replete with wit and humour.

#### A LETTER

from Mustapha Rub-a-dub Kali Khan, Captain of a Ketch, to Asem Hacchem principal slave-driver to his highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

Thou wilt learn from this letter, most illustrious disciple of Mahomed, that I have, for some time, resided in New-York, the most polished and most magnificent city of the United States of America. But what to me are its delights? I wander a captive through its splendid streets; I turn a heavy eye on every rising day that beholds me banished from my country. The Christian husband here laments most bitterly any short absence from home, though he leaves but one wife behind to lament his departure! What then must be the feelings of thy unhappy kinsman while thus lingering at an

immeasurable distance from three and twenty of the most lovely and obedient wives in all Tripoli? Oh Allah! shall thy servant never again return to his native land, nor behold his beloved wives who beam on his memory beautiful as the rosy morn of the east, and graceful as Mahomet's camel!

Yet beautiful, oh most puissant Bashaw as are my wives, they are far exceeded by the women of this country. Even those who run about the streets with bare arms, necks, (et cetera) whose habiliments are too scanty to shelter them either from the inclemency of the seasons, or the scrutinizing glances of the curious, and who, it would seem, belong to nobody, are lovely as the Houris that people the Elysium of true believers. If then such as run wild in the highways and whom nobody cares to appropriate, are thus beauteous, what must be the charms of those who are shut up in the seraglios and never permitted to go abroad? surely the region of beauty, the valley of the Graces can contain nothing so inimitably fair!

But notwithstanding the charms of these infidel women, they are apt to have one fault which is extremely troublesome and inconvenient. Wouldst thou believe it Asem, I have been positively assured by a famous dervise, (or doctor as he is here called) that at least one fifth part of them have souls! Incredible as it may seem to thee, I am more inclined to believe them in possession of this monstrous superfluity from my own little experience and from the information which I have derived from others. In walking the streets I have actually seen an exceeding good looking woman with soul enough to box her husband's ears to his heart's content, and my whiskers trembled with indignation at the abject state of these wretched infidels. I am told, moreover, that some of these women have soul enough to usurp the breeches of the men, but these, I suppose, are married and kept close, for I have not, in my rambles, met with any so extravagantly accoutred; others, I am informed, have soul enough to swear! yea, by the head of

the great Omar, who prayed three times to each of the one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets of our most holy faith, and who never swore but once—they actually swear! Get thee to a mosque good Asem, return thanks to our most holy prophet, that has been thus mindful of the comfort of all true Musselmen, and has given them no more souls than cats and dogs and other necessary animals of the household.

Thou wilt, doubtless, be anxious to learn our reception in this country, and how we were treated by a people whom we have been accustomed to consider as unenlightened barbarians.

On landing we were waited upon to our lodgings, I suppose according to the order of the municipality, by a vast and respectable escort of boys and negroes, who shouted and threw up their hats, doubtless to do honour to the magnanimous Mustapha, captain of a ketch. They were somewhat ragged and dirty in their equipments, but this we attributed to their republican simplicity. One of them, in the zeal of admiration, threw an old shoe which gave thy friend rather an ungente salutation on one side of the head, whereat I was not a little offended, until the interpreter informed us, that it was the customary manner in which great men were honoured in this country, and that the more distinguished they were, the more they were subject to the attacks and peltings of the mob. Upon this I bowed my head three times, with my hands to my turban, and made a speech in Arabick Greek which gave great satisfaction, and occasioned a shower of old shoes. hats and so forth: this was exceedingly refreshing to us all.

Thou wilt not yet expect that I should give thee an account of the laws and politicks of this country.—I will reserve them for some future letter, when I shall be more experienced in their complicated, and seemingly contradictory nature.

The Empire is governed by a grand and most puissant bashaw, whom they dignify with the title of President. He is chosen by persons who are chosen

by an assembly elected by the people, hence the mob is called the SOVEREIGN PEOPLE, and the country, FREE! the body politick doubtless resembling a ship, which is best governed by its tail. The present bashaw is a very plain old gentleman; something, they say, of a humourist, as he amuses himself with impaling butterflies and pickling tadpoles, he is rather declining in popularity, having given great offence by wearing red breeches, and by tying his horse to a post. The people of the United States have assured me that they are the most enlightened people under the sun; but thou knowest that the barbarians of the desert who assembled at the summer solstice to shoot their arrows at that glorious luminary in order to extinguish his burning rays, make precisely the same boast; which of them have the superiour claim, I shall not attempt to decide.

I have observed, with some degree of astonishment, that the men of this country do not seem in a hurry to accommodate themselves even with the single wife, which alone, the laws permit them to marry; this backwardness is probably owing to the misfortune of their having no female mates among them. Thou knowest how invaluable are these silent companions; what a price is given for them in the East, and what entertaining wives do they make! what delightful entertainment arises from beholding the silent eloquence of their signs and gestures! But a wife possessed of both a tongue and a soul—monstrous! monstrous! Is it astonishing that these unhappy infidels should shrink from a union with a woman so preposterously endowed?

When I have studied these people more profoundly I will write thee again; in the meantime watch over my household and do not beat my beloved wives, unless you catch them with their noses out at the window. Though far distant and a slave, let me live in thy heart as thou livest in mine: think not, oh friend of my soul that the splendours of this luxurious capital, its gorgeous palaces, its stupendous

mosques and the beautiful females who run wild, in herds, about its streets, can obliterate thee from my remembrance. Thy name shall still be mentioned in the five and twenty prayers which I offer up daily; and may our great prophet, after bestowing on thee all the blessings of this life, at length in a good old age, lead thee gently by the hand, to enjoy the dignity of a Bashaw of three tails in the blissful bowers of Eden. MUSTAPHA.

I remain yours &c.

ANGLICANUS.

PLAUTUS.

About two hundred and twenty years before the christian era, Plautus was born at Sarsina in Umbria. No certain tradition of his family has reached us; but vague accounts of his failure in trade, and a consequent application to the most servile offices, have been attested and contradicted by different authors.

That he was poor, from whatever cause, there seems to be no doubt; but his poverty was probably a stimulant to his genius though it might be an enemy to the correctness of his writing.

He wrote twenty-five comedies, of which we are in possession of nineteen. His death happened about one hundred and eighty years before Christ, on which occasion his countryman Varro inscribed an epitaph on his tomb, of which the following translation may convey an imperfect idea:

"The comick muse laments her Plautus dead;

Deserted theatres show genius fled;  
Mirth, Sport, and Joke, and Poetry bemoan,  
And echoing myriads join their plaintive tone."

He who is unwilling to decide for himself on the merits of Plautus, will probably be perplexed by the varying sentiments of critics. He will be told by some that his uniformity is such as always to have the same personages in the drama. There is always a young courtizan, an old person who sells her, a young man who buys her, and who makes use of a knavish valet to extort money from his father;

a parasite of the vilest kind, ready to do any thing for his patron who feeds him; a braggadocio soldier whose extravagant boasting and ribaldry have served as a model for the Copper Captains of our old comedy. To these censures he will find it added, that the style and dialogues are tasteless; that the wit is buffoonery of the lowest sort; that he was ignorant of that species of gaiety which ought to reign in comedy, and of the pleasantry properly belonging to the theatre; that these should arise naturally from the character and situation of the actor, and be conformed to them exactly; that his dialogues are long narrations, interspersed with tedious soliloquies; that his actors come in and go out without a reason; that persons who are in a great hurry continue upon the stage a full quarter of an hour; and that he introduces the lowest prostitutes with the most vulgar and indecent language and manners.

The admirers of Plautus declare him to have a fertility of invention never equalled by any writer before or since his time, together with an unrivalled judgment in the choice and conduct of his fable; that his characters are drawn from nature; and that the richest vein of ease runs through all his works; the perusal of which is accompanied not with calm satisfaction but with infinite delight.

When we are considering these opposite opinions, we ought to recollect that Plautus had not only a great reputation in his own time, but preserved it beyond the Augustan age. Varro says, if the muses had spoken Latin, it would have been in the language of Plautus. Cicero and Quintilian each afford him a high encomium, notwithstanding Terence had already written. They particularly commend his knowledge of the Latin tongue, although he wrote before the language had arrived at perfection; and the former says, that his wit is elegant, urbane, ingenious, and facetious. Horace, indeed, says, "We have admired the verses and the jests of Plautus with a complaisance which may be denominated folly." But for five hundred years Plau-

tus was a favourite at Rome, although the language had become more polished and correct, and criticism and polite literature had made rapid strides. He must be confessed to have a fund of comick humour and gaiety; and that his imitator, Moliere, owes much of the approbation he has received to the original from which he drew his characters. In ancient comedy where shall we find more entertainment than in the *Amphitruon* and the *Menæchmi*?

Some apology may be made for the defects of Plautus, arising from the taste of the times in which he wrote. If his wit be often false, it was relished because it was the fashion of his day. A better taste in the publick would have produced an exuberance of finer wit in him.

It was not allowed to comick writers to represent on the stage any mistresses but courtezans: the delicacy of true love therefore could not be exhibited by the writers of the drama. If Plautus was careless, and poor, and mercenary, the vivacity of his genius counterbalances these defects. All the business and bustle of comedy are to be found in his scenes. Variety too belongs to him, for the incidents are equally numerous and pleasant.

He has also adapted his plays to theatrical representation; and in that respect he carries away the prize from the elegant friend of Scipio.

Such is the language of those who are admirers of Plautus; and if on a perusal of this authour we are induced to think that it is the language rather of panegyrick than of truth, let us not forget the thunder of applauding theatres which always attended the representation of his plays.

The general praise of his contemporaries, seconded by that of several succeeding ages of learning and of taste, is surely sufficient to disparage all the strictures of modern criticism.

If it be true that his jests are rough, and that his wit in general is coarse, bearing a similitude to the old comedy at Athens, it must be confessed that, more than any other comick writer, he has consulted his own genius;

and that his strength and spirit are such as to attract and gratify the attention of every reader who is not of a disposition more than commonly fastidious.

### *Of the Origin of Roman Literature; and of the earliest writers.*

Before the age of Alexander the Great, the Romans made but little progress in literature. Naturally rough and unpolished, addicted to war, and struggling in continual conflict, either with enemies abroad, or popular contention at home, their language remained long in a savage state.

Livius and Ennius, the one a tragick, the other an epick poet and satyrist, were the first who began to clear it from its rudeness; though they were far from polishing it to that degree of elegance which it afterwards attained.

The truth is, the taste of the Romans was, at that time, extremely coarse; relishing nothing but wild ribaldry and low wit. Their military songs upon the occasion of a triumph, were among their earliest specimens in poetry, and were a kind of lampoons, in an ironical and jocular style, throwing reproaches on the commanders; and they were danced and sung to by the soldiers in the procession. They somewhat resembled the Dithyrambicks at the Grecian Bacchanalia; which, though rude at first, afterwards gave rise to tragedy and comedy among that polished people.

So, among the Romans, the verses called Fescennine, or Saturnian, were no other than rude satyrical songs; which, from their being used at their festivals, or triumphs, came, at last to be admitted on their stage, accompanied with musick and dances. These, with little variation, for the space of 120 years, served instead of dramatick pieces; till Livius Andronicus undertook to write tragedies and comedies on the more enlarged and correct model of the Greeks.

Somewhat later, (viz. in the year of Rome 550), flourished Plautus, that indelicate, though witty, comick

poet; to whom succeeded Paccuvius and Accius, tragedians; all of whom contributed more or less to the refinement of their native tongue.

Plautus was of Sarsina, a small town in Umbria. He was some years younger than Nævius or Ennius, and died the first year of the elder Cato's censorship. His language is certainly excellent, and in the purest style, while his jests are rude and indelicate: he has several coarse and obscene touches; and has much the same fault with Aristophanes. At the same time, the humour of many of his scenes is strikingly just and comick; and above any thing of the kind in the Roman writers.

This is the constant opinion of Varro, Cicero, A. Gellius, Macrobius, and the most eminent modern critics; such as Lipsius, the Scaligers, Muretus, Turnebus.

But Terence, the friend and companion of Scipio Africanus, forming himself upon the model of Menander, surpassed all his predecessors in purity and elegance, and carried the Roman language, as far as the stage is concerned, to the highest pitch of perfection; while the justness and delicacy of his characters entitle him to the highest praise.

However, it is to be presumed, with all their success in comedy, that the Romans, in the tragick drama, fell far short of the Greeks, since none of their pieces in this way have reached us, except those of Seneca, although many were composed before his time by different authours. Of these, if we may judge from the remaining fragments, the style was nowise excellent; wanting the closeness and harmony of the Greeks.

But, were there not other and still greater deficiencies arising from the nature of tragedy, which no powers of art or language could supply?

In comedy the Romans might excel, as there the characters are taken from general life, with which all are acquainted; so that they had nothing to do but paint the manners as they saw them. In tragedy the characters were more particular, the action more

important; and in order that the whole might make a deeper impression, some story venerable for its antiquity was generally pitched upon, in which all the principal actors were persons of royal or noble birth; and sometimes gods and demi-gods were taken into the scene.

How then could the Romans, whose history extended backward only a few hundred years, easily find a story, either for its antiquity, grandeur, or other tragical consequence, sufficiently adapted to this serious and most important part of the drama? They were therefore, obliged to have recourse to the Grecian fable, which amply supplied them with subject; but of which all the best and most interesting parts had been already preengaged by the finest Grecian writers.

With these it was in vain to contend; as, besides the superiority of their language and fable, their genius seemed naturally more elevated, versatile, and inventive; had more sensibility with more passion; a nicer discrimination of character; in fine, they possessed all those requisites peculiar to poetry in general, but more especially that kind of it exhibited on the stage.

To prove the justness of this remark, one has but to read a few pages in Sophocles, Euripides, or Aristophanes; all of whom, besides their superiour excellence of style, far surpass the Roman authours in wit, humour, character, fable, passion, and sentiment.

One species of poetry, indeed, but of a different kind from the former, the Romans not only invented about this time, but afterwards carried to the greatest perfection. I mean Satire, the outlines of which being first sketched by Ennius, were thereafter more fully drawn by Lucilius; who, however rude in his versification and manner, showed by his matter, to what useful purposes this branch of the poetick art might be extended. Accordingly, his successors, Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, the first with the gentler weapons of smiling satire, the other two with the zeal and

eloquence of a noble indignation, attacked, ridiculed and stigmatized vice in all ranks, and wherever it was to be found.

Poetry has, in all ages, enjoyed a prescriptive right to serve in the cause of virtue; in satire she assumes her severest tone, and appears, as it were, in person, to brand the guilty, and vindicate the laws of morality. Dramatic and epick compositions instruct by example and indirectly: Satire carries on the work of reformation by a bold and open attack on whatsoever obstructs her course: she ranges over the wide extended fields of folly and vice; exposes and combats whatever is ludicrous in the one, or detestable in the other. In a word, mankind is her province; and her object the numberless foibles, caprices, and enormities of the human race.

The following character of the Irish Ladies is so correct, that those who already know them will be pleased to see it so accurately and candidly sketched, and those who do not, will be enabled to form a just conception of their excellence so far as the description goes. If Mr. Carr had added, that, with all the just claims they possess to dominion over the coarser sex, they are so mild in the exercise of it that there are much fewer of those husbands vulgarly called *Jerries*, in Ireland, than in any part of the same population in the world, he would have given a true finishing to the picture, and have completely investigated truth. Yet, it was these very women, who, during the American contest, so far swayed the Parliament of Ireland that they refused to grant money specially for carrying on that war.

*People's Friend.*

"The ladies of Ireland possess a peculiarly pleasing frankness of manners, and a vivacity in conversation which render highly interesting all they do and all they say. In this open sweetness of deportment the libertine finds no encouragement; for their modesty must be the subject of remark and eulogy with every stranger. I have been speaking of the respectable class of female society, but the same virtue is to be found in the wretched mud cabin. The instances of connubial defection are fewer in Ireland, for its size, than any other country of equal civilization. The appeal of

the injured husband to the tribunal of the laws is rare. A distinguished advocate at the Irish bar assured me, that for the last six years there have not been more than five actions of *crim. con.* and not so many for the preceding twenty years. Two of those actions were between persons of very unequal situations of life in point of fortune, and were by the bar supposed to have originated in collusion for the hope of gain.

"The modesty of the Irish ladies is the effect of principle, and not of any coldness in the organization of nature; in no country are the women more fruitful. The husband only feels the tender regrets of love when business tears him from his home; he rarely knows the pang of him,  
"Who doats, yet doubts, suspects, yet fondly loves."

"The instances of ladies 'living and dying in single blessedness,' are rare in Ireland. I saw only two old maids, and they were too amiable and pleasant not to convince me that their situation was their choice. The upper classes of Irish women are very handsome and finely formed; and if I did not apprehend that the reviewers would cry out against me, I would enumerate some of those whom I had the happiness of seeing; beginning amongst the married ladies with lady Denny Floyd, Mrs. Ridgeway, &c. The lower Irish countrywomen are so disfigured by the smoke of their cabins, and their feet are so enlarged by being exposed without either shoes or stockings, that I think them inferior in complexion and form to the female peasantry of England. The commonest women in Dublin, are, however, in general remarkable for the delicacy of their hands and arms, and the whiteness of the bosom. They are also, in general, powerfully made, and able to protect themselves. In Dublin I saw a combat between an English footman and an Irish fishwoman, which was well maintained for some time, until, at length the footman got most soundly thrashed and was obliged to yield: the fair Mendoza received many severe blows, but the bystanders

ers never interfered; so convinced were they of the superiority of her stamina and pugilistick powers. In England the low Irishwomen by their valour alone, have established the right of carrying baskets in Covent-garden, that is, of conveying the vegetables and fruit purchased there to the house of the buyer in their own body.

"The ladies of Ireland are generally elegantly, and frequently highly educated; there are few who do not speak French fluently, and many speak it with the purity of its native accentuation. They also frequently add Italian to their accomplishments; and it is no unusual circumstance to hear a young lady enter, with a critical knowledge, into the merits of the most celebrated authours with a diffidence which shows that she is moved by a thirst for knowledge, and not by vanity. They are more highly accomplished in instrumental than in vocal musick: a greater musical treat can scarcely be enjoyed than to hear some of them perform their own Irish airs, which are singularly sweet, simple, and affecting. Those who have been present at a ball in Ireland, can best attest the spirit, good-humour, grace, and elegance which prevail in it. In this accomplishment they may rank next to the animated inhabitants of Paris. The balls in Dublin are very frequent, owing to there being such a poverty of publick amusement, and this circumstance has also a tendency to enlarge and strengthen the social circle. Many of the ladies have a little of that peculiarity of pronunciation which is coarsely called the bogue, but it is a very small portion of it, and is far from being unpleasant, as long as a stranger is susceptible of it, which is but for a very short time. It is but natural to suppose that the pronunciation of an English lady must be as perceptible to an Irish lady who had always been confined to her own country, as that of the latter is to the former. A fair friend of mine who had never been out of Ireland, said to me one day, that she knew such a lady to be an English

one, because she spoke "so strong."

"I know not how to make my reader better acquainted with the Irish gentry, than by the following description which Grattan has given of them: I think," said he, "I know my country; I think I have a right to know her. She has her weaknesses: were she perfect, one would admire her more, but love her less. *The gentlemen of Ireland act on sudden impulse, but that impulse is the result of a warm heart, a strong head, and great personal determination.* The errors incident to such a principle of action must be their errors, but then the virtues belonging to that principle must be their virtues also; such errors may give a pretence to their enemies, but such virtues afford salvation to their country."

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Spightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

*From The Northern Budget.*  
SNOW—An Impromptu.

This is *January twenty*,  
When we should have sleighing plenty:  
I am tired altogether,  
Of such sour, unpleasant weather;  
Easy 'tis to rain and blow—  
Why is it so hard to snow?

See the *farmer*, wet and weary,  
Stalking o'er the plain so dreary:  
Oft he upward turns his *peepers*,  
Blinking like a chimney sweeper's;  
Oft he cries, enraged with wo,  
"Why the devil don't it snow?"

See the *merchant*, sorry fellow,  
With a face all pale and sallow,  
Sick with grief and quite bed-ridden,  
All because there is no *sledding*!  
Hear him cry, in accents slow,  
"Oh! ye gods, why don't it snow?"

See the *chap-fallen tavern-keeper*,  
Voluntarily a *weeper*!  
See his *bar-room*, once so cheery,  
Now forsaken, cold and dreary,  
Hear him cry, with spirits low,  
"Curse the luck—why don't it snow?"

Hear the sage *prognosticator*,  
Blame the slippery tricks of Nature :  
She so oft his judgment *bothers*,  
That he knows no more than *others* :  
Hear him roar, with wrinkled brow,  
“Curse my stars, why don't it *snow* ?”

Folks in ev'ry rank and station,  
Join in fretful exclamation :  
Taylors, tinkers, parsons, pedlars,  
Sawyers, teamsters, smiths and fiddlers,  
Rich and poor, and high and low,  
Hop and swear—for want of *snow* !

For myself—though prest with sorrow,  
Still in hopes 'twill snow tomorrow,  
To be patient I endeavour ;  
Faith such times can't last forever.  
Hear the stormy south-east blow—  
May it waft us hills of *snow* !

Oh ! ye gods who rule the weather—  
Neptune, Jove—or both together,  
Lend, for once, an ear propitious,  
Hear our prayers and grant our wishes ;  
Down your *fronty blessings* throw ;  
Cover, smother us—in *snow* !

It is laid in the unalterable constitution of things:—None can aspire to act greatly, but those who are of force greatly to suffer. They who make their arrangements in the first run of misadventure, and in a tempest of mind the common fruit of disappointment and dismay, put a seal on their calamities. To their power they take a security against any favours which they might hope from the usual inconstancy of fortune.

#### CATHARINE OGHEE.

Where weeps the willow o'er the stream,  
Thy silver stream, O *Lucan* !  
And sighs, as autumn's evening breeze  
Blows cold upon thy bosom ;  
Beneath thy verdant bank inlaid  
With wild flowers' sweetest nosegay ;  
The sweetest flower of all the vale,  
There sleeps my *Catharine Oghee*.

How oft, alas ! at evening star,  
We marked thy clear face dimple ;  
How oft, beneath the moon's bright beam,  
We marked thy waters wimple !  
And whilst her bosom's dazzling snow  
My glowing cheeks did pillow,  
Ah ! what could match my joys beneath  
The hoar-leaf weeping willow ?

I drank the musick of her tongue,  
Inhaled her balmy kisses ;  
I hung around her ivory neck,  
Dissolved in chastest blisses ;

But, wo is me ! that beam of love,  
The valley's sweetest nosegay,  
Now sleeps beneath thy primrose bank,  
My angel *Catharine Oghee*.

Accursed the fiend whose ruffian hand  
Did tear that beauteous blossom,  
Remorse, with scorpion stings, corrode  
And canker in his bosom ;  
For me remains the mournful joy,  
With wild flowers' sweetest nosegay,  
When twilight comes, to deck the grave  
Where sleeps my *Catharine Oghee*.

And when young spring the sprouting lawn  
Shall star with amber showers,  
I'll seek the spot at early dawn,  
And plant the sweetest flowers :  
And when they hang their pensive heads  
Beneath the sultry sun's ray,  
My tears shall make them bloom again  
Their sweets round *Catharine Oghee*.  
[Richmond Inquirer.]

My dear departed friend, whose loss is even greater to the publick than to me, had often remarked, that the leading vice of the French monarchy (which he had well studied) was in good intention ill directed, and a restless desire of governing too much. The hand of authority was seen in every thing, and in every place. All, therefore, that happened amiss in the course even of domestick affairs, was attributed to the government ; and, as it always happens in this kind of officious universal interference, what began in odious power, ended always, I may say with out an exception, in contemptible imbecility.—*Burke*.

#### BEAUTY AND VIRTUE—A CONTRAST.

Where does beauty chiefly lie,  
In the heart, or in the eye ?  
Which doth yield us greatest pleasure,  
Outward charms or inward treasure ?  
Which with firmest links doth bind,  
The lustre of the face or mind ?  
Beauty, at some future day,  
Must surely dwindle to decay :  
And all its energy and fire,  
Ignobly perish and expire ;  
Low levelled with the humble slave,  
Alike must moulder in the grave.

But inborn excellence secure,  
Shall brave the storm and still endure ;  
Time's self subduing arm defy,  
And live when Nature's self shall die :  
Shall stand unhurt amidst the blast,  
And longer than the world shall last,

## POEM—BY J. SUCKLING.

There never yet was honest man  
That ever drove the trade of love;  
It is impossible, nor can  
Integrity our ends promote:  
For kings and lovers are alike in this,  
That their chief art to reign dissembling is.

Here we are loved, and there we love,  
Good Nature now and Passion strive,  
Which of the two should be above,  
And laws unto the other give.  
So we false fire sometimes with art discover  
And the true fire with the same art do cover.

What track can Fancy find so high;  
Here we must court, and here engage;  
Tho' in the other place we die,  
'Tis torture all and cozenage.  
And which the harder is I cannot tell,  
To hide true love or make false love look well.

Since it is thus, God of Desire  
Give me my honesty again,  
And take thy brands back and thy fire,  
I'm weary of the state I'm in.  
Since if the very best should now befall,  
Love's triumph must be Honour's funeral.

## MORTUARY.

Died, at Boston, Mr. Thomas Parker aged 50; an active naval officer in the revolutionary war. The following is an extract from his log-book.

"First part of the voyage, pleasant, with fine breezes and free winds. All sail set. Spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely. *Middle passage*—Weather variable—short of provisions. Spoke several of the above vessels our supply had enabled to refit—Made signals of distress. They up helm and bore away. *Latter part*—Boisterous, with contrary winds. Current of adversity setting hard to leeward. Towards the end of the passage cleared up; with *quadrant of honesty* got an *observation*; corrected and made up my *reckoning*, and after a passage of fifty years, came into *Mortality Road*, with the calm unruffled *Ocean of Eternity* in view."

Farewell, honest Tom! in the harbour thou hast now reached, no *dead reckoning* is kept.—Your integrity in this life will there be your *protection*; your charitable deeds, your *role d' equipage*; you will pass an approving *examination*; and we trust your soul

will be taken under the safe convoy of the *High Admiral* of the Universe. Though while on this station you met with "*life's rubbers*,"

"Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather;  
"When he, who all commands,  
"Shall give to call life's crew together,  
"The word to *pipe all hands*."

Copy of an inscription, on a monument erected at Newburyport to the memory of the late learned and pious Bishop Bass.

## BENEATH THIS MONUMENT

are interred the remains of the Rt. Reverend Edward Bass, S. T. D. bishop of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. He was born at Dorchester, near Boston 23d November 1726; was admitted member of Harvard College, *Æt.* 13; received the honours of that University A. D. 1744, and was soon after inducted to the pastoral care of St. Paul's Church in this town; of which he was Rector for 51 years;

## DURING WHICH TIME

he always supported an UNSPOTTED CHARACTER, and discharged the various duties of his office with uncommon FIDELITY and EXACTNESS.

## HE WAS A MAN

of distinguished VIRTUE, of uncommon HUMILITY, of equal MODESTY, of sincere FIDELITY, and who firmly adhered to the cause of

## RELIGION.

## HE WAS REMARKABLE

for a peculiar URBANITY, a PLACIDNESS and SWEETNESS OF DISPOSITION, together with a VENERABLE and DIGNIFIED MANNER.

## HE THUS BECAME

The kind and tender HUSBAND, and the instructive and agreeable COMPANION; the warm and lasting FRIEND, and the true and faithful MONITOR.

## THUS IN HIM WERE UNITED

the sound DIVINE and the learned SCHOLAR, the polished GENTLEMAN and the pious CHRISTIAN.

The TEARS of an AFFECTIONATE PEOPLE afford the surest testimony of his SUPERIOUR VIRTUES;

and on their HEARTS is his MEMORY more deeply engraved than on the HARDEST MARBLE.

HE DIED SEPTEMBER 10, A. D. 1803.

"The just do cease from their labours, and their works do follow them."

## AN IMITATION OF THE ADMIR'D SONG

"Life let us cherish."

Enjoy life's pleasures, seize the fleeting phantom form,

Snatch, ere they vanish, the roseate flowers of morn.

Why, potent Fancy, should we roam,  
From social joys and tranquil home?  
To catch the sweets which ancient Rome  
Emit from mouldering clay?

Man idly gives himself to broils,  
And treads the thorny path of toils,  
And shuns the golden-decked soils,  
Where social treasures bloom.

When heavy clouds obscure the day,  
And loud the thunders round us play;  
When these are hushed, oh! then how gay  
The sun smiles forth at eve.

Who envy hate and malice shun,  
Whose hearts to pity gently turn,  
Angels shall gather round their urn,  
And steep in tears their clay;

Who honour loves, and free bestows  
A generous tear on others' woes,  
To him, content in bounty flows,  
And fills his cup with joy;

And when his days begin to fade,  
And cares and sorrows on him tread,  
Friendship will lend her hand in aid,  
To help him on his way.

Oh Friendship! in all Nature's bow'r,  
Thou art the sweetest, fairest flow'r,  
To thee we owe the heart felt hour,  
And all we here possess.

I have seen some of those who are thought the best amongst the *original rebels*; and I have not neglected the means of being informed concerning the others. I can very truly say, that I have not found by observation or inquiry, that any sense of the evils produced by their projects has produced in them, or any *one* of them the smallest degree of repentance. Disappointment and mortification undoubtedly they feel: but to them repentance is a thing impossible. They are atheists. This wretched opinion by which they are possessed even to the height of fanaticism, leading them to exclude from their ideas of a commonwealth, the vital principle of the physical, the moral, and the political world, engages them in a thousand absurd contrivances to fill up this dreadful void. Incapable of innoxious repose, or honourable action, or wise speculation, in the lurking holes of a foreign land, into which (in a common ruin) they are driven to hide their heads amongst the innocent victims of their madness, they are at this very hour, as busy in

the confection of the dirt-pyes of their imaginary constitutions, as if they had not been quite fresh from destroying, by their impious and desperate vagaries, the finest country upon earth.

Burke.

On reading the debates of Congress respecting Gen. Eaton's GOLD MEDAL.

Written at Gibraltar, by William Ray, one of the captives from Tripoli.

And is it then a subject of debate,  
With these wise Solons in the house of state,  
Whether should Derna's conqueror stand  
or fall?

Or matchless bravery meet reward at all?  
Whether should Eaton, unexampled brave,  
Who fought to rescue and who bled to save  
Three hundred hapless souls from chains and death,

Whose lives hung trembling on a murderer's breath;

Whether his name descend to future days,  
On the bright medal of a nation's praise;  
Or should his trophies be by all forgot,  
Mix with the rubbish of the times, and rot?

"Small was his force—half naked were his foes,

And, though so numerous, easy to oppose!"  
Thus argues Randolph, Clay the same avows  
And fain would pluck the laurel from his brows;

The sword of Victory from his hand would wrest,

And tear the badge of Valour from his breast.

Then thank them not though Justice still is found,

And grateful Honour wreaths his temples round.

And was it nought those burning sands t'explore,

Where feet of Christians never trod before?  
Where Freedom's banners ne'er had been unfurled,

Since the bold Romans flourished o'er the world?

Midst fierce barbarians whom no laws can bind,

Wild as the waves and treach'rous as the wind;

To rear the standard, and so long defend,  
With less than twelve on whom he could depend?

To storm a citadel of tenfold might,  
And hold that fortress till the flag of white

Wooed him to yield it, at the voice of Peace,

And give his captured countrymen release?

For Eaton's boldness first appalled the foe,  
Who, awed like Pharaoh, let the people go.

When the blest shade of Washington,  
above,  
Saw the bold chief through Lybian deserts  
move,

The sword of vengeance waving in the sky,  
Resolved to free his countrymen or die ;

The patriot few attending on his way,  
His visage beamed a more celestial ray ;  
To Warren and Montgom'ry showed the  
sight,

Then sunk in glory and absorbed in light !  
Oh ! did he live ! did Vernon's boast again  
Shine in the field, or in our councils reign,  
His voice from Eaton never would withhold,  
Although with pearls enriched, the bur-  
nished gold,

But by his hand would ardently be prest,  
The conscious symbol to his dauntless  
breast.

Then let mean envy Randolph's spite be-  
tray,

And dart thy arrows, impious hand of Clay !  
The hand of Heav'n, for Heaven rewards  
the brave,

Shall bless thee, EATON, e'en beyond the  
grave ;

While gratitude shall warm Columbia's  
breast,

Thy name shall live—thy merit stand con-  
fess ;

Thy deeds shall brighten on th' historick  
page.

Year after year, and age succeeding age,  
Wreaths of thy fame, transferr'd by bards  
sublime,

Shall bloom forever mid the wreck of time.

#### MERRIMENT.

Soon after the duke of Norfolk had  
abjured the errors of popery, he vi-  
sited his seat of Workop Manor, in  
Nottinghamshire ; as he walked in the  
garden, he asked some questions of  
one of the gardeners, who he found did  
not know him : " Your master," said  
the duke, " I am told, has changed  
his religion ; pray what do you think  
of it ? " " Why," said the gardener,  
" I know not what to think of it ; I  
hope, however, his grace will make a  
*good protestant*, for I have been told  
he made a *very bad catholic*."

Lady Wallace sent a very civil mes-  
sage to Mr. Harris, patentee of Co-  
vent-Garden Theatre, offering him a  
comedy of her writing for *nothing*.  
Mr. H. observed, that her ladyship  
knew the *exact value* of it.

The duke of Richmond being asked  
why he ordered a captain's guard to

mount near the kitchen, replied, that  
he wished to accustom the captains  
of militia to *stand fire*.

Once when John Kemble played  
Hamlet in the country, the gentleman  
who acted Guildenstern was, or ima-  
gined himself to be, a capital musician.  
Hamlet asks him—" will you play upon  
this pipe ? "—" My lord, I cannot."—" I  
pray you."—" Believe me, I can-  
not."—" I do beseech you," " *Well*  
*if your lordship insists on it, I shall do as*  
*well as I can* ; and to the confusion of  
Hamlet, and the great amusement of  
the audience, he played *God save the*  
*King*.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

##### AN ELEGY

To the memory of my brother, who died in Jama-  
ca, Novr. 1801, of the yellow fever, in five days ill-  
ness.

1

Here shall Remembrance pour the silent  
tear,

Though death detain thee from this vale  
of wo,

Accept my friend, accept, if thou canst  
hear,

'Tis all a brother's fondness can bestow.

2

No sullen whims our simple joys retard,  
When children lisping round our mother's  
knee,

We shan'd her tender kiss, our wished  
reward,

And heard her merry tale in silent glee.

3

Oft wandering, thoughtless, through the  
pleasant groves,

In rival haste we plait the flowery crown,  
And wish to know, for sudden fancy moves,  
Why shadows lengthen as the sun goes  
down.

4

When infant gambols ripen years destroy,  
And nobler pursuits reason's care demand,  
Parental love surveyed with anxious joy,  
Our progress equal as our minds expand.

5

Alas ! Misfortune rears her gloomy shade,  
The ties of Friendship are asunder torn,  
Disjoined afar no more we court the glade,  
Or scheme the pleasures of the coming  
morn.

6

For William's fancy splendid hopes conceives  
Of wealth and honours on a foreign shore,  
He grasps at empty forms, nor once perceives  
The fatal danger which my tears deplore.

7

Come banish grief and think how short my stay,  
Two lustres finished in the Western Isles,  
In rapture I'll return to bless the day,  
That crowns our future lives with fortune's smiles.

8

This beauteous fly, with wings of glittering white,  
Late in its cell a scanty pleasure knew,  
But now complete with powers of new delight,  
It skims the air and sips the balmy dew.

9

My fancy mournful dwells on Scotia's shore,  
And paints the feelings of our last adieu,  
I stood dejected as the billows bore  
My early friend forever from my view.

10

Propitious breezes swell the trembling sails,  
And wait him safely to the destined land,  
But there, alas! the direful pest prevails,  
He pines in death and strangers round him stand.

11

As sickness flies, the planters call to arms,  
For fierce Maroons their hostile banners wave;  
He bravely joins to crush their dire alarms,  
But ruthless wounds high sink him to the grave.

12

These dangers past, bright hope renews the dream,  
Of coming raptures which no cares invade;  
Fallacious hope—again his shattered frame,  
The pest assaults—he sinks among the dead.

13

Perhaps his radiant shade around me flies,  
To view the sorrows mortal scenes impart,  
Oh grant bright Spirit, if no power denies,  
A double portion of thy feeling heart.

14

That sympathetick heart whose greatest pride,

To sooth the anguish of the sons of woe,  
Or gen'rously with smiles thy wealth divide  
To mitigate or heal misfortune's blow.

15

A fleeting pain the greatest mis'ry ends,  
When Death relentless hurls at us his dart,  
But skilled in woe by cutting off our friends,  
Continual pangs transfix the melting heart.

16

Low lies his head and cold his heart sincere,  
My anguish hopeless still I'm pleas'd to mourn,  
Nor like Pericles check the falling tear,  
A tribute grateful to the hallowed urn.  
N. N.

A new song adapted to the tune "Logie O Buchan."

1

On \*Ythan's sweet banks I have frequently strayed,  
Delighted with Jamie below the birch shade,  
His eyes spake tho' the converse was sma'  
O dool on the wars that took Jamie awa'.

2

The last time I saw him was in yonder green bower,  
He gae me a rose, sayen look at this flower,  
The colour, my dearest, is whiter than snaw,  
An emblem of true love when I'm far awa'.

3

Its smell still remains when the colour decays,  
And faithful love sweetens long life's latest days;  
So think of the odour and colour so braw,  
And your thoughts will embrace me when far, far awa'.

4

I gae him my bracelets wi' looks of despair,  
And sighing we niffered locks of our black hair,  
My big heart was bursting, nae tears came ava,  
Alas! who shall sooth me when I'm far awa'.

5

Be cheerful my lassie, no dangers I fear,  
The seraphs who guard us shall always be near,  
Our wishes to sanction and hear when you ca'  
For their aid to protect you when I'm far awa.

\* A pleasant river in Buchan.

6

Preserved from the wars and the storms of  
the sea,

I'll return never more to be severed from  
thee ;

Our bliss shall be damped by no pleasures  
ava,

And the purer for those that are past and  
awa'.

## ODE

TO DR. B——, OR TO GRATITUDE,

Written in a room overlooking Lake Ontario,  
January 1, 1803.

1

Pale Indians shiver at their fire,  
The dazzling snow our eye-balls stun,  
The skaters from the cold retire,  
The water freezes in the sun,  
And yonder cataract displays  
From columns Iris' golden rays ;  
But Gratitude, sweet smiling guest,  
The chilling cold expels and warms my  
throbbing breast.

2

Hail Gratitude, soft-blushing maid,  
By gods and men alike belov'd,  
Despatch'd to gentle Virtue's aid,  
To make her duties more approv'd ;  
With Goodness tripping on before,  
You guide her to the wretched door ;  
Again behind you hold her train,  
Smile off her cautious fears and shake  
your golden chain.

3

Anon you lead the heavenly choir,  
The sainted host in rapture gaze,  
You strike with love th' eternal lyre ;  
And sound delightful notes of praise ;  
While angels from on high proclaim  
That men may join th' ecstasick theme,  
To Gratitude alone is given,  
The thankful soul of man to raise from  
earth to heaven.

4

The offerings of a grateful heart,  
O waft benignant nymph divine,  
To B—— some pleasure thou'lt impart,  
At sacred Truth's refreshing shrine ;  
For there he studies Nature's page,  
Or saunters with Sicilia's sage,\*  
Admires the depth of Bacon's mind,  
And Newton lifting Nature's veil that  
kept us blind.

5

Perhaps his mind illum'd portrays,  
From systems free the human race ;  
The native worth that man displays,  
His various sources of distress,  
By Freedom blest, a demi-god,  
A beast when rul'd by Nero's rod,

And all his frame with ardour glows,  
To sooth with healing balm, or banish  
mortal woes.

6

O Truth, enrob'd in snowy white,  
Your fav'rite's modest doubts dispel,  
That he may spread your precious light,  
And then inspire a nobler shell  
To sound aloud his glorious name,  
To class him with the sons of fame,  
While Gratitude, celestial guide,  
Each heart inspires to hail, their c. ntry's  
boast and pride.

N. N.

## ADDRESSED TO CARA.

My fortune and my hopes were gone,  
My projects had an end,  
And dreary is the world to one,  
Who lives without a friend !

How dark it was ! A lurid shade  
Of never-ceasing wo  
Enveloped me. No more I pray'd  
For happiness below.

But kindness in thy face was shown ;  
Or did I dream 'twas there ?  
'Twas like a glimpse of hope to one  
Abandon'd to despair.

Thus on a dark tempestuous night,  
I've seen the lightnings play,  
And cast a flash of heavenly light  
Across my clouded way.

Was I deceived ! with gloomy wo  
No longer will I cope.  
There's nothing sinks the heart so low  
As disappointed hope.

The shipwrecked sailor on a spar,  
To God for mercy cries—  
He sees a spreading sail afar !  
And hope illumes his eyes.

He cries in vain ; the passing gale  
Bears all his hopes away ;  
No more he sees the spreading sail ;  
No more has strength to pray.

"No helping hand is nigh to save,"  
In wild despair he cries ;  
And with the next returning wave,  
Without a struggle dies.

Was I deceiv'd ? Does Love offend ?  
Dost thou reject his claim ?  
I'll call thee Cara—sister—friend,  
Or some endearing name.

But, do not frown. A glance from thee  
Of anger or disdain,  
Would place a weight of grief on me,  
Too heavy to sustain.

ANNIUS.

\* Archimedes.

The following song was sung with great applause  
at a dinner given on St. Andrew's day at Montreal.

1

An Englishman calls for plumpudding and  
beef,  
A Frenchman thinks soup of good victuals  
the chief,  
A dainty potato the Irish have chose,  
But Scotchmen delight in sweet castocks  
and brose.  
O, the kail-brose of old Scotland,  
O, the old Scottish kail brose.

2

The proud Dionysius was wonderful wroth,  
And curst from his heart the Spartan black  
broth;  
But had the Laconians given him brose,  
The testy old codger had ta'en a good dose.

3

When honest St. Andrew arrived on our  
coast,  
Of converts the father soon made a great  
host,  
And these he commanded to plant a kail-  
yard,  
From hunger's dire cravings a sweet lus-  
cious guard.

4

When Fingal, the hero invincible, hurled  
Defeat and disgrace on the king of the  
world,  
The chiefs he recalled from pursuing the  
foes,  
And bade them prepare for a dish of kail-  
brose.

5

Our fathers since this when they go to a  
feast,  
A dirk at their girdle, a plaid round their  
breast,  
A good cutty spoon in their bonnets inclose  
To sup the first dish that was always kail-  
brose.

6

The Dames finding no skill their best armies  
could save,  
That Scotland in landing was always their  
grave,  
No longer their lives they swore they'd ex-  
pose  
In battle with men always feeding on brose.

7

The English and Scotch in fierce battles en-  
gage  
For ages too num'rous with slaughtering  
rage;  
And shall we the bone of contention disclose,  
Faith the one fought for beef and the other  
for brose.

8

At last on weak Jamie prosperity blows,  
Who joined in himself the thistle and rose,  
All his subjects, he said, might eat as they  
chose,  
The English roast-beef and the Scotchmen  
kail-brose.

9

The peace to establish he made a grand  
feast,  
And each nation's dishes were handsomely  
drest,  
A roasted surloin and plumpudding op-  
pose  
A sheep's head, minc'd collops, fat haggis  
and brose.

10

Here's then to Saint Andrew who first gave  
us kail,  
And Saint George who sent the fierce dra-  
gon to hell;  
Henceforth let the thistle be join'd to the  
rose,  
And roast-beef at dinner come after kail-  
brose.  
O, the kail-brose of old Scotland,  
O, the old Scottish kail-brose.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Of the few poetical remains of Plato, I send you  
a version of one. It is to be found in Laertius and in  
the Anthology.

When Time o'er the wilds of calamity  
rush'd  
To wreath Hecuba's chaplet of years,  
With a grim leer, each hope as it budded,  
he crush'd,  
Every flower he water'd with tears.  
Ah! how vivid the sunbeams that glanc'd on  
thy morn,  
And gilded each vapour of gloom;  
But the tide wayward destiny pour'd on her  
dawn,  
Now rolls back from my Agatha's tomb.  
H. L.

Brunswick, Maine.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, March 28, 1807.

[No. 13.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

Tenet insanabile multos  
Scribendi cacoethes.

JUV.

I RECENTLY received a letter from a 'venerable old friend,' announcing the afflicting intelligence of his having been seized with an agonizing fit of the gout, at the same time intimating a request that I should immediately repair to his country residence, for the purpose of administering those little consolatory offices of friendship, which, while they amuse the mind, contribute to allay the rigours of that terrible malady. On my arrival I found the good old man stretched on a sofa, attended by a grave looking old female, who has served him these thirty years, in quality of house-keeper.

Although his distorted features visibly indicated the keenness of his corporal sufferings, his superiour mind seemed by the exertion of the most manly fortitude and dignified resignation, to be perfectly tranquillized. After greeting my visit by a cordial salutation and hearty squeeze of his palpitating hand, we insensibly beguiled an hour or two in discussing the nature of his inveterate enemy, the gout; and by a mutual recital of those trifling incidents which had transpired during a pretty long absence.

It is now nearly a week since I entered his hospitable sanctuary, and, thanks to divine omnipotence, have the unspeakable felicity of seeing my dear old friend restored to a tolerable state of convalescence.

Happening, a day or two since, to be recreating my mind in his library, I accidentally espied a manuscript volume, which, on examination, I found interspersed with a great variety of the old gentleman's thoughts, and observations, from among which I have ventured to select the succeeding discourse. Although as a literary production, it cannot be fairly taxed with the ancient sin of originality, it will, nevertheless, be found destitute of that favourite modern figure of speech 'commonly termed nonsense.' It appears evidently to have been written under the pressure or influence of depressed spirits, and is strongly tinctured with that serious melancholy and mild philosophy which form a prominent trait in the authour's character.

### AMERICANUS.

"No circumstance tends more powerfully to suppress the swellings of ambition, and curb the arrogance of pride, than a dispassionate retrospection of our past existence. Like a fatigued traveller, who, after a toilsome pilgrimage, arrives at some commanding eminence, and thence retra-

ces the intricate windings through which he hath wandered, and views distinctively every obstacle that hath retarded his progression: on the one side he discovers that his feet have grazed on the brink of a precipice whence had they erred a single step, he would have been inevitably hurled into the realms of eternity. On the opposite side, he distinguishes a smooth path meandering through luxuriant fields, besprinkled with flowers of the most variegated tints and intoxicating redolence, which had he fortunately chosen would have both abridged and enlivened his disastrous journey. But, alas! the circumscribed vision of this deluded mortal could not penetrate those recesses of danger which are every where obscurely interspersed throughout this delightful region: he discovers not the widely expanded jaws of destruction, which are ready to receive him were he again to remeasure his perilous pilgrimage. Thus is it with those travellers who are journeying onward to the goal of life; most of them fancy their pursuits to have been mistaken, and their credulity and vanity flatter them into a belief that, were it possible to antedate their existence to the jocund period of adolescence, they would achieve some noble enterprize that would entitle them to a distinguished niche in the glorious register of immortality. Instead of having descended to pitiful artifices and trudged through all the mire of dishonour in amassing a gorgeous pile of useless wealth, they would have retired to 'academick bowers' and treasured up a fund of erudition to purchase posthumous celebrity. Instead of having yoked themselves to illiteracy and vulgarity, gilded with the trappings of fortune, they would have allied themselves to women whose vivacity of feeling and exquisite culture of understanding would have reflected lustre on their reputations, and afforded solace to the imbecility of age. Instead of ascending the crazy ladder of Ambition, and cringing, with dastardly servility, for the attainment of rank and power, they would have withdrawn to some sequestered ham-

let, where happiness might be participated without the wages of adulation, and pleasure derived without the accustomed homage of vice. By pursuing this natural train of reflections, what a deplorable mass of folly and imbecility doth humanity exhibit; scarcely would the annals of mortality furnish one solitary being who could view, with unmixed approbation, the years of his departed existence! But let us, for a moment, reverse the picture and take a retrospective glance of the numerous events, vicissitudes, and revolutions which have occurred during our past lives, and which, at this ultimate period, seem almost darkened by the mantle of oblivion. What an admirable field doth it unfold for the speculations of a *real* philosopher! Here we perceive a family drawn from the blackest mists of obscurity, now rolling in all the luxury of opulence, and reared on the wreck of prostrate grandeur. Perhaps the occupations of the descendants are completely reversed, and those who were wont to 'threaten and command,' are now necessitated to perform the menial office of obeying. The man of mirth, whose well pointed irony and pungent witticisms were at once the envy and admiration of rival contemporaries, hath now terminated his career, and the brilliancy of his genius forgotten or buried in the tomb with his ashes. She whose gracefulness and exquisite beauty formerly aroused the frosty decrepitude of age, and maddened the impetuosity of youth, hath now faded into insignificant obscurity, and nothing is recollected but the cicatrized wounds of her former coquetry. Were every person to seize those auspicious moments after the mind has been mellowed by the impressive effects of a cruel calamity; were their imaginations to conjure up the ghosts of their departed hours, in 'horrible succession,' I cannot divine a more powerful incentive to virtuous amendment than it would prove. We should be reproached with the remembrance of days, nay years of our time squandered away in the pursuit of visionary nothings. It would also

illustrate one of the noblest precepts of christianity; namely to be contented with the situations we are destined to fulfil, from a well grounded belief that a beneficent Deity in populating the universe, allotted to each individual his distinct line of duty and elevation. The splendid reputations acquired by the possession of genius and potency of erudition, instead of constituting a theme for the carplings of envy, ought rather to inspire us with pity and contentment. How frequently do we see a being, possessed of the utmost vividness of imagination or Promethean fire of genius, totally incapacitated for the ordinary duties of society; whilst his towering soul disdains the vulgar ploddings of honest industry, he presently finds himself pinched to the bone for the want of those useful qualifications which form the objects of his unmerited contempt. Surely this solitary reflection is of sufficient magnitude to alleviate all the pangs of mediocrity. It is, therefore, manifest, that Nature has acted with her accustomed wisdom, by gifting the majority of every community with moderate talents. Experience bears unequivocal attestation to her foresight. Men thus endowed seem expressly fitted to sustain the common duties of life, and support the great bonds of society. Fine parts are rarely accompanied with solidity of judgment, and, although mankind are generally disposed to yield the tribute of applause to the offsprings of genius, they are seldom either warranted or inclined to sanction their examples of practice by imitation. In a word, I am of opinion that Nature, in the dispensation of intellects, generally counterbalances mental inferiority by mingling with great talents some obvious defects, and that we ought, each one of us, to be satisfied with the degrees of felicity or infelicity which a just God hath awarded to us. It is the doctrine of an optimist, but the religion of a christian. By a practical adoption we are enabled to look on the past with complacency, on the present with approbation, and on the future with renewed confidence."

*For The Port Folio.*

The review of the Northern Summer has, it seems, drawn on the author the animadversions of some disciple of Shaftesbury. As if the world was not already convinced that ridicule is not the test of truth, R. F. is determined by exemplification to settle the point beyond the reach of controversy. His wit is so exceedingly keen that one can almost perceive its point. He has proclaimed himself an advocate for the Northern Summer. Those passages which others consider as the *souff maigre* of this production to his palate are grateful delicacies. Gifted with a never-failing relish for every thing that is presented him, he disdains the squeamish particularity of an Epicurean, and regales his appetite with every dish in the bill of fare without discrimination. Where repetition tires or insipidity disgusts the majority of readers of taste, he is thrown into ecstasy. His attention receives a new impulse from every trite anecdote, every ebullition of levity. His passion for the little Swede is so totally unaccountable that one is inclined to suppose

"Nunc illi habet ista secundum."

The trash of literature has ever been the favourite diet of superficial readers. Their stomachs are too weak for the digestion of strong and solid food. Refinement of taste is to be acquired by a patient diligence and severity of thought which gentlemen of the abovementioned description wholly disclaim. They are most pleased when least subjected to the torture of reflection. The delicate minds of these Rule of Three gentry are ready to revolt when a writer is so unreasonable as to require them to compare circumstances or to balance probabilities. Transported with whatever they read, they wonder at the blindness of those who cannot discern beauties where none exist. For them the most languid pages of the most languid novel are not without their charms. Viewed through a flattering lens, tedious digression become agreeable

aberrations, absurdities of character are amiable eccentricities, and new-fangled expressions pass for originality of sentiment. Whilst I must be permitted to be so much of a heathen as to envy R. F. this extraordinary faculty of extracting entertainment from every book which accident may throw in his way, let me congratulate him on the abundant materials which the present age must afford him for its gratification. Each new magazine must be a treat; each romance a banquet. He should take up his residence at Leipsick.

Not deigning to descend to a particular justification of Mr. Carr, our critic contents himself with avowing simply his general admiration. There may be a circle of acquaintance in which his decision has the authority of a ukase: but he must pardon our insensibility if we, whose doom it is to reside without its circumference, should be unaffected by the focus of intelligence which irradiates it. We hope that at the present day it is no very great crime to refuse obedience to authority to which we are not amenable. As we were not accessory to the elevation of R. F. to the chair of dictatorship in matters of taste, we flatter ourselves that to be a little skeptical about his abilities to reign is an offence at least within the benefit of clergy. We have read his manifesto, but we cannot applaud what we do not admire: we are at a loss how to believe in opposition to conviction. And let me tell that gentleman that it is not for a usurper in the arts or sciences whose talents are yet to be known, to attempt by sarcasm and the use of strong epithets to reconcile his subjects to the submissive yoke of non-resistance and passive obedience. We would beg permission to continue our stupid preference of the travels of Smollet and the Tour to the Hebrides, to Robinson Crusoe and the Stranger in France.

R. F. has descended from Lake Huron so saturated with knowledge that one is disposed to credit the force of climate in operating miracles on the human intellect. A genius

whose scintillations in these latitudes eludes the nicest opticks, translated to the banks of Saint Lawrence beams with a splendour unrivalled by the Ursa Major itself. Has R. F. conversed with the magi of the Pontawattimies? Or has his Pegasus opened another fountain of inspiration on some Northern Helicon? The rapidity with which the rays of knowledge appear, in certain instances, to pass into the brain has put me to the necessity of making these inquiries. Unacquainted, however, with any hypothesis that can satisfactorily solve so singular a phenomenon, I sometimes imagine that there must be some secret virtue in travelling. Whether it is that our ideas, from the effect of motion, are jolted from their chaotick state into order and arrangement, or whether from the same cause the dense particles of matter are separated from spirit (for they appear at times to intrude) and resuming their stations leave the latter to act with its wonted energy, I cannot say. But, at all events, believing that our traveller has derived considerable benefits from the last, I beg leave to prescribe to him another excursion the ensuing summer.

R. F. talks of fools, of shreds of knowledge, and is lavish in the use of *empty, splenetick, and morose*. To the pungency of this vulgar rhetorick my feelings are callous: it is the common refuge of defeated argument. The abstruse learning on wagers is so familiar to the graduates in this art that I deem myself peculiarly fortunate in not being betted into conviction. I shall be accused of vanity (I own with some reason) in presuming to expose myself to the attacks of a gentleman of R. F.'s profound erudition. The depth of his research and the tenacity of his memory are really uncommon. It was new to see the same person conversant with Pope and with Horace: but when, in addition, we find him read in fables, he seems something supernatural. We are told, indeed, by a late poet of observation and talents that to read in English, and quote in Latin and Greek, is a trick of no very

recent origin. This may unravel R. F.'s extensive knowledge as a linguist, which at first blush provokes our incredulity. Considering the infinite pains taken by this tribe of literati to acquire *reddendoverbum pro verbo*, the reputation of scholars, it were almost a pity to expose their ingenious devices.

R. F. appeals to a Roman poet if a book of travels may not be enlivened by variations in style and occasionally by poetick effusions. To show this did not need the authority of Horace, who (by the way) is here writing on the drama. Before we leave Horace I would ask, pray Mr. R. F., did you ever encounter a passage in that writer where he says "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*?" The fault of the Northern Summer is, that the quotations are too frequent and long; that the original poetry is done *invita Minerva*.

R. F. is startled at the mention of juries and outlawries. Why they should so disconcert him he best can tell.

It is remarked by R. F., with great sagacity, that execration of mercy is an inconsistency; it is admitted. By a mistake in the transcribing, "execration" has crept in the room of "exclamation" which was the word intended. His objections to "candour being merited," &c. are unfounded, and worthy of the school of Hypercriticus. To this learned academy, and R. F. its learned president I resign the discussion of such intricate points. I will debate with no man "about Sir Arthur's great grandmother."

As R. F. makes no attempt to refute the criticisms on the Northern Summer what could have occasioned his appearance in The Port Folio is, at first view, matter of surprize: a little consideration, however, leads us to the discovery that the whole is the product of finesse. Yet rocked in the cradle, his infant Tour round the Lakes had been confined to the smiles of its fond and partial father. With the ambition of the Medici, he resolves to invest it with the toga though not adorned to puerility and introduce it to the publick notice. Application is

made to the Editor of The Port Folio. He is modestly asked by R. F. to invite him to rescue from obscurity his darling child, to stand godfather and prepare the way for a favourable reception. Supported now by the countenance of Mr. Oldschool, he has secured a retreat behind an apology, should the sequel teach him the proneness of parental affection to overrate what is its own.

Some conjecture, not without probability, that this eagerness to announce his "Tour round the Lakes" has prompted R. F. to a premature illumination of the columns of The Port Folio with the corruscations of his genius. The invective against J. S. in all verisimilitude was originally designed to repel the anticipated attacks of the British Critick or Boston Repertory. Though not a little prejudiced in favour of his offspring, yet retaining some symptoms of distrust, his mind haunted with prodigies, presages, and omens, seems to forebode its cruel and untimely fate. No doubt he has inspected, with care, the entrails of beasts, and watched with solicitude the flights of birds. The stern spectres of the Anti-Jacobin and Edinburgh Reviews stalk before his fancy, and fill his breast with continual alarms. Thus circumstanced, he determines to forestal the publick opinion, and open the campaign with offensive operations, hoping that the magick of his name and the terror of his arms will silence all opposition and leave him to reap, without interruption, an ample harvest of wealth and renown. This opinion is corroborated by remarking, that his publication in The Port Folio is adapted from the general terms in which it is conceived to answer any person or any subject. Endued with a lucky pliancy of character, it may be employed with equal advantage in the refutation of objections to the Farmer's Boy or the Jerusalem Delivered.

The "Tour round the Lakes" is expected with considerable anxiety. I hear that all is finished, except the quotations and a few choice fables. As the extracts from Pope and Horace

may constitute, in no small degree, the merit of the book, it should not be pushed on with too much celerity. It will, of course, contain at stated intervals some specimens of original poetry. It is not unlikely it will be found a depository of much useful knowledge, and of many important discoveries. Some perhaps too sanguine in their theories have predicted it will be made appear in proper time and place, that the Falls of Niagara are 137 feet high, that Lake Erie is situated in North America, and that Canada is a province of the British Empire. A friend of mine, whose imagination, it is true, was a good deal heated by expectation, has said, he should not be surprised if it turned out to be colder in the Tropicks than in the Torrid Zone, and conceited he could name the very page where this extraordinary fact would be brought to light. All agree that we shall have a new edition of the *Little Swede*.

There are those who pretend to have seen, in manuscript, the following advertisement: "Now in the press and shortly to be published, A Dissertation, from the pen of R. F., on the relative merits of Godwin and Smollet, wherein the superiority of the former in happy wit, propriety of diction, fertility of invention and delineation of character is demonstrated, (in the form of queries) and made manifest and palpable, beyond all possibility of contradiction. N. B.: R. F. begs leave to inform the publick that he intends writing, very shortly, a vindication of Carver's Travels, wherein by a very curious fable and sundry extracts from the French Grammar, he pledges himself to prove, in the most incontestible manner, that the said Carver, for elegance and accuracy, is second only to the *little Italian*. He therefore, earnestly solicits children, and others who have not already imbibed prejudices against this amusing Traveller, to abstain from reading his book until the *Vindication* appears; and on no account, to contravene this interdiction. He has ascertained from Chequicoko, an Indian chief, that Carver was a man of talents, and was

three whole days among the Indians." P. S. The authour has good reason to assure the publick that this last work will outstrip all his former productions. He tenders his compliments to the Reviewers for their kind notice of his last writings and desires them to be informed that he defies the snarls of criticism, having already digested a series of queries which will fully refute them.

There has been no instance (I believe) of a book without its correspondent readers. Thus R. F. admires the Northern Summer. With an intrepidity truly admirable, he proclaims himself its champion, throws the glove, and, denouncing sorcery and witchcraft, avows his determination to maintain the contest till the stars appear in the evening. Whether he will prove recreant is yet to be decided. It certainly is no very easy task to vindicate the reputation of a writer without adducing a single argument in his defence. A Quixote in letters, no danger, however imminent, no enterprize, however extravagant, not even the dread of a blanket, can deter R. F. from his desperate purposes. His illustrious predecessor, we are told, mistook Inns for Castles; with an equal propensity to errour, R. F. mistakes sarcasm for wit, Carr for Moore. It cannot be long before his fame will reach the ears of some German commentator, and he will be taken into pay. Whatever may be the result, this lineal representation of Bell deserves the thanks of Mr. Carr for his generous effort to arrest the progress of the Northern Summer in its rapid descent to the grave of oblivion. Whilst the tomb already opens to receive it, he interposes his voice, and claims a suspension of the dreadful sentence which condemns it to death. Should the romantick project of this Literary Saviour be crowned with success, he will, no doubt, proceed to resuscitate an innumerable host of plays, novels, romances, and travels that now lie buried in a state of suspended animation beneath the rubbish of a whole century and were thought to

have experienced the fate of Lucifer. Even the heroes and heroines of the British Album may hope for a resurrection. Anna Mailda and Della Crusca, her amorous swain, with imaginations warmed by anticipation, will be summoned to new interviews.

*Veni jam nascitur ordo reddit et Virgo.* — Gratham. Parsons, Morton and Laura Maria will string their lyres anew, and with odes and sonnets hail the glorious epoch of the restoration of nonsense. Again will

"Thales' grey widow with a satchel roam,  
"And bring, in pomp, laborious nothings home;

"Robinson forget her state, and move  
"On crutches o'er the grave to Light o' love.

Bertie will once more twitter

"His namby pamby madrigals of love,  
"In the dark dingles of a glittering grove."

Scarcely rested from repelling these Goths and Vandals from the empire of literature, the immortal Gifford and his worthy coadjutor must rise to new labours. "*Iterum ad Trojam agnus mittitur Athillea.*"

Able captains will be appointed to superintend the various provinces of the arts and sciences. I doubt not they will find the fortune of Diocletian and his colleague in defending us against this new invasion of barbarians. *Sub Trucro duce nil desperandum.*

Pointing against the pigmy race the irresistible artillery of Wit and Satire whereon they move, they will scatter defeat and dismay.

*Ece ferunt ferrumque ignumque Jovemque, la Danaos classes!*

Where shall we then find R. F? *Un nunc facundus Uluosa?* Numbered, I doubt, with the slain. For services more signal than those of the Roman Emperours, mankind will not hesitate to encircle their brows with fresh laurels and celebrate their victory with the honours of a triumph.

Already, in fancy, I hear the cries of its parent for the "Tour round the Lakes." But tears, prayers and entreaties are of no avail. A couplet or a note fixes its destiny forever. Stationed on the same shelf with the

Northern Summer, and Political Justice, and covered with dust, it moulders away under the silent touches of time, or devoted to the use of the culinary department contributes to serve up more palatable dishes.

J. S.

### *Of the Roman Historians, Philosophers and Orators.*

As the Romans increased in opulence and empire, the sciences flourished of course; for, besides poetry, eloquence, history and philosophy, made no contemptible figure, even before the age of Augustus.

Scipio and Lælius were themselves learned, and encouraged learning in others. Cato the elder was an able orator, and well versed in the Grecian literature; which he made himself master of at a very advanced age. Philosophy and rhetoric were publicly studied at Rome by the young nobility, under different masters. And those who intended a more complete course, were commonly sent to Athens, as to a superiour school to finish, in the precincts of the Academy or the Lyceum, where Plato and Aristotle had prelected that education which was then held fashionable; or even necessary to arrive at any distinguished eminence in the republick.

About this time flourished Panætius and Posidonius the philosophers; Polybius, that eminent and philosophical Greek historian; Vitruvius, the famous Roman architect; and Diodorus Siculus, the universal historian; all of whom lived somewhat prior to the Augustan period.

Lucretius their contemporary, and the patron of Epicurism, seems the first poet that professedly made poetry the handmaid of philosophy. He has had many followers; some, perhaps, who have embraced more rational systems; but few who equalled him in genius. His style is luminous, simple, harmonious, strong; the beginnings and conclusions of his books are at once warmed with the fire of divine poetry, and illuminated with the purest moral philosophy. Although we re-

ject his system, we must admire his genius.

The Anti-Lucretius by cardinal Polignac, though possessed of great merit, is inferior by many degrees: it likewise labours under material errors, by adopting the Cartesian system, which, in natural philosophy, is little better than that of Epicurus.

About the time of Cicero, both philosophy and oratory were carried to the greatest height. The senate and the forum gave full scope to the latter; and we are not to wonder that the Romans, during the flourishing state of liberty, were excited to practise and excel in eloquence; considering the prodigious effects it has in a popular government.

Cicero, in his book *De Claris Oratoribus*, after enumerating those that were most remarkable in Greece, reckons up a long list of illustrious Romans that had distinguished themselves as orators, for more than a century antecedent to his own time.

However, it is to be observed, whatever figure these orators made, or others that flourished in a subsequent period, that none of their works have been preserved; which makes it probable that they contented themselves with temporary harangues, which they seldom committed to writing, and suffered to perish, as soon as the purpose for which they were composed, was answered.

The same may be said of their philosophy, which, however it may have resounded in the schools then existing, found none of its professors so far capable of writing, or emulous of future fame, as to sit down and transmit to posterity the doctrines of their different systems.

Cicero alone, to vindicate the fame of his countrymen, and establish his own, has handed down to us, now, in the loud voice of oratory, now in the graver tone of philosophy, an ample and eternal treasure of learning on both subjects. In his works we have the quintessence of the Grecian wisdom enlarged and illuminated with the diffusive light of his own genius.

In oratory, he was inferior to Demosthenes alone, having less fire, vehemence, and closeness; but in all his works there is a flowing ease, a modulated harmony, a purity, a clearness, and beauty peculiar to himself, a love of virtue and learning, a fullness of information, and comprehension of ideas; delivered in a vein of elegance that is lively and animated, and uniformly supported in his orations, epistles, philosophical discussions, and other pieces. So that it excites wonder that one man could have amassed so much knowledge, and digested it in such a regular manner; one too exercised in the storms of the state, and whose whole life was one continued series of important business, publick honours, trials, and misfortunes.

Simplicity of style seems to have been the distinguishing characteristic of the Ciceronian age. Besides its two principal poets, Lucretius and Catullus, its historians show an excellent example in this respect. In *Cæsar's Commentaries* and *Nepos's Lives*, though written in the plainest style imaginable, there is a beautiful simplicity, both in the thought and expression that cannot fail to please a just taste, upon an attentive perusal. The manner, indeed, of these writings does not strike at first; as being divested of that pomp of language, which other historians studiously affect, in order to gain upon the reader.

Cornelius Nepos writes always in a brief impartial manner; his candour and simplicity are truly valuable; and his style somewhat more raised than the other's.

But *Cæsar* possesses an excellence of an higher kind; he writes his own history, yet with the utmost modesty; talks of himself in the third person with the greatest indifference: praises nothing he does; is never severe or bitter against his enemies: A strong, and almost singular example of a great mind, neither admiring its own performances, nor condemning those of others; but, as intent on high designs, and capable of still greater ex-

erious, always modest, grave, cool, and dispassionate.

The character of Catullus is beauty, elegance, and simplicity: his subjects generally short and easy; among these his imitation of Sappho, and the Epithalamium are the best. His poem called Atys is also very good; likewise that on the death of his brother. But the most valuable of the larger pieces is the Marriage of Peleus and Thetis; possessing at once excellent description, pathos of sentiment, and the most beautiful simplicity of style. The tender and affecting story of Ariadne can never be too much admired. It is surprising how little this poet's merit is adverted to, even by the learned of this age.

Tibullus and Propertius, the two great masters of Roman Elegy, lived somewhat later, and have superlative merit in this branch of poetry; emulating, if not surpassing their Grecian models, Mimnermus and Callimachus.

From the elegance of their diction, and their frequent allusions to Roman customs and Greek antiquities, they ought to be more studied than they generally are, as besides their poetical attractions, they inform the reader of many particulars not to be found in other authours.

Propertius, especially, abounds in these allusions, which, together with a more figurative style, renders him more difficult than Tibullus; which last, though in general less tender and pathetick, is more easy, chaste and natural. Propertius, indeed, seems to have had a heart entirely composed of love, his reason yielding to its full control; and in spite of affronts, disappointments, cruelties, still submitting to the commands of a beautiful, wanton and imperious woman.

I think it is Mr. Home who stations Dr. Parnell by the side of Catullus, not, certainly, that the Divine resembles the Heathen in the voluptuousness of his language, or the licentiousness of his expression, but because they are both so distinguished for elegant simplicity. One of Dr. Parnell's minor poems is so remarkable for its ease and vivacity, that we cannot forbear inserting it as a perfect model of that style which in Phædrus, in La Fontaine, in old Isaac Walton, in Goldsmith, in Florian, has always pleased, and of which men never tire.

When spring came on, with fresh delight,  
To cheer the soul and charm the sight,

While easy breezes, softer rain,  
And warmer suns salute the plain,  
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,  
That Nature went to meet with Love.

Green was her robe and green her wreath,  
Where'er she trod 'twas green beneath;  
Where'er she turned the pulses beat,  
With new recruits of genial heat;  
And in her train the birds appear  
To match for all the coming year.

Raised on a bank where daisies grew,  
And violets intermixed with blue,  
She finds the boy she went to find;  
A thousand pleasures wait behind,  
Aside a thousand arrows lie,  
But all unfeathered, wait to fly.

When they met the Dame and Boy,  
Dancing Graces, idle Joy,  
Wanton smiles, and airy Play,  
Conspired to make the scene be gay:  
Love paired the birds through all the grove,  
And Nature bid them sing to Love:  
Sitting, hopping, fluttering sing,  
And pay their tribute from the wing,  
To fledge the shafts that idle lie,  
And yet unfeathered wait to fly.

Tis thus, when spring renews the blood,  
They meet in every trembling wood,  
And thrice they make the plumes agree,  
And every dart they mount with three,  
And every dart can boast a kind  
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the towering eagle's plume,  
The generous hearts accept their doom;  
Shot by the peacock's painted dye,  
The vain and airy lovers die:  
For careful dames and frugal men,  
The shafts are speckled by the hen;  
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,  
When prattling wins the panting hearts;  
When from the voice the passions spring,  
The warbling finch affords a wing;  
Together, by the sparrow stung,  
Down fall the wanton and the young;  
And fledged by geese the weapons fly,  
When others love, they know not why.

All this, (as late I chanced to rove)  
I learned in yonder waving grove;—  
And see, says Love, who called me near,  
How much I deal with Nature here;  
How both support a proper part,  
She gives the feather, I the dart.  
Then cease for souls adverse to sigh,  
If Nature cross you, so do I;  
My weapon there unfeathered flies,  
And shakes and shuffles through the skies,  
But if the mutual charms I find,  
By which she links you mind to mind,  
They wing my shafts, I poize the darts,  
And strike from both through both your hearts.

## TERENCE.

That a native of Africa, the purchased slave of a Roman senator, whose name he afterwards bore, should acquire the highest reputation as a comick writer, is so singular a fact in literary history. as would, at first view, induce us to withhold our assent from it.

But when we consider that his generous master not only conferred upon him his freedom, but furnished him with the means of acquiring all the accomplishments of a scholar, and introduced him to the acquaintance of the most learned men in Rome, our doubts will vanish, and our admiration will decrease.

The friend of Scipio and Lælius, the associate of Lucretius and Polybius, must have had the best opportunity of improving his natural talents by every thing which polishes the manners and improves the mind.

The disadvantage of humble birth was thus happily removed by such an introduction into society, and such a patronage as genius can rarely boast. The gem was rescued from the dark caves of ocean, and its pure brightness still irradiates the world.

Terence was born about a hundred and ninety-four years before Christ; and upon a careful review of the models of the Greeks, willingly surrendered the palm of originality to be the imitator or translator of the elegant Menander.

He began to write at twenty-five years of age; and his dramattick labours were probably confined to the short period of ten years.

But it was a period of bodily health and mental vigour; for its fruits were not only rich but abundantly copious; since we have to lament that only six of his plays have reached us, out of more than a hundred which he produced.

The fine moral or rather truly christian sentiment exhibited in the *Andriæ*, his first play, where it is said, that man is interested in all the concerns of his fellow beings, might well be received with that thunder of applause, which succeeding ages have not failed

to repeat; it was the harbinger of a lasting fame; and though the sentence be perpetually quoted it is never heard without approbation.

In the choice of his subjects there is a certain dull uniformity, partly arising from the restrictions placed upon the ancient drama. No mistress could be represented on the stage who was not a courtesan; but Terence has endeavoured to attach a considerable interest to the character by representing his females as infants stolen from their parents and sold by fraud or accident. He has also given them a degree of respect, by exhibiting them as endued with a passion for a single object on whom they lavish all their tenderness and constancy, and for whom they consider the world well lost.

He has been said to have no buffoonery, licentiousness, or grossness, but to have been the only one of the comick writers who has brought the language of gentlemen on the stage; the language of the passions, the true tone of nature. But surely the impudence of servants throughout his plays would induce the reader to imagine that the license of the Saturnalia had been perennial, and furnishes a contradiction to this assertion of his panegyrists.

If we concur with them in thinking that the moral of his drama is sound and instructive; that his pleasantry has good taste; that his dialogue unites clearness, precision, and elegance; and that he penetrates to the inmost recesses of the heart; we must allow with the opponents of his fame, that we should be better gratified by finding more force of invention in his plots; more interest in his subjects; more genuine spirit in his characters. Julius Cæsar seems to have appreciated his merits justly when he said: "And you, Demi-Menander, are placed near our great writers, and you deserve it by the purity of your style. Could but the beauty of your composition have joined to itself that comick vein which was possessed by the Greeks; then would you not have been their inferior in the dramattick

list. That is what you want, Terence, and what I so much regret "

Terence began his career with the happiest auspices. When he had composed his *Andrian* and presented it to the ædiles, who were in the habit of purchasing dramatick works for the gratification of the people at the shows, before they would conclude a bargain, they sent it to Cæcilius for his opinion.

The old man ordered Terence to read a part of it to him as he was lying on his couch. Before he had finished the first scene, Cæcilius raised himself up with evident marks of surprise and pleasure and invited him to supper. He afterwards heard the whole of the piece, and bestowed upon him such praises as were equally creditable to both the parties.

His Eunuch received more approbation than any of his plays. It was acted twice in one day; and the sum of thirty pounds, for which he sold the copyright, was hitherto without precedent in the annals of the Roman stage.

It is, I believe generally confessed, that the style of Terence is the perfection of the Latin language. It is equally celebrated for accuracy and elegance. No forced antitheses, no glaring ornaments deform it; and it has stood the test of the severest criticism in the closet. The poetry of Terence compared with that of the Augustan age, has been said to be the *Ionick order*, compared to that of the *Corinthian*; not so splendid or so rich, but equally if not more exact and pleasing. If it excel the language of his age, it was the language spoken in the accomplished families of the *Lælii* and the *Scipios*; and perhaps we may ascribe to the advantage derived from their elegant conversation, those well written dialogues, which *Cicero* and *Quintilian* conceive him unable to have composed without their assistance.

That Terence is a cold and a tame writer will not willingly be confessed by those who have witnessed the exhibition of his plays at one of the first seminaries of youth in England.

Those scenes cannot be wholly destitute of fire which display so vivid a portion of it on their classick stage. An audience of scholars and of critics will perhaps always be in doubt, whether a larger portion of the pleasure they receive from the representation be due to the composition of the authour, or to the talents and spirit of the performers.

During the first three ages of Roman comedy, the writers were the servile imitators of the Greeks. But soon after the time when Terence had quitted Rome, *Afranius* and others whose compositions are lost, delivered the stage from the tyranny of foreign personages, and exhibited those pieces only in which the stories and the character were Roman.

Horace applauds the spirit of those who ventured upon this innovation:

"Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia  
Græcæ

"Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica  
facta."

From this period comedy was divided into two species, which took their names from the different habits of the two countries. The Roman comedy was subdivided into four kinds; the first of which, borrowing its name from the dress of plain citizens, was called the *togata*, and when persons of distinction were introduced, the *prætextata*. This was of a serious nature, perhaps like the sentimental comedy of modern times.

The second was of a comick cast, deriving its name *Tabernaria* from a town or place of residence where the persons met whose characters were exhibited.

The *Atellana* was the third species, in which the actors not speaking from written dialogues, trusted to the spontaneous effusions of their fancy; and it had this privilege, that the spectators could not oblige them to unmask. Another exclusive advantage also belonged to the actors in the *Atellana*; they retained the right of freeman and the power of enlisting in the army.

The curious account given by *Dr. Hurd* of the *Satyr*s, *Mimes*, and *Atellanes* is worthy an attentive perusal.

He shows us that the latter was an entertainment so called from Atella, a town of the Osci in Campania. The language and characters were both Oscan, and their provincial dialect was a source of pleasantry at Rome.

In these three species the sock was always worn by the performers.

The fourth species, the *Mimus*, was a sort of farce, in which the actors were barefoot.

At the funeral of *Vespasian*, we find from *Suetonius*, that his character was represented in a mimick piece according to the Roman custom.

The leading feature of *Vespasian's* character was avarice, of which a remarkable instance is recorded. A town in Italy was about to erect a statue to him; when he said to the deputies, stretching out his hand, "Gentlemen, here is the basis whereon you must erect your statue."

In allusion to this circumstance, the actor *Favor Archimimus*, who played the part of the emperor, having asked the directors of the ceremony, what would be the expense of his interment, and finding that it would amount to some millions of crowns, cried out, "Gentlemen, let me have a hundred thousand crowns, and you may throw my body into the river."

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

### SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

Says Fame to other day, to the Genius of Song,  
A fav'rite of mine you've neglected too long;  
He's a sound bit of oak, a son of the wave,  
The scourge of dire France, Sir Sidney the brave,

Whose wreath from his country, the hero's  
bright crown,

The Grand Sultan decks with the gem of re-  
nown.

Whose wreath, &c.

Madam Famé, cries the Genius, no bard in  
my train,  
Of Sir Sidney's desert can equal the strain;  
Buonaparte alone can best sing his merit,  
His laurels and glory, his valour and spirit.  
Whose wreath, &c.

Neptune swore it was true, for so active was  
he  
That he never can rest with Sir Sidney at  
sea;  
As some feat or other he's always perform-  
ing,  
Either burning, or sinking, or capt'ring, or  
storming.

Whose wreath, &c.

Master Neptune, said Mars, I claim as my  
son,  
A share of the glory Sir Sidney has won;  
Though a brave British tar, as a soldier he'll  
fight,  
All Egypt resounds from morning to night.  
Whose wreath, &c.

Since Fame and their godships thus jointly  
agree,  
Sir Sidney a hero on land or on sea;  
With justice, brave Turks, from so bright an  
example,  
Proclaim him the wonderful Knight of the  
Temple.

Whose wreath, &c.

While George of Old England, and Selim  
the Great,  
Hold firm their allegiance 'gainst Gaul's hy-  
dra-state,  
The Lion and Crescent triumphant shall  
reign,  
And Sidney do honour to both o'er the main.  
Whose wreath, &c.

The whole scheme of our mixed constitution is to prevent any one of its principles from being carried as far, as taken by itself, and theoretically it would go. Allow that to be the true policy of the British system, then most of the faults with which that system stands charged will appear to be, not imperfections into which it has inadvertently fallen, but excellences which it has studiously sought. To avoid the perfections of extreme, all its several parts are so constituted, as not alone to answer their own several ends, but also each to limit and control the others: insomuch, that take which of the principles you please, you will find its operation checked and stopped at a certain point. The whole movement stands still rather than that any part

should proceed beyond its boundary. Thence it results, that in the British constitution, there is a perpetual treaty and compromise going on, sometimes openly, sometimes with less observation. To him who contemplates the British constitution, as to him who contemplates the subordinate material world, it will always be a matter of his most curious investigation, to discover the secret of this mutual limitation.

— *Finita potestas denique cuique  
Quam sit ratione, atque alte terminus hæ-  
rens?*

### TOMORROW.

A bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on shore,  
All lost save my spirit and honour;  
No choice being left but to take to the oar,  
I've engag'd in the Mars, Captain Connor:

But tho' the wind calls me, some few words to say  
To Polly these moments I borrow;  
For sorely she'll grieve that I leave her today,  
And must sail on the salt seas tomorrow.

Nay weep not; though Fortune her smile now denies,  
Time may soften the gipsy's displeasure;  
Perhaps she may throw in my way some rich prize,  
And send me home loaded with treasure.

If so lucky, oh! doubt not, without more delay,  
Will I hasten to banish your sorrow:  
And bring back a heart which adores you today,  
And will love you as dearly tomorrow.

But ah! the fond hopes may prove fruitless and vain,  
Which my bosom now ventures to cherish;  
In some perilous fight I may haply be slain,  
Or o'erwhelm'd in the ocean may perish.

Should such be the fate of poor Tom, deign to pay  
To his loss a fit tribute of sorrow;  
And sometimes remember our parting today,  
Should a wave be my coffin tomorrow.

### ADDRESS TO A NAIAD.

BY MRS. LE NOIR.

O'er Nymph of this salubrious fount,  
Who many an age unpriz'd,  
Durst waste thine urn adown the mount,  
Unnoticed and despis'd,

'Till youthful but discerning eyes,  
Remark'd thy modest worth,  
Bade the neat edifice arise,  
And led thee falt'ring forth.

How like a timid village maid,  
New-raisd from mean abode,  
Thy silent waters meek obey'd,  
And wonder'd, as they flow'd!

Late the rank nettle veil'd thy home,  
The rushy bank beneath;  
Now roses deck thy Gothic dome,  
And aromatics breathe;

While lawney slopes and woodlands green,  
And mountains softly blue,  
Entwine thee with as fair a scene,  
As ever pencil drew.

Here at thy shrine shall languor sink,  
And oft for succour turn,  
And life and health and vigour drink  
From thy restoring urn.

The lowly shall the boon receive,  
The poor relief command;  
For you the gen'rous sanative  
Prepar'd by Nature's hand.

And those more blest in wealth and state,  
Blind Fortune's special care,  
Whom common pains assimilate,  
And bend with want and care;

While Heav'n-directed Nature pours  
A balm for every woe,  
Of her may learn to deal their stores,  
And bid their fountains flow.

A poor fellow with a mask on his face, and a guitar in his hand, assembled his Italian audience by the songs he sung to the musick of his instrument, and by a thousand merry stories he told them with infinite drollery; at length, when the company was most numerous, and at the highest pitch of good humour, he suddenly pulled off his mask, laid down his guitar, opened a little box which stood before him, and addressed the audience in the following words: "Ladies and gentlemen, there is a time for all things; we have had enough of jesting; innocent mirth is excellent for the health of the body, but other things are requisite for the health of the soul. I will now, with your permission, my honourable masters and mistresses, entertain you with something serious; something for which you will have reason to bless me as long as you live. Here he shook out of a bag a great number of leaden crucifixes. "I am just come from the holy house of Loreto, my fellow christians," continued he, "on purpose to furnish you with

those jewels, more precious than all the gold of Peru, and all the pearls of the ocean. I have come, on your account, all the way from the habitation of the blessed Virgin, to this thrice-renowned city of Naples, the riches and liberality of whose inhabitants are celebrated all over the globe. My generous Neapolitans, I do not wish to take the advantage of your pious and liberal dispositions. I will not ask for those invaluable crucifixes, (all of which, let me inform you, have touched the image of the blessed Virgin;) I will not, I say, ask an ounce of gold, no, not even a crown of silver; my regard for you is such that I shall let you have them for a penny a-piece."

#### THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND.

To lecture I come, and your pardon I crave,  
For truly no learning my subject imparts,  
So spare me, kind critics, all potent and grave,

For mine is a poorsimple lecture on hearts.  
First then, Britain's glory, the heart of a tar,  
Is there aught of more courage, or precious in worth?

Ah, no! whether glowing in peace or in war,  
'Tis alike ever true to the place of its birth.  
Then health to a sailor and this be the strain,  
The tars of Old England again and again.

The heart of a lover, when tender and true,  
Is a heart to be priz'd, as each woman must own;

While the heart of a miser, to give him his due,\*

Is a heart, selfish mortal, as hard as a stone.  
Then the heart of a virgin, and such too there be,

That love with a passion devoid of all art,  
Shall surely be rated and set down by me,  
Her bosom's all sweetness, all softness her heart.

Then health, blooming health, and let this be the strain,  
To love and true lovers, again and again.

The heart of a lawyer, and oh! what a thing!  
'Tis a compound of something that's hard to define;

When you think it all honey, you find it all sting,

And what really good for, I cannot assign.  
Now then for a heart, and a gallant one too,  
'Tis a soldier's, and where is a braver in in fight?

For England it beats, ever loyal and true,  
And proves that her good is its dearest delight.

Then health to a soldier, and this be the strain,  
Our soldiers and sailors again and again.

#### HENRY AND ROSA.

Majestick rose the god of day  
In yon bright burnish'd sky,  
Old Ocean kindled at the ray,  
And heav'd himself on high:  
On the deck Henry stood,  
To view the swelling tide,  
Ah!—no,—Henry,—no!  
He thought not of the flood,  
'Twas Rosa by his side.

Now softly sunk the setting sun  
Beneath his wat'ry bed;  
The ev'ning watch was hush'd and done,  
The pilot hung his head:  
On the deck Rosa staid,  
To view the waters glide,  
Ah!—no,—Rosa,—no!  
Such thought ne'er touch'd the maid,  
'Twas Henry by her side.

A Scotch presbyterian having heated his brain, by reading the books of martyrs, the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition, and the histories of all the persecutions that ever were raised by the Roman catholicks against the protestants, was seized with a dread that the same horrors were just about to be renewed. This terrible idea disturbed his imagination day and night; he thought of nothing but of racks and scaffolds. So strong a hold had his favourite studies taken of his imagination, that he would relish no part of the bible, except the Revelation of St. John; a great part of which, he thought, referred to the whore of Babylon, or, in other words, the pope of Rome. This part of the Scripture he perused continually with unabating ardour and delight. In the meantime, this poor man's terrors, with regard to the revival of popery and persecution, daily augmented; nature would, in all probability, have sunk under the weight of accumulated anxiety, had not a thought occurred which relieved his mind in an instant. The happy idea was no other than that he should immediately go to Rome, and convert the pope from the Roman catholick to the presbyterian religion.—Accordingly without communicating his design to any mortal, he set out for London, took his passage to Leghorn, and in a short time after arrived in perfect health of body, and in exalted spirits, at Rome.

He directly applied to an ecclesiastick of his own country, and informed him, that he earnestly wished to have a conference with the pope, on business of infinite importance, and which admitted of no delay. The good natured ecclesiastick endeavoured to soothe and amuse him, putting off the conference till a distant day. He happened, however, to go to St. Peter's church, at the very time when his holiness was performing some religious ceremony. At this sight our impatient missionary felt all his passion inflamed, and he exclaimed, "O, thou beast of nature, with seven heads and ten horns! thou mother of harlots, arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls! Throw away the golden cup of abominations, and the filthiness of thy fornication."

One may easily imagine the astonishment and hubbub that such an apostrophe, from such a person, in such a place would occasion; he was immediately carried to prison by the Swiss halberdiers.

At his examination, the first question which was asked of him, was, "What had brought him to Rome?" He answered, "to anoint the eyes of the scarlet whore with eyesalve, that she might see her wickedness."—"They asked him who he meant by the scarlet whore?" He answered "who else could he mean, but her who sitteth upon seven mountains, who had seduced the kings of the earth to commit fornication, and who had gotten drunk with the blood of the saints, and the blood of the martyrs." Many other questions were asked, and such provoking answers returned, that some were for condemning him to the gallies, that he might be taught more sense and better manners. But when they communicated their sentiments to Clement the Fourteenth, he said, with great good humour, "That he had never heard of any body whose understanding or politeness had been much improved at that school; that although the poor man's first address had been a little rough and abrupt, yet he could not help considering himself as obliged to him for his good inten-

tions, and for his undertaking such a long journey with a view to do good." He afterwards gave orders to treat him with gentleness while he remained in confinement, and to put him on board the first ship bound from Civita Vecchia for England, defraying the expense of his passage.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

### LINES

ON THE DEATH OF WOLTON.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following lines are a tribute to the memory of William Wolton who died on the 28th of January 1807. Mr Wolton was a native of Suffolk in Great Britain, where his relations at present reside; but he spent the last six or seven years of his life, in the United States. He was a man of an amiable character, and generally respected by those who knew him. For the last two years, he laboured under a lingering illness, which at last proved fatal.

Omnes una monet nox  
Et calcanda semel via Letini. Horat.

Lord! what is man, whom thou hast made!  
How soon his "blushing honours" fade!  
How soon his smiling hopes decay,  
And all his prospects die away!  
Wolton is dead. No power could save  
A feeble mortal from the grave.

None could recal his fleeting breath,  
Or stop the dread approach of death.  
Wolton is dead. The sun shall rise,  
And cast his splendours o'er the skies;  
But Wolton sunk in endless night,  
No more shall see the heavenly light.  
No light can penetrate the gloom,  
That broods upon his early tomb!

Reviving spring shall come again  
And scatter plenty o'er the plain;  
The fragrant flowers shall blossom round  
And smiling verdure clothe the ground;  
Again, the healing vernal breeze  
Shall breathe upon the yielding trees;  
Near his cold stone, the grass shall wave,  
And birds shall chatter o'er his grave:  
But when the breath of life is fled,  
No spring returns to raise the dead!  
No spring can ope the slumbering eyes;  
Or call again departed sighs,  
Or cause the silent tongue to speak,  
Or wake the crimson in the cheek,  
Or make the heart its stroke resume.  
And call the pris'ner from the tomb.

Long, Wolton! on the cheerless bed  
Of sickness, lay thy fainting head!  
Long, didst thou groan beneath the reign,  
Of wasting grief, and racking pain.  
Yet, still, how tranquil was thy mind!  
To all the ills of fate resign'd!  
And if, at times, by woes oppress'd  
All joy was banished from thy breast;  
Delusive Hope, with visage fair,  
Would smiling, bid thee not despair;  
Would sooth thy breast, and lull thy fears,  
And bid thee hope for happy years!  
Alas! depriv'd of all delights,  
How didst thou pass thy sleepless nights!  
Long sleepless nights!—But now how deep!  
(Dark gloomy thought!) how sound thy sleep!

Not thunders bursting o'er thy head,  
Can rouse thee from thy clay cold bed!

And didst thou leave thy native shore,  
To see its chalky cliffs no more?  
The stormy ocean didst thou brave,  
To find with us, an early grave?  
No soothing relative was near  
To drop for thee the kindred tear;  
To wait attentive near thy bed,  
And gently raise thy drooping head;  
To catch thy last expiring sighs,  
And weeping, close thy clouded eyes:

But kind Humanity was nigh,  
And strangers wept to see thee die;  
And pensive, with thee took the road,  
That led thee to thy last abode.  
Peace to thy manes!—God who knows  
The full extent of all thy woes,  
Has plac'd thee in some happier sphere,  
To recompense thy sufferings here.

And haply, to thy lonely tomb,  
Amid the twilight's solemn gloom,  
Some pensive mourner shall repair,  
And load with sighs the dusky air!

Well, thou art gone—and we who stay,  
Will gaze around us—and away!  
The hand that writes this humble line,  
Will soon be stiff and cold as thine!

PEREGRINE.

—  
ADDRESS TO J. C—— M. D.

Haply when Resignation's soothing aid  
Shall close the deep incision Grief has made;  
Affection's pensive beam will linger here,  
And each sad relic claim a tender tear.  
C——r 'twas thine, with Friendship's gentle art,  
Warmly to share my brother's ardent heart,  
With him to emulate the Attick Muse,

And gild the wing of time with rainbow hues;  
Link'd in one bond, to seek the sheltered bow'r,  
Or gaily mix in pleasure's festive hour.

When stern Affliction's desolating blast,  
On all the trembling chords of Nature past,  
The melancholy privilege was thine,  
Lowly, to minister at Sorrow's shrine;  
Thy hand sustained my brother's drooping head,  
And smoothed the pillow of his dying bed,  
'Twas thine each soft endearment to supply,  
And catch from friendship's breast its parting sigh.

Unerring Wisdom drew the awful veil,  
Bade the eye languish and the cheek grow pale:

From lips beloved the vital warmth retired,  
And life's faint lustre silently expired;  
Th' immortal spirit reached its destined height,  
*A star forever in the realms of light!*

Alas! if this vain world, with prosperous breeze,  
Should waft thy bark on Pleasure's faithless seas;  
Though not a cloud flits o'er the azure deep,  
And every murmuring billow seem to sleep,  
Touched by that hand whose delegated power  
"Rules in the natal, and the mortal hour,"  
The welkin darkens—wintry storms descend,  
Mountains and vallies to their centre bend;  
Rain, sleet and hail a mingled deluge pour,  
And the loud surges lash the sounding shore.

For thee may peace its purest incense yield,  
And radiant Truth display her sacred shield;  
And oh! my friend, when duty's silent tour  
Leads to the lonely dwellings of the poor;  
When pining anguish gains thy patient ear,  
And human frailty mourns its doom severe,  
May fav'ring Heav'n thy useful labours bless  
Grant to thy talents merited success,  
Wisdom's fair wreath thy youthful brows entwine,  
And th' bright meed of virtuous fame be thine.

E.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

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Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 4, 1807..

[No. 14.]

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

**NOVELS** and romances have been proscribed by many sober old-fashioned people, not only because they occupy a portion of our time which might be employed to more advantage, but because they are apt to infuse a romantick spirit, to instil sentiments too refined for mere mortals, in short because the novelist creates an imaginary world and brings us acquainted with beings of a superiour order, whose actions we are studying, when we ought to be observing the motives of those beings by whom we are surrounded, with whom we are obliged to mix, and from whom we are to derive our happiness.

As the first of the reasons here given will apply to almost every species of amusement into which we enter I shall pass it over, merely remarking by the way, that relaxation is as necessary to the vigour of the mind as sleep is to that of the body. Upon the second and most substantial reason I shall dwell somewhat longer. When we have gained a tolerable knowledge of the world, and are somewhat acquainted with the real nature and motives of its inhabitants, works of fiction may be resorted to as an amusement the most dignified, the most worthy of the attention of a rational being—our

reason is in no danger of being misled: for though we may suffer Imagination to take the lead for the moment, and to make us spectators of actions the most heroick and sublime, yet we can quit her guidance at pleasure—when we lay down the book our brain becomes cool, the fairy scene vanishes; we remember it but as a pleasant dream, and we return to the contemplation of man, as he is, with a judgment as cool and correct as it was before. In short, in this case the employment of the Imagination is but a refreshing slumber to the Judgment.

But, if before we are acquainted with the real state of things, we make fiction our study—If we suppose we behold in the works of the poet, the picture of unvarnished nature; when we afterwards become acquainted with men we will be sure to behold them with disappointment and perhaps with disgust.

I was led into these common reflections by a conversation which I had sometime ago with an amiable female friend whose heart is the seat of almost every virtue. Possessed of a lively imagination and a feeling heart, she relishes, in the highest degree, the beauties of poetry: her eyes sparkle with delight at the picture of happiness, and they moisten with tears at the scene of distress. But Clarissa is but little conversant with the world, she sees mankind on the bright side, she

views Nature in her most enchanting dress. She supposes Happiness to be a rural goddess who dwells with Love and Friendship on the borders of some gurgling rock-studded stream, where luxuriant trees embellished with the variegated plumage of melodious birds, rustle as the gentle breezes blow. Happy delusion! who would wish to destroy thee!—No one, surely no one, if thou wouldst accompany us to the grave. But as envious Experience will soon or late awake us from our dream, better, far better that we be aroused, before we become too much enamoured of ideal perfection; whilst real life has yet some charms, we must at last be convinced that true happiness consists in having a mind so constituted as to enjoy those things within our reach; that it depends not on time or place, on riches or power.

Butler has humorously and truly said that the whole world did not seem half so wide to Alexander when he cried because he had no other to subdue, as the tub appeared to Diogenes who never cried because he had no other tub.

Clarissa's idea of happiness will be found in the following song which she holds in high estimation. It is a pleasing, poetical, sunshine picture of the life of a cottager. I have endeavoured to sketch the reverse—I have not dipt my pencil in the glowing tints of imagination, but have endeavoured to trace the rough outlines of nature. If my picture should dissipate one romantick idea I shall not consider my time as mispent.

#### THE CONTENTED COTTAGER.

By the side of a mountain o'ershadowed with trees,

With thick clusters of vine intermingled and wove,

I behold my thatched cottage, dear mansion of ease,

The seat of Contentment, of Friendship, and Love.

Each morn, when I open the latch of my door,

My heart glows with rapture to hear the birds sing,

And at night, when the dance in the village is o'er

On my pillow I strew the fresh roses of spring.

When I hide in the forest from noon's scorching beam,

And the torrent's deep murmur's echoing sound;

When the herds quit the pastures to quaff the clear stream,

And the flocks in the vale lie extended around,

I muse—but my thoughts are contented and free,

I regret not the splendour of riches and pride,

The delights of retirement are dearer to me

Than the proudest appendage to greatness allied!

I sing—but my song is the carol of joy,  
My cheeks glow with health like the wild rose in bloom;

I dance—but forget not, though blithesome and gay,

I measure the footsteps that lead to the tomb.

Contented to live, though not fearful to die,  
With a heart free from anguish I pass through life's scene,

On the wings of delight every moment shall fly,

And the end of my days be resigned and serene.

#### RURAL CHARMS,

##### OR THE BACKWOODSMAN.

"Draw but a 'farmer's life,' of 'low degree'

"And all the bubble's broken, let us see."

By the side of a hillock, with brambles o'er-spread,

With thistles and pokeberries mingled and wove,

I behold my log cabin, my sweet little shed,

With a modest mud chimney seen peeping above.

The winds of the north, as they whistle around,

Demand an admittance—nor ask they in vain,

No house is more open,—no roof can be found

More kindly disposed for admitting—the rain

Each morn when I lift up the prop from my door,

I feel myself thankful to find that I'm dry,

And at night, when my blanket I spread, on the floor,

I gaze through the chinks in my roof at the sky.

When I hide in the pig-pen from strangers who pass,

If they stop at my door to inquire for the road;

When I look in a puddle, for want of a glass,

(For glasses were never by Nature bestowed.)

I muse on my lot—and exclaim with delight,  
How retired I live—how unknown to the  
great,  
Not a mortal comes near me from morning  
to night,  
Neither love can distract, nor ambition  
elate.

I sing when I work, and I dance when I'm  
cold,  
My heart and my purse are both open  
and light;  
My fate and my fortune are easily told,  
They neither can envy nor pity excite.

When Death shall command me to move  
from the stage,  
I'll tell I'll leave it—nor wish to return.  
No heirs shall rejoice—no attorneys engage,  
No eye shall be moistened, no mortal  
shall mourn. O. P. Q.

#### OF THE AUGUSTAN AGE,

##### *Or the Golden Era of the Roman Literature.*

As the empire had extended itself to the remotest regions, Rome became of course the centre, not only of the government of the world, but, in a manner, of all the learning, arts and sciences contained in it. The largest city of the world, comprehending about four millions of people, under the government of a prince that patronized learning, must have produced wonders in literature.

Titus Livy, the historian, shone at this period; a vast genius, and equal to the magnificence of the Roman empire. Of all writers in this department, he is endowed with the greatest command of language, and the warmest, and most correct fancy. Hence his narration is ever entertaining, and presents a lively picture. His superstition is not only excusable, but even commendable; as it proceeds from a love of religion, and throws more of interest into his manner.

His speeches are even more eloquent than Cicero's, being animated with a grandeur and pathos, that wonderfully touch the heart, and elevate the imagination. He is at all times supremely elegant; yet without affectation or labour. He is correct, yet simple; often concise, yet never obscure; full, yet never redundant; in fine, from the native strength of his own genius, he seems, like Homer, to pour out his sentences, by a kind of inspiration, without art, in a full, varied, and easy melody.

On the other hand, Curtius and Sallust, his contemporaries, are mannerists in history.

With less imagination, and real dignity, their style is more artfully pompous and descriptive. Sallust is elegant and laconic. His conciseness, however, produces per-

spicuity and strength; he abounds in reflections, and particularly excels in drawing characters. His manner has been often copied by succeeding writers, but most of all by Tacitus. Montesquieu, of the moderns, has imitated his laconicism to a degree that is excessive, and creates obscurity in writings that are otherwise invaluable.

##### *Of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid.*

To mention Virgil and Horace, is to mention every thing great and excellent in poetry. Under them, the Epick and Lyrick Muse soared to Heaven in bold and high strains of genuine poetry; and seem to emulate the loftiest flights of their Grecian predecessors. Though the Roman language, in harmony, ease, and dignity, falls far below the Greek; yet, in the hands of such accomplished bards it acquired a new and majestick energy.

Horace excels all other poets in the variety of his compositions, and the ease of his manner. He is the most charming of elegant writers. He even trifles with grace; and, whether gay or serious, he is always engaging, almost always moral. His subjects concern mankind in general, and find their interest in every breast.

His moralities are frequent and various, especially in his odes; in which he imitates the concise and rapid manner of Pindar. His Satires abound in wit, and exhibit a natural and laughable picture of the follies and vices of the times. His Epistles, more particularly, display his own heart and life; in which there is every thing to engage our love and esteem.

His good sense, candour and honesty are eminent on all occasions. His love of virtue and moderate pleasure, seem to have flowed in one channel, untainted with ill nature, envy, or extravagance of any kind. His philosophy, indeed, seems sometimes in favour of Epicurus, but it is oftener of that kind called eclectic; that is, it picks and culls out of every philosophy what it thinks best. His temper, ever social and cheerful, was too liberal and free to be a bigot to any particular sect. Hence the constant serenity of his style; unclouded with that grave and serious mood so observable in Virgil; and which qualified the latter for the sublime and tender, in which the former is his inferiour.

It is remarkable that he never attempted Elegy, notwithstanding he imitates the Grecian lyrists in every other department. It is likely his disqualification arose from the above-mentioned cause; and it is the less to be regretted, as it gave his temper and genius that easy and disengaged manner that fitted him for a greater variety of subjects; such as the lighter and higher Ode, the familiar Epistle, the humorous Satire, in all which both poetick ease and energy

are conspicuous; a smiling kind of wit predominates, the most familiar and natural imagery are introduced; and a style so happy and expressive is employed, that the *Cu-riosa Felicitas* of Horace, has become, as it were proverbial, and describes whatever is most elegant and graceful in composition.

The style of Ovid, who lived at this time, is in no degree comparable to those just now mentioned. It is tarnished by a mixed kind of wit that meets the reader almost every where, seldom or never rises to the true sublime; and can only, at best, be called smooth or beautiful. Often, however, he tells a story extremely well; is chiefly valuable for his vast reading; and for connecting together, with wonderful art, and in one chain, all the Grecian and barbarian fables; which renders his chief work, the *Metamorphoses*, singular in its kind, and both valuable and entertaining to after ages.

In this work his account of the Deluge, story of Phaeton, Pyramus and Thisbe, Ceyx, Biblis, and the contest between Ajax and Ulysses, are, among the best of his pieces, and the least debased of any with the above mixture of affected wit: to which we may add his entertaining account of Pythagoras and his doctrines.

His Love-elegies, but more particularly his books *De Arte Amandi*, and *De Remedio Amoris*, exhibit Ovid as a man of wit and imagination rather than of tenderness and feeling. As for his *Art of Love*, it teaches more the art of seduction and coquetry, than that of true and sincere love. Indeed the very idea of reducing love to an art is absurd; real love disdains art, and has nothing to do with it; still less, perhaps, than any of the passions. It is probable that Ovid's soul was not tuned to this delicate passion; he wanted sensibility for it. His mistresses are all fictitious ones; and it is likely that even his Julia, the emperor's daughter, had but too much of her father's vanity, and was one of those unfeeling coquets that are more pleased with the flattering attentions and affected airs of a beau and a coxcomb, than the sighs of a real lover.

However the matter be, as to Julia, and whatever offence he may have otherwise given in his management of these poems, certain it is that his consequent banishment by Augustus, to so remote and inhospitable a climate as that of Pontus and the Euxine sea, inspires us with pity for his sufferings, and we cannot but think the punishment too severe for the crime, perhaps even worse than death itself.

For what can be deemed a more cruel and unnatural transition, than the being removed, all at once, with disgrace, from one's dear friends and acquaintance, from the court of Augustus, where he was honoured and re-

spected, both by the emperor and the whole tribe of wits that adorned it; torn from his dear wife and only daughter, without a friend to accompany him; perhaps without money, without books; hurried, I say, all at once, from Rome, the capital of a vast empire, the centre of learning and politeness, and of all the pleasures, wealth and luxuries of the then known world; to a desert and barbarous land, the people and language of which he was an entire stranger to; to linger out the remainder of his days in disgrace, silence and obscurity, cut off from all his former pleasures! what must have been his feelings? Accordingly, we find him bemoaning his fate in those ten books of *Epistles*, six of which are composed of *Elegies*, the others go under the name of *Tristia*; and here his distress and despair are painted in very natural and touching colours.

We must observe, too, in Ovid's praise, that his *Heroick Epistles*, though inferior to Propertius and Tibullus, in expressing the softer feelings of love, are however, written with a good deal of nature, and exhibit the heart and personages they describe, with considerable justness.

#### MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Should you think the following tale worthy of a place in *The Port Folio*, it is at your disposal.

O.

#### ATHLONE CASTLE,

##### A LEGENDARY TALE.

High on a rock, where not a shrub  
Adorned the frowning stone,  
In Gothic grandeur rose sublime  
The towers of proud Athlone!

Amid a wild and rugged waste,  
The gloomy mansion stood;  
Before it spread the barren plain,  
Behind it roared the flood,

And still when rosy morning dawned  
Across the eastern ground,  
And when the dark grey evening threw  
Her deepening shades around,

Sad Margaret to the turret hied,  
That overlook'd the wild,  
There watched and wept,—and never  
hope

The anxious hours beguiled:

For many, many a tedious week,  
And many a month had flown,  
Since her lov'd Lord, at Honour's call,  
Had quitted proud Athlone!

The chill blast howled, the bittern scream-  
ed!

The livid light'ning flashed!  
The thunder roared, and down the rock,  
The torrent hoarser dashed!

Sad Margaret left her sleepless bed,  
With trembling terror wild,  
She hastened to the turret drear,  
And clasped her sleepless child!

The savage blast had rudely torn  
The casement from the wall;  
And at her feet, with pond'rous crash,  
She saw the ruin fall!

To the defenceless breach she went,  
Nor moon, nor stars appeared,  
And through the wind and torrent's roar,  
The thunder loud was heard.

Yet Margaret looked across the plain,  
To see her Lord appear!  
And tried amid the whistling winds,  
His well known voice to hear.

But thick the damp fog spread around,  
And nought was to be seen,  
Save when the lightning's lurid flash  
Illum'd the savage scene.

Sudden the misty fog was gone,  
The atmosphere was clear'd!  
And by the radiance of the moon,  
The distant hills appear'd.

Extending numerous o'er the plain,  
She saw two martial bands;  
Their crimson banners wav'd in air,  
Steel glittered in their hands.

She heard the deaf'ning din of arms,  
She heard the victor's shout;  
She heard the shrieks of deep distress,  
From the defeated rout!

The fog again o'erspread the plain,  
The hostile bands were gone,  
And on the turret's mouldering walls  
Blue trailing wildfire shone!

And now a hollow voice was heard  
Of deep sepulchral tone,  
Loud it exclaimed, denouncing wo,  
"Deep wo to proud Athlone."

And though the mist still spread around  
Its damp unwholesome sway,  
She plainly saw, athwart the gloom,  
A funeral's black array.

Dimly the hallowed tapers gleamed,  
The bell the funeral toll'd,  
"The spirit of the waters shrieked,"  
Sad Margaret's blood ran cold.

"Alas! my love, where art thou gone?  
What mystery shrouds thy fate?  
Ah, me! the funeral hither comes,  
It stops before the gate."

She gaz'd, she shriek'd, for as she gaz'd,  
She saw upon the bier,  
All covered o'er with ghastly wounds,  
Her husband's corpse appear!

At once, the phantoms vanished all,  
The howling tempest ceased,  
And Margaret prest with wilder love,  
Her infant to her breast.

The infant screamed, but Margaret drown-  
ed

Its voice with deeper tone;  
"Ah never more my love shall come,"  
She cried, "to proud Athlone.

"Nor ever more my little babe,  
Shalt thou thy father see,  
What wilt thou do, thou helpless child,  
Deprived of him and me!

"I feel, I feel my heartstrings burst,"  
Sad Margaret shivering cried:  
She sunk upon the clay-cold ground,  
Kissed her sweet babe—and died.

#### SENECA.

There are generally reckoned three ages in Latin letters: that of Ennius, Accius, Pacuvius, and Cato the censor, when the language was yet rude, as the manners of the people were gross; that of the Gracchi, who were the first that tempered the Roman rusticity by the politeness of Greek learning; and finally, that of Cicero, in which are comprised Crassus, Antony, Cæsar, and Hortensius, but the great orator, gives a name and celebrity to the epoch.

L. Annæus Seneca was a Spaniard, educated at Rome, where his father became one of the equestrian order. He was a lawyer of considerable eloquence, but, from a fear of the jealousy of the emperor Caligula, relinquished his profession; and, after he had been chosen quæstor, was banished to Corsica, on a charge of too great intimacy with Julia Livilla the daughter of Germanicus and Agrippina.

After the death of the former, and the marriage of the latter with the emperor Claudius, Seneca was recalled, and appointed preceptor to her son Nero.

In such a reign, it is not likely that the precepts of a philosopher could be tolerated. An idle pretence of his having engaged in a conspiracy enabled his pupil, then become emperor, to command him to destroy himself; and the calmness with which he received the mandate, and the consolation with which he encouraged his

friends during the lingering process of his death, first unsuccessfully attempted by the opening of his veins, then by a draught of poison, and at last effected by the suffocation of a stove, have rendered him an object of pity and respect. He died before he had completed the fifty-third year of his age. His writings are on moral topicks; and he is justly admired for his refined sentiments and virtuous precepts.

It is said by a panegyrist, "that no man ever produced greater or juster maxims. His conciseness imprints them on the memory, and their number is not superiour to their value. In the character of a true moralist, he surpasses all the heathens." His first work is on Anger, addressed to Novatus; he argues strenuously against it, in opposition to the Peripateticks, and urges the restraining of it. His second treatise is on Consolation, addressed to his mother Helvia, in his banishment, suggesting every possible argument in its favour. A treatise on Providence, in which he vindicates its existence and the existence of evil, is conducted with great force of argument. The tract on Tranquillity of Mind, though confused in the arrangement, contains a variety of just observations. The discourse on the constancy of a Wise Man is his best. That on Clemency addressed to the emperor, is worthy a perusal; and those on the Shortness of human Existence and on a Happy Life, are truly admirable. He had originally been a disciple of the stoick philosophy; but a fear of personal safety, which was endangered by the threats of Tiberius against all those who abstained from the use of meat, induced him to relax in his severity. As long as adulation could serve his purpose, Seneca practised it without bounds; but found, as flatterers have often done, that tyrants are not only cruel but capricious.

Nothing perhaps is more dangerous in a writer than genius without genuine taste.

The rays of light which he casually emits strike every beholder. The

mists which obscure him are remarked but by a few. As Seneca was endowed by nature with more spirit than genuine talents, he was more interested in decrying ancient eloquence than in endeavouring to excel it. He did not cease, says Quintilian, to declaim against those great models; because he perceived that his own manner of writing was different from theirs, and that his glittering sententious style, possessing the charm of novelty, had a prodigious vogue with the Romans while his favour at court and his fortune continued to increase. To be in the fashion it was necessary to write like Seneca.

His letters to Lucilius on moral and philosophical subjects have nothing of epistolary ease, but are replete with rhetorical, and sometimes with puerile declamation.

The turn of his thoughts is frequently forced, obscure, tortured, and affected. All these vicious qualities are to be found in his pages; but still the thoughts are ingenious, and the moral, like that of the stoicks, is noble and elevated. It teaches a contempt both of life and death, tends to exalt human beings above transitory objects, and to place virtue above all things.

But still the warmth of Seneca is that of the head, rather than of the heart. He is the rhetorician of the portico; Cicero the orator of morality. Their object is the same, and their principles are coincident; but, such is the disparity in their manner, that the academician has more real effect than the stoick. The sage of Cicero is a man, that of Seneca a chimera.

In his philosophical notions there is neither connexion, clearness, nor precision. He is a stoick who acknowledges no other good than virtue; he is a materialist who declares that good to be a body. The passions alter the features of the countenance, and therefore the passions are corporeal. The virtues act by contact with the body; courage impels, moderation restrains; therefore the virtues are mechanism, and mechanism is body. The good of the body is corporeal, the good of man

is the good of the body; therefore good is corporeal. Such is the inconsequential reasoning of Seneca.

It is strange that a man who had access to the writings of Plato, Aristotle and Cicero, who might have learned even from Pythagoras, that the soul in us is like harmony in instruments, the result of sounds, of measure and motion, should have profited so little by lights which had been so generally diffused.

The most accredited philosophers had believed that spirit and matter, the soul and body, were two substances necessarily heterogeneous. Four hundred years had elapsed since Aristotle had distinguished the substances and the modes, the subjects and the attributes of being; and the ignorance of Seneca on this subject cannot therefore be excused like his ignorance in physics, which has its apology in the small progress that science had made at that period.

Seneca has, however, a species of energetick diction occasionally, of which the following passage is an example:

"The death of Callisthenes is an eternal stain upon Alexander, which neither his courage nor his military exploits will ever efface. When they say that he has destroyed thousands of Persians; we will answer, and Callisthenes: when they say that he has destroyed Darius, the sovereign of a powerful empire; we will answer, but he has killed Callisthenes: when they say that he has subjected every thing even to the ocean, that he has covered the ocean itself with new vessels, that he has extended his empire from an obscure corner of Thrace to the limits of the east; we will all answer, but he has killed Callisthenes: when he shall even have eclipsed the glory of all the kings and all the heroes his predecessors; he has done nothing so great as the crime of killing Callisthenes."

The repetition is oratorical, and gives considerable effect to the sentences.

But Alexander did not kill Darius; and the murder of the philosopher was not a crime of a deeper dye than that

of the noble Clitus, or the innocent and aged Parmenio. To his panegyrists it may be truly urged, that he is less moral than Cicero or Plutarch; that instead of an abundance of thoughts, he has only an abundance of phrases turned into apothegms, to repeat the same idea; that his style is deformed by forced turns and flashes of wit, which may sometimes dazzle for an instant, but the futility of which strikes every attentive spectator.

He says, well and happily, that the funerals of children are always premature when mothers assist at them. He says to Nero, to whom his treatise on Clemency is addressed, the most galling servitude of grandeur is not to be able to descend from it, but this necessity is common to you with the gods. Heaven is their prison. He says that the gods do not suffer prosperity to fall upon any but abject and vulgar souls. Seneca, who was very rich, and for a long time powerful and honoured, might have been asked if he thought himself abject before the gods?

His morals are sometimes imperfect; as when he says, "I do not propose to equal the most virtuous, but to surpass the wicked."

The ideas of ancient philosophy on the divinity were often absurd. The best of all are not exempt from error, and on this subject natural instinct has sometimes surpassed them.

Quintilian, while he renders justice to the spirit, the talents and the knowledge of Seneca, says, that his style is throughout corrupt and his example dangerous. He certainly contributed more than any writer to injure the publick taste; for he had seduced the youth by the attractions of a tinselled style, of which they did not perceive the defects. He seems, indeed, to have erred by mistaking conciseness for precision. The former consists in confining the thoughts within the smallest possible space; and by that means becomes inaccurate, obscure and equivocal: the latter consists, in an exact proportion between the idea and the expression; it adds to the force of language, but does not

at all detract from its clearness or its beauty.

Sir William Jones more than once mentions a person by the name of Emin. His history is thus briefly told by Lord Teignmouth, and we quote it the more cheerfully because there is an allusion in it to EDMUND BURKE when that great orator was in a state of obscurity and poverty.

Born at Hamadan in Persia, of Armenian parents, and exposed during his infancy to uncommon disasters, while a mere youth he followed his father and fortunes to Calcutta. He had there an opportunity of observing the superiority of the Europeans in arms, arts, and sciences over the Asiatics: and the impression which he received from it inspired an invincible desire in Emin to acquire the knowledge which they possessed. For this purpose, he determined, at all hazards, to visit England; and, after a long opposition from his father, having obtained his reluctant assent, he adopted the only means left for the accomplishment of his purpose by working his passage, as a common sailor, in one of the ships belonging to the East-India Company. After his arrival in England he lost no time in beginning to acquire the instruction he so anxiously desired; but his progress was retarded by the narrowness of his circumstances, and he was compelled to submit to menial occupations and laborious employments to procure a subsistence. Fortune favoured his perseverance, and in the moment of despair he was accidentally introduced to the notice of the duke of Northumberland, and afterwards to that of many gentlemen of rank and fortune by whose assistance his views were promoted.

Previous to his introduction to the Duke, Emin had become acquainted with EDMUND BURKE, whom he accidentally met in the Park. After some conversation, Mr. Burke invited Emin to his apartments up two pair of stairs at the sign of *Pope's head* at a bookseller's, near the Temple. Emin, ignorant of the name of the gentleman who had treated him with so much courtesy, begged to be favoured with

it, and Mr. Burke politely answered, "Sir, my name is Edmund Burke, at your service. I am a *run away son from a father, as you are.*" He then presented *half a guinea* to Emin, saying, "upon my honour, this is *all I have at present*, please to accept it."

Mr. Burke the next day visited Emin, and assisted him with his advice as to the books which he should read. He introduced him to his relation, Mr. William Burke; and for *thirty years*, Emin acknowledged that he was *treated with unceasing kindness by both.*

At the period of the commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Burke Emin had little left for his maintenance; and the prospect of accomplishing the purpose of his voyage to England became daily more gloomy. Had not Mr. Burke *consoled him now and then* (to use Emin's own words) "he might have been lost forever through despair; but his friend *always advised him to put his trust in God.*" During this season of adversity, Mr. Burke never missed a day without visiting Emin. Mr. Burke was *writing books at that time* and Emin was his amanuensis. The first was an *Imitation of the late lord Bolingbroke's letter* and the second, the *Treatise of the Sublime and Beautiful.*

Emin's great object was to obtain a knowledge of military tactics, in the hopes of employing it successfully, in rescuing the liberty and religion of the country of his ancestors from the despotism of the Turks and Persians. After serving with the Prussian and English armies in Germany, he procured the means of transporting himself into the mountains of Armenia, in the view of offering his services to Heraclius, the reigning Prince of Georgia, and of rousing the religious and martial zeal of his countrymen. He had there the mortification to find his resources inadequate to the magnitude of the enterprise, and he was compelled to return disappointed to England. After some time spent in solicitation, he was enabled, by the assistance of his patrons, to proceed, with recommendations to Russia, and thence, after

various fatigues and impediments, which his *fortitude and perseverance surmounted*, he reached Teflis, the capital of Georgia. After *eight years of wandering, perils and distresses through the mountains* of that country and of Armenia, he was obliged to abandon his visionary project, and returned to his father in Calcutta. *Still anxious for the accomplishment of his plans and no ways intimidated by the experience of past dangers and difficulties*, he made a *third attempt* for the execution of them, and proceeded to Persia. This proved equally unsuccessful, and he again returned to Calcutta. In Emin we see the same man who was a sailor, a porter, a menial servant, and subsisting by charity, the companion of nobles and patronized by princes and monarchs, ever preserving, in his deepest distress; a sense of honour, a spirit of integrity, a reliance upon Providence and a firm adherence to the principles of Christianity in which he had been educated. During his residence in Calcutta, he published an account of his eventful life, which Sir William Jones condescended to revise; so far only as to correct orthographical errors, but without any amendment of the style.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constasy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constasy?

We know that parties must ever exist in a free country. We know too, that the emulations of such parties, their contradictions, their reciprocal necessities, their hopes, and their fears, must send them all in their turns to him who holds the balance of the state. The parties are the gamblers: but government keeps the table, and is sure to be the winner in the end. When this game is played, I really

think it is more to be feared, that the people will be exhausted, than that government will not be supplied. Whereas, whatever is got by acts of absolute power ill obeyed, because odious, or by contracts ill kept, because constrained; will be narrow, feeble, uncertain, and precarious.—  
“*Ease would retract vows made in pain, as violent and void.*”—Burke.

### SONG.

Come, Royal George, and all thy court,  
Come, see our pastime, see our sport;  
Merry souls, and merry faces;  
Not the Muses, or the Graces,  
Can, with all their power to charm,  
Boast feelings truer, hearts more warm  
Than ours, great George, for thee.

Let them sublimer honours claim;  
Unpolish'd mirth's our only aim;  
Contented if our Sov'reign smile,  
We care not, then, if they revile;  
Truth needs no ornament or show;  
No bosoms more with love o'erflow  
Than ours, great George, for thee.

We to thy honour'd consort too,  
All, all are loyal, all are true;  
To all thine house, in love we join,  
For all to us, is dear, that's thine—  
Were not our fate with thine involv'd,  
Still were no hearts yet more resolv'd,  
Than ours, great GEORGE, for thee.

A peace too eagerly sought, is not always the sooner obtained. The discovery of vehement wishes generally frustrates their attainment; and your adversary has gained a great advantage over you when he finds you impatient to conclude a treaty. There is in reserve, not only something of dignity, but a great deal of prudence too. A sort of courage belongs to negotiation as well as to operations of the field. A negotiator must often seem willing to hazard the whole issue of his treaty, if he wishes to secure any one material point.

No man knows, when he cuts off the incitements to a virtuous ambition, and the just rewards of publick service, what infinite mischief he may do his country, through all generations. Such saving to the publick may prove the worst mode of robbing

it. The crown, which has in its hands the trust of the daily pay for national service, ought to have in its hands also the means for the repose of publick labour, and the fixed settlement of acknowledged merit. There is a time, when the weather-beaten vessels of the state ought to come into harbour. They must at length have a retreat from the malice of rivals, from the perfidy of political friends, and the inconstancy of the people. Many of the persons, who in all times have filled the great offices of state, have been younger brothers, who had originally little, if any fortune. These offices do not furnish the means of amassing wealth. There ought to be some power in the crown of granting pensions out of the reach of its own caprices. An intail of dependence is a bad reward of merit.

I would, therefore, leave to the crown the possibility of conferring some favours, which, whilst they are received as a reward, do not operate as corruption. When men receive obligations from the crown through the pious hands of fathers, or of connexions as venerable as the paternal, the dependencies which arise thence are the obligations of gratitude and not the fetters of servility. Such ties originate in virtue, and they promote it. They continue men in those habits of friendship, those political connexions, and those political principles in which they began life. They are antidotes against a corrupt levity instead of causes of it. What an unseemly spectacle would it afford, what a disgrace would it be to the commonwealth that suffered such things, to see the hopeful son of a meritorious minister begging his bread at the door of that treasury, whence his father dispensed the economy of an empire, and promoted the happiness and glory of his country? Why should he be obliged to prostrate his honour, and to submit his principles at the levee of some proud favourite, shouldered and thrust aside by every impudent pretender, on the very spot where a few days before he saw himself adored?—obliged to cringe to the authour

of the calamities of his house, and to kiss the hands that are red with his father's blood? No, sir, these things are unfit—They are intolerable. *Burke,*

### LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

BY WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

Tell me not of joy! there's none,  
Now my little sparrow's gone:

He, just as you,  
Would sigh and woo,  
He would chirp and flatter me;  
He would hang the wing awhile,  
Till at length he saw me smile,  
Lord! how sullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb, and then  
Sporting let it go again;  
He from my lip  
Would moisture sip,  
He would from my trencher feed;  
Then would hop, and then would run,  
And cry Phillip when he'd done;  
Oh! whose heart can choose but bleed?

Oh! how eager would he fight,  
And ne'er hurt though he did bite.  
No morn did pass,  
But on my glass  
He would sit, and mark, and do  
What I did; now ruffle all  
His feathers o'er, now let them fall,  
And then straightway sleek them too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts  
Feather'd now, to pierce our hearts?  
A wound he may,  
Not love, convey,  
Now this faithful bird is gone.  
Oh! let mournful turtles join—  
With loving redbreasts, and combine  
To sing dirges o'er his stone.

The service of the publick is a thing which cannot be put to auction, and struck down to those who will agree to execute it the cheapest. When the proportion between reward and service is our object, we must always consider of what nature the service is, and what sort of men they are that must perform it. What is just payment for one kind of labour and full encouragement for one kind of talents, is fraud and discouragement to others.

I will even go so far as to affirm, that if men were willing to serve in such situations without salary, they ought not to be permitted to do it. Ordinary service must be secured by

the motives to ordinary integrity. I do not hesitate to say, that, that state which lays its foundation in rare and heroick virtues, will be sure to have its superstructure in the basest profligacy and corruption.—*Burke.*

## SONNET

To a friend who thinks sensibility a misfortune.

Ah, thankless! canst thou envy him who gains  
The Stoick's cold and indurate repose?  
Thou! with thy lively sense of bliss and woes!  
From a false balance of life's joys and pains  
Thou deem'st him happy. Plac'd 'mid fair domains,  
Where full the river down the valley flows,  
As wisely might'st thou wish thy home had rose  
On the parch'd surface of unwater'd plains,  
For that, when long the heavy rain descends,  
Bursts over guardian banks their whelming tide!  
Seldom the wild and wasteful flood extends,  
But, spreading plenty, verdure, beauty wide,  
The cool translucent stream perpetual bends,  
And laughs the vale as the bright waters glide.

—  
We meet with some travellers, who, without being connoisseurs, are of opinion that old ruined houses derive little value from having been anciently famous, and who prefer a good modern inn to all the antiquities sacred or profane, that they may meet with in their grand tour. Without presuming to blame any set of men for their particular taste, I may venture to say, that a traveller who loves always to see a well peopled and well cultivated country, who insists on good eating every day and a neat comfortable bed every night, would judge very wisely in never travelling out of England.—He ought not certainly to travel between Rome and Naples, for on this road, the traveller's chief entertainment must arise from the ideas formed in the mind, at sight of places celebrated by favourite authours. Strangers, therefore, whose senses are far more powerful than their fancy, when they are so ill-advised as to come

so far from home, generally make this journey in very ill-humour, fretting at Italian beds, fuming against Italian cooks, and execrating every poor Italian flea that they put up with on the road. But he who can meet with indifferent fare cheerfully, whose serenity of temper remains unshaken by the assaults of a flea, and who can draw amusement from the stories of memory and imagination, will find the powers of both wonderfully excited during this journey. Sacred history unites with profane, truth conspires with fable, to afford him entertainment, and render every object interesting.—*Dr. Moore.*

## SONNET—BY ANNA SEWARD.

In this chill morning of a wintry spring  
I look into the gloom'd and rainy vale;  
The sudden clouds, the stormy winds assail,  
Low'r on the fields, and with impetuous wing  
Disturb the lake: but Love and Memory cling  
To their known scene, in this cold influence pale;  
Yet priz'd, as when it bloom'd in Summer's gale,  
Ting'd by his setting sun. When sorrows fling,  
Or slow Disease, thus, o'er some beauteous form  
Their shadowy languors, form, devoutly dear  
As thine to me, Honora, with more warm  
And anxious gaze the eyes of Love sincere  
Bend on the charms, dim in their tintless snow,  
Than when with health's vermilion hues they glow.

—  
He who thinks that the British constitution ought to consist of three members of very different natures, of which it does actually consist, and thinks it his duty to preserve each of those members in its proper place, and with its proper proportion of power, must (as each shall happen to be attacked) vindicate the three several parts on the several principles peculiarly belonging to them. He cannot assert the democratick part on the principles on which monarchy is supported; nor can he support monarchy on the principles of democracy; nor can he maintain aristocracy on the

grounds of the one or of the other, or of both. All these he must support on grounds that are totally different, though practically they may be, and happily with us, they are, brought into one harmonious body. A man could not be consistent in defending such various, and at first view, discordant parts of a mixed constitution, without that sort of inconsistency with which Mr. Burke stands charged.

As any one of the great members of this constitution happens to be endangered, he that is a friend to all of them, chooses and presses the topics necessary for the support of the part attacked, with all the strength, all the earnestness, the vehemence, with all the power of stating, of argument, and of colouring which he happens to possess, and which the case demands. He is not to embarrass the minds of his hearers, or to encumber, or overlay his speech, by bringing into view at once (as if he were reading an academick lecture) all that may and ought, when a just occasion presents itself, to be said in favour of the other members. At that time they are out of the court; there is no question concerning them. Whilst he opposes his defence on the part where the attack is made, he presumes, that for his regard to the just rights of all the rest, he has credit in every candid mind. He ought not to apprehend, that his raising fences about popular privileges this day, will infer, that he ought, on the next, to concur with those who would pull down the throne: because on the next he defends the throne, it ought not to be supposed that he has abandoned the rights of the people.

A man who, among various objects of his equal regard, is secure of some and full of anxiety for the fate of others, is apt to go to much greater lengths in his preference of the objects of his immediate solicitude than Mr. Burke has ever done. A man so circumstanced, often seems to undervalue, to vilify, almost to reprobate and disown, those that are out of danger. This is the voice of nature and truth, and not of inconsistency and false pretence. The danger of any

thing very dear to us, removes, for the moment, every other affection from the mind. When Priam had his whole thoughts employed on the body of his Hector, he repels with indignation, and drives from him with a thousand reproaches, his surviving sons, who, with an officious piety, crowded about him to offer their assistance. A good critic (there is no better than Mr. Fox) would say that this is a master-stroke, and marks a deep understanding of nature in the father of poetry. He would despise a Zoilus who would conclude from this passage that Homer meant to represent this man of affliction as hating, or being indifferent and cold in his affections to the poor relics of his house, or that he preferred a dead carcass to his living children.

—  
SONG—MUTUAL LOVE.

When on thy bosom I recline,  
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,  
To call thee mine for life;  
I glory in the sacred ties,  
Which modern wits and fools despise,  
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss:  
The tender look, the melting kiss,  
Ev'n years have not destroy'd;  
Some sweet sensation ever new  
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,  
That Love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish? 'Tis all for thee;  
Hast thou a wish? 'Tis all for me;  
So soft our moments move,  
That angels look with ardent gaze,  
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,  
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise (and cares will come)  
Thy bosom is my softest home,  
I lull me there to rest;  
And is there aught disturbs my fair?  
I bid her sigh out all her care,  
And lose it on my breast.

—  
FROM HAFIZ.

Though I have felt a lover's woes,  
Ask me not what they were;  
Though absence robs me of repose,  
Ask not to know my care.

No longer since than yesternight,  
The fair in murmurs sweet  
Blest me with accents of delight,  
Which bid me not repeat.

Why bite thy lip? Why hints suggest,  
As if I could betray?  
A ruby lip, 'tis true, I've prest;  
But whose—don't bid me say.

Absent from her, forlorn I moan,  
Affliction haunts my cot:  
But what I bear thus all alone,  
Ah! prithee, ask me not!

HAFIZ, a stranger late to wo,  
Now feels it in excess;  
Ask not his boundless love to know,  
'Tis what he can't express.

When the fair Rose amidst her flow'ry train,  
With virgin blushes greets the dewy morn;  
Say, will th' enamour'd Nightingale remain  
A lonely warbler on the desert thorn?

When the dark sullen Genii of the night,  
Behold the Moon slow rising o'er the wave,  
Those wayward spirits curse the beautiful  
light,  
And hide with envy in her gloomy cave.

Yet shall the traveller with enraptured eye,  
As late he treads his solitary way,  
O'erlook each radiant gem that decks the  
sky,  
Alone rejoicing in her brighter ray.

The sweetest rose that blushful hails the  
morn;

The moon's mild lustre rising o'er the main:  
The fairest maids Gergestan's blooms adorn,  
Or all Circassia's lovely virgin train.

These, these, O Selima, unnotic'd shine,  
Lost in the blaze of thy superiour charms;  
And whilst I may aspire to call thee mine,  
No saint more happy in a Houri's arms.

O, Angel of delight! of thee possest,  
Not Paradise should bribe me from my love;  
Ev'n the fond hope that animates my breast,  
Speaks the pure raptures of the blest above.

The two ballads which we now transcribe are like  
many precious relics, exceedingly old but exceed-  
ingly beautiful.

When trees did bud and fields were green  
And broom bloom'd fair to see,  
When Mary was complete fifteen  
And Love laugh'd in her e'e:  
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move  
To speak her mind thus free,  
Gang down the burn, Davie love,  
And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,  
That dwelt on this burn side;  
And Mary was the bonniest lass  
Just meet to be a bride.

Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy red and white,  
Her een were bonny blue,

Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
Her lips like dropping dew.  
Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,  
And nothing sure unmeet;  
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,  
They lik'd a walk so sweet.  
Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

His cheek to her's he fondly laid;  
She cried, sweet love, be true;  
And when a wife, as now a maid,  
To death I'll follow you.

As Fate had dealt to him a routh  
Straight to the kirk he led her,  
There plighted he his faith and truth,  
And a bonny bride he made her.

No more asham'd to own her love  
Or speak her mind thus free,  
Gang down the burn, Davie love,  
And I will follow thee.

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,  
And weat in the sheep wi' me,  
The sun shines sweet my Marion,  
But nae half sac sweet as thee.

O, Marion's a bonny lass,  
And the blythe blinks in her e'e  
And fain wad I marry Marion  
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's goud in your garters, Marion,  
And silk on your white hauss-bane;  
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion  
At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion;  
A cow and a brawney quey,  
I'll gie them a' to my Marion  
Just on her bredal day.

And ye's get a green sey apron  
And waistcoat of the London brow,  
And vow but ye will vap'ring  
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,  
Nane dances like me on the green,  
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
I'll e'en draw up we Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,  
And kirtle of the cramasee,  
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,  
I shall come west and see ye.

#### MERRIMENT.

Mr. Sheridan, in one of his replies  
in the house of commons, remarked  
on the Lord Advocate's speech, that  
it proved the strength of his memory,  
and the brilliancy of his wit—but ad-

ded, that he had that day used his faculties in rather a perverse way, for he had called in his memory to the aid of his wit, and employed his fancy in the production of his facts. In his jokes, added he, we admire the accuracy of his recollection, and when he states his facts, he astonishes us with the flights of his fancy.

The ladies of Paris are at least as much attached to thin clothing as those of London. Madame Recamier, having become very conspicuous for the thinness of her attire, one day, when she had a good deal of company, a packet was brought directed for her, and entitled, "*Dress for Madame R—.*" It was brought up, and thinking it was an elegant dress she had ordered from her milliner, the lady resolved to treat her friends with a sight of this new invention of her fancy. It was opened, and there appeared a *vine-leaf*.

A Miss Lambe, a young lady of large fortune, but unrecommended by any share of beauty, or grace of person, was married, when just out of her minority, to a young officer, who had nothing but his pay, but who united the elegance of an Adonis to the strength of a Hercules. A person expressing his surprize at the match, Mr. Deputy Birch said, "You may depend upon it that the *Lambe* would not have gone off so well, had it not been for the *Mint* sauce!"

Townshend, of Covent Garden Theatre, being once appointed to a part in a pantomime, in which he was to ascend in a cloud, while singing, exclaimed, "It may be a *flight* of the *poet's*, but curse me if it shall be a flight of *mine*!"

Mr. Garrow, examining a witness, asked him what his business was: he answered, "*A dealer in old iron.*"—"Then," said the counsel, "you must of course be a thief."—"I don't see," replied the witness, "why a dealer in *iron* must necessarily be a thief, more than a dealer in *brass*."

Lord Chatham, during the time that he was the first Lord of the Admiralty, was seldom visible to any of the gentlemen who attended on navy business until noon. Whether it was from this circumstance or not, that he was usually denominated the *late* Lord Chatham, the reader must determine.

For The Port Folio.

## MORTUARY.

Died, on Sunday the 22d inst, in the nineteenth year of her age, Miss ANN ABERCROMBIE, daughter of the Rev. James Abercrombie, D. D. one of the assistant ministers of Christ-Church and St. Peter's.

This young lady possessed every virtue which could give lustre to the female character. Her native affability, suavity of manners, and gentleness of disposition commanded universal respect and esteem,—her affectionate sensibility endeared her to her friends and relatives,—while her unfeigned and exemplary piety recommended her to God, and enabled her to receive the sudden summons of Death to give an account of her stewardship, with holy confidence and christian resignation.

— "What, though short thy date!  
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.  
That life is long which answers life's great end."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

### TO SLEEP.

Sweet sleep! I woo thee to my care—word  
bed,  
To ease a mind press'd low by deep despair:  
Thy pinions o'er my tear-dew'd pillows spread,  
And give to mute oblivion all my care.  
Oh come, Lethean god! thou son of night!  
Lo! round me slumber partners of the bowl;  
Reduc'd by riot loud and mad delight,  
And I weigh'd down by agony of soul  
Time was, when I with joyous smile serene,  
When Welcome met me with her cordial hands,  
When Friendship warm did hail me in the scene,  
And youthful Love wear'd soft his silken bands:

When Leyrid grac'd with gladsome steps  
the grove,  
And heard my words steal on her willing  
ear:

When she approv'd my tender tale of love,  
And with kind promises my soul would  
cheer:

That I with hope elate and joyful mind,  
Did view fair Nature's flowers on ev'ry  
plain;

And in each little shrub I seem'd to find  
Some emblem that my labours were not  
vain.

But now, how chang'd the scene! those air-  
built schemes

Which iries, fondly interweaving, taught:  
Alas! are fled; and with them all those  
dreams

Which Fancy, with delusive whispers,  
wrought.

Now at the evening's close, and morning's  
dawn

To meet the maid so dearly lov'd I rove;  
But now no more her footsteps print the lawn,  
Endear'd by mute memorials of our love.

In other climes she sadly wastes the day;  
And other friends she muses oft in tears,  
On one who far from her invokes the lay  
To bid bright Hope and Promise hush his  
fears.

SEDLEY.

—  
*For The Port Folio*

TO BEGINNING LOVE.

Come, blooming boy! my inmost heart ex-  
plore,  
Thy power I own, thy influence scorn no  
more.

I saw full many a maid  
In charms divine array'd;  
I saw, nor felt the flame,  
Till fair Eliza came;

The flame I dread, yet dare to cherish,  
In which all other cares must perish.

Since you have plac'd, in her soul-melting  
eye,

Charms that can fill me with such ecstasy,  
O! that thou wouldst inspire  
Me with one spark of fire,  
That so, I may impart  
The feelings of my heart:

And, thou assisting! if her soul I move,  
I'll swear thou art indeed the God of Love.

Sweet boy! to thee my manhood I resign,  
My life, my cares, my soul, are wholly thine;

Him pity then, and save  
Who dar'd thy pow'r to brave:

Make but my love relent,  
To thee I'm penitent.

Thy influence no more will I despise,  
And bless thee, boy! by sweet experience

SELIM.

The following elegy commemorates the heavy loss experienced by the whole province of Upper Canada in the foundering of a vessel with twenty-seven passengers on board, in the night between the 8th and 9th of October, 1804. Among the passengers, besides many other people of respectability, were Mr. Cochrane, Judge of the King's Bench, and Mr. Gray, Solicitor General.

O, what avails Distinction's splendid crown  
Blest years in view, with smiling prospects  
fair,

Since swept away by Fate's terrific frown,  
We know them only now as things that were.

Grief's arrows dipt in rankling poison show,  
Our trembling hearts that man must often  
mourn,

In haste abroad with golden hopes we go,  
But cruel death arrests our wish'd return.

Yet sweet's the memory of departed worth,  
That dims our eyes and melts our swelling  
hearts,

Calls all the force of dear affection forth,  
And grateful sorrow to the soul imparts.

With eager steps the luckless ship they  
throng,

Unhappy Gray,\* reluctant, looks behind,  
As York withdraws, the sailor's pensive song  
With tremor shakes determined Cochrane's  
mind.

New Castle bleak appears in open view,  
The destined port—they hail the wished for  
land,

They gladly bid the surly lake adieu,  
And jump, in fond idea, on the strand.

Alas! the reddening sun's departing beams  
Sheds, in the fading woods a checkered  
light;

The hollow blasts a rising storm proclaim,  
And thickening clouds obscure the face of  
night.

The rising tempest backs the shaking sails,  
About the ship, the watchful boatswain  
cries

The feeble bark, by ancient service frail,  
Before the storm, with dreadful crashing  
flies.

The raging billows dash her op'ning sides,  
Cold fear appeals the lately jovial train,  
His secret grief the friendly captain hides,  
And keenly tries the nautick art in vain.

O cruel lake! must thy insatiate jaws,  
Demand with rigorous haste an annual prey,  
Asunder burst kind Nature's dearest laws,  
And blast the finest gems we can di-  
play.

The weeping mother mourns her darling  
son,

The brightest hope of all her lovely race,  
Scarce had the youth his virtuous course be-  
gun,

\* Mr. Gray wished to go by land, but, at last, out of compliance to Mr. Cochrane who had just come in from the States, and was fatigued travelling by land, he consented to go in the ship.

† A vessel had been lost with all the crew in October of the preceding year.

When barb'rous Death obtrudes his loathed  
embrace.

The smiling housewife tells her children  
dear,

As for their loving sire they fondly cry,  
Be good, my loves, papa will soon be here,  
Just as he heaves with life's departing sigh.

Perhaps, she trembles at the dreadful storm,  
And dark forebodings feels yet knows not  
why,  
Her laughing babe she clasps of beauteous  
form,  
While rolling drops are glistening in her  
eye.

These terrors gone and lock'd in gentle  
sleep,  
Her husband meets her with the smiles of  
love;

She fondly says, his dangers made her  
weep,  
But present joys her hasty fears remove.

Dream on, thou fair! in sweet delusion blest,  
Too soon the mournful tale shall meet thine  
ear,  
Why dissipate the pleasure-giving mist,  
Or draw with baneful haste, the burning  
tear.

But private griefs are lost in publick wo,  
Thy fate, O lib'ral Gray ten thousands weep,  
A country's tears bewail mild Cochrane low,  
And curse the ravage of the cruel deep.

Struck as their worth in full meridian shone,  
Their baleful lot a weeping tomb denies,  
Where Friendship's hallowed voice might  
oft bemoan,  
The ruthless bursting of its fondest ties.

Ah! little thought their aged, anxious  
sires,  
Who saw with joy, their ripening powers  
expand,  
That bitter Fate would crush their living  
fires,  
When strewing blessings o'er a favoured  
land.

Cold are the hands that loosed the captive's  
chain,  
And still the heart that cherished honour  
bright;  
Locked is the tongue that soothed the ear of  
pain,  
And pale th' illumined face that spread de-  
light.

\* Mr. Gray had given liberty to several blacks and  
provided for their future comfort and support.

But hark a voice from Sinai's top proclaims  
The hallowed friends of virtue never die;  
Washed pure and clothed in bright Sera-  
pick flames,

They join their kindred spirits in the sky.  
Life's never short, but lasting pleasure knows  
When holy deeds its different portions date,  
Th' attending angel budding palms bestows,  
For virtuous triumphs in this mortal state.

No more in tears your happy friends lament,  
Go rather seek, with care, the way they  
trod,  
Combin'd with all the graces mild content,  
That leads the pious Christian straight to  
God.

N. N.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

To my Sweetheart on her birthday.

Paphia calls the Graces fair  
To deck with flow'rs her auburn hair,  
As far abroad to day she goes,  
To see what vot'ries Jove bestows,  
In the wild Canadian woods,  
Interspers'd with chrystal floods;  
The Queen in splendid beauty shone,  
Girded with her brilliant zone,  
And swiftly cuts the liquid sky,  
Till Laura's form attracts her eye;  
Admiring much in great delight,  
To view her heart she wings her flight,  
But started backward from the door  
On finding Pallas there before;  
The ladies both in wonder gaz'd,  
At such a meeting much amaz'd,  
Till at last the blue-ey'd maid,  
To the Cyprian goddess said,  
Jove himself forever kind,  
To Laura grants a feeling mind,  
A form with ev'ry beauty grac'd,  
A soul improv'd above the rest;  
This morning of her natal day,  
To her some presents I convey,  
But find on the most careful view,  
That Jove has left me nought to do,  
And that the maid can never want,  
The precious gifts that I can grant;  
For gifts are useless, yours or mine,  
To one so perfectly divine.  
Then Venus with a smile replied,  
And why does Pallas thus decide?  
I grant from me no gift she needs,  
Such merit ev'ry hope exceeds;  
But may we not her bliss improve,  
By pointing out the joys of love,  
And make her tender heart rejoice,  
Since we have power to bless her choice

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 11, 1807.

[No. 15.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

**THE** Life of Dr. Beattie, says Mr. Carpenter, printed by Messrs. Brisban and Brannan, is a valuable acquisition to the adopted literature of this country, and an elegant specimen of our increasing excellence and spirit in printing. Messrs. B. and B. could not have fixed upon a work more likely to repay them for their adventure, since it contains not merely a life of that inestimable man, Dr. Beattie, the admiration and delight of all who know him or read his writings, but a multitude of his letters to his familiar friends, which besides containing interesting anecdotes of several personages of celebrity, are replete with wisdom, piety and that true simple philosophy which dignifies the possessor. The following character of Dr. Johnson's favourite friend Mr. Langton, given in a note, will interest those of our readers who delight in contemplating the characters of good men :

"Bennet Langton, Esq. of Langton, in the county of Lincoln, LL. D. a gentleman no less eminent for his virtues than for his ardent love of literature. Inheriting a paternal fortune that rendered him independent of any profession, he devoted himself to the study of letters, which he cultivated with uncommon assi-

duity, first at the grammar schools of Kensington, Reading and Beverly, afterwards at Trinity college, Oxford. His favourite study was Greek, in which he became very learned; he was an excellent Latin scholar, and had even acquired a knowledge of the Hebrew. He had a thorough acquaintance with the French language, and read also the Italian, Spanish and Portuguese.

But his successful and extraordinary acquirements in literature, were by no means the most remarkable part of Mr. Langton's character. His exemplary piety, his singular humility, and his unwearied endeavours in the exercise of the great duties of charity and benevolence, were his brightest ornaments. It was the emphatick testimony of Dr. Johnson in his favour, "I know not who will go to Heaven if Langton does not: sir, I could almost say, "*Sit anima mea cum Langtono*;"\* and when Mr. Boswell, to whom the Dr. made the remark, mentioned a very eminent friend of theirs as a virtuous man, Johnson's reply was,— "Yes sir, but he has not the evangelical virtue of Langton." On another occasion, he said to Mr. Boswell, with a vehemence of affectionate regard, "The earth does not bear a worthier man than Bennet Langton."†

\* Boswell's Life of Johnson, 3d ed. Vol. 4, p. 923. † Ibid, Vol. 3, p. 178.

His acquaintance with Dr. Johnson commenced in a manner somewhat singular. When Mr. Langton was no more than sixteen years of age, and before he went to the university, having read, with a high degree of admiration, Dr. Johnson's celebrated *Rambler*, which was first published about that period, he travelled to London, chiefly with a view of becoming acquainted with its authour. In this he succeeded and Johnson being struck with his great piety, love of learning, and suavity of manners, conceived a warm affection for him; while he, on the other hand, was charmed with Dr. Johnson, whose ideas and sentiments he found congenial with those he had early imbibed at home. From that period, notwithstanding a considerable disparity of years, a most intimate friendship took place between them, which lasted, without the slightest interruption, as long as Johnson lived. When the death of his inestimable friend drew near, Mr. Langton attended him constantly and soothed some of his last hours with the most pleasing and affectionate assiduities. Once when Mr. Langton was sitting by his bedside, Dr. Johnson is said to have seized his hand and to have exclaimed with great emphasis—" *Te teneam moriens, deficiente manu.*"

Nor did this amiable person, with all his attachment to literature, shut himself up in his library, or pass his time in literary indolence. Having engaged in that constitutional defence of his country, the militia, he laid aside his classical studies for a time, and resolved to make himself thoroughly master of military tactics. In this pursuit he employed himself with such assiduity, that in no long period he became an excellent officer. He acquired the esteem and admiration of his brother officers not only by his worth and learning, but by his elegant manners, and an inexhaustible fund of entertaining conversation; while he procured the love of his soldiers by his mildness and humanity, which were so great that he never was, in a single instance, betrayed into passion, nor ever heard to utter an oath!

So high stood his reputation for integrity and knowledge, that many years after he left Beverly, where he had received a part of his education, a considerable number of the most respectable voters of that borough came to him and invited him to offer himself a candidate at the ensuing election, promising him their support; to which they were induced without any personal acquaintance, merely from the high opinion they entertained of his character. An offer, however, which, from motives of conscience, he thought proper to decline.

#### *A general character of the Roman language.*

We have seen the Roman language carried to its highest pitch, and equally fitted for all subjects: like the people who spoke it, strong, manly, bold and majestick. It differs from the Greek, in being less harmonious and copious; but it is more concise, and sometimes more forcible. It is, indeed, less suited for poetry, as wanting both the various cadence of the dialects, and the expressive force of the compound epithets, and which are so peculiarly beautiful, especially in Homer, as to exhibit, in a single word, more than the fullest description.

On the other hand, in prose, the Latin, as it admits more of transposition, or what is called by some, the order of imagination, its style though more difficult than the Greek, becomes more diversified; hence, perhaps, it pleases the mind more by giving play to its activity, at the same time that it fills the ear with a sufficient variety of agreeable and harmonious sounds.

After all, the Greek, from its superiour melody, dignity, and sweetness; its precision, copiousness, variety of musical dialects, and, above all, from the invention, grace and singular beauty of its authours, still ranks above the Latin, and far above all other languages whatever.

*Lives and characters of eminent Roman writers.*

## TERENCE

Was born at Carthage in Africa. He was slave to Terentius Lucanus the senator, who gave him his liberty for his wit, his good mien and great abilities. Upon obtaining his freedom, he applied himself to the writing of comedies, and rejecting the old stage, formed himself upon the new one of Menander.

He was cotemporary with Lucilius the satirist, and Polybius the historian, and, along with them, enjoyed the patronage of Scipio and Lælius, who were then the most learned and most eloquent men in Rome. His comedies, no doubt, owe much of their polish and elegance to the correction and advice of two such eminent critics.

Terence died about the 15th year before the Christian era. The humour of his plays will last for ages. It is natural, and, like Addison's or Shakspeare's, exhibits what mankind are in every age in similar situations. The language is of the purest kind, delicate, easy and unaffected.

## TIBULLUS,

A Roman knight, born at Rome, 43 years B. C. He was the intimate friend of Horace, as we learn from one of his epistles, and Ovid composed a very fine elegy on his death.

His four books of Elegies were complete in their kind. Muret and Scaliger have both written learned commentaries upon them.

He appears to have been a man of polite manners, fond of the country, and endued with that kind of sensibility that disposes to love.

Hammond has imitated him in his Elegies with remarkable exactness, and with so much nature and ease, that he may be reckoned an original in our language. There is a more literal version of him by Grainger, but much inferior in spirit to Hammond.

The best edition of his works is that of Broukhousius, published at Amsterdam in 1708.

## VIRGIL,

Justly styled the prince of Latin Epick poetry, was the son of a potter, and born near Mantua, 70 years before Christ. He studied first at Mantua, then at Cremona, Milan, and Naples. Going to Rome, he acquired the esteem of the greatest wits and most illustrious persons of his time; among others, the Emperour Augustus, Mæcenas, and Pollio. He was eminent for great talents, not only in polite literature, and poetry, but also in philosophy, geometry, geography, medicine and natural history.

Though one of the greatest geniuses of the age, and the admiration of the Romans, he always preserved a singular modesty, and lived with moderation and virtue at a time when the manners of the age were very corrupt.

He first turned himself to pastoral; and, being charmed with the beauty and sweetness of Theocritus, was ambitious of introducing this new species of poetry among the Romans. His first performance in this way, called *Alexis* was supposed written A. R. 709, in the 25th year of his age. He wrote the other *Eclogues* at different intervals, most of them being occasioned by the events of his life.

His *Pollio*, (a most finished piece,) seems to be rather a prophecy than a pastoral, and is so much in the spirit of Isaiah's prophecies, applied to Jesus Christ, that we must suppose that either he has seen that prophet's works, or else borrowed his ideas, which are truly divine and extraordinary, from the prophecies of the Cummæan Sybil, in regard to a divine person who was to appear and reform the world; all which he applies, no doubt, out of compliment, to young Pollio.

His *Gallus* is another complimentary *Eclogue* to his friend of that name, and is as pathetick a piece as ever was composed; the ideas are wholly pastoral, and the passion of love is described in a manner that must strongly affect every person that has ever felt it.

In his 34th year, our authour retired to Naples, and began his *Georgicks*.

which he undertook at the desire of Mæcenas, to whom he dedicates them; not to rival Hesiod, as he had lately done Theocritus, but to promote agriculture, and benefit his country. To this memorable poem, and glorious performance, he is said to have given seven years, to his Pastorals three.

It appears, indeed, from his own expressions, that he wished to be considered as the first who introduced both pastoral, georgick, and epick poetry from the Grecian to the Latian plains; and it is but justice to say that he did so, and was a complete master in all, and remained unrivalled in each.

In finishing his *Æneid* he spent eleven years. He died at Brundisium, of an asthma, in the 53d year of his age.

He was of a swarthy complexion, tall, of a sickly constitution, affected with frequent headaches, and spitting of blood. He was so very bashful that he frequently ran into the shops to prevent his being gazed at by the people. It is likewise said that he was slovenly in his dress, awkward and careless of his person, and that Horace alludes to him in these lines:

"Iracundior est paulo, minus aptus acutis  
 "Naribus horum hominum; rideri possit, eo  
 quod  
 "Rusticus tonso toga defluit, et male laxus  
 "In pede calcæus hæret. At est bonus, ut  
 melior vir  
 "Non alius quisquam; at tibi amicus, at ingenium ingens  
 "Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."

He was so benevolent and inoffensive, that most of his cotemporary poets, though they envied each other, yet loved and esteemed him. In philosophy, he seems first to have inclined to the system of Epicurus, after the example of Lucretius, but afterwards to have relinquished it for the more comfortable and religious doctrines of Plato.

#### HORACE,

The most excellent of the Latin poets of the lyric or satyrical kind, and the most judicious critic in the Augustan period, was the grandson of a freed-man, and born at Venusium 64 years B. C. He had the best masters of Rome, after which, as he himself tells

us, he completed his education at Athens. Having taken up arms, he embraced the party of Brutus and Cassius, (as did his friend Virgil), against Augustus. Horace left his shield at the battle of Philippi, and Virgil narrowly escaped on horse-back. But both were pardoned and admitted to the emperor's favour, soon after, by the interest of Mæcenas.

Horace now gave himself up entirely to the study of polite literature and poetry. Besides Augustus and Mæcenas, he was honoured with the friendship of Agrippa, Pollio, Varus, Lollius, the two Pisos, with all the wits and great men of the age, as his Odes and Epistles testify. He died at the age of 57.

He was of short stature inclined to fatness, black-haired, tender-eyed, and somewhat passionate, but easily reconciled and pacified. These are all circumstances told by himself. He left Augustus his heir and was buried in the pure air of the Esquiline hill, near the tomb of Mæcenas.

#### JUVENAL

Was born about the beginning of the emperor Claudian's reign, at Aquinum, in Campania. According to the fashion of the times, being bred to eloquence, he studied first under Fronto the orator, and afterwards under Quintilian; after which he practised at the bar, and made a distinguished figure for many years. By his practice, he improved his fortune before he turned his thoughts to poetry, the very style of which, in his Satires, speaks a long habit of declamation.

It is said he was about 40 years of age before he recited his first Essay to a small audience of his friends, but meeting with great applause, he was encouraged to go on.

He lashed the vices of the times, which were then great and many, with much severity of satire and excellent eloquence. Domitian sent him into banishment for using too great liberties with him, but returning to Rome after his death, he re-

swived to forbear invective against the living and confine himself to the dead. There are still extant sixteen of his Satires, all finished pieces, descriptive, in a high degree, of the times, and full of excellent morality and the true spirit of poetry; but some of them only, are sufficiently proper to be put into the hands of youth.

## TRANSLATIONS FROM THE IRISH.

BY PATRICK LINDEN.

Oh, fairer than the mountain snow,  
O'er which the polar breezes blow,  
Which living footstep never prest,  
Oh fairer, purer is thy breast!

Beneath thy cheek, O lovely maid,  
Some rose by stealth its leaf convey'd;  
To shed its bright and beauteous dye,  
And still the varying bloom supply.

The tresses of thy silken hair  
As curling mists are soft and fair,  
Bright waving o'er thy graceful neck,  
Its pure and tender snow to deck.

Sweet is the melting magick hung  
In liquid notes upon thy tongue,  
Whose tones might Death himself control,  
And call back the expiring soul.

TO MABLE KELLY—BY CAROLAN.

As when the softly blushing rose  
Close by some neighbouring lily blows,  
Such is the glow thy cheeks diffuse,  
And such their bright and blended hues.

The timid lustre of thine eye  
With Nature's purest tints can vie,  
With the sweet harebell's azure gem,  
That droops upon its slender stem.

As when the simple birds at night  
Fly round the taper's fatal light,  
Wild and with ecstasy elate,  
Unconscious of approaching fate:

So the soft splendours of thy face,  
So thy fair form's bewitching grace,  
Albure to death unwary Love;  
And thousands the bright ruin prove.

Er'n he whose hapless eyes\* no ray  
Admit from Beauty's cheering day;  
He, though he cannot see the light,  
Yet feels it warm, and knows it bright.

## MILUACHRA, THE ENCHANTRESS.

BY OISIN.

On her soft cheek of tender bloom  
The rose its tint bestow'd;  
And in her richer lip's perfume,  
The ripening berry glow'd.

Her neck was as the blossom fair,  
Or like the cygnet's breast,  
With that majestic, graceful air,  
In snow and softness drest.

Gold gave its rich and radiant dye,  
And in her tresses gleam'd;  
And like a freezing star, her eye  
With Heaven's own splendour beam'd.

## THE INCONSTANT.

By Edmund Ryan, called Edmund of the Hill.

Bright her locks of beauty grew,  
Curling fair and sweetly flowing,  
And her eyes of smiling blue,  
Oh how soft! how heav'nly glowing!

Ah! poor heart oppress'd with pain,  
When wilt thou have end of mourning!  
This long, long year I look in vain  
To see my only hope returning.

Oh! would thy promise faithful prove,  
And to my fond, fond bosom give thee.  
Lightly then my steps would move,  
Joyful should my arms receive thee.

Then once more, at early morn,  
Hand-in-hand should we be straying,  
Where the dew-drop decks the thorn  
With its pearls the woods arraying.

Cold and scornful as thou art,  
Love's fond vows and faith belying,  
Shame for thee now rends my heart,  
My pale cheek with blushes dying!

Why art thou false to me and Love?—  
While health and joy with thee are  
vanish'd—  
Is it because forlorn I rove,  
Without a crime unjustly banish'd?

'Tis thy Edmund calls thee, Love,  
Come, O come and heal his anguish;  
Driven from his home, behold him rove  
Condemn'd in exile here to languish.

O thou dear cause of all my pains,  
With thy charms each heart subduing,  
Come, on Munster's lovely plains  
Hear again fond passion suing.

Musick, mirth and sports are here,  
Cheerful friends the hours beguiling;  
Oh! wouldst thou, my Love, appear,  
To joy my bosom reconciling—

\* This celebrated Irish bard lost his sight in early infancy.

Sweet would seem the holly's shade  
Bright the clust'ring berries glowing;  
And in scented bloom array'd  
Apple-blossoms round us blowing;

Cresses waving in the stream,  
Flowers its gentle banks perfuming;  
Sweet the verdant paths would seem,  
All in rich luxuriance blooming.

Every scene with thee would please,  
Every care and fear would fly me;  
Wintry storms, and raging seas  
Would lose their gloom if thou wert nigh me.

O might I call thee now my own,  
No added rapture joy could borrow;  
'T would be like Heaven, when life is flown,  
To cheer the soul and heal its sorrow.

See thy falsehood, cruel maid!  
See my cheek no longer glowing;  
Strength departed, health decay'd,  
Life in tears of sorrow flowing!

Why do I thus my anguish tell?  
Why pride in woe, and boast of ruin?  
O lost treasure, fare thee well!  
Loved to madness, to undoing.

How the swan adorns that neck,  
There her down and whiteness growing!  
How its snow those tresses deck,  
Bright in fair luxuriance flowing!

Mine, of right, are all those charms!  
Cease with coldness then to grieve me;  
Take, O take me to thy arms,  
Or those of Death will soon receive me.

From *The Emerald*.

### THE WANDERER.

MOBS—"Odi profanum vulgus."

Moralists have taken such liberties with Scripture; they have in consequence so often had occasion to pray, "forgive the sins of our holy things;" that leaving books sacred to men of the cloth, The Wanderer takes a text from profane writ.

In some verse of I know not what chapter of Flaccus Horatius, may be found words, which will serve his turn quite as well as any line in the bible, and the "*Odi profanum vulgus*" enjoys this eminent advantage, that should he by any possibility be disposed to trifle, the injunction, "with reverence be it spoken," will not be imposed as a check.

When I see men on a publick day crowd round the spot of conflicting

pugilists; vociferate ejaculations to give new sinews to the combatants; smile as the face grows livid, and grin as the blood runs, my fists involuntarily clench indignant; I could fight the whole. "*Odi profanum vulgus*;" I then hate the mob.

When I observe the very men who are thus turbulently joyful on these occasions, effect to admire the sensibility of Sterne's black wench, "flapping away flies—not killing them," and pretend a love for dogs, cats, kittens, I think their affections altogether *beastly*.

"I fly from petty tyrants to the throne."

"*Odi profanum vulgus*;" I loathe the mob.

When I mark the popular preference of *German* lead to *British* gold: when I see men flock to the theatre at the introduction of Schiller and Kotzebue, but leave the seats empty at the entrance of Shakspeare, as were those of the Roman Senate at the entrance of Cataline, as if the company of either were equally disgraceful; my blood boils; I could rend the dome with imprecations. I quit the house in disgust, and exclaim as I pass through the door, "*Odi profanum vulgus*;" I hate the mob.

When too I visit the theatre at the exhibition of the dramas of this great bard, and view the listless apathy of most of the audience, till some low buffoonery wakes them to ecstasy; I feel ashamed of my place: I shrink into nothingness. The still, small voice of some invisible prompter whispers in my ear, "*Odi profanum vulgus*;" I hate the mob.

Taste, thou "art fled" indeed "to brutish beasts,"

"And men have lost" discernment!

When I see a Council of Five Hundred, whether in French or translated, solemnly convene to debate, produce systems, and legislate; five hundred lawgivers! I turn suddenly indignant, am pedant enough to cry out, "*Odi profanum vulgus*;" and, for the benefit of country members, *I hate the mob*.

Whenever I am unluckily caught in the company of ladies, or happen

to be present at a tea party, where the talk is about gowns and cloaks, and becoming dresses, the beauty of a particular belle, handsome men, slander and plays, who is married and who courting, the babble confounds me. I groan out, "*Odi profanum vulgus*," and the company mistake it for a compliment. It is then more than ever that *I hate the mob*.

There is a vulgar eccentricity that is equally disgusting with the most slavish obsequiousness. Independence may be as servile as imitation. The man that labours in every action and movement of his life to distinguish himself from the common herd, is even more a slave to leave, than others are to follow the mob. In matters of indifference it is wisdom to regard fashion, and folly to oppose it. "Follow not the multitude to do evil" is the only exaction; "*profanum vulgus*" the sole object of odium. It is to do evil, not to follow the multitude to do good. It is indeed not to be among the *profane vulgar*, but it is to be the *profanely distinguished*. A man may be upright without bending backward.

There is another sort of profanity, which may be called vulgar, because common. It is that men in general are so apt to confound relative duties. Their system of principle seems to be in chaos, and the light of justice not yet to have emerged. They forget this virtue. Whatever they take from creditors, if they expend in the education of their children, they think their peace made with their conscience and heaven. But let them remember, there is no virtue without justice.

Brutus sacrificed sons, soul and body, to justice. Are we degenerate? forbid it heaven! Not a child in the country but would rather take a stone for bread, than not have his father wear the crown of glory, integrity. The deviation is indeed amiable; but it is still a deviation. "The angel as he penned it down," might drop "a blot upon" the record; but he could not blot it out.

In one of my late wanderings I strolled near the scene of a public

execution. My eye was fixed on the scaffold. That many headed monster the people, surrounded it. The convict was separated only by a plank from the deep unknown. At that moment an apple or an egg was thrown and passed near his blindfold face. The laugh of inanity was heard hideous. Is this the nation? Nations then have no souls. It was the laugh of hell. The grin horrible struck home and sunk me in dejection. "*Profanum vulgus!*" I detest the mob.

Would to heaven civilization would utterly exterminate publick executions! They tend to convert men into fierce barbarians. They destroy sympathy and deaden feeling. Instead of preventing crimes by the force of terriffick example, they increase them by the entire destruction of those social virtues, which are essential to the existence of social purity.

For The Port Folio.

#### WANT OF PATRONAGE

*The principal Cause of the Slow Progress*  
OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,  
AN ORATION;

Delivered before the society of PHI BETA KAPPA, upon the anniversary of that institution,

BY SAMUEL F. JARVIS.

*Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones*  
MART.

Upon the anniversary of a society, the professed object of which is the encouragement of Literature, it will not, I trust, be deemed either impertinent or uninteresting to inquire, *What are the causes to which the slow progress of it in the United States may be attributed.* In undertaking a detail of this nature, nothing more can be expected from the short space of time allowed for preparation, than the mention of those causes only, which, at the first glance, strike the eye of the beholder, while, perhaps the secret springs which give motion and energy to the whole, may still remain unexplored. Should this imperfect attempt however, lead others to pursue the

subject still further, and should the detection of the causes which impede the progress of Learning, prove a mean of hastening the removal of them, the labour of writing will not have been bestowed in vain.

The motives which prompt the mind to the pursuit of knowledge, may naturally be reduced under the two following heads: The acquisition of Fame and emolument, and the promotion of Happiness. So nearly, it is true, are these two causes connected, that it may be questioned whether any man ever pursued science as a mean of procuring honour and emolument, without at the same time loving it. To a mind in which good sense, and a correct taste are happily blended with the noble and generous ambition of attaining to whatever is excellent in man, nothing can be more lovely. And as the mental Sun rises above the horizon the more charming and the more extensive does the prospect appear. But the reverse of the proposition does not hold true. Many are the instances of men who in the pursuit of science have braved all the difficulties which penury and the cold indifference of mankind could possibly throw in their way. It was necessary therefore to consider the acquisition of fame and emolument, and the promotion of happiness, as two distinct causes which are frequently united, but as frequently operate alone. Unless then we embrace the absurd idea, that the mind can never act without an adequate motive, we must allow that the increase of literature will be commensurate with the extent of this operation. To how great a degree, therefore, fame and emolument may be said to exist in the United States, as incentives to the pursuit of learning, is the inquiry which first demands our attention.

Reputation, it is said, is power, and consequently to despise is to weaken. In this country, the fate of learned men has too much evinced the truth of it. The ultimate causes to which this want of reputation may be attributed, appear to be these two: Want of discipline in our schools,

and the almost universal pursuit of wealth by our citizens.

"In colleges and halls," says Cowper, "in ancient days,

"There dwelt a sage called Discipline.

Learning grew  
Beneath his care, a thriving, vigorous plant;  
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,  
Declined, at length, into the vale of years:  
So Colleges and Halls neglected much  
Their good old friend; and Discipline at  
length,  
O'erlooked and unemployed, fell sick and  
died.

But in America, poor Discipline has met a harder lot. Instead of being honoured and supported, during even his better days, he has here been suffered, a needy mendicant, to beg from door to door, and to think himself fortunate indeed if he could find shelter and provision for a single day. The curbs "for the mulish mouth of headstrong youth," so far from being broken, have never been employed; "bars and bolts" have never been invented; and the "massy gates" have opened without requiring the effort even of a single touch.

How melancholy, yet how true is the assertion! Look at the greater part of our schools; and if any doubts exist upon your minds, there find them removed. See the idle sports, the vicious pleasures, the general dissolution of morals which there prevail. It is idle to think that without the strictest discipline, these disorders can be remedied. The active mind of youth must ever be employed, and if care be not taken to give it a proper bias, it will seek one for itself, and that most usually proves a bad one. However, therefore, the hatred of restraint may prevail upon the minds of men, the principle ought not to be extended to the education of youth. Rigour, the severest rigour is alone capable of bending the stubborn human heart, that "world of iniquity," to the practice of virtue; and habit, assisted by the divine cooperation, can alone restrain it there.

Corruption then is the natural consequence of want of discipline; let us now consider the causes and effects of the general pursuit of wealth.

The theory of a perfect equality among men in a republick, has, I doubt not, long since been banished from the society of the wise and good, as a monster of the brain, which, till the nature of man is radically changed, can never be expected to exist. But there is another opinion, equally erroneous, which, it is to be feared, more generally prevails, and is more difficult to be removed.—If you ask what causes the preeminence of men in a republick, you will be told (and frequently by men of sense) that it is the preeminence of their virtues. What a pity is it that so pleasing a theory can never be reduced to practice! The soundest politicians have ever agreed that the great defect of popular governments is the want of *energy*. It is easy to *make* laws, but it requires a strong hand to *execute* them. Hence it is that virtue is said to be the basis of a perfect republick, because such a government can exist among those only who obey from principle, and not from fear. But, alas! where is this people to be found?—No Christian can ever believe that where the restraints upon vice are less, the love and the practice of virtue can be more.

What then, it may be asked, constitutes this preeminence? The answer is obvious. It is the difference of *wealth*. This alone gives the distinction and influence which gratifies the ambitious mind; what cause then, is there for wonder, when we find the pursuit of it, almost the universal occupation of the inhabitants of America. Ambition, indeed, has too much influence over the minds of men to suffer them contentedly to remain upon the plane of their equality. The natural tendency of each is to soar into a higher region, and as it attempts to surpass the others as they rise, by flying upon a bolder and a stronger wing, so also it directs its flight to that quarter only in which it can be most accelerated.

The constant fluctuation of property causes this to become a perpetual employment. As no entailments of estates are permitted, it seldom hap-

pens that the same family remains in the same circumstances longer than one or two generations. If we view the state of society, not only in Connecticut, but in the greater part of the United States, we shall generally find that the wealthy part of the community are those who have risen from indigence and obscurity, either by their frugality and incessant industry, or else in the shorter and more rapid course of speculation. I do not mention this as if it were dishonourable; on the contrary, those who from being indigent and unknown, have risen by their industry to become opulent and distinguished, unless they have endeavoured, as is too often the case, to make the world forget what they have forgot themselves, are highly to be commended. The induction, however, to be made from these particulars, is obvious and conclusive. The national taste must become depraved, when such is the national occupation. For it is certain that when the mind is for a series of years engaged in the contemplation of one object only, like the bow, by being continually bent, it loses the power of relaxation. The bias becomes habitual, and it considers every thing of little consequence which has no reference to its favourite pursuit. I appeal to experience to decide whether the man who, during the better part of his life, is engaged in the procuration of wealth, does not believe every other pursuit as of little moment when compared with his own.\*

But although the general and continual search after wealth has so manifest a tendency not only to pervert, but even to destroy, the taste of the nation, yet its effects are innocent when compared with those which attend the possession of it. Behold then another instrument for promoting the cause of vice! If want of discipline give birth to dissolution of

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\* The authour is happy in being able to number upon the list of his acquaintance, several exceptions to this position. They are not, however, sufficiently numerous to make him doubt, in any measure, the truth of it.

morals, wealth fosters the bantling and nurses it to manhood. The seeds of corruption sown at the school shoot up luxuriantly under the warm sunshine of affluence,

*"Semotique prius tarda necessitas  
Leti corripuit gradum."*

The cause of learning is intimately connected with the cause of virtue, and consequently the decline of one accompanies that of the other. As the pursuits of vice centre wholly in the procurement of sensual gratifications, the attention of the mind which it influences is, of course, entirely drawn from the contemplation and improvement of its own powers. Hence those powers become relaxed; they grow feeble from the want of vigorous action; and the mind sinks under the labour of application, as the pampered body, whose nerves are unstrung by indolence and excess, faints under any exercise, however gentle. When such becomes the case with the great body of the community, then it is that learning and the professors of it are equally neglected. The solid, the useful studies of an alert, and bold, and vigorous, and active mind, are deemed unworthy of attention. Nothing pleases but the brilliant sallies of the imagination, which it requires no labour to understand, and which, like the meteor, sparkle for a moment, and then disappear without leaving a trace behind. Application is decried as drudgery, and Genius considered not only as its superiour, but as absolutely doing away the necessity of it.

Yet how fallacious is this idea! Whatever may be the powers of the mind, application alone can call them into action. It is absurd to substitute one thing for another, when the natures of each are so widely different. Learning is the knowledge of facts, and application alone can collect them. But the leading quality of genius is the power of invention; that quickness of apprehension which discerns the connexion of ideas however remote, and like the magnet, and with the same inexplicable power, sepa-

rates from the great mass of thought those materials which are necessary to its purpose. But the feruginous particles must be collected before the magnet can operate, and Application must furnish ideas before Genius can compare or compound them.\* Application lays the foundation; Genius raises the lofty superstructure. Application is the soil which produces the fruits; Genius is the sun which, by its invigorating warmth, causes those fruits to ripen, and vegetation to become more rapid.

From what has now been said, let us make the application to our own country. Look at the occupation of its inhabitants, and you will generally find that the whole extent of their reading is comprehended in the productions of the imagination. The taste for Novels and all other kinds of light reading, has risen to an astonishing and alarming height. Like the lean kine of Pharaoh, they have swallowed up all other reading, and like them too, they have not looked the better for it. The evil consequences attendant upon novel reading are much greater than has generally been imagined. Few writers who forge a series of events, consider the responsibility which they are under, and the hazard attached to the undertaking. Without having truth for their basis, they are continually liable to give false notions of things, to pervert the consequences of human actions, and to misrepresent the ways of divine providence; for "the ways of men," as a learned and sensible authour observes, "so far as they are passive under the consequences of their own actions, are the ways of God."†

*(To be continued.)*

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\* Vide Gerard on Taste. Part 3, Sect. 2. On the connexion of Taste with Genius.

† Vide Works of the Rev. William Jones, of Nayland, vol. XI, p. 236. To this authour I am indebted for most of these observations upon novel reading; but as I have not the book at hand, I cannot ascertain to how great an extent.

## MR. SELFRIDGE'S CASE.

Hitherto we have preserved a profound silence on this subject; for we deemed it highly improper, *pendente lite*, either to examine the law, relative to homicide, or to relate the circumstances, which attended the catastrophe. It is, however, by no means so unwarrantable to state exculpatory circumstances, pending a prosecution, as it is those, which tend to criminate. In the former case, we do but concur with the presumption of law, which supposes every man innocent, until he is convicted of guilt; in the latter case, we violate a principle, essential to the existence of civil liberty, by preoccupying the publick mind with anticipated guilt, we inevitably preclude the accused from the possibility of a fair trial, and defeat the benignant provisions of the common and statute laws of the country. The democrick presses unanimously pursued a course opposite to that, which we adopted, as the rule of our conduct. They exerted all their malignant influence, from the first moment of Mr. Selfridge's confinement, till his final deliverance; to profane the altar, to prostitute the temple, and to poison the fountains of justice.—Mr. Selfridge neither replied to his enemies, nor appealed to the justice nor compassion of his friends. No Federal paper in the Union ever attempted to excite popular prejudice against any individual, who had surrendered himself to the law; and whose life was to be put in issue at the bar of his country. No Federal paper ever pursued an individual after a fair and honourable acquittal, by a miscellaneous panel. Mr. Selfridge did not challenge a single political adversary on the jury. Nothing can more strongly evince the proud confidence which he felt in his own innocence. We do not hesitate to declare, in the most unqualified manner, that the life of no gentleman in our country, since the Revolution, has been put in more imminent peril by extrajudicial means. Never before has the liberty of the

press been employed to invade the jurisdiction of the courts of justice; and the Federalists have discovered the most torrid apathy at this violation of all principle, and with it, all security. *The torrent roared; but they did not buffet it.* They regarded it, as the murmurings of a distant waterfall, reckless of the desolating consequences which must follow from nonresistance. If a man, who has committed a supposed crime, be abandoned by the laws to jacobinick cannibals; if Democracy unbolt her kennels, and set her bloodhounds upon the chase; if a Judge, *who dare expound the law*, be torn from the seat of his authority, or degraded in it; if witnesses and juries be stigmatized with perjury for having done their duty; if counsel for the accused must encounter all the scoffings, and insults, and revilings, of the scullion crew, and the demoniack rabble, we may indeed exclaim—“Farewell, a long farewell to all our greatness!” Must we bow down in sorrowful accordance to these miserable measures, “or by OPPOSING, end them”? Are we to teach our children to cherish and revere the lofty sentiments of ancient liberty; or must the rising generation be taught to venerate the genuine Robespierian democracy as the legitimate legacy of their fathers? Notwithstanding we had determined to make no comments pending the prosecution, yet, since the acquittal, we have felt loosened from that restraint. Still we did not immediately enter upon the subject, apprehending the possibility of misconceiving some principle, or mistating some fact. The Report of the Trial, and Mr. Selfridge's own defence, are both in the hands of the publick: and we will now essay a brief compendium of the whole transaction.

Mr. Selfridge was applied to, professionally, by a publican, to institute a suit against Mr. Austin and two other persons, who composed a democrick committee of arrangements, and who furnished a dinner upon Cop's-Hill on the 4th of July: the committee not being willing to pay the innkeeper the

sum which he demanded. The conduct of Mr. Selfridge on this occasion was highly creditable to himself. Although he was offered the demand by the publican for less than its moiety; by which he would have gained a hundred pounds or more, he absolutely declined to purchase it, alledging—"that every honest man set his face against such practices," and advised the innholder to settle the demand himself, or to submit it to reference. After much more delay, than professional gentlemen usually give, a suit was commenced; soon after which a settlement took place. The malicious Federalists became acquainted with the facts, and were so outrageous as to laugh at, and despise the contemptible meanness of the committee. Mr. Austin was undoubtedly galled at these *quips and quirks, and paper-bullets of the brain*; and as he had long been in the habit of reviling the gentlemen of the bar, he had nothing to do but to add a new lie to his old catalogue. He declared to a Mr. Babcock, one of his own party, "*that Selfridge had solicited the suit*;" and he used similar expressions of the "*Federal lawyer*" who filled the writ; and declared if it had not been for such *disgraceful interference*, no difficulty would have ensued. These declarations having come to the knowledge of Mr. Selfridge, he called on Austin, who gave him no satisfaction. The next day he sent Austin a polite note by a friend, requesting him *to have the goodness to do him the justice to enter his protest against the falsehood*, which he had circulated relative to his professional conduct, in the cause above alluded to. Although Austin acknowledged that he had propagated the story, he refused to retract it. After much shuffling and many prevarications by Mr. Austin, Mr. Selfridge wrote him a second note, couched in very caustick terms, and which would have probably terminated in an affair of honour, *had not the better part of Mr. Austin's valour* consisted in discretion. One of two alternatives was peremptorily demanded by Mr. Selfridge. Either that he

should acknowledge in writing, the falsehood which he had propagated; or give up the name of his authour. These reasonable and pacifick terms were refused; and the calumny was still circulating, to the great detriment of Selfridge. After the lapse of two or three days, Mr. Selfridge posted Austin in the Boston Gazette, as "*A LIAR, A COWARD, and A SCOUNDREL*," alledging in his note his reasons for so doing. On the same day, Austin instigated his son, a vigorous, athletic young man, about nineteen years of age, to beat Selfridge on the publick exchange. Stimulated with brandy, and armed with a club, he sallied out to meet, as he supposed, his *unarmed* adversary. The moment he saw Selfridge, without giving any notice, he ran upon him with an uplifted bludgeon, with a degree of violence, which denoted an intention of depriving Selfridge of the power of resistance by the force of his first blow. The weapon was a nine ounce hickory cane, selected that morning for the purpose. The first blow across Selfridge's head, was so powerful as to break through a "*stiff fur hat*," and inflicted a wound so severe, that his surgeon declared "*it might have been attended with fatal consequences*." The assailant was repeating his blows, when Mr. Selfridge, with all possible dexterity, took a pistol from his side pocket, and by discharging it, put a period to the existence of his opponent. Whether the pistol was fired before, or after the first blow, we consider perfectly immaterial. By the strictest legal principles, no man is bound passively to receive a blow which *may* endanger his person; and **WE MOST DECIDEDLY HOLD, THAT DISGRACE IS TO BE AVOIDED, AT EVERY HAZARD.** Mr. Selfridge immediately and voluntarily surrendered himself into the hands of Justice; he submitted to his fate with manliness; and he surmounted his difficulties with honour. The laws of his country, not from any failure of testimony; not from any lack of asperity in his prosecutor; not from any predominance of party spirit; but from the immuta-

ble principles of Justice, have pronounced him innocent, and have justified his deed. In the rectitude of this decision, after a careful inspection of the Report of the Trial, we heartily accord: And it is our unalterable opinion, that the blood of an imprudent son lies at the door of a wicked father.

We again enter our solemn Protest against all discussions,\* tending to prejudice the publick against any prisoner, who is to be tried for any capital or subordinate offence; and also against persecuting a man by newspapers or mobs, after he has been honourably acquitted by a jury. This is indeed ASSAILING THE VERY CITADEL OF LIBERTY. We hope that upon this great principle of security the Federal Editors will take a decided stand.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Mournd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

I have known merchants with the  
sentiments and abilities of great states-

\* The Editor of The Port Folio is solicitous to recal the attention of the publick to a similar system of tyranny, exercised towards him prior to his taking his trial in the year 1805, for a libel against democracy. Long before the presentment was made or a bill found against him, men, in general, and the State's Attorney in particular, were, as a prostitute paper published in this city, accused to the commencement of legal hostilities. The event of that ridiculous warfare is notorious. The Editor gained a most signal victory over the malignant foe, whose impotent efforts he now remembers with no other emotions than those of compassion and contempt. But the attempt, on the part of a foreign renegade, to prejudice a publick and to dictate to a court, was so absurd as well as atrocious, that it never could have been dreamed of, much less hazarded, under any honest, virtuous, or stable polity. A proceeding so romantically wild, and so unblushingly flagitious, was reserved as a sort of new farce, to be exhibited with mountebank dexterity, among the SHIFTING SCENES OF A COMMONWEALTH.

men; and I have seen persons in the rank of statesmen, with the conceptions and character of pedlars. Indeed my observation has furnished me with nothing that is to be found in any habits of life or education, which tends wholly to disqualify men for the functions of government, but that, by which the power of exercising those functions is very frequently obtained, I mean a spirit and habits of low cabal and intrigue; which I have never, in one instance, seen united with a capacity for sound and manly policy.

Burke.

From the Charleston Courier.

### ODE TO SUSPICION.

Degeneros animos timor arguit.

VIRGIL.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

SHAKSPEARE.

Ah! who is yon, with haggard mein,  
That lurks in secret place unseen;  
Yet from the den where he is pent,  
Full many a wary look is sent;  
Now every way, with cautious gaze,  
The wide extended space surveys,  
Looking around with eyes askance,  
Then sudden turns with eager glance,  
When, hark! he hears the rushing wind  
Disturb the rustling leaves behind;  
Then down upon the earth, aghast,  
In haste his trembling limbs are cast?

Yes, now I know the monster well:  
Suspicion, progeny of hell;  
Of Guilt begot, of Danger born,  
And nurs'd in Fear's grim cave forlorn:  
Away, tormenting fiend, away,  
Nor urge with Innocence thy stay!  
Hence! and in some dreary cell  
With the trembling miser dwell;  
Feed him with fantastick fears  
Of want in his declining years;  
Bid each hollow blast that blows  
Wake the wretch from short repose,  
To snatch his bags, and eager hold  
From fancied thieves his idol gold.  
Find where, immers'd in tears and sighs,  
The half neglected lover lies,  
And place full in his tortur'd sight  
His fair inconstant all the night;  
And to augment his soul's despair,  
Place thou his hated rival there;  
Let him the willing charmer kiss  
And feast in luxury of bliss.

Or find where under midnight skies  
 Athwart the gloom the murderer flies ;  
 Whilst he the stings of conscience feels,  
 Be thou, fell monster, at his heels ;  
 Possess his madly beating brains  
 With racks and gibbets, whips and chains ;  
 Let every bush and waving tree  
 Pursuing bloodhounds seem to be !  
 Or find the *man* whose *iron* sway  
 Makes abject prostrate slaves obey,  
 Who by oppression swells his state,  
 And in their misery grows great ;  
 Picture some chief whom Justice draws,  
 Espousing the afflicted's cause,  
 Aiming the meritorious blow  
 To lay the ruthless tyrant low !

For me, no wealth I have to keep,  
 No gold to break my silent sleep,  
 No faithless maid my fancy warms,  
 No rival youth my fears alarms,  
 No blood my guiltless hands hath stain'd,  
 Oppression's rod I ne'er maintain'd ;  
 Free is my heart and void of fear,  
 Then come not with thy scorpions here ;  
 Thy foul suggestions hurt not me,  
 The guilty only harbour thee :  
 Then hence ! tormenting fiend ! away !  
 Nor urge with Innocence thy stay.

G. TURNBULL.

*Cigarrs.*—In face of a host of arguments our literary loungers contumaciously insist on being indulged the gratification of tickling their noses and burning their tongues. If you allege that the practice is vulgar, you are answered, Sir W. Raleigh is equally famous as a man of fashion and a philosopher as for his habit of smoking. Should you object to them the ladies' dislike to the practice, they will tell you that Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory, was fond of a pipe, and used humorously to say, that *all the pleasure of the evening ended in smoke*. If lastly you oppose to it kingly authority, urging that James I wrote a treatise *against the smoking of base tobacco*, the smokers will reply, we burn none but what is good.—*M. Anthology.*

#### MERRIMENT.

The P—— of W——, one evening at the Pavilion, seeing some wax fall from a chandelier on the bosom of lady H—— C——, immediately took out his watch, and clapped one of the seals upon it. "Bless me sir," said she, "what are you doing?"—

"Only trying to make an *impression* upon you, madam," was the reply.

Mr. Garrow was one day relating that he had a client to defend, against whom an action was to be brought at the suit of an architect, who, amongst other useful erections, had built him no less than six water-closets. The plea he stated to be set up in defence was that of nonage. This plea, observed Mr. Mingay, must be unavailing, as minors are compelled to pay for necessities.

Mr. Hare had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, and, like his friend Charles, had frequent visits from bailiffs. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he observed two of them at the door:—"Pray gentlemen," says he, "are you *Fox* hunting or *Hare* hunting this morning?"

As a country gentleman was reading a newspaper in a coffee-house, he said to Mr. Holcroft, who sat next to him—"I have been looking some time to see what the ministry are about, but I cannot find where those articles are put, not being used to the London papers."—"Look among the robberies," replied the other.

After Mr. Boaden had read his *Aurelia and Miranda*, in the Green-room of Drury-lane Theatre, he observed, that he knew nothing so terrible as reading a piece before such a critical audience. "I know one thing much more terrible," said Mrs. Powell.—"What can that be?" said our author.—"*To be obliged to sit and hear it!*"

Mr. Fox, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons, when he was enlarging on the influence exercised by government over the members, observed, that it was generally understood that there was a person employed by the Minister, as *Manager of the House of Commons*; here there was a general cry of *Name him, name him!* "No," says Mr. Fox, "I don't

choose to name him, though I might do it as easy as say JACK ROBINSON.

When Mr. Penn, a young gentleman well-known for his eccentricities, walked from Hyde-Park Corner to Hammersmith, for a wager of a hundred guineas, with the Honourable Danvers Butler, several gentlemen who had witnessed the contest were speaking of it to the Dutchess of Gordon, and added, that it was a pity that a man with so many good qualities as this Penn should be incessantly playing these unaccountable pranks. "So it is," said her Grace, "but why don't you advise him better? He seems to be a *pen* that every body cuts, but nobody mends."

Mr. Windham, stopping to change horses, one day, in travelling to the country, called for a newspaper, when the landlord brought him the *Morning Chronicle*.—"Take away that abusive paper," said he, "and bring me the *Times*."—"Indeed Sir," replied the landlord, with great *naivete*, "you are as much abused in the *Times* as you are in the *Chronicle*."

Mr. T—— T——d being in company, some years ago, with the Westminster orator, and some other parliamentary friends, was talking of the debates in the House of Commons, and observed that Mr. F—— had never been oftener on his *legs* in any one session than he had in the last. "True," replied Charles, who loves to joke on his own misfortunes, "for the Jews left me not a chair to sit on."

Mr. Garrow, some short time ago, examining a very young lady who was a witness in a case of assault, asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language—if he did not call him a d——d Scotch cobbler, and utter other words so bad, that he, the learned counsel, had not *impudence* enough to repeat; she replied in the affirmative. "Will you, madam, be kind enough," said he, "to tell the court what these words were?" "Why, sir," replied

she, "if you have not *impudence* enough to speak them, how can you suppose that I have?"

An old harridan being carried before Justice Bond, for keeping a disorderly house, strongly denied all that was charged upon her. "Housewife! housewife!" said the Justice, "how have you the assurance to deny it; you do keep a brothel, and I will maintain it." "Will you?" replied the old lady; "the Lord bless you; I always took you to be a kind-hearted gentleman."

As Suett and Bannister were walking once in Piccadilly, a fellow on the roof of one of the Bath coaches roared out, "How are you Dicky Gossif?" "Why," exclaimed Suett, "how should that man know me?" "Easily enough," replied Bannister, "don't you see he is on the stage."

Wewitzer, of Drury Lane Theatre, a gentleman no less distinguished for his merit as an actor and his good character as a man, than for the amenity of his manners and the neatness of his wit, having given orders to his taylor for a spencer, asked him how much it would cost: "I cannot," said Stitch, "exactly say, but you may depend on it, sir, that it will come very low." "Then," said the wit, "*it will not be a spencer*."

One of our modern spungers was reproached one day for dining so often among his friends. "What would you have me do?" answered he; "I am *pressed* to do it." "True," answered Monk Lewis, "there's nothing more *pressing* than hunger."

At the time that Mrs. Robinson was writing memoirs of her life, a lady asked Mr. Sheridan how he thought she would depict herself, when she came to that part of her life where adventures of gallantry formed so conspicuous a figure." "Oh!" said he, "I dare say she will represent herself only as a *bust*."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The annexed production was ushered into this "breathing world" on Friday evening between the hours of ten and twelve: It is the legitimate offspring of Idleness begotten by Love. Should you think proper to sentence it to suffocation, let the incongruity of its parentage mitigate the severity of its fate.

## RHAPSODICAL HYMN TO CUPID.

Oh thou! who from thy realms above  
 Guidest the unerring shafts of love;  
 O lovely little smiling god  
 Who prostrates monarchs at thy nod,  
 Hear! Oh hear a melting elf,  
 A pure disciple of thyself,  
 If among thy brilliant train  
 One mortal goddess doth remain,  
 Whose form eclipseth Sappho's self,  
 Give, oh give her to thy elf.  
 Grant her, Cupid, Clara's kiss  
 Burning with ecstasick bliss;  
 Let fluttering Sylphs in transport sip  
 The electrick fluid of her lip,  
 Whose luscious pout invites to bliss,  
 And speaks the raptures of a kiss;  
 Gently swelling to be press'd,  
 Place Delia's white voluptuous breast,  
 On which Imperial Jove might rest;  
 Enclos'd within this sacred grove  
 Dwells all the mysteries of love:  
 Here the entrancing Graces sport,  
 And speechless Transport holds her court;  
 This is the Heliconian spring,  
 Inspir'd bards first learn to sing,  
 And warm'd by true poetick fire  
 Gently touch the thrilling lyre,  
 Till panting with supreme delight  
 Impetuous Reason wings her flight.

AMERICANUS.

*New-York, March, 1807.*

## EPIGRAMS.

*For The Port Folio.*

Applied to the beautiful, amiable, and accomplished  
 Mrs. D—Y.

You bid me be free, and you say we must  
 part,  
 Since Absence alone can regain me my  
 heart;  
 Your advice dearest D—y, how vain to  
 pursue,  
 Who that ever knew Freedom could ever  
 know you.

Another to the same.

How could my heart of Cupid's power be-  
 ware,  
 Whose bowstring is compos'd of D—y's  
 hair?  
 Or, when the urchin shoots, his skill defy,  
 Whose arrows are the rays of D—y's eye!  
 Or how escape Love's fascinating wiles  
 Who tunes her voice and animates her  
 smiles?

On the death of an eminent Jeweller.

Poor Will who in jewels was never outry'd,  
 And by precious stones liv'd—of a carbuncle  
 dy'd.

Chloe vows that she never gave Damon a  
 kiss,  
 Yet permits him to steal one, nor takes it  
 amiss:  
 Thus in vain to her Prudery she flies for  
 relief,  
 And forgets the receiver's as bad as the  
 thief.

Ah! gentle Sleep, though on thy form im-  
 prest,  
 Death's truest, strongest lineaments ap-  
 pear,  
 To share my couch thy presence I request,  
 To sooth my senses with repose sincere.  
 Come, wish'd for Rest, and all my cares re-  
 lieve,  
 For at thy kind approach all cares retire,  
 Thus without life how sweet it is to live,  
 Thus without death how pleasing to ex-  
 pire.

To Damon's self his love's confin'd,  
 No harm therein I see,  
 This happiness attends his choice,  
 Unrivall'd he will be.

Dear Cupid, I cried, do consult with your  
 mother,  
 To subdue my dear Chloe's insensible  
 heart,  
 Kind Cupid obey'd: Venus too play'd her  
 part,  
 And my Chloe at length fell in love—with  
 another.

To Fortune I but little owe,  
 A losing gamester cried,  
 Be thankful then, for all must know,  
 You owe enough beside.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

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Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 18, 1807.

[No. 16.]

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

**N**O man, says Lord Chesterfield, is ridiculous in the character which Nature intended him to represent; he becomes so, only when he assumes a part to which his disposition of mind is not adapted. The remark will be found universally correct. The simplicity of the ignorant never excites our contempt, but when it is clothed in vanity; the lowest and most insignificant of men may inspire a sentiment of pity, but will never be despised if he walk in the path of humility; and even the bold and daring villain who holds to the light the purposes of his soul, creates an opinion far less degrading to humanity than the assassin whose face is decked in smiles. Still, we are ever unwilling to display the impression stamped on us by the hand of Nature, and are always anxious to assume a character widely different from that which has been allotted to us.

When the god of mirth was made the arbiter, to decide upon the performances of his fellow deities, he pronounced man to be the worst, because he had not a window in his breast, through which the secrets of his heart might appear, and by means of which the sincerity of his professions might be known. Far different from their

present condition would mankind have been, had the advice of Momus been pursued, and few, very few of us indeed, would have been grateful for the change. On the contrary, it seems rather to be our desire to throw a veil over the only index that exists, for our earliest and our continued efforts are made to conceal the real motives and impulses of the heart. Else why does old age so often endeavour to display the levity, and to participate in the ill-timed joys of youth? Why does Poverty enrobe itself in tinsel and feed upon the fancied plaudits of an undiscerning world? Why does Ignorance or Folly assume the cloak of Wisdom, which every wind can throw aside, and display the deficiencies within? How amiable was that philosopher whose only wish was to know the situation for which the gods had intended him, that so, he might make every exertion in his power to further their designs!\*

Discontent is a powerful, frequently a useful principle of action. But the love of change, however strong, will not account for our eternal desires to appear that which we are not: for it would rather impel us to destroy the seeds of vice, which Nature has implanted or Habit generated in our minds, and not to gloss over the surface with a flimsy colouring while the

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\* Epictetus.

core remains unsound. Nor can this propensity be ascribed to pride or shame; for pride and shame have some good end in view; either the support of conscious worth, or contrition and penitence for guilt. It is a frailty incident to our nature; a frailty latent during the early periods of infancy, but which *grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength*; a frailty which increases in proportion to the encouragement it receives, and finding its sanction in the example of thousands, and fortunate perhaps in its first attempts, destroys at length the perception even of its possessor himself. But it is a frailty which the bravest may be proud to conquer, and the wisest to subdue.

From the lips of Candour, persuasion always flows, and the ray of truth that illumines the countenance of Sincerity, surpasses all the lustre which a reason the most refined, and a sophistry the most impenetrable, can bestow. It is the elegance of the Athenian temple, compared with the grand yet terrific splendour of the Gothick dome; it is the bewitching smile of native beauty, contrasted with the studied air of high-born pride: the last we may admire, but the former only can we love.

The rules of conduct prescribed by good breeding are not incompatible with the purest sincerity. The richest jewel is void of beauty until the hand of Art remove the dulness with which, by nature, it is encircled. Politeness as it not only calls into action the principles of goodness, but even in some degree contributes to their formation, may be regarded not merely as a dress for Virtue, but as among the most valuable of its constituent parts. It is the delicate medium through which Benevolence may be viewed to advantage. It is the polish which adorns and improves the substance. It is a qualification, which in its purity can be found, only in a benignant, an intelligent, a superiour mind.

Were I called upon to point out an example of merit completely unaffected, of *perfectly* modest unassum-

ing worth, of candour undissembled, and sincerity unfeigned; I should shrink from the task; the annals of man present no such character; his very constitution forbids the possibility of its existence. But in the shades of the Grecian academy, in the retirement of her philosophers, I would select as the nearest to perfection, the instructor of Xenophon and Plato. Devested of the ridiculous misanthropy of the cynick; avoiding the frozen virtue of the Stoick, and despising the unmanly softness of the Epicurean, Socrates lived so pure a life that Nature, proud of being the mother of such a son, might exclaim, *this was a man*. Such a character we should imitate if we cannot resemble; and measuring our desires by the line of piety and wisdom, let us say with Plautus,

Proximum quod sit bono, quodque a malo  
longissime,  
Id volo esse.

CAPTIVI. ACTUS 2, S. 2.

SALADIN.

For The Port Folio.

#### WANT OF PATRONAGE

*The principal Cause of the Slow Progress*  
OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,  
AN ORATION,

Delivered before the society of PHI BETA  
KAPPA, upon the anniversary of that institution,

BY SAMUEL F. JARVIS.

*Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones*  
MART.

(Continued.)

In a republick, luxury and corruption of morals are said to be the invincible precursors of national dissolution; it is no less true that the perversion of national taste, and the discredit for the solid attainments of science, evince a degeneracy in learning, morals, and religion. The polite author of the Travels of Cyrus,\* describing the state of the Medes when their empire was declining, gives a lively picture of the literary corrup-

\* Travels of Cyrus by the Chevalier Ramsay, p. 5.

tion which then prevailed. "Solid knowledge was looked upon as contrary to delicacy of manners; agreeable trifles, fine-spun thoughts, and sallies of imagination, were the only kinds of wit admired there: no sort of writing pleased but amusing fictions, where a perpetual succession of events surprised by their variety, without improving the understanding or ennobling the heart."

"Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?"

But however inimical to the encouragement of learning, may be those causes which have been mentioned, still there is another which is no less hurtful in its operations; I mean the want of respect so general among us for the clergy. So distinguished has this order of men been in every age, as the patrons and supporters of science, that it may safely be assumed as an axiom that literature will never flourish but in those countries where there is a learned clergy; and never will there be a learned clergy, unless they are regarded with reverence and supported with dignity.

Among the many causes to which this disrespect is owing, there are three which perhaps are the most effectual: The growing corruption of the country; the exclusive attention of people to politics; and the system of making the clergy entirely dependent upon the people.

Upon the first of these heads it is not necessary to enlarge; every day presents an example of the truth of it to our view. Vice never beholds with a friendly eye the grave monitor who censures and inveighs against it, and Vice is never too good to blacken and endeavour to reduce to its own level, the hand which constantly opposes it.

But with respect to the second, it is necessary to be more particular. In the science of government as well as in every other, truth and error are too much blended together to be easily separated. Time, and study, and experience, are necessary correctly to distinguish and arrange them. Truth

is not placed upon the surface; it modestly shuns the common eye, and must be sought before it can be found; in the strong language of South, "it lies too deep to be fetched up with the plough, and too close to be beaten out with the hammer." How then shall he who "fighteth with the heat of the furnace" and in whose ears the noise of the hammer and the anvil is continually heard; how shall he be able to direct the affairs of a state, and to decide what is useful and what is prejudicial? Such a supposition is inadmissible, because it is contrary to facts. To them I appeal for the proof of the assertion, when I say, that out of the whole American people, the will of nine-tenths is directed by that of the one remaining. The popular machine, though large and complicated, requires but a small force to move it. Every man of talents and address who assumes the character of a patriot, is able to inflame that jealousy of their superiors which the idea of an equality of rights ever produces in the minds of the vulgar. This narrow jealousy is the constant companion of exalted ignorance, because every man, however inferior his talents, and however limited his information may be, fancies himself capable of directing the affairs of a nation, and consequently looks upon every man as a rival more or less dangerous in proportion to the extent of his abilities and learning.

And against no order of men has the power of demagogues been more forcibly directed than against the clergy. Every sinew has been exerted to shake the pillar which supports them. Their characters have been blackened, their fame aspersed, their failings magnified into vices, and their virtues degraded into petty gewgaws, with the glitter of which they endeavour to dazzle the public eye, and hide the black deformity of their hearts.

From such a burden of calumnies, what heart is there that possesses the fine feelings of humanity, that will not shrink back with dread? Who will voluntarily become the figure "for

the hand of Scorn to point his finger at"? Who will consent to be slandered and reviled and blackened? But the answer is obvious. Either the man whose heart is callous to those feelings which could alone adorn it, or he who prefers the satisfaction which a consciousness of rectitude can give, before all the honours and all the triumphs which the full horn of popular applause can shower upon his head. Happily the sacred office of a priest is not yet so degraded, so sunk beneath a load of infamy, but that it can boast of many a brilliant luminary; yet how much is it to be feared that this number will continue to decrease, in proportion to the decrease of motives for embracing the profession.

But a third cause of the disrespect shown to the clergy, and one the more dangerous because from this the two which have been mentioned derive most of their power, arises from their extreme dependence upon the people. It is a trait, generally attached to the human character, that power, when it is exerted for the protection and maintenance of a dependent, is gratified in proportion to the submission of him whom it patronizes. And is not this the precise relation in which the clergy stand towards the people? And is not this the degradation to which they are compelled to stoop? Instead of being considered in the venerable and exalted station, which, as the ambassadors of God to man, they have a right to claim, they are treated as the mere servants of the people, created at their pleasure, continued at their pleasure, and destroyed at their pleasure. They *hire a minister*, (such is the contemptuous and degrading language which they use) just as they would hire a day labourer; and if he do not perform his task to their satisfaction, if he do not adapt his doctrines, his words, his tones, his pronunciation to the fastidiousness of their taste, they turn him off again with as little ceremony. Skill in oratory has become too much the criterion of clerical excellence, and the inquiry is not so much whether the

doctrines are sound, as whether the mode of delivering them is pleasing:

"Omnia enim Stolidi magis admirantur  
amantque

Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt;  
Veraque constituunt, quæ belle tangere possunt

Aureis et lepido quæ sunt fucata sonore."\*

It has been a favourite theme with protestants, ever since the Reformation, to declaim against the oppression and enormous power of the clergy. That the complaint against the church of Rome was too well founded, cannot be denied; but one extreme should be avoided as well as the other; and I question much whether the degradation of the clerical order to so low a state, will not give a much more fatal blow to the interests of religion and literature, than they ever received from its exaltation.

Such are the principal causes to which the disrespect for the character of the clergy may be attributed, and sufficient has been said concerning them, to exhibit lucid proof that while they exist, learning can never flourish. I come now to consider the second part of the inquiry: Whether learned men receive the emolument which will serve as an incentive to the acquisition of science.

"The wisdom of a learned man," says the son of Sirach, "cometh by opportunity of leisure: and he that hath little business shall become wise."† The truth of the remark is evident. He who contents himself with viewing the surface of things, will never arrive at the knowledge of the inside of them. Retirement and study, and consequently length of time, is necessary. He must devote his whole life to the pursuit, if he hope to explore the "*penetralia rerum*." It is idle then to believe that America will ever become a literary nation, unless some permanent establishment can be made for the support of the learned; and this can be

\* Lucretius, Lib. 1, 642.

† Eccles. ch. 38. v. 24. The whole chapter is well worthy the attentive consideration of modern reformers.

affected only in two ways: either by the generosity of individuals, or the munificence of government.

But hard indeed would be the fate of learning, had it nothing to depend upon but the cold hand of individual patronage. Where is the man to be found who has bestowed competency upon a single literary character? Instances, it is true, may be named of the endowment of a professorship by an individual, but these have hitherto been rare, and are every day becoming still more so. If it be asked why individual patronage has decreased, the answer is ready, and has indeed been anticipated, since it arises from the same sources to which the want of respect for learned men has been traced. Were the motives of this kind of patronage developed, it would, I think, be found, that in nine instances out of ten, it proceeded from the ambition of transmitting an illustrious name to posterity. And who will expect to derive fame from the encouragement of that, which in the publick view, appears to be an object too inconsiderable to merit either its notice or patronage?

(To be continued.)

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As I observe you do admit poetry into your amusing paper, allow me to offer the follow poem to your acceptance: The tale in substance is similar to one related in prose by the author of the ABBESS, at the beginning of the third volume.

PHILANTUS.

SIR ELMER,

A LEGENDARY TALE.

"What means yon mould'ring heap of earth  
Beneath yon blasted oak?  
And what those piles of human bones  
That whiten on the rock?"

"Why does no shrub adorn the place  
With vegetation green?  
And why does every living thing  
Avoid the dreary scene?"

"If thou wouldst know," the seer reply'd,  
"The secret of the place,  
Ere at midnight's solemn hour  
Thy lonely steps retrace.

"And haply if within thy breast,  
Undaunted courage glow,  
To thee it may be given to trace  
Its mystery of woe!"

"Wilt thou be there," the knight inquir'd,  
"My wandering steps to guide?"  
"To one alone the deed belongs!"  
The reverend seer reply'd.

Pondering in awe, the silent youth  
His former way return'd,  
And much he marvel'd—and his heart  
With sacred fervour burn'd.

Within a ruin'd abbey's tower  
The interval he spent—  
And forth he stray'd at dark midnight,  
On bold adventure bent!

Thro' the dull night no favouring moon  
Bestow'd a radiant gleam,  
Nor sought one little star to kiss  
Its shadow in the stream.

But thick and driving clouds obscure  
The azure vault of heaven,  
And thunder, in repeated peals,  
Along its arch was driven.

Young Elmer plunged his quivering steel  
Deep in his milk-white steed;  
He sought to cross the barren heath  
With more than usual speed.

But the blue lightning's arrowy flash  
Flam'd right across his way,  
And at his feet a rifted pine  
In cumbrous ruin lay.

In vain Sir Elmer strove to guide  
His wild affrighted horse,  
For to the destin'd spot no skill  
The trembling beast could force.

Yet all-undaunted Elmer leaves  
His courser's panting sides;  
And forward to the turfy mound  
Advanc'd with hasty strides.

And now the flaming heavens appear  
One dreadful sheet of fire,  
Nearer the crashing thunder rolls,  
Yet will be not retire.

The deep-red flame disclos'd the spot  
Where rose the turfy mound—  
Where ghastly way'd the blasted oak,  
And bones lay whitening round.

But now no more the hollow wind  
In loud defiance spoke;  
No lightning glar'd—nor following quick,  
No crashing thunder broke.

But awful stillness through the air  
Unwonted horror shed—  
Uncommon darkness wrapt the sky—  
Young Elmer shook with dread!

Yet on with ardent haste he pass'd  
To reach the crumbling mound;  
But lo!—a sudden cavern yawn'd  
Where late the rock had frown'd.

And in its deep sepulchral breast,  
A trembling flame he spy'd,  
Whose glare disclos'd a death-like form,  
A dagger in his side!

All horror-struck while Elmer gaz'd,  
Slowly the figure rose,  
And, by some power superiour, broke  
The grave's profound repose.

In scaly armour dight the form  
A martial semblance wore,  
And down the shining metal flow'd  
A stream of purple gore.

On Elmer now he bent his eye  
With anxious looks of wo!  
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice anew  
The blood began to flow.

His voice was like the imprison'd fires  
That rock the frightened ground;  
And Elmer's soul recoil'd to hear  
The deep and death-like sound!

"What can I do," appall'd he said,  
"To give thy spirit rest!"—  
"Avenge my death!" the spectre cry'd,  
And bar'd his bleeding breast.

"On whom?—and why?"—the youth in-  
quired.

"On Hubert of Leland,  
And when thou strik'st his villain heart,  
Say Egbert arm'd thy hand."

"How can I raise my arm," he said,  
"Against my patron kind?  
How can I bear to seek his life,  
And hear no cause assign'd?"

"Blood calls for blood," the shade reply'd,  
"I fell beneath his sword:  
And justly thou mayst strike the blow—  
Believe a father's word!"

"My father thou!" the youth exclaim'd;  
But sudden from his view  
The shade was vanish'd—in a flame  
Of pale sulphureous blue.

Torn with impatience stood the knight,  
His inmost soul on fire,  
And with impetuous voice exclaim'd  
Upon his vanish'd sire!

In vain he call'd—in vain he pray'd,  
No sire appear'd again;  
And early dawn began to gleam  
Across the barren plain!

Back then to Hubert's proud abode  
The youth his footsteps bent;

Yet to the ground his head declin'd  
On wildering thoughts intent.

Strange was the tale, and strange the mean  
By which the tale was told;  
Yet it compell'd his faith, and all  
His shivering blood ran cold!

"What means that pensive look of wo?"  
Old Hubert kindly said;  
"Say is thy cheek from anger pale,  
Or else by fear dismay'd?"

"No pallid rage," Sir Elmer said,  
"Sits low'ring on my brow;  
Nor is it fear!—I trust in heaven,  
Fear I shall never know!"

He spake, and strove his head to raise,  
And often strove to smile;  
But tho' it dimpled on his cheek,  
His bosom ach'd the while!

And when the gleam of evening shone  
All radiant in the west,  
Fair Emma met him in the bower,  
An unexpected guest.

And much she try'd with soothing art  
To win him from his wo;  
But as he gaz'd upon the maid,  
His bitter tears would flow!

"Vain are your soothings, lovely maid,  
To ease this bursting heart;  
And vain are all our vows of love—  
We must forever part!"

"Alas, my Elmer, this from thee!"  
The damsel faintly said;  
"And are then all thy plighted vows  
Forgotten or betray'd?"

"Oh never, never," sigh'd the youth,  
"Can I inconstant be!  
Sweet maid, this wretched heart would  
break,  
To prove its truth to thee!"

"But cruel duties now demand  
My undivided soul;  
Imperious duties, which my love  
Must fatally control!"

Hubert's fair daughter vainly strove  
The fatal tale to gain;  
From Elmer's agonizing breast  
No word could she obtain!

And when at night upon his couch  
His feverish limbs he tost,  
He felt his reason and his faith  
In wild disorder lost.

"Can that be counsel just and good,  
Which can such deeds require;

Which bids me seek my patron's life  
And murder Emma's sire!

"It must not be!—Strange dream begone!  
Some demon met my view,  
And sought to lure me to my harm,  
With visions most untrue!"

"No, Hubert, no!—thy Elmer's hand  
Thy life shall never seek!  
No, Emma, no!—no deed of mine  
Shall bathe with tears thy cheek!"

Instant, beside his restless couch,  
The martial shade appear'd!  
And with a frown, his outstretch'd arm  
In threatening guise uprear'd.

And on the hapless youth he cast  
Dark furious looks of rage!  
And Elmer sought, with earnest words  
His anger to assuage!

"Take then this sword and plunge it deep  
In Hubert's villain breast!  
Thy father's blood has stain'd the blade!  
Obey the stern behest!"

Vanish'd the spirit into air,  
The sword remain'd behind,  
And new and strong conviction gleam'd  
Upon Sir Elmer's mind.

He rose and grasp'd the fatal steel,  
And Hubert's chamber sought!  
"What!—Shall I strike him as he sleeps?  
Avaunt, unworthy thought!"

"Yet, can I bear to hear him plead,  
And beg his life of me?  
Oh Hubert, Hubert! sooner far  
Would I be slain by thee!"

But lo! the sight that met his eye!  
Old Hubert, kneeling, pray'd  
Before a marble tomb, where high  
Was Egbert's name display'd!

The knight remain'd in silence near,  
And mark'd his tears and sighs;  
And answering floods of pity ran  
Incessant from his eyes.

The baron rose, and wonder'd much  
To see Sir Elmer stand,  
Tears coursing down his face, and drawn  
The weapon in his hand.

"Know'st thou this sword?" Sir Elmer said,  
"Know'st thou this bloody stain?  
'Tis Egbert's sword! 'tis Egbert's blood!  
And thou hast Egbert slain!"

"Yes, heaven is just!" the baron cry'd,  
"The chief was slain by me!  
And willingly I yield my life,  
Oh Egbert's son! to thee!"

"Vain is the hope by ruthless deeds  
To purchase wealth and peace!  
Oh welcome, Death!—for this remorse  
With thee alone shall cease!"

"Yet ere I close my eyes for aye,  
Let me my tale reveal!  
And haply thy too pitying breast  
To just revenge 'twill steel!"

"Thy sire and I, in early youth,  
For the same damsel strove;  
I gain'd the wealthy sire's consent—  
He won Eltruda's love!"

"To him she gave her secret faith,  
(Ah—could I bear to see!)  
And shelter'd from her hostile sire,  
She crown'd his hopes with thee!"

"By passion stung, by envy fir'd,  
I struck his kindred breast;  
And of his consort and his lands  
Became at once possess'd!"

"Pitying I saw thy helpless youth,  
And rear'd lost Egbert's son,  
Yet would I ne'er thy name reveal,  
Nor yield the wealth I'd won!"

"Could I by such avowal blast  
My long-establish'd fame?  
Or such a direful stigma cast  
On my unblemish'd name?"

"Yet I design'd whene'er high heaven  
Me to the grave should call,  
To certify thy noble birth,  
And yield thy treasures all!"

"But yet thy father's angry spirit  
Oft hovers o'er my bed,  
And sheds alarming visions round,  
And shakes my soul with dread.

"And fair Eltruda sunk beneath  
The unexpected blow;  
And died in beauty's early prime,  
A victim to her wo!"

"Yet, ere she died, alas!—to me  
One darling child she bore!  
My Emma is my only bliss!  
Say, need I tell thee more?"

"Oh no!" the trembling youth exclaim'd,  
"Live, Hubert, live in peace!  
'Tis I must seek the grave, for there  
Alone my woes can cease!"

"Oh Emma! lovely, lov'd, ador'd!  
Forgive this impious sigh!  
Sister! forgive my guilty love!  
For thee!—for thee!—I die!"

He rais'd aloft the shining blade,  
And on his sire he cried!  
Then in his bosom plung'd the steel,  
And in a moment—**DIED!**

For The Port Folio.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

J. CONRAD & Co. propose to publish by subscription, an elegant work, entitled *MEMOIRS OF ANACREON*, translated from the original Greek of CRITIAS of Athens, by CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq. including the *ODES OF ANACREON*, from the version of THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

CRITIAS of Athens pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of ANACREON, calling him, with elegant conciseness, *γυναικων περιποιμα.*

Τοι δι γυναικων μελαινι πλεγμα πο' οδας.  
'Ηδου Ανακρεοντα, Τις εις Ελλαδ' αηγει,  
Συμπησιν ιριδισμα, γυναικων μα περιποιμα.

Teios gave to Greece her treasure,  
Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;  
Fondly weaving lays of pleasure  
For the maids who blush'd approving.  
MOORE'S ANAC. p. 298.

The version of the Odes of Anacreon, with which the literary world has recently been favoured, has revived the pleasure which the melody of the lyrist once excited on the plains of Greece, and extended the reputation of his translator to every country where classical learning is venerated, and the genuine effusions of the poet find a congenial glow. To the genius and industry of Thomas Moore, Esq. we are indebted for one of the best translations that English literature possesses, and the liveliest exhibition of Grecian poetry that English literature can boast. The authour of the present work is aware that he speaks at a time unpropitious to the fame of Moore. He knows that the indignation of some, and the mortification of others, have been strongly excited by a volume published by him since his visit to this country. But his translation of Anacreon has no relation to the remarks contained in his "Epistles, Odes, &c." To his brilliant genius as a poet, and his ability as a translator, repeated editions and reiterated applause bear ample testimony; and, by adopting his version of Anacreon, the authour at once gratifies the feelings of personal friendship, and pays that tribute of respect, which

is so justly due to his unrivalled excellence.

The design of this work was conceived during the transient visit which Mr. Moore paid to this city in the summer of 1804. A biographical sketch of the life of Anacreon, formed upon the ingenious plan of the Abbé Barthélemy, appeared to the authour as one which offered a fertile source of amusement, and the prosecution of it was embraced with that ardour which is incident to the schemes of a youthful enthusiast. It was communicated to Moore during one of those festive nights, which he has remembered in a manner not less honourable to himself than grateful to his friends. His approbation was expressed in a manner which was prompt, warm, and flattering. But the authour did not advert to the impropriety of forsaking that "deep well," which my Lord Coke has dug for his "good sons," to wander amid the alluring bowers of ancient Greece, though Genius there had delighted to hold her seat, and Imagination there had whispered her sweetest inspirations. Such considerations, however, did intrude, when the fervour of literary emulation had subsided, and Reason had resumed her sway. The work was a long time abandoned, and perhaps never would have been submitted to publick inspection, had not the partiality of a few friends flattered the very credulous authour into an opinion, that a continuation would be not wholly unworthy of publick perusal.\*

The authour will make no apology for the offences he has committed against the regularity of chronology. If laborious commentators can gravely and ingeniously dispute whether Sappho danced to the voluptuous cadence of the lyre of Anacreon, or whether an entire century intervened between

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\* A part of the Memoirs of Anacreon, with an introductory letter addressed to a literary friend, was published in *The Port Folio* for the past year. Those pages may convey a more accurate idea of the nature and plan of the work than can here be attempted.

the period of their births, he surely may be pardoned, who suffers Anacreon to write an epitaph upon Plato, or criticise the *Poeticks* of Aristotle. Some of these anachronisms were intentional, in order to afford suitable topicks for the conversation of a scholar, and others were the consequence of carelessness. The work is a fiction, intended to illustrate ancient manners, and, by making the Odes of Anacreon more familiar, to render, if possible, the popularity of a friend more extensive. To these motives, if the critics add, as it is supposed it must be conceded, some little admixture of personal vanity, they have all the motives of this undertaking, and they may make such use of the declaration as justice and liberality may suggest. That the volumes were written during occasional intervals of business or study, may operate upon the clemency of some readers; and that they were almost concluded before the time which the law terms *the years of discretion*, might be added as a stronger claim upon the favour of the candid, did not the authour fear the retort of some sarcastick critick, that *the fact appeared upon the showing of his record*. But the just severity of criticism admits of no pleas in extenuation of negligence or imperfection. It is necessary to the integrity of literature, that every writer be judged with strictness and impartiality, and that his judges be neither awed by the imposing noise of a dedication, nor seduced by the smooth flatteries of a preface. The present writer respectfully presents himself at the seat of this tribunal, with no arrogant pretensions to distinction: he offers his labours with very humble expectations, as the innocent, and perhaps not entirely useless amusement of a youthful mind, which preferred literary exertion to listless or frivolous inactivity, when compelled to intermit its attentions to professional occupation. It was pleasant to cheer the gloom of a solitary chamber, by revisiting, with the excursive eye of Imagination, the climes that are distant, and to recount the days that have rolled by: to survey the enamel-

led plains where the voice of *true* patriotism was heard; and where Apollo taught the rudiments of his art: to stray on the banks of Ilyssus and listen to the musick of Anacreon, or hang over the Leucadian mount and drop a tear to the memory of the Lesbian maid. By such arts, the slow foot of Time moves unperceived, and we only awake from the pleasing vision when some sad realities affright the phantoms of fancy from the enchanted bower, and "too feelingly remind us what we are." Such are the pleasures of the recluse, at the "solemn noon of night," and they are not undelightful!

— When the lamps expiring yield to rest,  
And solitude returns, gladly I quit  
The noisy mansions, and, attentive, mark  
the palmy groves  
Resounding once with Plato's voice,  
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head  
Th' unfading olive lifts; the vine-clad hills  
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales  
In prospects vast their level laps expand,  
Amid whose beauties glistening Athens  
tow'rs,  
The blissful scenes where clear Ilyssus rolls  
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding  
marge  
The thick-wove laurel shades, and roseate  
morn  
Pours all her splendours on th' empurpled  
scene.

The impressive voice of Experience will soon testify how far the credulity of Ambition can be realized by the sanction of Truth. The aspiring hope with which literary eminence has always elevated him, has strewn many a flower over a path of difficulties and dangers, and led him, in the reveries of fancy, to a palace of delights, where, as he has surveyed the precipice that surrounds it, he has ventured to exclaim with the enraptured artist, *Ed io anche son Pittore*.

April 14, 1807.

This work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, and will be published in two neat crown octavo volumes, ornamented with likenesses of Anacreon, and Moore. Price to subscribers 2 dollars 50 cents per volume.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

When I was last at G—, I had a French hair-dresser—let me entreat you not to show this to your friend—who is so fond of people of quality, that he thinks there is no *life* out of their company: he would accuse me of being too fond of low company.

I introduce the present hair-dresser to your acquaintance, because, if I am not mistaken, he spoke the sentiments of his whole nation, high and low. You shall judge. This young fellow attended me every morning while I remained at G—; he had been a year or two at London; and while he dressed my hair, his tongue generally moved as quick as his fingers. He was full of his remarks upon London, and the fine people whose hair he pretended to have dressed.—“Do you not think,” said I, “that people may live very happy in that country?” Mais—pour cela, oui, Monsieur.” (But yes truly, Sir.) “Do you think then they are happy?” “Pour cela, non, Monsieur,” (no indeed Sir.) “Can you guess at the reason why they are not so, they have so much reason to be so?” “Oui, Monsieur, elle est toute simple.” (Yes Sir, it is quite plain.) “Pray what is the reason they are not happy?” “C’est qu’ils ne sont pas destinés à l’être.” (Because they are not destined to be so.)

“Did you ever see,” said I, “an Englishman who might pass for a Frenchman?” “Jamais de ma vie, Monsieur,” (never in my life) replied he with an accent of astonishment.

“Suppose him,” said I, “a man of quality?” “N’importe.” (It matters not.)

“But,” continued I, “suppose he had lived several years at Paris, that he was naturally very handsome, and well-made, that he had been educated

by the best French dancing-master, his clothes made by the best French taylor, and his hair dressed by the most eminent friseur in Paris.”—“C’est beaucoup, Monsieur, mais ce n’est pas assez.” (It is much, Sir, but it is not enough.)

“What,” exclaimed I, “would you still know him to be an Englishman?” “Assurément, Monsieur.” (Most assuredly, Sir.)

“What, before he spoke?”—“Au premier coup d’œil. (At the first glance, Sir.)

“The devil you would; but how?” “C’est que messieurs les Anglois ont un air—une manière de se presenter—un—que sai—je moi—Vous m’entendez bien, Monsieur, un certain air sigau—” (Because English gentlemen have an air of countenance—a manner of presenting themselves—a what do I know—you understand me—a countenance so awk—).

“What air, fellow?” “enfin, un air qui est charmant, si vous voulez, monsieur,” said he rapidly, “mais que le diable m’emporte, si c’est l’air François.” (In short, an air which is charming, if you will, Sir, but the devil take me if it is a French air.)

Dr. Moore.

## TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Today the sun with cloudless ray,  
Beams joy and happiness around;  
Tomorrow winds tempestuous play,  
And sleet deforms the frozen ground.  
Such is the doom to man assign’d;  
Such are the changes of the mind.  
Today the genial zephyrs breathe,  
The fragrance of the opening year;  
Tomorrow sees the barren heath,  
And vegetation disappear.  
Such is the fate of human kind,  
Such are the changes of the mind.  
Today the sun of pleasure smiles,  
Youth, Joy and Beauty, deck the scenes,  
The magick wand of Hope beguiles,  
And not a dark cloud intervenes;  
Such is the view to youth assign’d,  
Such the delusion of the mind.  
Tomorrow disappointment lowers,  
Care’s canker gnaws the aching breast,  
Regret each passing moment soars,  
Or Sorrow rears her gorgon crest:  
Such is the doom to man assign’d;  
Such are the changes of the mind.  
Today deceitful Fortune wears

The gladd'ning smile of Joy and Peace;  
 We seek not Sorrow's hidden snares,  
 That soon may bid our pleasures cease;  
 Our prospects fair and unconfin'd  
 Yield sweet contentment to the mind.  
 Tomorrow wears another face;  
 And dark'ning clouds obscure the view;  
 In vain the past scenes we retrace,  
 Or strive the future to pursue:  
 But dreary are the thoughts assign'd,  
 To occupy the gloomy mind.  
 Today then let us all prepare  
 For what the morrow may produce:  
 Tomorrow be our chiefest care,  
 To put each hour to proper use:  
 Move in the sphere by Heaven design'd,  
 And regulate the wandering mind.

An untimely shower or an unseasonable drought; a frost too long continued, or too suddenly broken up, with rain and tempest; the blight of the spring or the smut of the harvest; will do more to cause the distress of the belly, than all the contrivances of all statesmen can do to relieve it. Let government protect and encourage industry, secure property, repress violence, and discountenance fraud, it is all that they have to do. In other respects the less they meddle in these affairs the better; the rest is in the hands of our master and theirs. We are in a constitution of things wherein — *“Modo sol nimius, modo corripuit imber.”*

From *Lady Manners's Review of Poetry*—addressed to her son.

Object of my fondest care,  
 'Mid whose gay and childish air,  
 Pleas'd Attention can descry  
 Reason's dawning brightness nigh;  
 While she, with delighted view,  
 Marks the cheek of rosy hue,  
 Marks thine eye, whose vivid light  
 Shines than orient gems more bright;  
 Marks thy brows serenely bold,  
 Crown'd with locks of waving gold;  
 While an inexpressive CHARM,  
 More than features, more than FORM,  
 Which no pencil e'er could trace,  
 Heightens every infant grace.  
 Twice three Summers now have shed  
 Their warm sunbeams o'er thy head,  
 Summers, fraught with anxious fears  
 To Reflection's riper years:  
 While o'er Europe's wasted lands  
 Discord hurls her flaming brands,  
 And her rugged arms embrace  
 Gallia's sanguinary race,  
 Fixing in each savage mind

Hatred to the human kind—  
 Pale Experience all aghast,  
 Reads the future in the past,  
 And amidst impending gloom,  
 Trembles for the nation's doom.  
 Thee, lov'd boy, no cares molest;  
 Shade thy brow or heave thy breast;  
 Or if cares should discompose,  
 Like the dew-drop on the rose,  
 Or like clouds before the wind,  
 Light, they leave no trace behind,  
 Genuine delights are thine,  
 Mirth and innocence divine,  
 Cherub Health of florid hue,  
 Quick Surprise forever new,  
 Frolick Fancy, gay and free,  
 Gilds the rapid hours for thee.  
 Happy age, to grief unknown!  
 Happy age, but quickly flown!  
 Soon thy sports thou must resign,  
 Studious labour then is thine;  
 Far from every youthful play  
 Grave Instruction points thy way:  
 Science, rich in ancient store,  
 Spreads for thee her classic lore;  
 Armed with magisterial rage  
 Pedants guard the mystick page,  
 Urging on thy tardy flight  
 To Distinction's steepy height.  
 Rough is Learning's arduous road,  
 Yet with brightest flow'rets strow'd,  
 Flowrets, mid the waste of Time,  
 Blooming in eternal prime.

When first from Kilkenny.

TUNE—What can the matter be,

When first from Kilkenny as fresh as a daisy,  
 The girls of our village all swore I was  
 crazy;  
 Arrah, maid, wife, or widow, could never  
 be aisy,  
 If once, joy, I came in her way.  
 And it's—Dear, dear, what can the matter  
 be?  
 Oh, botheration, joy! what can the matter  
 be;  
 Such a fellow as Casey, they swore, there  
 could never be,  
 For at romps, faith, I spent the whole  
 day.

But soon as Miss Jenny fell into my way, sir,  
 As dull as a sparrow I rambled all day, sir,  
 I strove to speak to her, but nothing could  
 say, sir,

But phililu, what is't I ail!  
 And—Dear, dear, what can the matter be?  
 Oh, dear, what can the matter be?  
 The neighbours all laughing, cri'd... What  
 can the matter be?

Murphy O'Casey looks pale.

Our minds scarce made up, a rude press,  
 gang assail'd me;  
 And though I tipp'd them leg bail, my jewel  
 soon nail'd me;

Genteel by the collar along the streets trail'd  
me,  
And lodg'd me a top of a ship.

(Speaks)....Where they left me, and half a  
dozen more, poked up in a hencoop, all alone by  
myself singing

Dear, dear, what can the matter be?

Oh, mucha wack, honey, what can the mat-  
ter be?

But what of all that, sure, I'm now safe re-  
turn'd from sea;

Wa'n't it a delicate trip.

#### PROLOGUE,

To the Farce of Mr. H. lately performed at New-  
York, written by the Authour, and spoken by Mr.  
Elliston.

If we have sinned in paring down a name,  
All civil well bred authours do the same.  
Survey the columns of our daily writers—  
You'll find that some Initials are great fight-  
ers—

How fierce the shock, how fatal is the jar,  
When Ensign W. meets Lieutenant R.  
With two stout seconds, just of their own  
gizzard,

Cross Captain X. and rough old General Z.  
Letter to letter spreads the dire alarms,  
Till half the Alphabet is up in arms.

Nor with less lustre have Initials shone,  
That grace the gentler annals of Crim. Con.  
Where the dispensers of the publick lash  
Soft penance give; a letter and a dash—  
Where vice, reduc'd in size, shrinks to a  
falling,

And loses half its grossness by curtailing;  
*Faux pas* are told us in a modest way—  
*The affair of Col. B. with Mrs. A.*  
You must excuse them—for what is there,  
say,

Which such a pliant vowel must not grant,  
To such a very pressing consonant?  
Or who poetick justice dares dispute,  
When, mildly melting at a lover's suit,  
The wife's a *liquid*—her good man a *mute*?  
Even in the homelier scenes of honest life,  
The coarse-spun intercourse of man and wife,  
Initials I am told have taken place,  
Of Deary, Spouse, and that old fashion'd  
race:

And Cabbage, ask'd by brother Snip to tea,  
Replies, "I'll come—but it don't rest with  
me—

"I always leave them things to Mrs. C."  
Oh should this mincing practice ever spread  
From names of living heroes to the dead,  
How would Ambition sigh and hang her  
head,

As each lov'd syllable should melt away,  
Her Alexander turn'd into great A—  
A single C her Cæsar to express—  
Her Scipio shorten'd to a Roman S.  
And nick'd and dock'd to these new modes  
of speech,  
Great Hannibal himself a Mr. H.

A new weekly paper on an improv-  
ed and liberal plan is announced at  
OXFORD, under the title of *The Ox-  
ford University and City Herald*, and  
*Midland County Chronicle*, with the  
ADMIRABLE MOTTO of *Pro Rege, Le-  
ge, Aris et Focis*. This makes the  
203d weekly provincial publication in  
Great-Britain and Ireland, of each of  
which one thousand copies are sold on  
*the average*. At sixpence each paper  
the annual return to the proprietors is  
263,000*l.*; and, at the duty of three  
pence half penny per paper, they  
yield to the state 154,000*l.* per ann.  
Each paper contains also an average  
of *forty* advertisements, yielding to  
the proprietors, at seven shillings  
each, the sum of 147,784*l.* per ann.,  
and the duty, at three shillings per  
advertisement, yields to the state  
63,336*l.* per annum. Such are the  
wonders of one department only of  
the BRITISH periodical press.

#### TO THE DAUGHTER OF OWEN.

O thou more bright, more cheering to our  
eyes,  
Than the young beams that warm the dawn-  
ing skies,  
Hast thou not heard the weeping nurse re-  
late  
The mournful tale of young Narcissus' fate?  
How, as the bards of ancient days have sung,  
While fondly o'er the glassy stream he hung,  
Enamour'd he his lovely form survey'd,  
And died at length the victim of a shade.  
Sweet! do not thou a like misfortune prove,  
O be not such thy fate, nor such thy love!  
No more on that bewitching beauty gaze,  
Nor trust thy sight to meet its dazzling  
blaze.

Hide, hide that breast so snowy fair:  
Hide the bright tresses of thy hair;  
And oh! those eyes of radiant ruin hide,  
Brilliant as sunbeams dancing on the tide:  
Hide the fair lids where their soft glories  
roll,  
Darting their tender glances to the soul.

Hide the twin berries of thy lips perfume,  
Their breathing fragrance, and their deep-  
ening bloom;  
Thy lip, whose sounds such raptures can  
impart,  
Whose words of sweetness sink into the  
heart;  
Hide those fair cheeks, that glow like radi-  
ant morn,  
When Sol's bright rays the blushing East  
adorn;

No more to thy incautious sight display'd,  
Be that dear form in every grace array'd :

The rosy finger's tapering charms ;  
The slender hand, the snowy arms ;  
The little foot so soft, so fair ;  
The timid step, the modest air ;

No more their graces let thine eye pursue,  
But hide, oh hide the peril from thy view.  
Against thy own attractions steel thy heart,  
And fear no wound from Cupid's idle dart ;  
For thee while all the youths of Erin sigh,  
And wounded by thy thrilling eyebeam die,  
Peace shall within thy gentle bosom reign,  
Their love unpitied and unheard their strain.

### MERRIMENT.

When Kelly was engaged to compose the music for an opera that was to appear at Drury-lane, the nature of this employment became the subject of conversation one night in the green-room. It was observed by one, that the musician was deeply indebted to the authour. "Then," retorted Jack Bannister, "he is likely to be rid of that incumbrance, for he is at present preparing to discharge it, by giving him *his notes*."

On the trial of a cause in the court of common pleas, Mr. Serjeant Vaughan having, in the course of the examination of a witness, asked a question rather of law than fact, Lord Eldon, then chief justice, very good-humouredly observed, "brother Vaughan, this is not quite fair; you wish the witness to give you for *nothing* what you would not give him for *two guineas*."

On a publick rejoicing night, a gentleman passing by as the mob were breaking a quaker's windows in Cheap-side, stopped to expostulate with them for their cruelty, as the poor man was sick in bed; on which Mr. deputy Birch, who happened to be near, replied, "That the gentleman having for some time laboured under a complication of disorders, the mob were so compassionate as to remove some of his *panes*."

Mr. Sheridan was in company where a piece of curious mechanism in ivory

was produced for inspection: it was of such delicate workmanship, that it could scarcely be touched without fear of breaking it. "For my part," said Mr. Sheridan, "I don't like any thing of such very delicate structure." Just at this moment the late Mrs. Robinson entered the room. She had heard Mr. Sheridan's observation, which he perceiving, added—"I don't say so, however, of you, madam."

Lord Thurlow was one day riding along with a farmer at Dulwich, of whom he used to take some notice and consult about agricultural matters: when the farmer ventured to ask how politicks were. "Damn politicks!" said he, "I hate them." Soon after this, his lordship asked the farmer what he thought of a field of wheat they were passing—"Damn farming!" replied he, "I hate it."

Sir John Carter, when Mayor of Portsmouth, was knighted by His Majesty at the naval review; he unluckily stumbled as he was rising from his knee: upon which, with great presence of mind, he apologised to the King, by saying, "Your Majesty has loaded me with so much honour, that I cannot well *stand under it*."

The criminal executioner, commonly called Jack Ketch, was lately summoned to the court of requests, by the landlord of a publick-house in the Old Bailey, for a beer-score; and on being asked how he could pay it, the fellow scratched his head, and replied, that *business* was very bad of late, they having sent so many of his *customers* to Botany Bay; and really he could not say how he could pay it; but, *if so be as how* the gentleman pleased, he had no objection to *work it out for him, or any of his family*."

An old gentleman who used to frequent the Chapter Coffee-house, being unwell, thought he might steal an opinion concerning his case; accordingly one day he took an opportunity of asking Dr. Buchan, who sat in the same box with him, what he should

take for such a complaint? "I'll tell you," said the doctor, "you should take advice."

Mr. Cobbet, well known by the name of Peter Porcupine, speaking of the concoction of that *thing of shreds and patches*, the Addington ministry, observed, that "It was only a second conspiracy among the journey-men *CABINET-makers*."

Dr. R. maintained that poverty was a virtue. "That," said Mr. Canning, "is literally making a virtue of necessity."

On four windows in succession, on the ground floor of a corner house in one of the squares, being stopped up to avoid the window tax in 1784, some one chalked on the bricks which denoted where the windows *had* been, *Pitt's works*, vol. 1, vol. 2, vol. 3, vol. 4.

Mr. Jekyll, on a bill being introduced into the House of Commons to prevent the foundation of nunneries in England, and another in the House of Lords to prevent the rapid progress of adultery, wrote the following epigram:

The choice severe the ladies fair  
In vain deplore in tears;  
"No nuns," the House of Commons cry;  
"No w——," the House of Peers.

Wewitzer going to order some candles, told the tallow-chandler that he hoped they would be better than the last he had from him. "I beg pardon, sir," said the man, "I thought the last I sent you were remarkably good; what was their fault?" "Why, they all burnt very well down to the middle, but after that, none of them would burn any longer."

An officer in Admiral Lord St. Vincent's fleet, asking him, when he was gallantly bearing down upon the Spanish fleet, whether he had reckoned the number of the enemy? "No," replied the brave veteran, "it will be

time enough to do that when we have made them strike."

John Philip Kemble, one evening performing *Romeo*, in the scene with the *apothecary*, gave a new reading, and instead of calling out, "What, *ho, apothecary!*" in a strong voice, rather *whispered* the words. The gentleman who enacted the meagre apothecary, not being apprised of this, when he made his *entre'*, asked as usual, "Who calls so loud?" This threw the audience into a little confusion, and rather disconcerted the performers.

A man who wished to pass for a capital painter, told Mr. Barry that he was going to white-wash his room, and then to paint it. "Paint it first, and afterwards white-wash it," was the laconick advice of the blunt painter.

Lord O. saying that he made a point of never playing beyond the line of his own understanding, "Now, My Lord," said the Countess of Buckinghamshire, "I see the reason *you never play deep*."

Jack Bannister seeing Suett, one night, behind the scenes, when dressed for his part, with something under his cloak, asked him what it was: "poinard," answered he; but Jack observing that it was a bottle, took from him, and having drank the contents, returned it to Suett, saying "There, I give you the scabbard back again."

Mr. Sheridan, on seeing Charles Fox with Mrs. Robinson in her carriage, wittily observed, "That the connexion was perfectly natural; for *man of the people*, and no other, should be *cicisbeo* to the *woman of the people*."

In a conversation one day in a mixed company, it was observed, that the love of mankind in general extinguished in the heart the love of one's country. The late Mrs. Robinson

she denied the truth of this assertion :  
 "For," said she, "I am a very good  
 Englishwoman, and yet I sincerely  
 feel for the happiness of all mankind."  
 "Yes," said Lord John Townshend,  
 "I believe, madam, that your *bust* is a  
*patriot*, but the rest of your person is  
 a *citizen of the world*."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

## TO MY MUSE.

What shall I do to gain the poet's fire,  
 And learn with skilful hand to strike the  
 lyre ?

To sing in artless notes the tuneful lay,  
 That holds, where'er 'tis heard, its powerful  
 sway ?

Oh! let me catch wild Fancy's brightest  
 beams

To gild with gayest tints my varied themes ;  
 And let not Genius blush with shame to  
 own,

The lowly labours of th' ambitious son.

If with heroick deeds my breast be fir'd,  
 Be then my pen by every muse inspir'd ;  
 And when with tears I sing the tale of wo,  
 May my rude lines the feeling bosom show.

But when I dare with soft and feeble voice,  
 To sing of joy to youthful Love's first  
 choice ;

Teach me the happy art that can control  
 Her every wish, to move at will, her soul.

While to her list'ning ear the musick plays,  
 On her fair form let me enraptur'd gaze ;  
 And then with Love's admiring eye pursue  
 Each new-born beauty starting into view.

Let her not bid me drink of Lethe's stream,  
 Nor on Parnassus' flowery mountain dream ;  
 For no command can force me to forget  
 When first for her my heart's wild pulses  
 beat.

'Twas when the flow'rs did shed their spring  
 perfume,  
 And fields were smiling in their brightest  
 bloom ;  
 Cheer'd by the scene, the birds with rapture  
 sung,  
 And with their notes the fresh-clad branches  
 rung.

Hard by a stream with careless steps I  
 stray'd,  
 And on its banks I saw a slumb'ring maid ;  
 O ever blessed be that happy hour,  
 For then I felt the force of Cupid's pow'r.

Ye Gods, what raptures did within me rise  
 When she unclos'd her humid sparkling  
 eyes !

May that green spot with roses sweet be  
 strew'd,

Where first the slumb'ring maid so fair I  
 view'd !

But why need I the tale of love prolong ?  
 Since then, to her I've tun'd my daily song ;  
 Yet all in vain—no vows can move the fair,  
 And all my hopes must sink in sad despair !

SEDLEY.

*For The Port Folio.*

Addressed to EMMA.

Give back the vows so oft I've made,  
 My oaths of truth restore,  
 With coldness be my love repaid,  
 And smile, my girl ! no more.  
 Say you resign each thought of me,  
 (But say it with a tear) ;  
 Say, you restore my liberty,  
 (But seem not too sincere).

Think'st thou I'd break the pleasing chain,  
 That binds to thee my heart ?  
 From the delicious soothing pain,  
 Think'st thou I'd ever part ?  
 Ah no ! the only chain I wear  
 Is form'd of purest gold ;  
 It has no weight, it brings no care,  
 Save, when my Emma's cold.

The smile of innocence that plays  
 Around thy ruby lips,  
 The Sylph that o'er thine eye-lid strays,  
 And there contentment sips ;  
 Serve but as heralds to proclaim,  
 Thy beauties unreveal'd ;  
 Serve but the fancy to inflame,  
 With greater charms conceal'd.

My faith then Emma, do not fear,  
 Believe me ever true,  
 The heart you once suppos'd sincere,  
 Still beats alone for you.

PHILARIO.

TO LEYRIDA.

AIR: High o'er the grave, &c.

When Cupid all our thoughts enchain,  
 And Grief bedims the joyless eye ;  
 The Muses kindly whisper strains,  
 Which sing that Hope shall never die.

They bid their vot'ry string his lyre,  
 And tell the joys from love that flow ;  
 Or rouse the poet's lambent fire,  
 To sing the pains of ling'ring wo.

Lo! how the chords obedient move,  
For Love has tun'd the willing strings:  
The Sylphids round him lightly rove,  
And fan him with their goss'mer wings.

They place before his raptur'd eyes  
The form of her who won his heart;  
Each little Sylph around him flies,  
And whispers they shall never part.

Ah, ye deceitful dreams! no more  
Shall ye beguile the lonely hour;  
In other climes I'll soon explore  
Those placid skies that never low'r.

Too long has Fancy's dazzling ray  
With meteor glare deceiv'd my eye;  
Too long has sung the cheating lay  
That told me Hope should never die!

SEDLEY.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

LINES, IMPROMPTU,

By the late I. M. Brimmer, Esq. addressed to  
Miss R. H———, upon hearing her sing and  
seeing her dance.

Amid the throng, by elegance refin'd,  
Where Fashion reigns, and Taste improves  
the mind;

Gay, lovely nymph, thy polish'd charms im-  
part

New grace to life, and rapture to the heart.

The *Sylphs* warble not a sweeter song;

*Sylphs* envy while you lead the dance along.

At thy nativity, bright *Heeper* shone;

The *Loves* and *Graces* mark'd thee for their  
own.

*Philad. March 30, 1807.*

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

Is it true that Eliza, no more,  
By her presence our fields will adorn?  
Has she gone, and left me to deplore,  
The dear object, I ever must mourn?  
Yes indeed! the sad tidings are true,  
For, their truth, my soul's anguish de-  
clares,  
To our vales she has bidden adieu,  
And resisted the tenderest pray'rs.

For Eliza I search in the grove,  
Or along by the rivulet's side,  
O'er the meadow of willows I rove,  
And thro' close-woven thickets I glide.  
In her favourite walks now I roam,  
Now reecho the Woods with her name,

Kind relief then I seek for at home,  
But my sorrow continues the same.

I'll encircle my temples with green,  
On my bosom green leaves will I wear,  
Not a colour but that shall be seen,  
'Tis the emblem of deepest despair.  
All lamenting, I know is in vain,  
Yet I can't but give vent to my grief,  
'Tis a soothing of wo, to complain,  
That affords me a transient relief.

SELIM.

—  
EPITAPHS.

Here lies *William Hiseland*;  
A veteran, if ever soldier was;  
Who merited well a pension,  
If long service be a merit;  
Having served upwards of the days of man;  
Ancient, but not superannuated:  
Engaged in a series of wars,  
Civil as well as foreign,  
Yet not maimed or worn out by either,  
His complexion was fresh and florid,  
His health hail and hearty,  
His memory exact and ready.  
In stature  
He exceeded the military size;  
In strength  
He surpassed the prime of youth!  
And,  
What rendered his age still more patriarchal  
When above a hundred years old,  
He took unto him a wife.  
Read, fellow-soldiers, and reflect,  
That there is a spiritual warfare  
As well as a warfare temporal.  
Born the 1st August, 1620, died the 16th  
February, 1732, aged 112.

—  
On one named JOHN.\*

Death came to *John*,  
And whisper'd in his ear,  
You must die *John*;  
D'ye hear?

Quoth *John* to Death,  
The news is bad:  
No matter, quoth Death,  
I've said.

\* It was his usual custom in company  
when he told them any thing, to ask d'ye hear  
and if any said he did not hear him, *John*  
would reply, no matter, I've said.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

---

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

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Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 25, 1807.

[No. 17.]

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE smiles of a fine lady never produced such an effect on the spirits of a superannuated beau, as your condescension has produced on mine. He must possess an uncommon share of confidence, who may not be honestly swayed by the approbation of Mr. Oldschool. Ever since my imagination has been awakened by the obliging things which you are pleased to say of K. T. my habitual indolence has yielded to a desire of forming a more intimate acquaintance with the principal of the revered old school. If, therefore, you have conjured up a troublesome spirit, your candour will excuse his importunities.

Was it not one of the heroes of Goldsmith, perhaps the honourable Mr. Skeggs, who formed the prudent resolution of learning Greek, for the express purpose of instructing his daughter in that language; although miss was not only then unborn, but the legal preliminaries of her existence had not yet been laid down in the marriage articles of monsieur and madame Skeggs? 'Tis ten, nay, a thousand to one. that the case of the "Tour Round the Lakes" is similar: but whether R. F. may have already

written his Tour, and laid it up to mellow for nine years; or whether it may be his intention in the next ensuing three years, to acquire such a stock of knowledge as may enable him to occupy three other years in travel and observation; and then, at the end of the legal period, give his work to the publick, is a matter of no moment, as he now declares, that his Tour shall not be published by the authour, before the year of our Lord 1815: reserving nevertheless to his heirs, in case of the authour's demise before the aforesaid period, the right of publishing his Tour, or any other of his works, which shall come legally into his, her, or their hands.

I doubt not but some learned critics and profound connoisseurs, will hang down their heads at this gloomy intelligence. But, gentlemen, take courage; you shall have every advantage which the nature of the case can afford; and if we credit Dr. Johnson, there is still room for hope. The Doctor, speaking, I think, of one of Mr. Addison's performances, says, "In this poem is a very confident and discriminative character of Spenser, whose work he had then *never read*." Know therefore, gentlemen, that if this Tour exist at all, it must be in manuscript, tied with a piece of read packthread, rolled up after the manner of the ancients, and that as I pos-

■ ■

sess but one bureau, and that of walnut, you may with much probability conclude that the Tour is lodged in that same walnut fortress. So that if you cannot get right at it, point blank, you may exercise your artillery by discharging now and then a random shot—*prohibent nam cetera parca*.

It may be necessary, sir, to lay before you, some of the reasons which have influenced the authour to lay up his work, whether prosaick or otherwise; and which he is persuaded are as advantageous to the reader as to the authour. First, we authours may, during that period, add something to our little magazine of knowledge, provided we make a proper use of our time. Besides, it is a mournful truth that many laborious writers of high expectation, cease to enjoy a learned reputation on the fatal day of publication: now to this class the nine years are so much clear gain. Then sir, there are the vagaries of Fortune, who seems to have reserved her wildest frolicks, and wickedest pranks, for our days: therefore no one will be surprised, if before 1815, the gazettes foreign and domestick, resound the titles and arch-titles of K. T. arch-treasurer, arch-chancellor, or arch something of some arch-dutchy of Austria, Prussia, or Poland. The example has been set, and *entre nous*, I have a Frenchman's word for it :

*Le sort burlesque dans ce siècle de fer,  
D'un pèdant quand il veut sait faire un Duc  
et pair.\**

To the advantages already enumerated, the sage and patient reader also has a fair claim, and to the following inestimable one into the bargain: the authour may die in his probationary state, and then *odiem præclaram*! The happy reader may feast on all the luxuries of a posthumous work, garnish'd with the authour's life, two hundred pages more or less, of a *discours préliminaire*, a dozen pages of an *avant-propos*, and then the various prefaces

of the defunct authour and learned editor. Ah sir, all this handsomely done up *a la Française*, is delicious, exquisite, ravishing!

*Fiat justitia* is a golden rule; in conformity to which allow me to inform you, that your Printer has, by a mistake, put two unoffending letters, R. F. into jeopardy; while the real defaulters have taken shelter in the shade afforded to them by the trembling hand and blunted pen of

K. T.

### MR. SELFRIDGE.

*Law Report.*—We have lately perused a report of the trial of the *Commonwealth of Massachusetts v. T. O. Selfridge*, for manslaughter, and feel no hesitation in recommending it to the perusal of the publick, as one of the most interesting and important cases that ever was decided. The doctrine of *homicide* in all its various gradations, is there laid down in the most perspicuous manner by Mr. Justice Parsons, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court: and the facts that occurred in the case afforded the counsel engaged for the defendant an opportunity for the display of eminent and shining abilities, which they have not neglected. The speech of Mr. Dexter assumes and maintains with a lofty spirit ground that we do not remember ever to have seen taken in a court of law before. A single remark only shall be made on an assertion contained in the rambling, feeble, puerile, unargumentative and unlawyer-like speech of Mr. Sullivan the Attorney General: He asserted publicly (page 140) that "*Alexander Hamilton wrote against Washington.*" THIS IS A BASE FALSEHOOD. And as this trial will be extensively circulated and read, it is to be hoped the federal editors every where, particularly at Boston, will not permit this slander of Mr. Sullivan's to remain uncontradicted. I denominate Mr. Sullivan's falsehood "*base*," because it appears that his speech was corrected by himself, and of course the

\* Could Boileau indeed, have his Dutch Majesty in view, when he wrote the foregoing lines? The poets were called *vates*, so were the prophets.

assertion is given to the world with his deliberate assent.

Those who, after reading the Report, feel a desire to be made fully acquainted with a controversy which has been so much misrepresented in the demotratick prints, may gratify their curiosity by the perusal of a small pamphlet accompanying the Report, written with a strength, a perspicuity, and an elegance not often to be met with. Here we should have stopt, had not the most unwarrantable attempts been made to connect a mere private affair with federal politicks, and in the most wicked and wanton manner to fasten a stigma on the party itself, for an act represented by them as an enormous crime, which a jury, composed of men of all parties, has pronounced innocent and justifiable.

The reader of the Report and the Statement will have an opportunity of seeing to what lengths party malice can carry our eastern democrats. They will have an opportunity to perceive that while a fellow-citizen was confined within the walls of a prison for months, to take his trial for his life, a publick press could with unparalleled infamy be devoted during the whole time to influence the community, by partial statements, and malignant comment, to prejudice his case so as to render it difficult for him to obtain an impartial jury; while no attempt was made by the court itself whose jurisdiction was thus violated, to interfere and put a stop to this horrible conspiracy against life, by a *process for contempt*. And to wind up the outrageous proceeding, they will see with equal astonishment, indignation, and abhorrence, that the probable authours of this newspaper assassination were no other than the father of the man whose life was forfeited to the law of self-defence, and the Attorney-General who was to conduct the trial.—A case which we venture to say will serve abroad to bring greater disgrace on American manners and morals than any thing that has been invented by the most slanderous European that ever visited our

shores for the purpose of defaming the national character abroad.

Coleman.

#### A GAG FOR THE DEMOCRATS.

Persevering in a system of deliberate and wilful falsehood, and desperately fighting against *fact*, the jacobins continue to violently assail Mr Selfridge for killing in *self-defence*, the junior Austin. The defence of Mr. S. can be rested *only* on five bases, but alack! alack! how *sandy* are they all in the estimation of a scoundrel and a democrat, who obstinately shuts his eyes against the noon-tide ray :

THE LAW OF NATURE,  
THE LAWS OF ENGLAND,  
THE LAW OF THE LAND,  
THE HEBREW RITUAL, and  
THE GOSPEL CODE.

We strenuously recommend to the close attention and liberal construction of the candid and the wise, Mr. Selfridge's modest but manly narrative of a transaction in which he displayed no other temper than that of prudence, justice, and magnanimity. No individual may tamely suffer the sacred right of personal security to be rudely violated :

"There is a SPIRIT IN MAN, and God hath given him understanding."

#### BIOGRAPHY.

In pursuing our literary labours we are solicitous of nothing so much as the approbation of THE GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR. With a few, a very few disgraceful exceptions among the jacobin faction, the Lawyers of America are NATURE'S NOBLEMEN, and constitute, in a very eminent degree, THE NATURAL ARISTOCRACY of the country. They display more genius, and are endowed with more learning, than any other *cast* in Columbian society. Whether a munificent patron, like the Duke of Dorset, or the Earl of Halifax, exist in America, may be made a question, but if there be such a man, or if a Mæcenas hereafter arise, unquestionably he is of the legal profession. To the generosity of their tempers, as well as to the ingenuity of their minds, the editor ought to bear willing testimony. They have repeatedly cheered him in his course when he was almost fainting; and when, in consequence of demotratick violence and absurdity, his honour and his

liberty were jeopardized, they were the volunteer champions of his cause. He has the honour of numbering on the front roll of his friends, many an eloquent advocate, who, to forensick talents, of which an **ERASKINE** might not be ashamed, adds a probity most untainted, a generosity most unbounded, and a conscience purer than chrystal. The editor takes frequent occasion to descend on the merits of the profession, not only from his ardent sense of their general and individual kindness, but because Lawyers, of late, are **THE CONSTANT TOPICKS OF JACOBINICAL OBLOQUY**. He wishes to promulgate, in the widest manner, his opinion respecting their talents and integrity, and that they are to their country, *et accus et presidium*, both a defence and a decoration. A miserable scribbler in the north, and a wild Irishman in the capital of Pennsylvania, have long been in the habit of assailing the bar. But the puny efforts of the contemptible foe are alike ridiculous and unavailing. The assault has been made, but **THE CITADEL REMAINS UNSHAKEN**. On the ribs of a rhinoceros no painful impression can be made by a woman's hand. On the Rock of Gibraltar, tennis-balls and pellets of cotton are cast in vain.

In conformity with our habitual inclination to render every possible service to the eminent lawyers of our country, we present to them in this day's *Port Folio*, a masterly portrait of a late Lord High Chancellor of England. The honoured name of **THURLOW** challenges attention, and the ability, integrity, manliness, learning, and spirit of the friend of **JOHNSON** and of **COWPER**, must receive all our applause. The publick character of this great man is worthy of the highest admiration. His political principles, his loyal zeal, his rigid inflexibility, his lofty temper, his contempt for the people, his munificent disposition, and his personal and political courage, will secure him fame as long as Merit, Dignity, and Honour are in request among mankind. Over some parts of his private character, let Candour draw her veil. But though the moralist may weep, and the furious fanatick frown at the gallantries and oaths of this nobleman, yet the philosopher who looks steadfastly at that wondrous mechanism, the human heart, and counts with a physician's precision, all its pulsations, will perhaps smile at discovering another proof in an illustrious character, of the mysterious alliance between **GENIUS** with eyes of heavenly fire, and Passions, more ungovernable than the zebra of the wilderness.

#### CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF LORD THURLOW.

The accidents of life are in no profession more influential than in that of the law. Talents may labour without

obtaining distinction during many years; yet, at last, some fortunate event may demonstrate that their possessor is not a mere dolt who had been so long only plodding, but a man of capacity, whose abilities were unable, without assistance, to start into day. On the contrary, we know others, whose first appearance has been so favourable, that opinion has marked them for distinction, and they have done little more in succeeding life, than maintain that progress to celebrity which was then so happily commenced. The talents of a lawyer are not confined to the knowledge of his profession: this is necessary, but it is not all. The most critical acquaintance with black letter books, **Bracton** and **Fleta**, or **Lyttleton** and **Coke**, unless accompanied by manifest zeal for the interest of a client, industry to overcome obstacles, and ingenuity to combine all advantages and defeat all opposition, will effect but little at the bar. It is curious to observe by what different methods counsel affect to obtain celebrity. Some by adopting a persuasive manner, unlock the heart of a witness, and by a gentleness of tone sooth information out of him, which otherwise would have been withheld; others by bluster, terrour, and storm, think they induce the most stubborn to bend, and that by these means they obtain their wishes, where less decisive efforts would have failed. The character which we are now to consider, has uniformly been reckoned among those of the latter description.

**Edward Lord Thurlow**, was son of a respectable clergyman at **Ashfield**, in **Suffolk**, from which place he afterwards took his title. Narrow circumstances prevented his father from bestowing on his education all the attention he could have wished. He did, however, all in his power, and foresaw that his son **Edward** would "fight his way in the world." With this intention he was sent to **Cambridge**, where his studies were preparatory to his pursuit of the law as a profession. He was in person large and robust; of a strong mind, retentive memory, vehemence

ment passions, and so much addicted in early life to pleasure, the bottle, and gallantry, that only those who knew him intimately could calculate upon his real powers. He would lounge away hour after hour and day after day at Nando's coffee-house, apparently without reflection; but we believe we are correct in stating, that he laboured *nightly* in the study of his profession, while he seemed to procure his knowledge nobody knew how: in truth, the labour it cost him was excessive. The cause which ascertained Mr. Thurlow's future rank, was the famous Douglas cause, in which he had occasion for all his firmness, diligence, and activity: and we have been repeatedly informed, that the necessity of exertion on this occasion was the making of Thurlow. It will be recollected that the counsel were the most eminent of the English bar; and not to be unequal to Yorke, Wedderburn, Dunning, &c. required every attention, and the whole mind of our rising lawyer. Emulation then, not to call it rivalry, stimulated Thurlow, who, had he had less conspicuous coadjutors, or adversaries, would have been content with less distinction; but being determined to equal others, he in fact, surpassed himself. It was understood that he was the marked opponent of Wedderburn; and that he was never better pleased than when retained on the contrary side. Mr. Thurlow was made King's Counsel in 1762, Solicitor General in 1770, and Attorney General in 1771. The feeble administration of which Lord North was the head, required some partisans capable, by their effrontery, of opposing the Opposition; and two they certainly boasted: Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville; and Thurlow. These would speak for Ministry when Ministry would not speak for themselves; and when wit or argument had struck others dumb with dismay, these continued to harangue undismayed. In 1778 he arrived at the highest honours of his profession, being created a peer, by the title of Lord Thurlow, of Ashfield, in Suffolk; and Lord High

Chancellor of England. It was shrewdly suspected that he did not always in his heart, or in the cabinet, approve of every step taken by the languid statesmen which then managed our affairs: and some have thought, that he retailed the reasonings of others, though in his own manner; yet distinguished by sufficient marks of *reactiveness*, from the genuine emanations of his own mind. He did what he did, rather because he could not do better, than because he was convinced that this was the very best that ought to be done. On the admission of Mr. Pitt to power, Lord Thurlow was understood to be consulted by him almost in the character of tutor; but the youth who, unfledged financier as he was, burst away from the toils of the Marquis of Lansdowne, was not likely to be long under tutelage. At length they openly differed: Lord Thurlow had unwarily promised to Mr. Pitt, the next presentation of the Mastership of the Rolls: but when Pepper Arden was named to be that Master, he endeavoured all in his power to thwart the appointment, and finding it impossible, his ill-humour manifested itself more and more, till at length a separation ensued. His Lordship retired to private life in 1792, and gradually declining in strength as age advanced, he died at Brighton, on Friday, September 13, 1806, aged 71.

The publick life of Lord Thurlow divides into the lawyer and statesman: but his personal character predominates in both. When pleading in the Douglas cause, he gave so much offence to Mr. Andrew Stuart, a gentleman of high talents and honour, and a principal agent for the Duke of Hamilton, (Thurlow was for his opponent, Douglas) that Mr. Stuart thought proper to call him to account. Thurlow vindicated his conduct as being merely professional; on which, report says, Mr. Stuart asked whether calling him "scoundrel" would tempt him to waive professional protection? The answer being in the affirmative, the offence was given, and a hostile interview took place, without serious

consequences. Many were his allusions to his adversary in the continuation of the trial, not all of which did him honour.

The most popular period of his life was during the debates on the Regency. In this turbulent and critical period, when stiffness and inflexibility were virtues of the very first order, Lord Thurlow, who possessed these virtues in their highest degree, was precisely what his situation required. He was the very Ajax of his party, and retired, as did that sullen Greek,

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ὄνος παρ' ἄρ' ἔρχαν ἰων ἑοῖσ' αὐτο  
παῖδας

Ναυθὶς ἣ δὴ πολλὰ περὶ ῥόπαλ' ἀμφὶς ἰάγῃ,  
Κεῖρι τ' εἰσελθὼν βαθὺ λήϊον οἱ δὲ τι παῖδες  
Τυπτῶσι ῥόπαλοις· βίη δὲ τι νηπιη αὐτῶν  
Σπυδῇ τ' ἐξήλασαν ἱππεῖ τ' ἱκορ· σσατο φορ-  
βῆς

but returned again to the charge, and distinguished himself by his famous exclamation concerning his Majesty, "When I forget my King, may God forget me!" Detraction, however, has said, that he had that very morning received a private hint of the more than possibility that his Majesty would recover. We know that Detraction never restrains herself to truth, and we have no reason to infer, that, on this occasion, she departed from her general character.

But there is one event in his life which Detraction never dared to impeach; we mean his extremely handsome attention to Dr. Johnson, who wishing to travel abroad for his health, had applied for an addition to his pension. The reasons which induced a refusal, have no claim to a place in this article; but it is greatly to Lord Thurlow's honour that he softened the denial all in his power. The following is one of his letters on this occasion:

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Sir, I should have answered your letter immediately; if (being much engaged when I received it) I had not put it in my pocket, and forgot to open it till this morning.

"I am much obliged to you for the suggestion; and I will adopt and press

it as far as I can. The best argument, I am sure, and I hope it is not likely to fail, is Dr. Johnson's merit. But it will be necessary, if I should be so unfortunate as to miss seeing you, to converse with Sir Joshua on the sum it will be proper to ask—in short, upon the means of setting him out. It would be a reflection on us all, if such a man should perish for want of the means to take care of his health.

Yours, &c.

THURLOW."

Johnson wished for 600*l.* i.e. the doubling of his pension for one year, for which sum Lord Thurlow gave Johnson leave to draw on his banker; taking the nominal security of his pension.

His Lordship never was married; but while a lounging at Nando's, formed a connexion with the bar-maid, whom he took from that station to his own house. Report speaks favourably of her conduct. He had several daughters by her; but during his Chancellorship his title was secured to the heirs of his brother who died Bishop of Durham. Accordingly it is now inherited by his nephew.

We must also report to his praise that he never suffered his private attachment to interfere with his public duties. A person in the law, who held a certain post under his Lordship, applied through his Lordship's housekeeper, for an office of superior importance, but was severely repulsed, and punished by ejection from the office he held; with many threats of vengeance to the uttermost on whoever applied *indirectly* for favours. This illicit connexion subjected his Lordship to a libel, which he dared not controvert, and in which the modest defence of fornication "*de bene esse*," put into his mouth, was thought to be a passable instance of ridicule.

Lord Thurlow had accustomed himself so strongly to a vulgar habit of profane swearing, that he was scarcely able to suspend it. If he did not swear in the House of Lords while Chancellor, he swore on the stairs and in the lobby: and if he did not swear while at Church, he could hardly restrain himself in the

porch: and this mental cacoethes was so inveterate, that his brother, the bishop, at length relinquished all hopes of a cure. His Lordship was also libelled for this bad habit in the Probationary Odes; as whoever has read them cannot fail of recollecting.

As a Chancellor, we believe, that Lord Thurlow's decrees gave as much satisfaction as can generally be expected: he was indeed, not a novice in the composition of decrees before he ascended the bench, if Rumour may be credited; and an allusion which fell from him in answer to Lord Bathurst, occasioned by his project on the subject of tythes, gave countenance to this insinuation. Whether the time he took "to consider," always met with the approbation of the parties to a suit, we are not able to affirm.

There are no qualities of the mind but might be useful in their proper places; and in certain conjunctions of circumstances, they may be extremely important: there are no minds so elevated but they may be degraded by bad habits. These principles are not only founded in nature, but are justified by the instance before us. We should be glad that his successors might consider some things in Lord Thurlow as exemplary; others we heartily wish them skill, virtue, and perseverance, to avoid.

For The Port Folio.

#### WANT OF PATRONAGE

*The principal Cause of the Slow Progress*  
OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,

#### AN ORATION,

Delivered before the society of PHI BETA KAPPA, upon the anniversary of that institution,

BY SAMUEL F. JARVIS.

*Ant Mecenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones*  
MART.

(Concluded.)

Let us then turn to the only resource remaining, and consider what may be expected from national munificence.

And here I am forced to enter upon a theme barren indeed. What

has our government done for the support of literature? Nothing. What has it given to support any one literary institution? Nothing. Nay, What has it advanced to supply the wants of a single literary character? Nothing. Add as much as you please to the blank scroll of governmental patronage, and still,

"A languid, leaden iteration reigns."

And the reason of this is plain. Wherever the existence of rulers depends upon the will of the people, they will ever be guided in their measures by the inclinations of the people. Popularity is the great object of attention to the one, and rigid economy in the publick expenditures, to the other. The question which is asked is not, whether a measure is really useful, but what it will cost; not whether the conduct of an administration has been such as to render the nation respected abroad and flourishing at home; but how much money it has spent, and how much it has still remaining in its treasury. Can it then be demanded whether the government will ever patronize literature? Never while the publick taste remains the same; never as long as a niggard economy is the only test of political excellence. The most effectual mode of patronizing learned men, would be by the endowment of Colleges and the establishment of Fellowships. But this can never be done as long as the councils of government seem formed only to be destroyed. The property of publick societies rests upon a very frail support, since the benefactions of the legislature at one session are liable to be withdrawn at another. If proof of this be demanded, I appeal to the records of the several states; for the system of government in each is fundamentally the same with that of the Union, and consequently the conduct of the one would, in similar circumstances, be the conduct of the other.

But I need not appeal to Records; I need only appeal to the recollection of those who hear me; and they will, doubtless, bear me witness that I

speaking not without cause. The dissolution of both the Colleges in the state of Maryland must be an event fresh in the recollection of every one.\* This, because it is a recent attack upon the literature of the country, carries conviction to the understanding; yet the procedure is far from being unprecedented. How many of those Colleges which were founded previous to the last twenty years are now remaining? And of those which do remain, how many are in a flourishing condition? The result of these questions presents but a gloomy picture of the extent of American Literature. The inquiry notwithstanding is necessary. The wound must be probed before it can be effectually healed; and the obstructions to the progress of learning must be known or they never can be removed. It would seem invidious to particularize either those states which have given encouragement to literature, or those which have contributed to its destruction. With respect to the latter we can only express a wish that they may hereafter be convinced how fatal is the tendency of their infatuation; and concerning the former that they will add still more to the bounty which they have bestowed.

If the cogency of example be required to strengthen what has now been said, let us turn our attention to a country which has long been the favourite seat of the sciences. We see her clergy respected, and supported

in that dignity which should ever be attached to their character; we see her Universities liberally endowed, entrusted with the government of the cities in which they are placed, and consequently represented in the national Legislature. We behold on her pension list the names of the learned, and science made a step towards promotion. The necessary consequence of all this is, that in that country, Literature thrives, and shoots up into a tall and vigorous manhood. It may, I think, be asserted, without exaggeration, that to Great-Britain the world is indebted for the most accomplished scholars, the most enterprising philosophers, and the most eminent divines. If we wish to become thus celebrated for literature, let us also pursue the same course which has led them to glory.

But as long as those causes remain which prevent the adoption of a system of patronage, it is manifest that the only motive for the acquisition of science, which can possibly operate on the minds of our countrymen, is the love of it, considered only as a mean of promoting happiness.

If then learning be possessed of any worth, and this be the only incentive which we have for its cultivation, what can more increase it than the establishment of literary societies. The social principle in man operates for his improvement in mental, as well as bodily powers. As flame is produced by the friction of those hard substances which alone could not have effected it, so by the intercourse of kindred minds, they are roused into energetick action. And it will generally be found that all ages have been more or less conspicuous for depth of learning and brilliancy of genius, in proportion to the greater or less degrees of intercourse and friendship between learned men.

If this position be true, the society whose birth we this day commemorate, surely deserves the meed of public approbation. Not that it has the vanity to think itself capable of effecting a reform in national taste, or to imagine that its feeble voice will pre-

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\* St. John's College in Annapolis, was founded in the year 1784, and was enabled by its charter to hold an annual income of 9000 *l.* currency, 1800 *l.* of which it actually possessed. The number of students was about 100, and the instructors were men of abilities and learning. This, together with Washington College in the county of Kent, which was also liberally endowed, constituted the University of Maryland. After repeated attempts, however, in some of which they met with a partial success, the Legislature of that State, during the autumn of 1805, succeeded in depriving both these Colleges of their funds, and consequently degraded them into private seminaries.

vail against the powerful foes of learning. It has however the merit of offering an example to the publick worthy of their imitation; it lends its aid also to preserve that morning twilight of science which, though not equal to the brightness of the rising sun, still preserves us from the totality of darkness.

And yet the same hard fortune, which has often been the reward of honest worth, has also attended us. Our actions have been calumniated, and the objects of our pursuit misrepresented. Not many years have elapsed since a conspiracy was found to exist in several parts of Europe, which threatened destruction to every nation in which it prevailed. The alarm which this excited, quickly spread across the Atlantick, and every society which in its proceedings shunned the publick eye, was denounced as dangerous. With the frog in the fable "Heu quanta nobis instat perniciēs," seemed to be language of every one. In the general commotion, the PHI BETA KAPPA society did not escape the charge of Illuminism. It was accused of nourishing principles that tended to the subversion of government, and it was predicted that hereafter it would send forth into the world a band of youthful Catalines. Some of the members terrified at the blackness of that cloud which seemed ready to burst over their heads, shrunk from the impending danger, and a proposal was actually and publicly made for the dissolution of the society. Happily, however, the storm has blown over without producing any injury. The publick mind is relieved from its anxiety, and is at length convinced, that our pursuits are of a very different nature. They are, indeed, widely different. You, my brethren, will bear me witness, that its only objects are the promotion of literature and of social intercourse. No dissensions, no differences of party, nothing which can violate the laws either of God or man are admitted within its walls.

Such then, being the ornaments of which we boast, it seems almost superfluous to exhort you to alacrity and vigilance. Every circumstance con-

spires to increase your ardour. You behold the society continually rising higher and higher into estimation. It is respected both for the number of its members, and the brilliancy of talents which many of them have exhibited. To that number it has lately also received an acquisition, from the character of which, we may confidently hope, that they will not suffer the vestal flame, with which they have been entrusted, to decay.

Since our last anniversary however one event has occurred to damp the general joy. One of our number has been taken from us; yet it is no small alleviation to the sorrow which we feel, that we are permitted thus publicly to bear testimony to his worth. He is taken from us; but his virtues remain for our imitation, and his failings have descended with him to the grave.

"Peace to the memory of a man of worth,  
A man of letters and of morals too!  
Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears,  
When gay good nature dresses her in smiles.  
He grac'd a college ———  
——— and was honour'd, lov'd and wept,  
By more than one, themselves conspicuous  
there."\*

But the death of our brother is a still greater incentive to the pursuit in which we are engaged, for it reminds us of that end to which all our labours should ultimately tend. Whatever may be our employment in this life, we should ever consider it as a state of preparation for the next; and at the same time remember, that all the science and all the genius which man can possess, are of little worth unless they operate for his eternal welfare.

\* In speaking thus highly of Mr. Welton, the authour cannot reasonably incur the charge of being misled by the warmth of friendship. His acquaintance with the deceased was just in its commencement, yet at that early period of intercourse he saw qualities which he could not but admire and love. Even common Report which usually presents to view not only the luminous, but also the dark side of the human character, seemed in this instance to delight in her partiality.

Let us then be earnest in the strife for that heavenly garland, which we hope that our friend has attained before us. And while such is the glorious prize for which we contend, who will not animate us with the exclamation,

*"Macte nova virtute—sicitur ad astra."*

### LEVITY.

During many delightful conversation scenes with Mr. Moore, we often heard him expatiate on the uncommon merit and brilliant genius of Mr. Curran, the celebrated Irish advocate. We have always understood that this eloquent lawyer, with the happy versatility of a truly original character, was an *"omnis homo,"* knowing every thing well, and talking on every topic enchantingly. As a specimen of his colloquial wit, we publish the following, which we have derived from a rare source, and we doubt not that we shall please the *classical* scholar.

The late Marcus Beresford, Esq. had a most remarkable shrill voice; so much so that it has not unaptly been compared to the sound produced by children through the windpipe of a goose. When he was first called to the bar, it was still more so. Once being employed upon a case of no very great import, such as might be entrusted to a tyro in the profession, the judges on the bench not paying much attention either to the youth or the case, entered into some conversation among themselves, and either did, or seemed to forget the speaker; which, when Mr. B. observed, he ceased to address the bench until he could command due respect. Upon the judges' resuming their attention, Mr. B. turned round to Mr. Curran, who was next to him, and said in a low tone of voice and with an air of mortification, What shall I say to these judges now, after their neglect of me so long? Say, replied Mr. C.

*Ille ego, quiquondam gracili modulatas avenâ.*

Once, knocking off the foot of his wine glass, he observed, *STEMMATA quid faciunt.*

An accident of rather a ludicrous nature having occurred to C. K. Bushe,

Esq. Solicitor General in Ireland, by the floor of a *necessary* having given way under him, Mr. Curran a few days afterwards addressed a note to him directed to The *Right Honourable* C. K. Bushe, &c. Mr. B. on meeting Mr. C. asked him why he had directed his note as above. Why, replied Mr. C. because I heard you had been made a *Privy Counsellor*.

A young gentleman in company with Mr. C. having pronounced the word *"nimrum"* thus, *"nim̃rum,"* was immediately exclaimed against for false quantity and mispronunciation. The gentleman, however, was with great gravity consoled by Mr. C. who assured him that at a period when the Latin tongue was in its highest state of purity, there was but one man among the Romans who could express the word with due correctness, quoting as sufficient authority for his assertion, the first line of Horace's epistle to Claudius Nero:

*Septimius, Claudi, nim̃rum intelligit unus.*

Between Mr. C. and Mr. *Egan* there existed, and still exists, a most warm friendship; they lived next door neighbours for several years, and were seldom seen going to court when practising barristers, but in each other's carriage. On alighting one day at the law court, a certain insect was observed crawling upon Mr. C.'s gown, by a brother lawyer, who, pointing to it, demanded *"Cujum pecus?"* Mr. Curran, nodding towards his companion, instantly replied, *"Auper mihi dedidit Egon."*

### MORTUARY.

Died, the 4th of October, at his lodgings, on the Pavilion Parade, Brighton, London, the celebrated Dr. Horsley, Bishop of St. Asaph. His Lordship was seized, a few days before, with a bowel complaint, which baffled all medical skill, and deprived the world of one of its brightest luminaries in religion and learning, as a Theologian, a Mathematician, and a

profound Classick. He was many years Rector of St. Mary's, Newington, the first parish to which he was promoted, and which preferment he held long after his episcopal elevation. His Lordship's first seat on the Reverend Bench, (for which he was, in a great degree, indebted to his noble friend the late Lord Thurlow), was in 1788, as Bishop of St. David's. In 1793, he was translated to the See of Rochester, with which he held the Deanery of Westminster, and in 1802 elevated, on the demise of the Hon. Dr. Bagot, to the more lucrative Bishoprick of St. Asaph. No man of the age, perhaps, possessed more of what is generally understood by the idea of *recondite* learning, or was more profoundly versed in classical chronology. He edited and illustrated some of the most important of Sir Isaac Newton's Works, and he was himself the authour of several esteemed mathematical and theological productions. As a senator, he was deservedly considered in the first class; there were few important discussions in the House of Lords, especially when the topicks referred to the Hierarchial Establishments of the country, that stupendous event the French Revolution, or the African Slave Trade, of which he was a systematick opponent—in which his Lordship did not participate. The Reverend Prelate was many years a leading member of the Royal Society; but withdrew from it, as has been said, in consequence of a certain high appointment taking place, of which he disapproved. His concluding words on retiring were, "I quit that temple where Philosophy once presided, and where Newton was her officiating minister!"

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A FLOWER—BY A LADY.

There is a flower, a little flower,  
With azure crest and golden eye,  
Whose smiles illumine the vernal hour,  
Whose tints reflect the sky—  
Tell me its name!

The gayer beauties of the field,  
With rainbow-colour'd glories bright,  
Their charms to every sunbeam yield,

And, on the admiring sight,  
Obtrusive glare.

But this small flower, to Friendship dear,  
Beneath the white thorn's humble shade,  
Amid the village haunts, shall rear  
Its unassuming head—

Uncultured grow,

To bless his steps who cheerless treads,  
Unconsciously the woods among;  
While busy Memory fondly leads  
To pleasures vanish'd long,  
And absent love.

The feeling heart shall seek the bower,  
Its early bloom was wont to cheer;  
Shall find the consecrated flower,  
To Recollection dear—  
Affection's child.

The distant, or the buried friend,  
The soul congenial link'd to thine,  
Again shall at thy side attend,  
In sweet communion join  
Thy pensive walk.

The joys that wing'd their rapid flight,  
Ere tasted half their magick power,  
Again return—again delight  
The retrospective hour,  
With softer sway.

The wreath poetick fancy twines,  
Inspir'd by love or lur'd by fame,  
With richer, gayer colours shines,  
And flowers of prouder name  
Their odours give.

But thou who own'st a kindred mind,  
Whose constant heart can feel the power  
Of Friendship, sacred and refined,  
Shalt hail the cherish'd flower,  
FORGET-ME-NOT!

---

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

---

Mr. Davis, authour of Travels in America, has nearly ready for publication, in one volume octavo, Memoirs of the Life of Chatterton the Poet.

---

Barreaux, a wretched poet, presented Monsieur, the Prince, with an epi-

taph on Moliere ; the Prince thanked him, but told him, " I had much rather Moliere had brought me *yours*."

—  
Translation of the forty-seventh sonnet of Petrarch.

TO LAURA.

Blest be the day, the month, the hour,  
When first a lover's tender pain  
Confess'd thine eyes' resistless power,  
And captive fix'd me in thy train.

Blest be those sighs, those cherish'd tears,  
That ardent, fond desire,  
Which kindling all the poet's fire,  
Taught me in numbers to invoke thy name;  
And glowing through Fate's checker'd  
years,

Arous'd the generous voice of Fame.

Blest be the wound, which rankling still,  
Declares my heart no longer free;  
And blest the thought, the mind, the will,  
That ever faithful wait on thee.

—  
MERRIMENT.

A gentleman, at whose house a large party were dining, intreated his visitors to drink freely, and without ceremony, assuring them his servant had orders to bring only those bottles marked B, so that they might depend on having none but the very BEST. When the company were rendered pretty nearly incapable of judging between good and bad, clear or thick, or even between red and white, he called for a bottle marked B. B. His next neighbour, who was the only one that had escaped the effect of the former wine, took the liberty to ask what sort of wine was coming *now*, jocosely chiding him for not introducing it before *he* had left off drinking, expecting from the mark, it would prove *better* than the *best*. " If you really do not choose any more," said his friend, " I will tell you, in confidence, the two B's mean *bottoms of bottles*."

—  
When the tax was imposed on watches, Prince Hoare, with his usual sprightliness, observed, that the most prevalent *case* among the watchmakers was *chagrine*.

—  
Some gentlemen talking before Mr. Tooke on the inattention of writers to

punctuation, it was observed, that the lawyers used no stops in their writings. " I should think nothing," said Mr. Tooke, " of their using no commas, semicolons, or colons, but the worst is, that they put no *periods* to their works."

—  
Of a certain preacher, who, from early extravagance, had been what the sheriff's officers call a *little shy*, and from a slight weakness in his head, a *little obscure*, Dr. Parr wittily said, that " six days he was *invisible*, and on the seventh *incomprehensible*."

—  
Lord G——, over the entrance of a beautiful grotto, had caused this inscription to be placed—" Let nothing enter here but what is good." Dr. Rennel, the Master of the Temple, who was walking over the grounds, asked, with much point, " Then where does his lordship enter?"

—  
Dr. Pitcairn, having been out shooting one whole morning, without killing any thing, was returning home, when his servant begged leave to go into a field, where he was almost certain of finding some birds; " and," added the man, " if there are, I'll doctor them."—" Doctor them!" said the son of Galen; " what do you mean by that?"—" Why, *kill them*, Sir."

—  
When the directory government was established in France, Thomas Paine drew an argument in favour of *five* directors from nature, which gives us *five* fingers on each hand, and *five* toes on each foot. Sir Robert Smyth, who was then at Paris, observed that Paine was hard put to it, and reduced to the *lowest extremities*.

—  
A bon vivant of fashion, brought to his death-bed by an immoderate use of wine, after having been seriously taken leave of by Dr. Pitcairn, and ingenuously told that he could not, in all human probability, survive twelve hours, and would die by *eight* o'clock next morning, exerted the small remains of his strength to call the doctor back, which having accomplished with

difficulty, his loudest effort not exceeding a whisper, he said, with the true spirit of a gambler, "Doctor, I'll bet you a *bottle* I live till *nine*!"

The Margravine of Anspach, conversing with Mr. Matthias on Italian literature, said she was very fond of reading Ariosto: Mr. Matthias laughingly asked how she did when she came to the 28th Canto? "Oh, Sir," answered she, "at all such places, I skip."—"For joy, Madam?" asked he.

Miss Pope was rallied one evening in the Green-room, by a certain actress, more noted for her gallantries than professional talents, on the largeness of her shape, on which she observed, "I can only wish it as *slender* as your reputation."

Lord H—B— telling Captain Campbell, on his marriage with Lady Charlotte, that he could never look at his wife without breaking the tenth commandment. "Your Lordship," replied the Captain, "is welcome to break the *tenth* commandment as much as you please, provided you do not break the *seventh*."

The King, at a levee, was paying Admiral Gardner many compliments: the Admiral was overcome, and could not speak—Lord Melville (then Mr. Dundas) said, "Your Majesty sees Gardner may be overcome by his friend, but not by his enemies."

A gentleman, speaking of the marriage of Lord D— with Miss F—, expatiated *con amore* on the lady's beauty and *elegant form*, and praised, as liberally, the *good nature* of his lordship.—"Then," said Butler Danvers, "the worst thing they could do was to marry. It will spoil the *shape* of the one, and the *temper* of the other."

J. P. Kemble, when he performed at Plymouth, a few summers ago, was rehearsing the part of King Lear; when he came to the scene where the old King imprecates the curse of *barrenness* on his daughter Gonerill, he

observed the young lady, who was to enact the character, shudder and turn aside.—"Don't be alarm'd, my dear," said he, "I warrant there is no danger of the curse taking effect."

"What a sad life we *publick* men lead," observed a French magistrate of distinction. "We are at the mercy of every body's caprice."—"Alas! I know it but too well," replied Madame Tallien, "I have never slept a moment since *I belonged to the publick*."

Of the various devices impressed on the copper coins that were, a few years ago, sent into circulation, from almost every town in the kingdom, Dr. Parr observed, that perhaps the most appropriate was the Scotch half-penny, with the *face* of Mr. Dundas; and the motto—*are perennius*.

Mr. Canning, seeing the Duke of M—nch—r, rowing a boat with all the skill and strength of a waterman, (his favourite employment,) said, "That his Grace was certainly prepared for the worst extremities: since by the dexterous use of his *scull*, he could at least contrive to keep his own *head* above water."

A young musician, on his first appearance in publick, was so intimidated, as hardly to be able to perform his part, and particularly to execute well those graces that principally display talents; on which Mrs. Crespiigny observed, that "he *trembled* so much, he could not *shake*."

Mr. Jekyll, speaking of the Administration, said, it was an attempt to play the *Beggar's Opera* without *Macheath*.

Alderman Curtis will certainly be handed down to posterity as incontestably the best and most classical toast-master that ever presided over city festivities. On one occasion he displayed his vast knowledge of orthography by giving a toast—"The *three C's*, Cox, KING, and CURTIS." But even this was, perhaps, surpassed by

the elegant simplicity and laconick parsimony of words, so conspicuous in the patriotick toast he, at another time proposed, when in the fulness of his heart he exclaimed, "Come, gentlemen, charge your glasses, *Here's a speedy peace*, and soon."

"What unintelligible noises do those people make who cry goods about the streets," said a gentleman to Caleb Whitefoord, as they walked through the Strand—"Now hear that milkwoman! Does her scream resemble any sound in any language that ever yet was spoken?" "Oh yes," replied Caleb, "'tis very good French; the milkmen in London have cried their commodity in French from time immemorial, with a happy application to the composition of it: they cry *MI-EAU*; that is, *half water*."

Lady S—— was saying one evening, that she had no control over her daughter, for that she would have her will in every thing; "and yet I cannot wonder at it," added she, "it is in the blood." "Say, in the *sex*," rejoined Mr. Sheridan.

Mr. Goldie, a Scotchman of some fortune, being supposed to be deranged in his intellects, his friends applied for a commission of lunacy against him, which, by the law of Scotland, proceeds on the verdict of a jury. Mr. Goldie conducted his own defence with an ability that astonished every one, and concluded an unsuccessful address to the jury in these words: "Thus, gentlemen, I have gone through the whole case, and it is for you to determine whether I be mad or not. If I am declared to be *mad*, I shall, at least, have the satisfaction to have it found by a verdict of my *peers*."

Wewitzer asked a citizen, whether he would rather *kiss a pretty girl, or partake of a good feast*? The citizen honestly replied, that he should prefer the latter. "I never thought you," replied Wewitzer, "a man of the *ton* before, but I now find that you have more *taste* than *feeling*."

Incedon was one day at Tattersall's, when Suett, happening to be there too, asked him, if he was come there to buy horses?—"Yes," said Incedon; "but what are you come here for? Do you think, Dicky, you could tell the difference between a horse and an ass?"—"Oh yes," answered Suett; "If you were among a thousand horses, I should know you immediately."

On the marriage of Admiral Sir H. P—— with Miss O——, Mr. Pitt said, that "forty-three years was certainly rather a long period to intervene between the age of a husband and his wife, but in the case of the gallant Admiral, it was quite in character—who had never yet regarded the *superior force* of the enemy!"

When a soldier once fell into the Thames, and was drowned, Prince Hoare asked what regiment he belonged to, and was answered, "The *Life-guards*."—"Nay, my good sir," said he, "there I think you must be mistaken, for he is certainly in the *Coldstream*."

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"The fashionable party," is a very charming picture of "midnight dance and revelry." But the sprightly Garrick has painted it in colours of still brighter hue,

The *card invites*, in crowds we fly,  
To join the jovial rout, full cry.  
What joy, from *plagues and cares all day*,  
To hie to the midnight hark away

Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,  
Nor *dronish husbands* enter there;  
The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,  
All hie to the midnight hark away.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,  
And drowsy watchmen idly knock;  
Till daylight peep, we'll sport, and play,  
And roar to the jolly hark away

When tired with sport to bed we'll creep,  
And kill the oblivious morn with sleep:  
Tomorrow's welcome call obey  
And again to the midnight hark away

The hint from Edinburg is *honoured*, and taken. For the character of a Scotchman and a scholar the editor

has the highest respect. He has cogent reasons to love the country. He can exclaim, with all the enthusiasm of Walter Scott,

O Caledonia! stern, and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetick child!  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
LAND OF MY SONGS! what mortal hand,  
Can e'er untie the *filial band*,  
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

The picture of a leading Jacobin in a neighbouring city is a *full length*. Churchill has given us the *miniature*,

A man so *proud*, that should he meet  
The *twelve apostles* in the street,  
He'd turn his nose up at them all  
And *spurn his Saviour* from the wall.

A man so *mean*, MEANNESS and PRIDE  
Still go together, side by side,  
That he would creep, would cringe, be civil  
And hold a stirrup to the devil,  
If, in a journey to his mind,  
He'd let him mount, and *ride behind*!

"*Carlos*" is a *cavalier*. We wish him to become a constant correspondent.

We shall be happy to receive more specimens of Spierin's poetry.

"*Sedley*" goes on rejoicing. His rapid advance in the path of elegant literature is not less honourable to himself, than pleasing to his friends.

The difficulty of obtaining very old or scarce books, in this country, is a very common topick of complaint, with the studious and inquisitive. For COWLEY's "*Cutter of Colman Street*," the Editor has searched the shops in vain. Any gentleman, possessing this interesting comedy, will oblige the Editor by sending it to his address. The solution of his solicitude to peruse an obsolete play, may be found in one of the critical canons of Dr. Johnson, who declares, somewhere, that it has, in a very great degree, the power of fixing attention, and exciting merriment.

The verses of "*Annius*" in this day's Port Folio are very melodious in their versification. The imagery of this poet is striking, and his sentiments are delicate and correct.

Mr. Jarvis's chaste and elegant oration, which reprobates the supine indifference of the republican faction to the charms of Literature, is the offspring of Genius, Taste, and just Indignation. The authour's description of the mercenary, illiberal, surly, and

knavish spirit with which the *Majority* are haunted, is faithful and true. One of the greatest favourites among our literary friends is preparing, very vigorously, to follow up this well-deserved blow on the callous cheek of the *Citizen*, and the Vandal character of the Government. During the hottest of the battle the Editor will advance with his auxiliaries, and MAINTAIN THE GROUND. He is unalterably of opinion, that Learning, Genius, and Literary Enterprize have no such foes as those miserable institutions under which we languish; and that penurious, cold blooded, and ignorant administration, which disgraces us at home, and makes us despised abroad.

While, to the very great regret of the Editor, many of the classical scholars of the country are wholly remiss in their correspondence, he is too often overwhelmed with a load of trash, and all the crudities of Literature. On searching his letter box he has often had the mortification to find, neither rhyme nor reason, but

Poems so very grave and sensible,  
That they are *quite incomprehensible*,  
Prose which has been at Learning's fair,  
And bought up all the *trumpery* there;  
The tattered rags of every vest  
In which the Greeks and Romans drest;  
And, o'er the figure, swoln and antick,  
Scattered them all with airs so frantick,  
That those, who saw the fits she had,  
Declared *unhappy Prose was mad*!

We have been much amused by the description of "*a Lover*." But we suspect, from our knowledge of the character alluded to, that he is a sincerer worshipper of Bacchus, than of Beauty. The gay Benedick might exclaim to our correspondent,

If you prove that he ever loses more blood with love, than he will get *again with drinking*, you may pick out his eyes with a *ballad maker's* pen, and hang him, up at a brothel, for the *sign of blind Cupid*.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

Videor pios  
Errare per lucos, amoenae  
Quos et aquae subeunt et aurae.

Far beneath the western sky,  
Where delightful regions lie,  
Temper'd by a cooling breeze  
Blowing from the southern seas,

In a deep embow'ring shade,  
Shall my lonely house be made:  
Wilt thou Cara, lovely fair!  
Dwell with me secluded there?

There shall be a river near,  
Deep, majestick, bold and clear;  
And a sweet pellucid rill,  
Swiftly rushing from a hill;  
And a mountain's airy height  
Shall arrest the wandering sight:  
Wilt thou Cara, lovely fair!  
Dwell with me, secluded there?

Sitting in a cooling shade,  
By a fair magnolia made,  
Sweetly musing, we shall view  
Proud *Albino's* misty hue  
Mixing with the azure skies;  
Where the soaring eagle flies;  
Where sagacious buzzard's sail,  
Softly sleeping on the gale;  
Where the weary clouds are seen  
Resting on the summit green:  
Wilt thou Cara, pensive fair!  
Gaze with me delighted there?

From the lightning-blasted oak,  
Shall we hear the raven croak;  
And at eve, the whip-poor-will  
Near our cottage, by the rill,  
Shall, from his untiring throat,  
Pour his melancholy note;  
Wildly up the lonely stream,  
Shall we hear the panther scream;  
Hear the wolf's tremendous howl,  
And the hooting of the owl;  
Wilt thou Cara, timid fair!  
Trust to my protection there?

Often from the craggy steep,  
We'll survey the river deep;  
Where a thousand fowls appear,  
Sporting in the water clear;  
Nearer to the brink we'll go,  
Shuddering at the depth below;  
Where the rushing torrents roar,  
Dashing on the rocky shore;  
Where the cedar ever green  
On the jutting cliff is seen;  
And the spruce, with princely pride,  
Towering o'er the foaming tide:  
Wilt thou Cara, pensive fair!  
Muse with me, delighted there?

Haste thee Cara! let us stray  
Through the forest wild and gay;  
Where the ponderous buffaloe,  
Safe from man, his deadly foe,  
Browses through the verdant glade,

Rest securely in the shade,  
Or with elks, and sportive deer,  
Seeks the river cool and clear:  
Wilt thou Cara, smiling fair!  
Stray with me, delighted there?

Then, transported, let us rove  
Through the aromattick grove;  
And in fragrant orange bowers,  
Deck the nuptial couch with flowers,  
While the plaintive turtle dove  
Sweetly sings her notes of love;  
Circled in thy lovely arms,  
Feasting on celestial charms,  
I will only live for thee,  
Thou shalt only live for me;  
Every motion of thy eye,  
Every look and every sigh,  
Every smile and word of thine,  
Shall be mine,—and only mine:  
Hoary headed Time shall swear,  
"Never lived a happier pair:"  
Wilt thou Cara, lovely maid!  
Seek with me the orange shade?

And when life's exhausted fire  
Faintly burns,—we'll both expire;  
And with one united sigh,  
In a moment we shall die:  
Canst thou Cara, lovely fair!  
Die with me, contented there?

Should it be my fate to go,  
Leaving Cara, here below,  
Nightly, in the forest near,  
Thou my doleful voice shalt hear;  
Haste thee Cara, I will say,  
"Come my fair one! come away!  
"Mounted in a fiery car,  
"Guided by a friendly star,  
"Soon we'll reach the land of joy,  
"Where the pleasures never cloy:  
"Heavenly groves, celestial bowers,  
"Fragrant and immortal flowers,  
"Chrystal streams, that ever flow,  
"Trees, that green forever grow,  
"Joyful springs, in meadows gay,  
"Wait thy coming. Haste away!  
"There our sister souls shall join  
"Lost in ecstasy divine!"

ANNIUS.

April 9th. 1807.

EPITAPH—On a Soldier.

When I was young, in wars I shed my blood,  
Both for my king and for my country's good:  
In elder years my chief care was to be  
Soldier to him, who shed his blood for me.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 2, 1807.

[No. 18.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

TRAVELLING through the United States of America, a *foreigner*, but not a stranger, and solicitous to make accurate remarks, that he might draw correct inferences, the delineator of the PICTURE OF BOSTON confides in the *accuracy of his outline*, and that the individual features he has portrayed *closely resemble the original*; however the tints may fail in felicity of colouring, or be considered deficient in the distribution of light and shadow. The painter has, at least, *seen and studied* what he describes, and, *at the present moment*, having in his design nothing beyond a sketch, true in character, though possibly deficient in finishing, as such it is presented for engraving to The Port Folio: happy in being given to the American world through the medium of a publication which would confer honour, and obtain patronage, in any country where letters are appreciated and native talents estimated, beyond the adventitious acquirement of wealth, and the assumed aristocracy of its vulgar pretensions.

CARADOC.

### PICTURE OF BOSTON:

#### A FRAGMENT.

BOSTON, thou mart admir'd, whose prosperous care  
To Mammon breathes the vow, and pours the prayer,  
Whose throng'd Exchange, to christian jews a prey,  
Scares the kind hope of liberal trade away;  
GOLD IS THY GOD, on that thy soul relies,  
Beneath whose worship every virtue dies,  
Hence the hush'd banker, scorning to relent,  
Till his stor'd coffer teem with cent. per cent.  
Sees the cramm'd usurer, doubling every claim,  
Lend to the struggling wretch his CAUTIONED name.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Yet fair thy hills, in summer pride are seen,  
The bright stream curling mid their slopes of green,  
While the near ocean, broadening on the view,  
Gives all Pheacia sought or Carthage knew.  
Even MAN, whose mind the stamp of wisdom bears,  
And in the image of a God appears,  
Those "sons of soul," by heaven to earth resign'd,  
Friends! patrons! and instructors of mankind!  
Even these are seen mid severing clouds to shine,  
And all the splendour of their fame is thine.  
Beneath thy temple's holiest veil retired,  
See the blest preacher, by his God inspir'd,  
Warm from his lips the words of life descend,  
Yet these the coldness of neglect attend.

M M

Though *Kirkland* all the lore of truth dis-  
close,  
And *Lowell's* heavenly voice instructive  
flows,

*McKean*, of feeling heart, with soul refin'd,  
Rich in the glowing energies of mind,  
Powerful, yet mild as the transcendent light,  
That radiant rules those speaking orbs of  
sight;

With him so loved—the wanderer from thy  
clime—

Ere his green years had bloom'd in man-  
hood's prime,

In judgment ripen'd, and in thought mature,  
His doctrine, like his sacred morals, pure,  
Though *Gardiner*, SON OF GENIUS, round  
the shrine

Of pastoral care the Muse's chaplet twine,  
Say, can these bid the narrowing heart un-  
fold,

Or show its hope a heaven more prized  
than gold?

Within thy courts while Law and Justice  
reign,

While Learning lends to Truth the impres-  
sive strain,

Seen are thy trade-folks sons; but Genius pines,  
For him no favouring ray of fortune shines,  
Though as her *Mansfield*, Britain's noblest  
claim,

Thy *Parsons* blends his glories with thy name,  
In all the patriot pride to *Sparta* known,  
Lives to thy interest, mindless of his own,  
Though classic *Gore* the honour'd robe  
adorn,

And *Otis* rises, like a vernal morn,  
Clear, brilliant, sweet, in Nature's gifts ar-  
ray'd,

Where not a cloud obtrudes its devious  
shade,

Though *Dexter*, with the strength of reason  
fraught,

On the charm'd *forum* pour the depth of  
thought,

While still, with speaking gaze, or starting  
tear,

Admiring crowds the peerless pleader hear,  
A Nation's honour, and a Party's shame\*  
Breathes in his voice, and blushes in his  
fame.

So *GALILEO*, mid a world of night,  
Rose, like a sun, in mental treasures bright,  
Rich in the rays that powerful genius spread  
Where favour'd Florence lifts her blooming  
head;

Deaf, as her hills, and ruder far than they,  
Triumphant Folly bore the prize away,

\* A Party's shame, must be understood as bearing particular allusion to the result of a late trial, which party malice, first rendering political, failed not to pursue with the rancour of personal abuse and injustice.

Falsehood and Envy, to her mandate true,  
With stormy breath each ripening hope  
pursue,

Cloud following cloud, yet Truth eternal  
shone,

Till Time and Glory made his fame their  
own.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since these are thine, IMPERIAL BOSTON,  
say,

Does rich reward their mental wealth repay?  
Or phantom honours, and reluctant praise  
Light without warmth the desert of their  
days?

Or SLANDER, Envy's child, with busied care,  
From the fine front its graceful laurel tear,  
Striving, unblest'd, to wreath the serpent  
there?

Shame on the heartless hope, in vain appear  
The smiles, that brighten round thy varied  
year,

Though kind the culture of thy ample plain,  
And rich the isles that gem its circling main,  
Though where thy streets in pillar'd pomp  
are seen,

The proud hill mingling with its rural green,  
Wins every breeze that floats on zephyr-  
wing,

Health and her lightly-warbled song to  
bring,

Though the lov'd *Mall* each touching sea-  
ture show,

And warm with life in moving landscapes  
glow,

These but the drapery of a form arise,  
Where the mind palsies and the feeling  
dies.

Few, and unpriz'd thy sons of science rove,  
No eye to gladden, and no heart to move,  
While every Muse, with heaven-instructed  
strain,

Would wake the harp or woo the lute in  
vain;

GENIUS, THOU GIFT OF GOD, to thee be-  
long

The base man's insult, and the oppressor's  
wrong!

Nor thine the boast, that prosperous trade  
bestows,

Ne'er to thy hope the golden *Indus* flows,  
But thine that poverty to heaven allied,\*

That meek Disdain, which Virtue lends to  
Pride,

Though sunk to earth, thy soft imploring  
eye

See many a *Lewie* pass unhooped by,  
Conscious of innate worth, not *McKery's*  
wile,

Nor chill'd *Neglect*, nor *Wealth's* contemptu-  
ous smile,

\* Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the king-  
dom of heaven, says the MOST SUBLIME OF  
ALL AUTHORITIES.

*Her Pity's vacillating cheer, nor Envy's frown  
Are known to BEAR THE UNBLIGHTED  
SPIRIT DOWN.*

*Pensive thy solitary sufferers seem,  
The sport of Fortune, yet of Fame the  
theme,*

*Vain were to them the venal world's regard  
WITH HEAVEN THEIR HOPE, AND NA-  
TURE THEIR REWARD.*

\* \* \* \* \*  
CARADOC.

*For The Port Folio.*

### SOUND POLITICKS.

The Monthly Reviewers, criticising an answer to War in Disguise, or Remarks upon the New Doctrine of England concerning Neutral Trade, printed at New-York, and since reprinted in London, observe, that "It is not a little curious that the Americans, combatting this doctrine on various grounds, should assign novelty as one of the objections to which it is liable, when it is *confessedly* of a more ancient date *than their existence as a Republick*. They cannot without committing *felo de se*, represent every thing that has sprung up in modern times, as unfit, on that account, to be tolerated: for, in that case, *how would their political independence stand?* The goodly principle which has roused the zeal of our American brethren, which has called forth their dormant powers, and exhibited to view their dexterous disputants, is this: "Let England and France war against each other forever, provided we are allowed to enjoy undisturbed the commerce which their quarrel throws open. No matter what may be the injury thus occasioned to one of the parties, and though that party be one which, on many grounds, has claims to our respect and gratitude; though the independence of the world and our own, is included in it, should be surrendered to his exertions; though all this be so. America cannot forego any part of a commerce the sweets of which she has once tasted; *her object is the profit of traffick*, but she will hold herself out as the champion of

neutral rights. What if England allows her to supply all her demands from the colonies of her enemy; what if she has opened to her all the ports of her vast territories in the East; what if relations, mutually beneficial, unite the two States; Is America on that account to resign *commercial profit?*" In answer, be it remembered that these profits result from a traffick, that cherishes and nurtures the power, which holds in chains the continent of Europe; and which, *but for England*, would, in the space of one short year, involve in his vassalage *every transatlantic Britain*, and crush the rising prosperity of the western world. It is thus circumstanced that the advocates of the United States think it decent to *inveigh against England*, and, like a *wayward child*, to read lectures to a parent, who stands between them and destruction.

"We are, however, of opinion, that to this *young power*, some *indulgence* ought to be shown, and that it will be wise and becoming in us to *forgive her follies and even her freaks*. The passions must be allowed to cool, in order that Reflection may recover her proper province, and the good sense of that country may regain its just sway. America is yet of *tender age*; she will gain experience and wisdom as she advances, and she will learn to act in a manner not unworthy of her affinity. ENGLAND AND AMERICA MUST NOT QUARREL; it would be as unwise as it is unnatural; and *we are sure that it will not be the case*; but that forbearance and condescension will be shown here, while heat will not always continue there. America must consider the situation of England, and must reflect on the *interest* which she has in the struggle which the latter maintains; while England, in her turn, must make sacrifices to the *ruling passion*\* of the *juvenile* state. We have no fear as to the result; for we

\* This same ruling passion of our republican faction the editor reverently presumes is *avarice*....

trust in the liberality of the present government of Britain, and in the good sense which is the predominant feature of our American brethren. Let them bury their jealousies; let each qualify her selfishness. *Let them draw together more closely the ties which unite them, and LET THEM STRENUOUSLY COOPERATE TO SUPPORT THE INDEPENDENCE OF NATIONS AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE WORLD! THIS IS THEIR TRUE POLICY, THEIR SUBSTANTIAL INTEREST, AND THE COURSE WHICH WILL LEAD THEM TO SECURITY AND GLORY!"*

### MANNERS

*Of Modern Paris, in the Month of October last.*

A philosophical writer, under the pretext of giving the world a picture of Paris, has published six large volumes, which are much admired by foreigners. We will do justice to his intentions, and not read his book. He is a charming fellow; thinks in the street; writes about every post he comes to; and knows every thing, except the art of pleasing, and standing still. He has written six volumes on Paris. I shall give a few pages on the same subject, for I hate nothing so much as prolixity.

At Paris, every body builds and every body speculates: there some amuse, many ruin, and very few enrich themselves. The multitude live by the hopes and the follies of the opulent upstarts.

The *literati* excite very little sensation at Paris, because the spirit of books interests nobody, since the spirit of business has taken possession of every mind. Let us likewise acknowledge, that very little genius is requisite to compose a novel, and that none is necessary for a tragedy, which is first read with presumption, performed with confidence, praised with tumult, kept up with great expense, and is totally destitute of every qualification that can command success.

The Drama, it is true, is rather neglected, and for this very reason, because the theatres are so uncommonly

well frequented: however paradoxical this observation may at first sight appear, it is nevertheless true. The Opera has only one male and one female singer, and two skilful dancers; the legs of the one, indeed, are rather old, and the head of the other rather young. Madame Branchu has a charming voice, great skill, taste, and what, I believe, is denominated manner; but she is not competent to the part of Armida, nor to that of Dido: consider her in whatever way you please, she is too small either on a throne or in a palace. The chorusses are very ill adapted, nay, almost foreign to the action; and those who execute them have the folly to use their spying-glasses, and to laugh, while they are singing the disasters of Greece. It is, upon the whole, a tedious and magnificent spectacle; what is done there only proves what might be done. The number of the audience is too great, and that of the actors too small: there is too much dancing, too few ballets, too much musick, and too little singing. Winter has failed, but Castor is kept up by means of Gardel and Dupaty.

At the Theatre Français, the elegant and accomplished Fleury evinces that grace may be acquired. Dugazon has brought to perfection the unfortunate profession of a buffoon. Dazincourt keeps up, with admirable spirit, the tone of comedy; beloved on the stage, esteemed in social life, he evinces that a good actor, as well as a great writer, always has something of his character in his talent. Mademoiselle Georges is rising, and Mademoiselle Duchesnois sinking; the one seeks instructors, the other panegyrists. A wrong estimate is formed of both; few have the courage to be now of the same opinion they will be ten years hence. Talma combines, in certain parts, the applause of the present age and that of posterity.

The comick opera continues to excite more regret than hope. Here are some little, and tolerably handsome young ladies, who sing pretty well, play wretchedly, and laugh with an air of self-sufficiency which proves

that they know not what they are doing. Ellefion is a fine actor, Martin a fine singer, but Madame St. Aubin and Madame Gourbier are capital actresses. Chenard has a good voice, a physiognomy for all his parts, and a happy mediocrity which never tires. The other theatres are not worthy of notice, except that of Louvois, which is frequented on account of Picard.

A taste for the drama makes no alteration in the manners of society. There is at Paris, an hour in which all appear equally rich, converse on the same subjects, and occupy themselves with the same things. Pleasure seems to be the only employment, and gaiety the prevailing characteristick. What shall we say to the opinion of Marivaux, who maintained—that people who are not offended by any thing, are not fitter for society, than those who take offence at every thing?

Reading and study are almost totally relinquished. How many things are there which it is dangerous to learn, and how many others, the knowledge of which is of no service! Fame is no longer the object to which we aspire, but wealth! Our very authours are a kind of literary financiers. There are undertakers and composers of histories, travels, new plays, necrologies, &c. It was formerly said that the sciences knew no differences of rank, but rather destroyed them, and conferred distinctions, which persons of the highest quality could not always attain. This fashion is past, the present generation takes delight in what is ridiculous.

As it was absolutely necessary to be rich in order to enjoy pleasure, the exterior of happiness, and a kind of consideration, no means are left untried to obtain wealth. Were any one to follow the path of virtue, I am convinced that he would procure applause, were it only because he would have very few competitors.

A talent which is on the decline at Paris, is that of conversation. Every thing is absorbed in the vortex of gaming. People in years still retain some sparks of gaiety; but, upon the whole, nothing is more insipid, frivo-

lous, more silly, than a handsome woman with whom you are not in love. You almost affront her if you speak to her of any thing else than her face. Nothing is so affected, so methodical, so full of pretensions, as ladies of this description; they rule despotically over your conversation, your taste, your ideas. But nothing is so formal, so disgusting, as a woman of genius, who writes little books and reads them to great connoisseurs. One of these ladies lately said to me, "To speak much and well, is the talent of the *bel esprit*; to speak little and well, is the character of the wise man; to speak much and ill, is the manner of the insipid fool; to speak little and ill, is the unfortunate fate of the silly." "And to speak like you, Madame," replied I, "is to speak like a book." She blushed, and has not since invited me to her house.

Scarcely any but foreigners frequent the Garden of Plants, the Libraries, the Muscum, the works in the Louvre, the publick monuments, which are the luxury of great empires, and the ornaments of their capitals. The inhabitants of Paris have so many occupations to attend to, so many invitations to dinners which they cannot refuse, so many solicitations which they have promised to make, so many unprofitable or sacred assignments, so many letters to write, so many ladies to console, so many interesting men to visit, that the morrow always surprises them before they have commenced the business of the day.

Laughing is out of fashion at Paris; in the promenades people yawn; in the saloons of company they play; at the theatres they roar; in the city they affect to prefer the country; and in the country they propagate the occupations of the city. Every one is eager to change his condition. He is a *capable* man who relinquishes the profession in which he lived obscure and tranquil, to aspire to a place of uncertain duration, and which is sure to ruin him who holds it.

"What is Mr. Such-a-one doing?" "*Il est nul*," is the reply. "Nobody speaks of him." So much the better

for him. What can be said of a quiet peaceable man, who, satisfied with the mediocrity of his lot, seeks not to raise himself by means of intrigue, but spends his days in the select circle of retired souls, in the bosom of the arts and of friendship!

In my opinion, the Parisians surpass all other people in a taste for the pleasures of the table (*gourmandiser*): we have a poem on *Gastronomy*; and *Almanach des Gourmands*, a *Journal des Gourmands*, and all these works have an astonishing sale. A celebrated *restaurateur* is a person of importance; there is nothing to which he may not aspire. In like manner, a good cook is a very reputable artist; he generally has some little foibles; he is addicted to drink, rather given to stealing and dishonesty, rather insolent, rather brutal, rather lazy, rather profligate; but his talent compensates for these trifling defects. The masters make a jest of and forgive them. For the rest, people do not eat, but devour; and voracity belongs, in some measure, to the *bon ton*.

In another half century, the people of Paris will go abroad only on horseback, or in coaches; its size is prodigious. A splenetick calculator asserts, that the more houses there are in Paris, the fewer inhabitants it will contain. Population is in an inverse ratio to luxury.

### THE FINE ARTS.

Relinquishing, for the present, the publication of many valuable papers, with which we have been recently favoured, we assign a *front* department and an ample space to the following ingenious and elegant harangue, pronounced by GEORGE CLYMER, Esq. at the opening of the Pennsylvania Academy of the FINE ARTS in this city. On this interesting occasion, the Editor was delighted to find the company numerous, and the most unequivocal proofs of a spirit of munificence, combined with a judgment satisfied, and a taste charmed with the admirable specimens of ancient genius, which attracted the general gaze. The Editor cannot omit this opportunity of speaking with great emphasis of the address of the orator. Mr. Clymer on this pleasing occasion displayed great propriety and liberality of thought, associated with great felicity of expression. We warmly wish that his most

sanguine expectations, with respect to the general glory of Philadelphia, and the advancement of this liberal institution in particular, may be fully realized. What he asserts of the glowing charities and the increasing magnificence of the METROPOLIS of our Empire is unquestionably just; and the Editor, who came hither as a stranger and a pilgrim, would be the most ungrateful of mankind, if he did not cordially join in the praise of Philadelphia. While from his NATAL TOWN the infancy of his literary labours received no fostering care, Philadelphia has adopted him as her own, and cherishes him with all the warmth of maternal regard. The vivid recollection of the benignity of individual and general friendship, habitually manifested to him by those classes of Philadelphia society, with whom it is the greatest honour to be connected, inspires the most grateful emotions. This highly favoured city has, in the inimitable language of the Bible, "A south land, and springs of water." May she experience all the blessings of the upper and the nether springs. May her garners continue to be full, affording all manner of store. As the teribinthus of the ancients may she stretch out branches; and be those branches the branches of HONOUR and of GRACE. May she flourish like a rose growing by the brook of the field, and yield a pleasant odour like the best myrrh and sweet storax, and as the FUME OF FRANKINCENSE IN THE TABERNACLE.

In a city of such immense resources, liberal spirit, and golden prospects, an establishment, designed to form the taste, to excite the genius, and to promote the renown of America, looks for support to the munificent temper of individuals and to public curiosity. With a union of pleasure and pride, we are happy to state that by the fervid zeal of the directors, by the general generosity of the members of the institution, and the increasing spirit of public patronage, the finances of the Academy are in a promising, and we venture to predict, will soon be in a prosperous and flourishing condition. This elegant resort for all enlightened spirits, is becoming more and more a fashionable lounge; and we are convinced that in a short time we shall see this temple of taste thronged not only with the saunterers and the daughters of fashion, but by youthful artists emulous to excel. Already we see many an American genius worshipping with an artist's ardour at the feet of the Venus de Medici and at the shrine of the Apollo Belvidere. This, together with the dawn of domestick patronage, which, at length, in spite of dark clouds, begins to shine upon the brow of Genius, is contemplated by the writer of this article with the most heart-felt satisfaction. It is the *day spring* of talents. It is the

gay harbinger of our nation's glory. We hail it, as the Sicilian shepherd, chill'd by the nocturnal air of his native mountains, smiles the gorgeous sun of midsummer.

*Philadelphia, April 15, 1807.*

The opening of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, appointed for this day, says the editor of the United States Gazette, was very generally attended by the contributors. It is but justice to the directors to say, that the number and selection of casts they have imported, do great honour to their exertions. The figures are from the choicest pieces of statuary in Europe, and arranged with taste and judgment, formed a splendid exhibition, and gave universal satisfaction. The following appropriate address on the occasion, was delivered by GEORGE CLYMER, Esq. President of the institution.

The Directors of this Institution, having fixed on a day for opening the building, dedicated, by your liberality to the fine arts, they now call you together to witness how the trust committed to them has been executed. And intending at the same time, a short address to you, its founders and patrons, the task of its delivery, from the avocations of some gentlemen, has fallen upon me.

With this exposure of their work, it would be well if the directors could say that the funds so generously supplied, had been equal to the objects. And that they could speak confidently of their saving management in the expenditure, but this, I fear, would be a questionable theme. The truth indeed is, that the cost has exceeded the estimate! The calculations of inexperienced zeal are seldom just: And besides, they have been less intent on sparing your money, than solicitous to advance your reputation. And they have, perhaps, fallen into that mistake which is ever fortunate when it gives birth to schemes of public usefulness that might, otherwise, not have been undertaken.

This acknowledgment notwithstanding I shall present you with nothing like a statement or account, with its deficient balance—this will come from another quarter, together with a plan from the directors for relieving the Academy from some present embarrassments, as well as for supplying the

means of placing it on a firmer and broader establishment.

If the contemplation of the pieces of exquisite workmanship that encircle you, would of itself impart a knowledge, as it will create an admiration of the art that produced them, you might expect something in this address, upon its principles—some indeed, there are, among us, who have a professional acquaintance with such subjects—but these are few, and the rest, not particularly instructed, are, I trust, not inclined to supply the defect of science, by the affectation of taste or the cant of connoisseurship: their business is not to offer the proofs of any present skill, but to lay the foundation, to furnish the means of the future attainment: and on this, none need apprehend the failure of success—No nation has the proud monopoly of Genius, or can make itself, its exclusive seat; wherever there are men, there Genius is to be found. Besides the universality of this grant of nature, instances sufficient are in evidence that we have not been omitted in the dispensation—Our country, it is true, has produced chiefly the bud or germ; for the development or expansion of the natural talent, with some very respectable exceptions, it has been, as yet, much indebted to the fostering care of some other. Hence in one of the most pleasing departments of the arts, a West, a Copley, a Stuart, and a Trumbull, who might have withered and declined in the native bed, by transplantation into a more improved soil, have arrived at the fullest growth of excellence. In this home establishment you provide what may make such excellence all your own—a school for study, a field for competition: and become, moreover, the instruments in diffusing a taste, throughout, to ensure general encouragement, and particular patronage.

If your just pride should be excited, from this one consideration, not to neglect a child of your own, it may be no less picqued by another.

The visitors to us from another hemisphere, before the era of our revolution, came to a new country, with

dispositions to estimate us, more by our advance on the course, than by our distance from the goal: and they were pleased to find that in its nonage, it had proceeded so far in culture and refinement. Those of latter days, now that we have cut the cord of foreign dependance, and set up for ourselves, discover a very different humour. Overlooking or derogating from whatever is valuable or praiseworthy, aggravating some blemishes, and contemning all things, in a new scene, which they have not the faculty to understand—instead of presenting a likeness of the country, they have disfigured it with a moral and physical caricature; insomuch that the notion they have succeeded, in their books of travels, in impressing upon the too willing belief of the ancient world, is that it demands the hardihood of a Ledyard, or of a Mungo Parke, to explore the miseries of our wilderness, and to encounter the barbarity of our manners.

Witnesses of the diligent habits, and various enterprise of the American people, they ascribe to avarice what is due to freedom, which always prompts the labours of man by the assurance it gives that the fruit is all his own; and they insist with a wonderful harmony of detraction, that all our pursuits are selfish; and that going straight forward in one sordid path, there is nothing sufficiently powerful to allure us from it, either to the right hand or to the left.

Your effectual support of this institution, wherein no personal motive can be pretended, will be so far a practical contradiction of the libel, and prove its best refutation.

Nevertheless, objections will be made to your design, as a departure from accustomed simplicity: between simplicity and refinement, or, if you will, luxury, the question has been frequent and undecided; but if luxury be a consequential evil of the progress of our country, a better question perhaps it would be, How is it to be withstood? Where an unrestricted and unoppressed industry gains more than simplicity requires, the ex-

cess, as it cannot be pent up, will be employed upon gratifications beyond it—how retain the cause and repress the effect? Philosophy and the laws would here teach in vain! Where a constantly rising flood cannot be banked out, the waters should be directed into channels the least hurtful—so ought the exuberant riches, which would incline towards voluptuousness, to be led off to objects more innoxious—even to those of greater purity and innocence; those that will not pamper the senses, but rather amuse, if not instruct the understanding; and it may, with some truth be observed, that those who carry the whole fruit of an assiduous and successful toil to the common hoard of national wealth, undiminished by any waste of it, but on the few wants of simplicity, contribute with most effect to the refinements or luxuries, to which in their practice they seemed most averse.

Such being the consequence of a growing opulence, the alternative would be, not as between simplicity and luxury, but between the grosser and more refined species of the latter. Where is the room then for hesitation in the choice?

But are our particular objects alone to be cherished? Are none else worthy of our care? This is best answered by remarking that ours are well suited to a voluntary society; that all the liberal arts are of a kindred spirit—kindling at each other's flame: that as members of the same family, they have a mutual sympathy and relation: naturally flourishing together; the best examples in poetry, eloquence, and history, being always contemporary with those of sculpture, painting, and architecture. In this institution you directly or indirectly promote them all.

The mechanick arts, we mean those of the more ingenious and elegant kinds, not failing of the inspiration, the workman in them is converted into an artist, and they partake of the common benefit. Even fashion, which always comes in as a beauty, and goes out as a deformity—Fashion on whose ince-

and change the judgment takes so little part, may be brought more under the dominion of taste, with her "fixed principles and fancy ever new."

But a stronger incentive to second your original efforts remains,—your interest in the national reputation. Men identifying themselves with their country, take it with a salutary prejudice to their bosoms, and I trust not only from this natural bias, for which we have the strongest pleas, but that we have a pride in whatever tends, in the world's estimation to exalt the character of our city, and that we gratulate ourselves on its numerous institutions, which regard our charities, our civil economy and police, and extending in not a few to the interests of literature and the sciences—among which may be particularly distinguished the Philosophical Society, the very extensive publick library—the museum, that spirited labour of an individual, and the enlarged medical school—An establishment for the Fine Arts is now our principal desideratum, and perhaps more than all, in adding to its attractions, may contribute to determine the choice of the hesitating stranger to Philadelphia as the desirable seat of reason and politeness.

A further doubt than what has been suggested may be urged against your design: It is whether your country has reached that point of exaltation which calls for, or justifies it?

Let him who may suggest the doubt, bear this truth in mind, that every civilized and intelligent community, naturally rises in its condition, and that it is only from the defect of wholesome principles in the political association where this consequence is not perceived; it is indeed chiefly in arbitrary monarchies, in which the whole being of less account in the eye of government than the individual at the head, and the universal good held in subordination to his particular interest, where this tendency is resisted or a country made stationary or retrograde.

The forms and objects of our various American governments are of this tendency; and when improved by

experience, and ameliorated by time, they will as we are bound to hope, be the guarantees of our growth and prosperity. But there are other contributory causes—a geographical position and figure, the most favourable to a foreign commerce—and to supply it, the double fertility of spring and autumn: so unusual to regions of our temperature, with a rapid agricultural improvement. An increase of population unknown to any modern time, and now proceeding at an accelerated pace: Those we may say, are the principles that as a nation have already carried us the full length of some, and those not the least considerable, of the European states—and having seen their effect in part, we may prophecy the rest, that we are destined to a rank and station with the most considerable.

These few considerations, as the subject will be enlarged on by your own reflections, have been thought sufficient by the directors for this occasion—and with these few, they venture to solicit the continuance of your support to this object of your munificence. To solicit, indeed, is unnecessary—It is enough, they are persuaded, to hint that the institution is still in need of the hand that raised it—that without it, it may decline to a mere monument of abortive zeal, ominous of future undertakings, instead of what it ought to be, the standing evidence of a successful labour, so highly creditable to your city and to yourselves.

Not that the directors mean to confine themselves to the original patrons—their hope does not rest solely on your liberality: trusting that many there are of a congenial spirit, yet untried, who, following in your steps, will cheerfully incline to assist your views.

At a meeting of the members of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in the hall of the academy,

The following resolutions having passed the board of directors, were proposed and unanimously adopted, to wit:

Whereas this society has obtained a charter of incorporation, and by the aid of voluntary contributions, has become possessed of a valuable appropriate building, erected under their own authority and direction; and also of a considerable importation of casts, from the most celebrated collections of statuary. For the purposes of more firmly establishing the said institution, and rendering it commensurate with the laudable intention of its supporters, *Be it resolved,*

1. That the rights and property of the society shall be divided into 300 shares.

2. That every subscriber of 50 dollars in cash, and paying an annual subscription of 2 dollars, shall receive a certificate of proprietorship, for one share, to be held in perpetuity by himself, his heirs or assigns.

3. Transfers of shares may be made by the proprietors in person, or by attorney, with the approbation of any three of the directors, and in the presence of the president or treasurer, subject always to the said annual payment of two dollars; and the proprietor of each share of stock for the time being, shall be entitled to a free admission into the academy at all times within the hours appointed for publick exhibition.

4. The building having been erected on two lots taken on annual ground rents for the purpose, *Resolved,* That the surplusage arising from the annual payment of two dollars on each share, after the payment of the said ground rents, shall be solely applied to the forming a sinking fund, until the sum is sufficient to purchase off and extinguish the same, unless other means be adopted for that purpose.

5. That the monies which shall hereafter, be received from the subscription for shares, shall be duly applied in the following order, to wit: first, to the discharge of the present claims on the society, for materials and work applied to the building—Second, to the discharge of all monies now held on loan—Third, that the remainder, together with the revenue arising from the exhibition, after de-

ducting the salary of the attendant and other contingent expenses, shall be applied to the further promotion of the objects of the institution.

6. Those who are now subscribers under 50 dollars, shall be invited to make up their subscriptions to that amount—and such as decline doing so, shall have a free ticket, and enjoy all the rights to which they are now entitled, but shall not be considered as share-holders on the terms of these resolutions,

7. All subscribers to the institution, either by contribution or loan, who incline to become share holders as aforesaid, may be credited the amount of their subscription, or any part thereof, in payment for such shares of stock as they shall respectively apply for.

### LEVITY.

Among the sweet singers and sweet-er songstresses, who compose our musical private parties, as well as at every publick serenade, no song appears more popular than the gallant invocation of the well bred WALPOLE to the Sleeping Beauty, with whom he was enamoured,

Rise, Cynthia, rise.

Now as a parody of a popular song will always excite a temporary interest, and generally beguile the lounger of some of his cares, let us make the attempt and sneer at the *democrats*. By our art potential we will, with Ovidian dexterity, metamorphose a lying gazette into an ideal goddess, and invoke her in manner following:

Rise, Aurora, rise:

Rise, Aurora, rise:

The *factions* tribe on tiptoe stand,  
To view thy smutty face,  
Mammoth, with *philosophick* eyes,  
Sees none more fair in all his race.

The *swinish* herd who round thee gaze.  
Will draw fresh venom from thine eyes  
Then ah in pity,  
Then ah in pity,  
In pity to Duane,  
Do not in drunken slumbers lie.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy!

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Mourner's sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy!

Cadell and Davies, London, have published an Account of the Life and Writings of David Hume, Esq. By Thomas Edward Ritchie.

## MUNIFICENCE OF A MONARCHY.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant a pension of 200*l.* per annum to Mr. Campbell, authour of "*The Pleasures of Hope*," a poem of well known merit.

Robert Semple, authour of "*Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope*," and formerly a frequent writer in The Port Folio, has just published, "*Charles Ellis; or the Friends*," a novel, comprising the incidents and observations occurring on a voyage to the Brazils and West-Indies, actually performed by the writer.

Charlotte Smith has printed an octavo volume of elegant poetry, with the title of "*Beachy Head*."

Messrs. C. & R. Baldwin have published a very curious work: *The Climate of Great Britain*; containing an inquiry into the changes it has undergone, particularly within the last fifty years, accounting for the increasing humidity, and consequent cloudiness and coldness of our springs and summers, with their effects on the vegetable and animal economy: including various experiments to ascertain the causes of such changes, arrest their progress, and counteract their effects; interspersed with numerous philological facts and observations, illustrative of the process in vegetation, and the connexion between the phenomena of the weather, and the productions of soil. By John Williams, Esq.

It is with great pleasure that we announce to our readers the publication of a new work entitled the "*Caricature Magazine*," being a collection of the best caricatures from original designs. By W. M. Woodward, Esq.

The Rev. John Wool, late Fellow of New College, Oxford, has published in a superb quarto, with a portrait of Dr. Warton, from an original picture, a sketch of his monument in Winchester Cathedral, and a facsimile of his hand writing, price 1*l.* 7*s.* in boards, Biographical Memoirs of the late Rev. Joseph Warton, D. D. Master of St. Mary Winton College; Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral; and Rector of the parishes of Wickham and Upton, Hants. To which are added, a selection from his works, and a literary correspondence between eminent persons, reserved by him for publication.

By the close application which Addison gave, when at college, to the study of the Greek and Roman classics, "he caught," says Mr. Tickell, "their language and manner, as strongly as other young people gain a French accent or a genteel air. An early acquaintance with the classics is what may be called the good breeding of poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness which never forsakes a mind that contracted it in youth, but is seldom or never hit by those who would learn it too late. There is not, perhaps, any harder task than to tame the natural wildness of wit, and to civilize the fancy. The generality of our old English poets abound in forced conceits and affected phrases; and even those who are said to come the nearest to exactness, are but too fond of the unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection. If Mr. Addison's example and precepts be the occasion that there now begins to be a greater demand for correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient models, and familiarized to propriety of thought and chastity of style."

*Comparison between Fox and Pitt.*

The sweetness of Mr. Fox's disposition displayed itself even in his argumentative warfare. The sarcasm of Mr. Pitt was terrible; it burned to the bone; his heart seemed to go along with it; it bore the aspect rather of an effort to hurt the adversary's feelings, than to serve his own argument. The hearer was astonished and admired his powers, but felt his heart instinctively engaged on the side of the sufferer. He showed the object through the glass, which magnified its bad features to a disproportioned size. On the contrary, Mr. Fox, in his sarcasm, which he rarely used, seemed desirous to represent his adversary just as he was. His luminous effusions of irony threw a blaze of light over the object, and held it there till it was seen by every one in its own plain shape; and, as he seldom employed his sarcasm against any one who did not deserve it, the exposure of that shape was enough for his purpose. All were delighted with his attack wit; but none, sometimes not even the objects of it, felt angry. Mr. Pitt, never, when he was vehement in this way, carried along with him the hearts of his auditors. Compared with Mr. Fox's, his satire might be called excruciation. The furies of Juvenal flamed in Mr. Pitt's, the amenity of Horace shone in that of his great adversary.

The late Mr. Pitt.—It deserves to be recorded of this illustrious statesman; that he beguiled the last hours of his tedious illness by the perusal of Miss Owenson's Novel of St. Dominick. This was, in fact, the last amusement of his mind, and the last employment in which he engaged himself.

## MERRIMENT.

A showman, exhibiting at Eton, pointed out in his box, all the crowned heads in the world, and being asked by the schoolboys who looked through the glass, which was the Emperor? which the Pope? which the Sultan? and which the Great Mogul?

exclaimed eagerly, "which you please, young gentlemen; which you please."

Bonomi, the Italian architect, walking along Pall-Mall, wrote the following pasquade on one of the columns, which, contrary to every rule and principle of architecture, stand insulated in the front of Carlton House, supporting nothing:

*Care colonne  
Che fate quì  
"Non lo sappiamo  
"In verità,"*

Ah! my dear columns,  
Why stand ye so?  
"Indeed, my good Sir,  
"We do not know."

George Hanger taking the air in Hyde Park, an observation was made on the indecency of persons bathing in the Serpentine river. "It is, indeed," said George, "very indecent to see so many girls running about naked."—"Girls!" said a young lady, "they are boys."—"I ask your pardon, madam," returned he; "I find I have been mistaken; as they had no clothes on, I did not know; but I yield to your superiour judgment."

A tradesman finding his circumstances irretrievably involved, put a period to his existence in the canal in Hyde Park. A gentleman asking Mr. Deputy Birch, who he knew had been acquainted with the man, how he came to drown himself? The deputy answered, "Because he could not keep his head above water."

Caleb Whitefoord purchased the chambers he now possesses in the Adelphi from his friend Mr. Browne. When the latter was erecting the balcony in front of them, Mr. Whitefoord observed, that it was very *disinterested* in him. "How disinterested?" said Mr. Browne, "because you can have no view in it?"

An Italian Prince, whose dominions were not very extensive, being informed that a certain Frenchman at

court had spoken rather sneeringly of him and his intentions, sent to him to say he banished him his kingdom, and gave him three days to depart. "He is too bountiful," replied the Frenchman, "to grant me so much time; three quarters of an hour would be quite sufficient."

Knight, passing the evening among some friends in the city, was requested, in his turn, to favour the company with a song; he politely declined it, alledging that he was so indifferent a performer, that any attempt of his would rather disgust than entertain. One of the company, however, asserted that he had a very good voice, and said, he had frequently had the pleasure of hearing him sing.—"That may be," resumed the wit, "but as I am not a freeman, I have no voice in the city."

When Mr. Erskine ingeniously compared a fine woman, deserted by her husband, to a *loose fish*, in the case of *Esten v. the Duke of Hamilton*, Mr. Jekyll said his learned friend had certainly borrowed the figure from Horace, who, on a different occasion, says,

*Desinit in Piscem Mulier formosa superne.*

When Lord Thurlow was at the bar, his clerk was reading to him, one day, a legal instrument, and when he came to the part, "*I do devise all that fern,*" &c. &c. he was seized with so violent a fit of coughing, that he could not proceed: on which the testy lawyer exclaimed, "Read on, *with a care to you—your heirs and their heirs forever.*"

A young nobleman, not remarkable for punctuality in the payment of his bills, once called upon the Margravine of Anspach in an elegant new phaeton, and at parting begged she would come to the door just to look at it. "'Tis very pretty," said he, "and I have it on a *new plan.*"—"Before I set my eyes on it, my lord," said she, "I am afraid you have it on the *old plan—never to pay for it.*"

A barrister, in the Court of King's Bench, describing the bad usage of a high-bred horse, said that the animal had for some time been employed in dragging heavy loads, and fed on *coarse old hay*, till the animal himself *demurred* to the treatment. "He should not have *demurred*," replied Mr. Erskine, "now the winter season is over; he had better have *put himself on the country.*"

As Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday, he was observed by the Rev. Mr. B. who severely reprimanded him for thus profaning the sabbath. The poor man heard him with meekness, and then replied, "If your dinner was at the bottom of the river, like mine, you would angle for it too."

A poor woman, whose husband kept his bed, with a lingering illness, went to a neighbouring physician, who kindly gave her a prescription, and directed her to the chemist to get it made up. When finished, the man stupidly wrote on it, "to be taken in a proper vehicle." Now "vehicle" was a word so far beyond the good woman's capacity, she thought no one but the clergyman of the parish learned enough to explain its meaning. Not showing him the label, she merely asked him "What was a vehicle?" He replied, a phaeton, a curricule, a landau, a whiskey, or a wheelbarrow. The last of these terms exactly suited her comprehension, and she returned home vastly pleased, where she actually made her husband rise, come down stairs, get into a wheelbarrow, take his physick, and go to bed again.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### TRIBUTE TO GREATNESS.

The death of GEN. HAMILTON was described, in a publick assembly, as a great national misfortune. A gentleman who subsequently touched upon the same topicks, adverting to this point, remarked, that, "The death of

GEN. HAMILTON has been described as a great public calamity. No one more sincerely and sorrowfully accords in this sentiment than I do. Would to God that this were the time and place, and that I possessed adequate powers to pay due honours to the memory of that illustrious statesman: his august image should be deposited in the centre of the Temple of Fame. The Minervas should be situated, one on his right hand, and the other on his left. The goddess of peace, with her benignant train, should occupy the foreground; and Bellona, with her triumphant car, should be placed in the rear. His armorial bearings should be "the bird of day, gazing at the sun with a steadfast eye." Upon his escutcheon should be inscribed the texts of his policy; and around the venerable form, as a drapery, should be hung the symbols of national gratitude. Then should the ardent Genius of our country silently repair to the consecrated temple; there to contemplate the departed greatness of the orator, and the statesman, of the patriot, and the warrior. The lofty strains of his eloquence and the sublime precepts of his wisdom; the disinterested purity of his virtue; and the gallant generosity of his spirit, should animate and inspire the orators, the patriots, and the warriors of other and better ages. But it pleased Providence, whose wisdom we must not question, and whose ways we cannot fathom, at a period of political peril, and at a crisis of public danger, to remove him from the scenes of terrestrial action; and apparently, ere the measure of his glory was full. Alas! this country was not bereaved of her champion by the ordinary dispensations of heaven; he did not breathe his last upon the bed of sickness, neither did he expire upon a bed of laurels in the arms of victory; but perished in private combat before a vindictive foe. As HAMILTON devoted his life to his country, and died a martyr to our cause, we will hallow his memory, and strive to emulate his virtues.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

## A METAMORPHOSIS.

Ovid, a bard well known of old,  
Of many a transformation told,  
But ne'er so great a wonder knew  
As we can tell, and prove it too.

In days when WASHINGTON presided,  
When patriots firm our councils guided,  
When some regard was paid to fame,  
And honour was not thought a name;  
Swift as the thunderbolt of Jove,  
A bird descended from above,  
Whose talons and whose beak declare  
The strong-wing'd monarch of the air.  
Perch'd on the Capitol he stood;  
In his left talons grasp'd we view'd  
An olive branch; his dexter bore  
A sheaf of arrows dipt in gore.  
But—strange to tell! when dastards came  
To quench the bright and holy flame,  
That glow'd in every patriot heart,  
And griev'd we saw that flame depart,  
Which once Columbia held so dear,  
Ere taught a foreign frown to fear;  
Ere her best interests were for sale;  
Ere Jefferson had, in his scale,  
Found, and to all his party told,  
How light is honour weigh'd with gold;  
Then—and although you well may stare,  
The fact a thousand will declare;  
The arrow-bearing bird became  
A gander, spiritless and tame,  
That seeks, with oary feet, to keep  
In pools, afraid to tempt the deep;  
Unfit to swim, to walk, to fly,  
A squalling hiss his only cry,  
And pluck'd by every passer by. A.—

*For The Port Folio.*

## PAINS OF MEMORY.

A POEM.

"Canst thou not minister to mind disease?  
"Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow!  
"Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
"And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
"Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff  
"Which weighs upon the heart?"

MACBETH.

Oh Memory! thou busy source of pain!  
Thou actor of our miseries o'er again!  
Thou harsh intruder! whose tormenting  
pow'r  
Instilling thought, embitters every hour:  
Forego thy bitter unrelenting sway,  
Nor doom to horrors every coming day.  
Ah! what avails Imagination's powers  
With fancied bliss to cheat the tardy  
hours,  
Whose sweet delusions banish care away  
And to the mind bestow perpetual day;  
If the sad soul is wrapt in constant woe  
And all is one vast wilderness below;  
How lovely, Nature, is thy varied scene!  
Thy purple-tinted cloud and painted green!

What joy to see the dazzling orb of day  
In rising splendour give the genial ray!  
While every grove with feather'd musick  
sounds

And varied foliage deck the smiling  
grounds.

Silent and soothing is the evening hour;  
Then sweet and pleasant is the woodbine  
bower;

When boisterous passions from their Vic-  
tim fly

And freed from Earth his looks are fix'd  
on high.

The cold and pale fac'd Wand'rer of the  
night

With fainter beams imparts a silver light;  
Yet oft the passing cloud obscures her  
blaze

Tho' brighter still it meets the ardent  
gaze.

Pleasant the murmur'ing of the sea-beat  
shore

Where never ending, foaming billows  
roar,

While we along the sandy margin stray  
Or from some mountain top the surge

survey.  
O wretched mortal! curs'd with me-  
mory's power,

Whose anguish'd mind feels torture every  
hour,

For you kind Nature lavishes in vain  
The warbling woodland or the cheerful

plain;  
The hills and dales, the Sun's celestial

light,  
The foaming ocean and the orb of night;

The sweet asylum which the dark wood  
shows;

Where often times rapt inspiration glows  
All pass thy vision in fantastick dreams

And this good Earth a sterile region  
seems.\*

Say, from what source can memory im-  
part,

One pleasing sense to sooth the mur-  
derer's heart?

When busy fancy brings the injur'd shade  
To haunt his solitude—his peace invade?

The guilty wretch, who waded to the  
throne

Thro' kindred blood, from danger con-  
scious grown,

Now, by the trembling limb and bloodless  
cheek

Betrays his crimes; nor can a refuge seek  
From bleeding forms, who bare the

mangled breast,  
And to his frighten'd vision stand con-  
sent!—

Behold that wretched tyrant youth ex-  
pire, †

His frame consum'd by more than mortal  
fire;

Stung by remorse, not all the charms of  
art

Could hush his cares, or ease his aching  
heart:

Each hour recalls the bloody dreadful day,  
When by his mandate thousands slaugh-  
ter'd lay,

When in cold blood, confounding youth  
and age,

His wretched subjects felt his bigot rage.  
Oh! friend to Virtue! whose all power-  
ful aid,

Sooner or later owns the heav'nly maid;  
Interrours cloth'd, the villain's mind assail,  
And with just vengeance tear aside the  
veil

That from himself his hideous portrait  
hides,  
And for his crimes a lasting scourge pro-  
vides.

See the proud monument and marble  
bust  
With useless pomp insult the humble  
dust;  
Whilst gorgeous pageants more supreme-  
ly show

That all *parade* is mockery of wo;  
Unheeded by the father, lover, friend,  
Who o'er the grave in silent anguish  
bend—

Will no kind genius watch the fatal hour,  
And blunt the invidious tyrant's baleful  
power?

Lull with a Syren's spells the aching  
sense,  
And to the mind oblivious aid dispense?  
Ah! no,—for all is horror and dismay:  
While yet the husband hugs the breath-  
less clay,

Ten thousand thousand sad illusions rise  
To aid his anguish and increase his  
sighs—

Now is recall'd each hour, each happy  
day  
That smooth'd the passage of life's dreary  
way;

Now do contrasted pleasures mock his  
woes,  
And to impending grief, lost joys oppose.

When the loud gale's tempestuous force  
descends,  
And sharpest lightning Heav'n's vast con-  
cave rends;

Whilst thro' the crackling rigging howls  
the storm,

cause of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's  
day, when 40,000 Protestants were slain.—  
For an account of the transaction, and his  
horrid death, see Voltaire's History, and  
Henriad, and Sully's Memoirs,

\* This goodly earth seems to me a sterile  
promontory. HAMLET.

† Charles IX, of France, the infamous

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And nought prevails but tumult and  
alarm ;  
Then to the youthful breast of him who  
roves,  
Far from the mistress whom he fondly  
loves ;  
Malicious memory proves her hated art  
And emulates the vile tormentor's part.  
O, cursed gold ! the source of various  
wo,  
From whom our sorrows more than plea-  
sures flow :  
In search of thee, I brav'd the faithless  
seas,  
To gain by added fortune future ease ;  
For visionary wealth I wildly roam,  
And madly leave my plighted love and  
home ;  
Fool, not to know, that competence was  
bliss,  
And certain happiness exchange for this !  
Let me again behold my native shore,  
And I will tempt th' uncertain waves no  
more.

But most, when madness rules th'  
unhappy hour  
Must wretched man sustain thy keenest  
power ;  
All other sense of joy or sorrows gone,  
And the whole soul absorb'd with one  
alone.  
Hail ! thou great master of the magick  
pen !  
Whose piercing eyes beheld the hearts  
of men ;  
Hast thou not fore'd the sympathetick tear  
With the keen horrors of thy frenzied  
*Lear* ?  
When to his comfort ev'ry door was  
clos'd,  
And bare he stood to pelting storms ex-  
pos'd ;  
The fretful elements contend in vain,  
They hurt not him whose agonized brain  
Dwells on a father's violated right,  
And tells his sorrows in the ear of night,  
While rain, and storm, and lightning, all  
conspire  
To aid " th' unnatural hags " against their  
sire.  
Remembrance, ever constant, points the  
pain,  
Shows him his wrongs, and tells them  
o'er again ;  
For when in lonely hovel he describes,  
In seeming madness where sad Edgar  
lies,

Poor wretch, says he, thy fate is hard in-  
deed ;  
Nought but ingratitude has done this  
deed.  
Hark ! the loud shriek and piercing cry  
assail,\*  
And bitter lamentations fill the gale ;  
'Tis madness raves, for frenzy and des-  
pair  
And moping melancholy, and gnawing  
care,  
Alternate seize upon a father's brain,  
And doom their victim to eternal pain.  
The mournful scene is view'd from day  
to day ;  
The father's fondness and the infant's  
play ;  
And now before him lies the breathless  
child,  
Now grief unnerves, and now with an-  
guish wild,  
His sighs, his shrieks, invade Compassi-  
on's ear,  
And force from harden'd man the social  
tear !  
Such is the deep-wrought wo which me-  
mory gives,  
And such the anguish while the sufferer  
lives ;  
For, while she rests in his distracted brain,  
Nor happiness, nor joy are his again.

(*To be continued.*)

\* Garrick was acquainted with a worthy man in Goodman's Fields; this friend had an only daughter two years old; he stood at his dining room window fondling his child and dangling it in his arms, when it was his misfortune to drop the infant into a flagged area, and killed it on the spot—He remained at his window screaming in agonies of grief; the neighbours flocked to the house, took up the child, and delivered it dead to the unhappy father, who wept bitterly, and filled the street with lamentations. He lost his senses, and from that moment never recovered his understanding.

Garrick went frequently to see his distracted friend, who passed the remainder of his life in going to the window, and there playing in fancy with his child. After some dalliance, he dropped it, and bursting into a flood of tears, filled the house with grief and bitter anguish. He then sat down in a pensive mood, his eyes fixed on one object, at times looking slowly around him as if to implore compassion. *Murphy's Life of Garrick.*

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 9, 1807.

[No. 19.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

I PRESUME it is in literature, as in all other modes of amusement and employment which occupy the time and talents of the various actors on this great theatre of human life: the important personages who represent the kings and heroes of the drama, look down with contempt on those petty actors who personate servants and messengers; while he, whose most exalted business is to deliver a letter with a respectful bow, despises most cordially the whole gang of scene-shifters and candle-snuffers. In other departments of life the same gradations prevail as among "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time." A merchant, whose vessels are forwarded to their destined ports by every wind that blows, who sees on his table the produce of the Eastern and the Western Indies, and who can justly boast of his farms in either hemisphere, casts a supercilious eye on the industrious trader who subsists by retailing these valuable commodities: he, in turn, thinks commerce degraded by those petty dealers who preside over a chandler's shop; while the chandler's clerk contemns the

travelling pedler whose whole possessions are contained in a portable pack.

Thus it is, one universal chain of subordination pervades the whole of society, and the connecting links are not more easily distinguishable in the gradations from a monkey to Sir Isaac Newton than in every particular class and order into which the human species is reducible. Authours, no doubt, preserve the same proportionable distinctions; and the important compiler of a folio scoffs at the witling whose labours can be comprised in an octavo or duodecimo; while he who arrives at the dignity of a bound book, however small, derides the fugitive efforts of a periodical writer. All orders of men, however, are ingenious at finding their own inferiours. Thus even a diurnal or weekly essayist may fancy himself superiour to the nursling of the muses, who ventures an occasional sonnet in *The Port Folio*, or who sends an unfledged elegy to flutter in a newspaper.

There is, however, a class of writers for whom it would be difficult to find an appropriate station; men who occasionally display in small compositions, every talent requisite to adorn the sublimest; who are capable of involving an apparently clear subject in metaphorical obscurity, or of adorning a barren one with all the graces of poetry; some who, in the compass of twelve or fourteen lines, display a co-

pious command of words, and a perfect knowledge of the beauties of language; others, who, satisfied with the intrinsick merit of the subject of their labours, content themselves with displaying its utility in specifick terms of elegant and affecting simplicity. I have myself bestowed infinite attention on the compositions of this class of authours. To describe half the merits I have discovered in them, would fill a folio of no common size. Let not, therefore, these my worthy brethren suppose, that because my essays, small as they are, are more bulky than theirs, I rashly imagine myself their superiour. No! no! I flatter myself that I am too good a judge of intellectual merit, and well know that wit is not to be appreciated by weight or bulk; for there is often greater talents displayed in a composition of four or five lines, than in the most ponderous volume industry ever compiled. It is to reserve this class of writers from unmerited neglect that I now draw my quill; and though I may not enumerate more than one of those productions which have so often afforded me delight and instruction, let not others who are overlooked, attribute that circumstance to my blindness of their merits, but rather let them, with me, lament that want of leisure which the present time will not afford for further extending my commendations.

A few days since I picked up a newspaper with the following advertisement: from the singular modesty with which this is introduced, it scarcely arrests the eye in the same manner as more splendid advertisements; it does, however, sufficiently partake of their nature to be pronounced of that class of writing; and I shall not scruple to declare it one of their brightest specimens, though simply called

#### A HINT.

"Any person nicely sensible, irritable, hypochondriacal, hysterical; or who, again, is dyspeptick, hepatic, splenetick, gouty, paralytick, rheumatick, of an evil habit of body, scorbutick, asthmatick, dropsical, corpulent,

bloated, yellow, flabby; or otherwise, thin, dry, and rigid; who (harrassed with spasms, cramps, wind, hickups, belchings, acidity, distracting dreams, depressing thoughts, and sleepless nights) is uneasy, anxious, low, wandering, dissatisfied; who without being able to present an adequate cause or reason, fears fevers of the nerves, and derangement of their functions; and who thence dread to become excors, orbus, and expes, may, with the utmost confidence and freedom, relate his (or her) case, in detail, to Mr. Rymer, surgeon and apothecary, at Rigate, Surry, for advice, and (*deo lubente et juvante*) relief. Letters may be sent, post free. See Mr. Rymer's Tract, price 1s. upon indigestion, hypochondriacism, gout, &c. sold by Evans, Paternoster-Row; at No. 29, Haymarket; No. 87, Fleet-street; No. 63, Bishopsgate-street, within where may be had by the same authour, "*Physiological Conjectures relative to certain Functions of the animal Economy*," price 1s."

All compositions, of whatever size and extent, usually bear upon the face of them one prevailing characteristic, no one can hesitate in pronouncing this to bear the stamp of peculiar modesty. I own that I was more immediately struck with traits of moral character than with indications of talent; and therefore perhaps it is that I am more delighted with the singular humility of Mr. Rymer's address, than with his unequalled display of erudition.

PHILANTUS.

#### CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF MR. FOX.

That mingled good and evil which pervades all the principles and events of this world, confounds the reasonings of the most considerate and perplexes the desires of the most sagacious. The dull monotony of common-place sensations, which indicate rather the absence of want of feeling than the lively activity of vigorous sentiment, may wear away life with little occasion of self-reproach, to

with still less of self-gratulation : it is like the relaxed wire of an instrument, which though struck by a master's hand, and though it may be seen to vibrate, yields no perceptible note : it is like the stagnant pond whose waters however impelled preserve their dead level, and having no outlet indicate no tendency but that of regaining their equilibrium in the shortest time possible. Who wishes to resemble such characters ?

But the opposite extreme has disadvantages equally dangerous. A mind easily agitated, a rapid and lively conception, a creative fancy, a vigorous intellect, an extensive comprehension of objects, a just appreciation of their excellencies ; whatever constitutes genius, whatever manifests taste, whether it dazzle in the blaze of elocution, or astonish in the thunder of rhetoric, alas, it is accompanied by passions so violent, and propensities so overbearing, that like a wire over-stretched, the slightest vibration snaps it : like a cataract, it rushes with accumulating velocity adown that precipice whence it falls into the fathomless gulf below.

The province of Education is, to correct the imperfections of nature, to impart a modest confidence to the timid, by a conviction of competent ability : but to check the sallies of the vehement, and to restrain the advances of the forward : to prevent passion from getting the start of reason, and to gain time for attention to the gentle admonitions of prudence. It is the placid Minerva, who descends from heaven to restrain the violent Achilles ;

While half unsheath'd appears the glittering blade,  
She whispers soft, his vengeance to control,  
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.

What then is the situation of that youth who deriving from nature intellectual powers of no ordinary description, with all that eagerness of temper which accompanies them, has never been benefited by the soothing lessons of education, but inflamed by parental indulgence ; never taught to pause, and by pausing to detect and

abandon error, but impelled by native impetuosity, and flattering himself that all is well, he boldly perseveres till the brink of the precipice sinks beneath his feet,

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

The errors of genius are notorious as well as lamentable, and ever will the superficial inspector wish, and repeat his wishes, for a combination of the virtues attendant on mental powers of the first order—without their vices. It is OTHERWISE ORDAINED : various causes may promote one and restrain the other, but an entire separation is not to be expected, till

Earth repossesses what to man she gave,  
And the free spirit mounts on wings of fire.

Charles James Fox was the second son of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland. He was born Jan. 13, O. S. 1749. His father early discovered in him striking tokens of genius and abilities, and being himself in office, his son was gradually initiated into the management of business, and saw at least the routine of it, in his boyish days. There are not wanting those who affirm that he read his father's despatches, at the same period as he amused himself with spinning his top ; and that, on one occasion, after having perused a very long letter written with Lord Holland's own hand, he discovered his opinion of its contents by committing it to the fire !—His father, who never contradicted him, and possibly too was sensible of the justness of the verdict, patiently wrote another. Lord Holland was esteemed a sagacious character ; but, of what advantage was parental sagacity, if he never controled the eccentricities of those to whom its admonitions were due ? Tutors and governors indeed were called into attendance, but self-government was an accomplishment which young Fox never learned. Whatever could be purchased from hirelings was purchased : but how small a proportion of the complete gentleman can hireling instruction communicate ?

The temper of Charles was forward, predominant, vehement ; at the same

time it was open, candid, and manly. He was thought fit to take the lead, and the lead he readily took. His opinion was expected, and he frankly gave his opinion. All were supposed to notice him, and he dashed into notice, *ex animo*. He was educated at Westminster and at Eton, where he obtained distinction: his studies were not severe: his happy genius, and retentive memory, enabled him to acquire advantages for which others are beholden to labour. From Eton he went to Oxford, where his stay was not long: whence, his father, impatient to behold him a man of consequence, sent him over Europe, to make what was called the Grand Tour. There can be no doubt, but many advantages attended that rational intercourse with continental courts, and foreign statesmen, which was offered by the Grand Tour. It afforded many opportunities of observation, it admitted those who were capable of profiting by the privilege to an insight into the characters of men, and they were usually men of ability, whose manner of discharging the duties of their important employments, was well calculated to impress and improve the youthful mind. But it also afforded opportunities of the most flagrant licentiousness, and being performed at that period of life, when the blood boils in the veins of youth: it became the means by which many thoughtless English heirs were ruined in body, mind, and outward estate. Among this number was Charles Fox, who had disencumbered himself of his patrimony before he had attained the age of manhood. Precocious in every thing, a fribble to excess in dress, and appearance, an adventurer without reserve, at dice and cards; always a leader, and usually a loser too. The last bill drawn on Lord Holland, by his sons, was from Naples, for a debt of honour, value 36,000*l*. Nor could they stir till this was paid.

Returned to England, Mr. Fox was, when under twenty-one years of age, admitted into the House of Commons, as representative for the borough of Midhurst. The expectations formed

from his talents caused this irregularity to be overlooked; and thus was he placed in the very post of honour, in the very pathway of ambition. At a time of life when others are supposed to have acquired barely wisdom enough to govern themselves, he was understood to possess sufficient to govern the nation. And he meant that his governing spirit should be known: unused to meet rebuffs, he thundered at those who opposed him, stood forward as the champion of ministry, vindicated the famous election of col. Luttrell for Middlesex, and derided Johnny Wilkes and his partisans, with all the powers of his lungs, laughter, and eloquence. Never will the excess in which he indulged himself, never will the appellation "scum of the earth," which he liberally bestowed on the freeholders of Middlesex, be forgotten. In return, he was told, that the *scum* would ever be uppermost, that the "Young Cub," was not yet Old Reynard, and that French taylors never made English statesmen. His family interest, and his personal talents procured him a seat at the board of Admiralty; he was here a junior, but being denied the influence of a senior, he resigned in disgust: he was a second time appointed, but was now removed to the treasury, where he differed in opinion with the premier, and was dismissed. He could not preside, and he would not submit; but being restive his name was *omitted*, in Lord North's phrase, from a new commission for managing that department of state. He was now about 25 years of age: extremely corpulent in person: notorious for his amours, addicted to the extremes of what was called fashion; and he even disgraced the honest plainness of the English character by the coxcombry of wearing *red* heels to his shoes, with every other mark of the *petit maitre*:

Bien poudré, bien frisé, tout à fait un Marquis.

His time was devoted to the gaming-table; he played at the clubs, till credit was banished, and *ready money* was enacted to be *indispensable*. His con-

neixons were extensive among the money-lending Jews; and when the old arts of obtaining were exhausted, his ingenuity in devising new, was the admiration of his associates. Ever forward, the leader, the head, the precursor of his companions, he was distinguished no less by the intrepidity of his career, than by the superiority of his intellect.

But the superiority of his intellect did not always secure Mr. Fox from being a dupe to the arts of others; report attached to him the incident of having designed to repair his ruined fortunes, by marriage with a West-Indian lady of immense value! pointed out to him by a kind lady-guardian, but, unluckily, *not visible today!* His benevolent introductress hoped for better fortune on the morrow; on the morrow he was again at his post, "tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow," but, an unwelcome inflammation in the eyes! rendered an interview impossible. This delusion was at length dissipated by the officers of justice recognising an old acquaintance in the lady who *was* visible, and who, it afterwards appeared, under the sanction of intimacy among the nobility, "witness a certain chariot which might be seen in attendance, day after day, for hours together, at her residence," had advertised "Places at Court, to be disposed of." A scene in a comedy of Foote's commemorates this incident.

Being dismissed from the treasury, Mr. Fox entered the lists of opposition; and here he soon was leader. His talents were of the first order in debate; he excelled every speaker in discovering the weaknesses of his antagonist's arguments. He could set the minister's propositions in so many different lights, gradually deprive them of what reasonings they might justly claim: supply them with suppositious arguments, confute these, and so thoroughly embarrass the whole, that the minister could scarcely recognise his own offspring, swaddled as it was in the envelops with which Mr. Fox had disguised it. It was now that among the opponents of the American

war, Mr. Fox acquired popularity; and he deserved it, if unwearied efforts, unlimited vehemence of debate, and a manly soundness of judgment, could deserve it: but he passed many years in attack before the fortress of government submitted to the besiegers. Lord North was, certainly, not the minister required by the times in which it was his lot to conduct the state: yet the violence of Mr. Fox rendered it unsafe for Lord North to resign, and he held his situation, not so much to despise his antagonist as to secure himself. But the defences of ministry were gradually weakened, till at length the opposition became the stronger party, and the leaders of the *outs* burst into the Cabinet. Mr. Fox was appointed Secretary of State, and found the advantage of an early acquaintance with business: he conducted the affairs of his office with dignity and despatch. The death of the Marquis of Rockingham was a mean of dissolving this ministry, and the reigns of government were committed to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne. Mr. Fox went out; but quickly forming the famous coalition with Lord North, whose principles he had formerly reprobated, without modesty or reservation, and whose head he had repeatedly threatened in the most opprobrious terms, he again rose to power. But the spirit of the British nation was offended; this union of parties, formerly so embittered against each other, was thought to be unnatural; and the opinion, or rather, the feeling of the people abhorred the connexion. Sensible that he was not now the man of the people, neither was he truly the man of the King, he meditated a continuation in power independent of both people and King, and such, it is probable, would have been the issue had his famous India bill become a law: the additional patronage which that included, would have been the impregnable bulwark of his permanence. We pretend not to know in what light he described this bill to his Majesty; but it is certain that other of his Majesty's friends described it very dif-

ferently, and the bill was stifled in the House of Lords in a manner entirely unusual. In the event, the King threw himself on his people, his people supported their King; and the parliament, then governed by Mr. Fox, was almost wholly renovated. Mr. Fox and his fellow ministers having resigned, of course, he resumed his station at the head of the opposition. Here he did many essential services to his country; some propositions he caused to be new modified: some few he happily set aside, and many a hint which induced caution, if nothing more, did Mr. Pitt receive from his acute discrimination. On the question of the regency, the opinion of the publick was with Mr. Pitt: and the doctrines of Mr. Fox were not popular in the nation. Mr. Fox varied them once or twice, by which he lost time; and never was any man more completely a dupe to his own artifice, than he was in proposing a reexamination of the Royal Patient by the consulting physicians. The loss of this opportunity was the loss of the whole object; time was gained; the Royal Patient recovered, to the infinite joy of his subjects, whose steady conduct during the painful interval ought never to be mentioned without applause, and to the disappointment, so far as their admission to power was in question, of Mr. Fox and his friends who had indulged expectations.

Mr. Fox displayed his good opinion of the French revolution without reserve, in its earliest stages; he even ventured to predict glorious events as arising from it: but events discredited his predictions, and there can be no doubt that he felt much regret at the character which that sanguinary convulsion afterwards assumed. His quarrel with Mr. Burke, in consequence of his separation from that political father, must, unquestionably, have been painful; for Mr. Fox, though ambitious, had not suffered ambition to destroy the sentiments of friendship. Mr. B. maintained a hauteur which affected a superiority over his friend, and effectually precluded their reconciliation. Mr. Fox

took occasion, after a long contest with Mr. Pitt, as he said, fruitlessly, to secede from his place in the House: this step has been loudly blamed: certainly it showed that he thought little of the importance attached to a member of the *Wittenagemote* of the country, wherein no individual can tell what importance may arise out of his advice and opinion. But this secession was precisely in character for a man who affected the power of a dictator, and because he could not dictate would not condescend to advise. Whether Mr. Fox might have come into office when Mr. Pitt went out, and the present Lord Sidmouth became minister, or at *any time since*, we cannot affirm. Perhaps the terms that were offered were unfit for his acceptance: perhaps he could not consistently with his veracity and honour accept them: be that as it might, his way to power was not clear till death had deprived the country of Mr. Pitt's services: when the Prince of Wales in recommending a ministerial arrangement, included Mr. Fox. He held the place of Secretary of State for a few months, and was barely settled in office when he died.

In estimating the character of a minister, the good he has done must guide our opinion, but the character of an oppositionist must be estimated by the evil he has prevented: always provided that the measures pursued to effect that prevention be legal and commendable. How far this proviso applies to the mission of Mr. Adair into Russia for the purpose of counteracting Mr. Pitt's negotiations there, we cannot tell. The whole of the facts in that case are not before the publick. We have already stated that the advantages which the nation in a domestick point of view derived from the opposition of Mr. Fox, were considerable; and the liberal principles which he professed in religion, in trade, &c. procured him many adherents. Nor was he destitute of friends; and when his circumstances were reduced beyond recovery, a number of these effected an unsaleable annuity

on his life, which rendered his latter days comfortable.

Mr. Fox was allied by birth, or by connexion, with many of our noblest families: but his character was formed by himself, and by circumstances. His father had been an opponent of Wm. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, and this opposition descended to their sons.

Each of the fathers, too, had trained up his son with unlimited attention and expense, had infused the principles of ambition in their strongest forms into his youthful mind, had prepared him for the high station he was intended to occupy, and thus neither could bear a rival. *Aut Caesar aut nullus* was the motto which each might have adopted;—but Mr. Fox was not destined to be Cæsar.

Had Lord Holland been a popular character instead of being branded and petitioned against as a “public defaulter;” had his son been introduced much later into public life, had he tempered his vivacity by sober reflection, instead of heating his blood by liquors, and his mind by the chances of the dice; had he taken his due station at first, instead of insisting on guiding affairs before he was well acquainted with them, and had he waited till experience had qualified him in the eyes of others as well as in his own, Mr. Fox **MUST** have been the first man in the state, and probably would have shone in the pages of our history, with a steady illumination of glory, not unequal to that of our most honoured Statesmen.

Those talents would have been developed in the man, which could only be budding in the youth: and who was bound to submit to embryo abilities? If ever there was a character thrown away in early life, by being prematurely urged into publicity, Charles Fox was that character: if ever the most valuable gifts of nature were rendered unavailing by notorious dissipation, and want of morals, they were those bestowed on Charles Fox: if ever any ambition was constantly deluded by hope, but hope, evanescent and fleeting, it was the ambition

of this eminent statesman: he was permitted to touch authority, but not to grasp it: he wore it for an instant, but could not call it his own; and when, apparently, he might have continued to enjoy it, he was seated in office, not to give importance to his life, but dignity to his death: his friends were called to lament his loss, while his country, looking wistfully around for the services he had performed, rested her hopes on those which she gave him credit for the ability of performing.

## MORTUARY.

The ensuing pathetick and well written article, was published in the Gazette of the United States. We suspect that it is the production of the ingenious Editor of that valuable Journal. Whoever is the authour, it is alike honourable to his head and his heart.

He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept and welter to the parching wind  
Without the meed of one melodious tear;  
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,

For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;  
So sinks the DAY STAR in the ocean bed  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky,  
So Lycidas sunk low but mounted high  
Through the dear might of HIM THAT  
WALK'D THE WAVES,  
Where other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love  
There entertain him all the saints above,  
In solemn troops and sweet societies  
That sing and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.

MILTON.

*Distressing Event.*—On the first of April, about a mile from this city, the New Castle Packet Tryphena (on board of which had taken passage for Baltimore, a young gentleman from Boston, by the name of Brimmer) was nearly overset by a sudden flaw of wind, but on her righting, the violence of the motion threw from her deck the gentleman above mentioned. Trusting probably to his skill in swimming, he,

while in the water, disencumbered himself from his great coat, hat, and neck handkerchief, and made immediately for the shore; but the exertions already undergone, the weight of his boots and other articles of clothing, probably rendered his endeavours unavailing, as was unhappily every effort made from the vessel for his preservation. Thus in one fatal moment was snatched from life a young man of the highest promise, justly beloved and respected by all who knew him, idolized by his particular connexions, of affluent fortune, frank and engaging manners; in the bloom of manly grace and beauty, with the world smiling before him, is he now called from the shifting scene. Long will his memory be cherished by those who have only known him transiently; what then must be the heart-rending grief of their hearts who are yet to learn the sad tidings; those to whom he is endeared not only by his own deserts but by the ties of kindred and affection.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the "*Herald of Minerva*," published monthly, in Philadelphia, by William P. Farrand.

The publisher begs leave to present this summary of book and literary intelligence as a gratuity to his own correspondents. He has been led to the publishing of this paper, with a view to supply them with a species of information relative to new publications and new editions of books, which otherwise, he thinks, they could not easily acquire, and which many reasons incline him to believe will be highly acceptable.

The plan adopted for the purposes abovementioned, is to devote the first four pages to remarks, general and particular, though always brief, on publications that are new or particularly interesting to American readers. In this department will be given some account of the contents of books, of their size, their mechanical execution, and price; and particular notice of the improvements introduced into American editions, which often render them more valuable than

those which are imported. With equal promptitude shall notice be given of any unwarrantable mutilations of books, whereby the expressions of authors may have been cancelled and so altered as to render the sentiments contained in them no longer their own. The reprinting of old European editions, heretofore not unfrequent, shall also be pointed out with particular care. In short, it is our intention to present our readers, who have not a convenient opportunity of examining new publications, with a brief account of their authors, contents, size, price, typography, and every other help that will assist them in forming an accurate opinion for themselves, for the usefulness and value of the book.

The fifth and sixth pages of the paper will be devoted to Literary Intelligence. Under this head the publisher thinks an extensive correspondence on the continent of Europe, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland, and the assistance of several literary friends, will enable him to introduce many very valuable articles of book and literary intelligence. He also invites publishers in the United States to forward their proposals.

The seventh and eighth pages will be devoted to advertising purposes.

Two Greeks, the brothers Zozima, are applying part of their fortune towards a new edition of the ancient Greek classics from Homer down to the time of the Ptolemies, under the superintendence of their countryman Coray. This collection, which is to be printed in Paris by Didot, is intended for such of their countrymen as wish to learn the ancient language of their forefathers. It will be delivered gratis in Greece to diligent scholars and active teachers; and a considerable discount will be allowed to such wealthy patrons of learning as buy copies for the purpose of presenting them to poor students.

The imperial printing establishment at Paris affords constant employment for 400 workmen, besides a

number of women, who fold and stitch the pamphlets and laws printed there.

### *The Literary Panorama.*

The first number of this periodical work appeared in England in January last. It contains 250 large royal pages. The knowledge we have of the character of several gentlemen who are connected with the Panorama, leads us to form high expectations of its future excellence. It is the largest periodical work now published in any country, and we presume our expectations, as to its superiour excellence, accord with the general opinion in Great-Britain. We add the following advertisement, published with the first number:

"The object of this work is not to add another to the vehicles of mere amusement, already too numerous. It will associate the sprightly effusions of CULTIVATED TASTE, with the earliest records of USEFUL DISCOVERIES, in every science; and whether an invention or improvement be of British suggestion, or devised by the ingenious of distant climes, if it have but merit, we shall take a pleasure in making it known.

"A principal part of our review, as well as of our intelligence, will be composed of foreign publications. In this department we shall occasionally improve our priority of information, by announcing important performances concisely; reserving a right to resume the consideration of them in a manner proportionate to their merits. Of some we shall only remark their nature and subject; of others we may offer extracts; others we may insert entire. Our number will comprise publick and official papers; reports from our agents abroad; translations from foreign communications, publick and private; proceedings of learned societies, and other laudable institutions; literary intelligence of works in hand, or in the press; lists of books published; to these will be added, novelties in the polite world, in the fine arts, in articles of taste and elegance; and, generally, communications."

The fourth volume of that eccentric work, the Lounger's commonplace Book, is in preparation.

Mr. Gifford's edition of Ben Jonson is ready for the press: he has been assisted greatly by some valuable MSS. of the late Mr. Whalley.

The London booksellers are engaged in bringing out a translation of Cicero's works, which will be sold separately as well as collectively.

Mr. Northmore has nearly completed an epick poem, of ten books, upon which he has been engaged for a considerable time; it is entitled, *Washington, or Liberty Restored*, and, exclusive of the imagery, is entirely founded upon historical records.

Lord Woodhouseler has written, and will shortly publish, the Life of the late Lord Kames.

J. Gifford and H. R. York, Esqrs. have in great forwardness the History of the administration of the late Mr. Pitt, which will be comprised in four octavo volumes.

Mr. Cumberland and Sir James Bland Burgess, have, in conjunction, written a poem, of which, report speaks highly; entitled the *Exodiad*, embracing the history of Moses from the period of his leading the Israelites out of Egypt, to his death upon Mount Horeb. The work was to appear in England in the month of January.

Mr. C. Taylor, London, publishes a work, denominated Records of Literature, domestick and foreign. It is said to be the most complete literary register extant. It exhibits a comprehensive survey of the state of letters under the following sections: 1. Correct information relative to works announced: 2. A clear and concise account of works published, with occasional abstracts or extracts: 3. The prizes proposed and distributed by learned societies: 4. A literary Necro-

logy. In short, this work is intended to form an Epitome of the Literature of the World. No. 3 is published.

Proposals are issued for publishing by subscription, "Lectures on Church History, by George Campbell, D. D." To which is annexed his "Essay on Miracles." Hopkins & Co.

The lectures of Dr. Campbell on Ecclesiastical History are in all respects worthy of their distinguished author. They were read by him for a number of years to the students in theology of the college in which he was principal. Before they were printed, their publication was considered, both by the doctor's pupils and by other men of science, as an important desideratum in literature and divinity; and since they have been published they have been much read in all parts of England and Scotland. A difference in the theological opinions has produced, in this as in other instances, a different estimation of the degree of reliance which ought to be placed on the historical statements contained in this work: but by all competent judges it is admitted to be a work of deep learning and of much candour, which every person, whose studies are directed to the subject on which it treats, ought to examine with care and attention, and from which the most important information may be acquired. To this it may certainly be added with truth, that the reading will be productive of no ordinary degree of pleasure; for the Doctor has found the art of rendering his historical narrative in the highest degree entertaining and interesting. This he has affected not by mingling a variety of different subjects with each other, but by taking up each separately, and pursuing it in an undisturbed discussion till it is completed.

With this American edition of the Lectures, the publisher has connected the Doctor's far-famed essay on Miracles—a work which has ever been considered as the most able reply to the most insidious attack that was ever made on the Christian faith. Perhaps, indeed, there is no other

example of controversy on any subject in which so complete and decisive a victory has been gained over an ingenious antagonist, as Dr. Campbell has in this essay obtained over Mr. Hume.

Dr. Aikin observes in his *Athenæum*, No. 2, that Mr. Janson, who has lately returned from America, has brought with him many interesting materials towards furnishing a complete survey of the state of society and manners in that country; which will speedily appear in one 4to. volume, accompanied with a number of engravings. The editor has just received a letter from Mr. Janson stating many particulars, as to his work. He first proposed to publish it in a periodical form, but has determined to publish it in one volume, which he calls "The Stranger in America."

Mr. J. informs us that in his work "much is said of Philadelphia, and many publick characters in the United States are introduced," also "that he does not expect it will be reprinted in the United States, because he has mentioned truths which should not at all times be told." Our readers will probably conclude Mr. Janson intends to make it a good *British* book.

## LEVITY.

*For The Port Folio.*

### ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

Proposals are issued for publishing by — & Co. New York, a new Biographical Dictionary, containing an accurate detail of the most illustrious catalogue of scoundrels who have flourished since the deluge: the following are among the most prominent characters: Itinerant Quack-Doctors, Empiricks in literature, Liars, Jacobins, Pickpockets, Highwaymen, and Democrattick Editors. This work will be comprised in two folio volumes, printed with an entire new type, founded at the works near Hell-Gate, on a vellum hot-pressed wire-wove paper, with a rivulet of margin, meandering through a meadow of text, embellished with striking portraits. The au-

thou cherishes the fondest hopes of success from the liberal patronage, already experienced from a multitude of our most exalted men in office, viz. Members of Congress, Governours, Senators, Constables, Collectors, &c. &c. all of whom have evinced the most laudable solicitude for its completion.

N. B. A prospectus of the work in question shall be forwarded to W. D. Philadelphia, with a request to give them an extensive circulation through Virginia, &c.

Illustrative hints, scandalous anecdotes, atrocities and apostasies of every kind, addressed to the authour, will be most gratefully received, and the postage willingly paid. The authour being determined to demonstrate the truth of the old apothegm, "That good shall come out of evil."

ALSO,

A supplementary volume, containing the lives of the most omnipotent Dunces, leaden-pated Fools, political Idiots, religious Enthusiasts, Justices of the Peace &c. &c.

This work will certainly overflow with interesting matter, the materials being chiefly local, and very abundant.

It shall appear in a thick republican octavo, printed on foolscap paper, bound in calf unlettered.

AMERICANUS.

*For The Port Folio.*

A wild Irish editor had the misfortune, some time since, to understand, that, by the carelessness of a drayman, a couple of casks of his favourite liquor were staved to pieces. The baleful news reached his ears just as he was humming over a popular song—

Shepherds, I have lost my love,  
Have you seen my Anna?

In a fit of abstraction, occasioned by the grief of parting with *Nantz*, he broke out to the astonished 'prentices in the Auror office:

Devils! I have lost my gin,  
Have you seen my brandy?  
The julp of each Jacobin,  
The bliss of Napper Tandy.

Never shall I soundly snore,  
Until their returning,  
All my drunken joys are o'er,  
And I must mope till morning.

I for gin my home forsook,  
To set my blood a mounting,  
Left my types, my wife, and book,\*  
And hied me to the Fountain.

Whither is my liquor flown?  
Devils, tell me whither;  
Ah! wo is me—the gin is gone  
Forever and forever.

But yonder see some grog appear,  
Grog for which I languish;  
Its potent fumes my spirits cheer,  
And dissipate my anguish.

Whether the reader of the above parody will be edified or amused by it, is very uncertain. But he cannot fail to be charmed with the graceful simplicity of the original:

Shepherds, I have lost my love,  
Have you seen my Anna?  
The pride of every shady grove  
Upon the banks of Banna.

I for her my home forsook,  
Near yon misty mountain,  
Left my flock, my pipe, and crook,  
Green wood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more  
Until her returning.  
All the joys of life are o'er,  
And mirth is chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer gone?  
Shepherds, tell me whither?  
Ah! wo is me, I fear she's gone,  
Forever and forever.

But yonder see the nymph appear,  
Her for whom I languish;  
Her heavenly smiles my spirits cheer,  
And dissipate my anguish.

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\* He was engaged at that time in editing a treatise entitled an Account of some Curious Phenomena in the Polar regions, by Pulaski Straddle, a Polish Knight, the very Pole Star of the malecontents in Poland.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

ON Monday arrived in town, from the City of Washington, the HON. DAVID MONTAGUE ERSKINE, his Britannick Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, with his Lady and family.

The Critical Reviewers, speaking of the speech of Mr. Randolph on a motion for the nonimportation of British merchandize pending the present disputes between Great Britain and America, declare, that it is highly deserving the perusal of an Englishman, as it is an uncommon specimen of American candour, as it leaves behind all the sophistical rags and tatters with which the *frauds* of the American neutralists are covered, and treats the menaces of *American hostilities* with **DESERVED CONTEMPT**. The sentiments of this speech would do honour to any statesman of any age or any country. As an oration, it is irregular and desultory; but as the effusion of the moment, it is highly creditable to the head and heart of the speaker.

It seems necessary to notice an occurrence of considerable importance, which has recently taken place in the country to which these remarks relate; which occurrence is no less than an accusation of treason, preferred by one of the Attornies General of the United States, against Mr. Aaron Burr, who, as the publick will recollect, was lately Vice President of that country. From the accounts which have reached this country, it would appear that Burr, who is a man of great ambition, and of talents and courage equal thereto, had formed a scheme, which scheme he was actually prepar-

ing to put in practice, for separating the Western from the Eastern part of that immense country called the United States, and to erect a kingly government in the Western part, of which he himself intended to be king. In this project, viewing it with a mere philosophical eye, I see nothing more objectionable, than the novel circumstance of there being a king of the name of Aaron; for, it is impossible for any man to make me believe, that the Western States will remain, or can remain, for ten years at the utmost, members of the Confederation. Separated from the inhabited part of the Eastern States, (or, speaking more properly, perhaps, the Atlantick States) by an almost impassable wilderness of more than four hundred miles across; having their outlet to the sea by a channel nowhere communicating with the Atlantick States; pursuing the same sort of traffick as the Atlantick States, and driving a trade to the same markets; under these circumstances, the Western States must necessarily be rivals of the Atlantick States, and the two sets of States must feel, with respect to each other, as rivals for gain generally feel. And, to check the effects of this feeling, there is wanting in America that *attachment to country*, which sometimes operates so powerfully in other parts of the world, and which has its foundation in circumstances of which a native American has no practical idea. Mr. Burr *may* fail; but I am not the man to say he will fail; and if he does, some other man will not: at any rate, the separation must take place, and when it does take place, it will astonish me if that which is now called the Federal Government should long remain in existence. *Lon. Pap.*

Dr. Caustick, who is constantly breaking his jokes on politicians, fops, &c. has lately become so indiscriminating in his satirical attacks, as not even to spare the defenceless (we had almost said naked) bosoms of the fair. We confess the doctor deserves a volley of *fair* frowns for such stoical disregard of politeness to the sex. But

just to give the ladies a caution not to expose themselves too *unguardedly* to the attacks of such unmerciful old fellows, we republish from the *Weekly Inspector*

## A CRACKER,

*Fulminated from the Garret of Dr. Caustick.*

The following satirical tracture on the modern dress or rather undress of our fashionables, is vastly impolitic, and it was not without great difficulty that we could prevail on ourselves to give it a place. But as it is our duty, as Sub. Inspector, to bestow an occasional glance at the petty peccadillos of the fair; we are determined, at the risk of our reputation as a lady's man, to circulate it in a

## WHISPER.

"Ah! do not then so wildly dare!

Ah! do not risk a sure defeat!

My fair philosophers beware,

Dread, dread the power of latent heat!

"You should appear within the lists,  
Arm'd cap-a-pee, like quondam knight—  
The war is not a war of fists,  
Yet ye, like bruisers, strip to fight.

"The bruiser stunn'd by many a blow,  
Falls prostrate, but is seldom slain;  
With mortal weapons, man, your foe,  
Strikes and you never rise again."

"Then quick! each outwork quick replace!  
In maiden armour take the field!  
Nought *sated* save your conquering face;  
Who can resist it!—All must yield.

"But if you raze, instead of rear,  
Your bulwark, I must, should you frown,  
Just *WHISPER* in each female ear—  
You mean not to defend the town.

## MERRIMENT.

A gentleman returned from India, inquiring of Jack Bannister respecting a man who had been hanged after he left England, was told that he was dead. "And did he continue in the *grocery line*?" said the former.—"Oh no," replied Jack, "he was quite in a *different line* when he died."

General Fitzpatrick, being at a country play last summer, the entertainment happened to be the *Stage Coach*, which was acted so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it. As soon as the curtain dropped, and one of the performers came to

"And sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more."

give out the next play, the General begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished. "*The Stage Coach*, sir," says Buskin, bowing very respectfully. "O then, sir," says the general, "will you be so good to let me know when you perform this again, that I may be an *outside passenger*."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

Say shall the Heathen Gods debate,  
Whether 'tis nobler in their statues  
To stand exposed, to women's sneers,  
Or by concealment end them?

Parody of Addison, by MYSELF.

SIR,

I am one of a Christian Society in this city, which has long been known by the title of Free Masons, whence derived, however, I am not at liberty to inform you, but as I am confident of the liberality of your sentiments, I know you will be pleased with an instance I am going to give you of ours. Ecce signum.

No better bond of love was ever given,  
Than that, which Christians have received  
from Heaven:

Let Christians then, that noble work extend,  
And be to Turk and Infidel the friend!  
But We as Masons have a higher view,  
Not only loving, but converting too.  
Sublime that thought, which coming from  
above,

At first united men in bonds of love.  
And shall not we such high-drawn counsel  
take,

And ere we seek a friend a convert make?  
The Jews, the Turks who wander in our  
land,

Receive Salvation's *secret* at our hand.  
So other breasts masonick truth have known  
And our immortal glory breathes in stone.  
As We with lowly heart our prayers prefer-

red,  
The heathen gods, themselves, looked  
down and heard;

And as before the great Apollo's shrine  
We bent the knee, and raised the hymn di-

vine,  
His nobler thought received Devotion's fire,  
And with ecstasick joy he struck the lyre.  
Enraptured by his love, tho' every tongue  
Cry shame, *We put our magic apron on.*

Thus is the heathen god united to our band,  
*We* boast this true conversion in our land.  
But not alone was great Apollo blest,  
For all the gods had heard and would be  
drest.

*We*, thus enshrin'd, within that sacred dome,  
Hold equal empire with the arts of Rome.  
"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,"  
Should native genius try her humble part,

The nation would approve, a few adore,  
Our fam'd insignia still will go before;  
For who's the artist that would dare remove  
That emblem of masonick truth and love,  
Or rob the gods, so modestly attired,  
Of what the men designed, and all admir'd!

A MASON.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

SORROW.

While yet a child, in playful mood,  
I gathered pebbles in a wood,  
Before my eyes a phantom stood,  
That struck me with surprise;  
It seem'd a woman, in her air  
Were marks of sadness and despair,  
Her face was pale, her bosom bare,  
And tears had dimmed her eyes;  
Wild was her mien, her head was crown'd  
With drooping willows, and around  
Her gloomy brows was cypress bound;  
Disordered was her hair.  
The robe was sackcloth that she wore,  
She, in her hands a goblet bore,  
With bitter waters flowing o'er,  
The waters of despair.  
'Twas Sorrow;—on my infant head  
Her leaden hand the Goddess laid,  
"Be thou a child of mine," she said,  
"Let sorrow cloud thy days!"  
She made me taste the bitter bowl,  
I felt the waters chill my soul;  
"Thee with my vot'ries I enrol,  
Forsake thy childish plays."  
She said; and I forgot my joys,  
I dropped my pebbles and my toys,  
Forsook the gambols of the boys,  
Nor joined their petty strife.  
And still, with my increasing years,  
Increased my sorrows and my fears,  
And I've bedewed my path with tears  
In every stage of life.

ANNIUS.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

Vernal address to — at Coldenham, New-York.  
How shall I greet thee, changeful Spring,  
Clad in thy variegated vest?  
Now, borne on Zephyr's sportive wing,  
And now by chilling blasts depressed.  
Lo! tepid April's sunny hue,  
Has glanced across the willow bower,  
The daffodil, the violet blue,  
And crocus rear'd its golden flower.  
Winter's relentless gales depart,  
And, reckless of thy swift return,  
Soothing the griefs that wound my heart,  
I muse beside the hallow'd urn.

Come then, sweet lyre! thy plaintive  
strain  
Shall undulate in Sorrow's ear,  
Softens the throbbing sense of pain,  
And chase the silent-stealing tear.

Ah! no my friend, the tuteful string  
Warms not the faded cheek of wo,  
'Tis not the simple lore I bring  
That checked the tear, or bade it flow.

Yet I have seen a cloudless sky,  
And marked the trembling lustre fade,  
While recollection's tender sigh  
Deepened the chasm time had made.

Saved from the wreck of many a storm  
And cheered by Friendship's meek carcase,  
The stranger—Peace, in *William's* form,  
Whispered a dream of happiness:

But ere the dew of morning fled,  
Ere Hope revived the embryo bloom,  
My lacerated bosom bled  
Afresh at *William's* tranquil tomb.

E.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The subsequent song was written for an anniversary  
upon the banks of the Androsa.

PERGRÆCAMINI.

Plains.

Now bleakly to our shivering pines  
November tells his story,  
Of fading leaves, and fainting lines,  
The hap of Summer glory.  
Oh, thus we gild our natal day,  
To care alone 'tis treason,  
The month of joy is ever May,  
For souls are aye in season.

These fallen blooms and wintry hues,  
The star of Autumn tinges,  
With yellow like the moonlight dews  
That bathe the lime of Indies.  
And when the beam of day is dim,  
That northern urn shall cheer us,  
The bright seducer smiles like him  
With blushes sinking near us.

Ye winds, that lay my temples bare,  
Your spite a mockery crushes;  
'Tis not your fang that *purples* there,  
But mantling bliss that flushes!  
How sweetly now the boreal lyre  
These Runick airs are sweeping;  
How bright the tints they lend the fire  
In which the lip is steeping.

Where bugles once by Branksome bower  
Cheered Teviot's wave benighted,  
There's not a gale of sound, or flower  
For loves and buds are blighted.  
And where the kute through† Magianvale  
In mildest lapses floated,

\* Pliny.

† The sweets of this once charming valley  
on the banks of the Arva, as you pass to  
Chamouny and the Glaciers of Savoy, are  
preserved by M. de Florian.

Those strains in dreams alone they hail  
That vesper echoes quoted.  
But here, o'er shades and torrent streams  
Where raving nightwinds flaunted,  
While Science from her crescent beams,  
By Hunter spirits haunted—  
On mouldering graves of native bones  
We weave a Grecian union,  
And English song with Indian groans  
Resounds our wild communion.

For me—whatever climes I trace  
For life or love a rover,  
And whether Fate my hopes deface  
Or every pang be over—  
And though my head be bald or grey  
I'll keep the fête of Reason;  
My latest month shall still be May,  
When souls are all in season.

—  
For The Port Folio.

### MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The enclosed epigram was accounted elegant by  
Claudian Mimos, a Parian regius professor of the  
15th century. It was written, he said, in the univer-  
sity, and its allusion was to the Greek and Latin  
languages.

If you like me, as I am young enough (18), and vain  
enough to hope, you shall hear more of my proceedings.

Fundabat satis Anonias una ancora puppes,  
Dum tamen Ausoniis Musa nataret aquis.  
Nunc cum Palladix sulcant maria omnia  
naves,  
Visa quod una parum est ancora, facta  
duplex.

It was upon the western wave,  
When the Pierian banner flew,  
The evening tides would love to lave  
Its anchor in their deepest blue.

But ranging every azure swell,  
And floating under every star,  
The seamaiads moored their sailor shell  
With double drops of coral spar.

H. L.

Bruns. Me.

—  
For The Port Folio.

### PAINS OF MEMORY.

A POEM.

(Concluded.)

Where, far remote, some desert Island  
lies,  
Midway in seas, and cursed by wintry skies,  
Some shipwrecked mariner perchance now  
strays  
A hapless wanderer, doomed to pass his  
days  
Midst barren rocks where hideous monsters  
roar,  
And tempests rage forever round the shore ;

\* Συγγενὲς τοῖς κυπρίαις, was the Del-  
phick response to the stoick of Cyprus.

From mankind banished, he must ever  
weep,  
And curse the fate which saved him from  
the deep :

Happy, would sweet oblivion prove but kind,  
And blot remembrance from his wretched  
mind :

Off at the lingering close of cheerless day  
Is seen with gloomy eye the parting ray  
Of that fair orb which each sad morning rose  
To see him weeping o'er his constant woes.  
Thro' all the tardy night scenes past arise,  
His throbbing bosom heaves with struggling  
sighs ;

Then by his sorrowing mind is seen once  
more

Those tender objects who his loss deplore ;  
To his sad view appears the widowed fair  
Whom fancy dooms to sorrow and despair ;  
His friendless children in a hovel die,  
Oppressed with care and want ; no father  
nigh !

Those cherub faces which were wont to  
charm,

And of each harsher thought his soul disarm,  
Fresh to his mind in native force appear,  
While keener feeling draws the bitter tear.  
O worse than death ! thou ever vexing  
power,

When thus thou lov'st to kill from hour to  
hour ;

And He, great tyrant, whom the worldlings  
fear,

Compared with thee is of all pleasures dear.  
But see ! the eastern skies illumed with gold,  
All nature's charms to wond'ring man unfold ;  
The blue serene, the wide expanse of waves,  
The gilded sea-worn rock which ocean laves,  
Sooth each keen sense to momentary ease :  
Elate with hope he feels a favouring breeze :  
And oh ! the bliss when on the farthest verge  
Of distant horizon, the faithless surge  
Wafts towards his ravished sight a distant  
sail ;

Oh ! with what ecstasies he feels the gale  
That onward brings the long, long wished  
for aid,

So long to his unceasing prayers delayed.  
Alas ! stern Fate, relentless, heeds no sigh ;  
For see, the unconscious vessel passes by,  
With rapid motion leaves the aching sight,  
And all is lost in one unbounded night !

Say, who to Dulness' stupid sway con-  
signed,

All pleasing thoughts of happiness resigned !  
Reflecting, dwells on scenes enjoyed before,  
And not lament those scenes to come no  
more !

Thus the poor exile from his native home,  
By ruthless force, abroad compelled to roam ;  
Whether from Africk or from Gallia driven,  
Sees for his portion nought remain but  
Heaven :

In foreign countries doomed to beg or toil,  
With heart-wrung grief does this reflect the  
while

On his dear native land, and former ease,  
And those loved scenes where all was wont  
to please :

Whilst *that* with unavailing grief complains,  
Of ruined fortunes, and usurped domains.  
For such Compassion heaves the sorrowing  
sigh,

While social tears suffuse soft Pity's eye.

But say, ye grasping avaricious fools,  
In whom the love of money only rules ;  
Who with insatiate wants forever cursed,  
Behold the doom of prosperous fate reversed ;  
Say, can you claim of sympathy the need ?  
For your distress what pitying heart will  
bleed ?

The proffered boon of competence was  
nought ;

Unbounded wealth your greedy purpose  
sought,

Yet blessed with all that mortals could im-  
plore,

Your narrow, sordid hearts still grasped at  
more ;

Still for superfluous riches spent those hours,  
Ordnained to exercise far nobler powers—  
Now, doomed in poverty your days to close,  
And with departed joys contrast impending  
woes,

Ther! sad Remembrance, we then fly in vain,  
By thee reflection brings continuous pain ;  
Thy constant power the art of man defies,  
Times past incessant to his thoughts arise :  
Alas ! how few th' intrusive view can bear !  
How oft excited, starts Contrition's tear !  
Yet art thou not to self alone confined ;  
With other woes th' historian wrings the  
mind ;

'Tis but to seek the thicket's inmost shade,  
Possessed of Clio's stores, implore their aid ;  
Instant we pierce the distant maze of time ;  
And view the ills of every age and clime ;  
O then what gloomy objects rise to view !  
In the long lapse of time behold how few  
The friends of virtue and of good appear,  
With casual joy to check the constant tear.  
Life's varied scenes delusive seem, and vain,  
Producing nought but sorrow, grief and pain ;  
And this sad truth forever wounds the mind,  
That man's most deadly foe is human kind.  
In vain the eager eye with ardour pores  
O'er classic pages, and the time explores  
When Roman virtue and the patriot's pride,  
To gods above the human soul allied.

Ages of crime and wretchedness succeed,  
The wicked triumph, and the virtuous bleed,  
Whilst monster tyrants in succession show  
The sad varieties of human woe ;  
And long old Rome is seen in sullied state ;  
Her freedom sacrificed to factious hate.—  
Extend our views ; regard the Christian  
world ;

The Crescent and the Cross behold unfurl'd ;  
The red cross banner waves o'er Europe's  
land,—

And Christian rage and folly now command :  
Still human blood in streams perpetual flow,  
The baleful flames of persecution glow,  
And Heaven's meek child, Religion, sacred  
maid,

To deserts flies, and seeks Retirement's  
shade :

There, with her God, in peace secure re-  
mains,

Whilst all the world her sacred name pro-  
fanes.

The tyrant's pretext, and the impostor's aid ;  
See for destruction drawn the murderous  
blade :

In Gallia's land, on Belgium's hapless shore,  
Holy fanatics lavish human gore.

A bigot woman—Britain's lasting shame,  
There, points the sword, or blows the cruel  
flame.

Now warrior monarchs peaceful realms in-  
vade,

To gain those laurels which may never fade ;  
The battle ended, and the millions slain,

Say, is the victor's brow entwined in vain ?  
Long shall they flourish ! Yes, the tyrant's  
name,

Th' indignant page will damn to lasting  
fame.—

The bloody thirst of gold contemned the  
waves,

And ravaged shores the southern ocean  
laves ;

The name of *Cortez* pains the sorrowing  
mind ;

*Pizarro's* fame to ages goes consigned.—

O wave thy leaden sceptre, gentle sleep !  
And give a transient death to those who  
weep ;

Press on the anguished sense Oblivion's  
hand,

And let forgetfulness be thy command :  
Alas ! thy Lethæan power is tried in vain ;

'Tis thine to wound with complicated pain  
For vagrant Fancy that so sweetly roves

On Avon's banks or in the *Classick* groves,  
Combined with Mem'ry, magnifies each  
wo,

And makes realities more vivid glow ;  
To each dire image gives terrific power,

And horrid visions mark the slumbering  
hour.

O Death ! long while invoked, 'tis thou  
canst save !

And grant asylums in thy friendly grave.

The preceding Poem was principally written prior to the Author's having seen Mr. Merry's on the same subject, and was occasioned, like his own, by a parcel of Mr. Roger's PLEASURES OF MEMORY. Since it was intended for publication in one of our modern periodical works, where it has appeared, it has undergone some alterations, and a few additions have been made. The attempt is a very limited one for so fruitful a subject, and the Author hopes some day to see it extensively handled with the real genius of an AKENSIDE or a CAMPBELL.

# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 16, 1807.

[No. 20.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

Though politicks must sometimes have their place, and though topicks of local interest will assert their claim, yet the department of belles lettres, wide as it is, must be traversed, in every direction, by the conductor of a journal, expressly designed to nurse the genius, to excite the taste, and to interest the gentleman and scholars of the country. Incited by the glorious example of Sir W. Jones, by the ingenious writers in *The Adelphiad* who are pursuing a similar track, and by the counsel of a learned and respected friend, we shall again direct our willing eyes to the charms of the graceful muses of the eastern nations. Careful that the speculations, which may appear on this subject be not too dry and recondite, we frankly avow, that it is designed by a natural process to lead men from admiring, exclusively, the poets of Arabia to the study of other eastern and western poets, whose piety, sublimity, good sense, and good taste, challenge our strongest praise. A series of papers of this nature, judiciously diversified, and not too diffusively written, which should comprehend most of the leading canons of criticism, and point out the principal beauties in the best walks of composition cannot fail to be useful to many; and of peculiar benefit will they prove to some, who, aloof from vulgar cares, or who disdain their control, care for nothing so much as literary distinction.

### ORIENTAL POESY.

THE discordant and inconsistent accounts of the commentators, who seem to have collected without examination every tradition that presented itself, have left us much in the

dark on the subject of the two following poems: but the common opinion, which appears to me the most probable, is, that they are, in fact, *political and adverse declamations*, which were delivered by Amru and Hareth, at the head of their respective clans, before Amru, the son of Hinda, king of Hira, in Mesopotamia, who had assumed the office of a mediator between them, after a most obstinate war, and had undertaken to hear a discussion of their several claims to preeminence, and to decide their cause with perfect impartiality. In some copies, indeed, as in those of Nahas and Zanzeni, the two poems are separated; and in that of Obaidalla, the poem of Hareth is totally omitted: a remarkable fact of which I have made some use to a different purpose in a *preliminary dissertation*. Were I to draw my opinion solely from the structure and general terms of Amru's poem, I should conceive that the king of Hira, who, like other tyrants, wished to make all men just but himself, and to have all nations free but his own, had attempted to enslave the powerful tribe of Tagleb, and to appoint a prefect over them; but that the warlike possessors of the deserts and the forests had openly disclaimed his authority, and employed their principal leader and poet to send him a defiance, and magnify their own independent spirit.

Some Arabian writers assert, what there is abundant reason to believe, that the abovementioned king was killed by the authour of the following poem, who composed it, say they, on that occasion; but the king himself is personally addressed by the poet, *and warned against precipitation in deciding the contest*; and, where mention is made of *crowned heads left prostrate in the field*, no particular monarch seems to be intended, but the conjunction *copulative* has the force, as it often has in Arabia, of a *frequentative* particle.

Let us then, where certainty cannot be obtained, be satisfied with high probability, and suppose, with Tabrizi, that the two tribes of Beir and Tagleb, having exhausted one another in a long war, to which the murder of Coleib, the Taglebite, had given rise, agreed to terminate their ruinous quarrel, and to make the king of Hira their umpire; that, on the day appointed, the tribes met before the palace or royal tent; and that Amru, the son of Celthum, prince of the Taglebites, either pronounced his poem according to the custom of the Arabs, or stated his pretensions in a solemn speech, which he afterwards versified, that it might be the more easily remembered by his tribe and their posterity.

The oration or poem, or whatever it may be called, is arrogant beyond description, and contains hardly a colour of argument: the prince was, most probably, a vain young man, proud of his accomplishments, and elate with success in his wars; but his production could not fail of becoming extremely popular among his countrymen; and his own family, the descendants of Josham, the son of Beir, were so infatuated by it, that (as one of their own poets admits) *they could scarce ever desist from repeating it, and thought they had attained the summit of glory without any further exertions of virtue*. He begins with a strain perfectly Anacreontick; the elegiack of the former poems not being well adapted to his eager exultation and triumph; yet

there is some mixture of complaint on the departure of his mistress, whose beauties he delineates with a boldness and energy highly characteristic of unpolished manners: the rest of his work consists of menaces, vaunts, and exaggerated applause of his own tribe for their generosity and prowess, the goodness of their horses, the beauty of their women, the extent of their possessions, and even the number of their ships; which boasts were so well founded, that, according to some authours, if Mahomed had not been born, the Taglebites would have appropriated the dominion of all Arabia, and possibly would have erected a mighty state, both civil and maritime.

#### THE POEM OF AMRU.

Holla! awake sweet damsel, and bring our morning draught, in thy capacious goblet, nor suffer the rich wines of Enderin to be longer hoarded! Bring the well-tempered wine, that seems to be tinctured with saffron; and, when it is diluted with water, overflows the cup.

This is the liquor which diverts the anxious lover from his passion; and, as soon as he tastes it, he is perfectly composed: hence, thou seest the penurious churl, when the circling bowl passes him, grow regardless of his pelf; when its potent flames have seized the discreetest of our youths, thou wouldst imagine him to be in a phrenzy.

Thou turnest the goblet from us, O mother of Amru! for the true course of the goblet is to the right hand. He is not the least amiable of thy three companions, O mother of Amru, to whom thou hast not presented the morning bowl!

How many a cup have I purchased in Balbeck! how many more in Damascus and Kasirein!

Surely our allotted hour of fate will overtake us; since we are destined to death, and death to us!

O stay a while, before we separate, thou lovely rider on camels, that we may relate to thee our sorrows, and thou to us my delights! O stay! that we may inquire, whether thou hast altered thy purpose of departing hastily, or whether thou hast wholly deceived thy too confident lover? In the hateful day of battle, while he struggles amid wounds and blows, may the ruler of the world refresh thy sight with coolness, and gratify it with every desired object!

O Amru! when thou visitest thy fair one in secret, and when the eyes of lurking enemies are closed in rest, she displays two lovely arms, fair and full as the limbs of a

long-necked snow-white young camel, that frisks in the vernal season, over the sandy banks and green hillocks; and two sweet breasts, smooth and white as vessels of ivory, modestly defended from the hand of those who presume to touch them: she discovers her tender shape, tall and well proportioned, and her sides gracefully rising, with all their attendant charms; her hips elegant and swelling, which the entrance of the tent is scarce large enough to admit, and her waist, the beauty of which drives me to madness; with two charming columns of jasper or polished marble, on which hang rings and trinkets, making 'a stridulous sound.

My youthful passion is rekindled, and my ardent desire revives, when I see the camels of my fair one driven along in the evening; when the towns of Yemima appear in sight, exalted above the plains, and shining like bright sabres in the hands of those who have unsheathed them. *When she departs*, the grief of a she-camel, who seeks her lost foal, and returns despairing with piercing cries, equals not my anguish; nor that of a widow with snowy locks, whose mourning never ceases, for her nine children, of whom nothing remains but what the tomb has concealed.

*Such is our fate!* This day and the morrow, and the morning after them, are pledged in the hand of Destiny for events of which we have no knowledge.

O son of Hinda, be not precipitate in giving judgment against us! Hear us with patience, and we will give thee certain information that we led our standards to battle, *like camels to the pool*, of a white hue, and bring them back stained with blood, in which they have quenched their thirst; that our days of prosperity, in which we have refused to obey the commands of kings, have been long and brilliant!

Many a chief of his nation, on whom the royal diadem has been placed, the refuge of those who implored his protection, have we left prostrate on the field, while his horses waited by his side, with one of their hoofs bent, and with bridles richly adorned.

Often have we fixed our mansions in Dhu Thaluh, towards the districts of Syria, and have kept at a distance those who menaced us.

*We were so disguised in our armour*, that the dogs of the tribe snarled at us; yet we stripped the branches from every thorny tree, every armed warrior, that opposed us.

When we roll the milk-stone over a little clan, they are ground to flour in the first battle; from the eastern side of Najd the cloth of the mill is spread, and whatever we cast into it soon becomes impalpable powder.

You alight on your hills as guests are received in their station, and we hasten to give you a warm reception, lest you should

complain of our backwardness: we invite you to our board, and speedily prepare for your entertainment a solid rock, which, before daybreak shall reduce you to dust.

Surely hatred after hatred has been manifested by thee, *O hostile chief*, and my secret anger has been revealed! but we have inherited glory, as the race of Maad well knows; we have fought with valour till our fame has been illustrious. When the falling pillars of your tents quiver over our furniture, we defend our neighbours from the impending ruin. We dispense our gifts to our countrymen, but disdain to share their spoils; and the burdens, which we bear, we support for their advantage. When the troops of the foe are at a distance from us, we dart our javelins; and, when we close in the combat, we strike with sharp sabres; our dark javelins exquisitely wrought of Khathaian reeds, slender and delicate our sabres, bright and piercing: with these we cleave in pieces the heads of our enemies: we mow, we cut down their necks as with sickles: then you might imagine the skulls of heroes on the plain to be the bales of a camel, thrown on the rocky ground. Instead of submitting to them, we crush their heads; and their terror is such that they know not on which side the danger is to be feared. Our cymeters, whose strokes are furiously interchanged, are as little regarded by us, as twisted sashes, in the hands of playful children. Their armour and ours, dyed reciprocally with blood, seems to be dyed or painted with the juice of the crimson syringa-flower.

At a time when the tribe is reluctant to charge the foe, apprehensive of some probable disaster, then we lead on our troop, like a mountain with a pointed summit; we preserve our reputation, and advance in the foremost ranks, with youth who consider death as the completion of glory, and with aged heroes, experienced in war: we challenge all the clans together to contend with us, and we boldly preclude their sons from approaching the mansion of our children.

(To be continued.)

#### SATIRICAL.

From New-York we receive, though not with quite so much regularity as it is printed, an ingenious pamphlet with the appropriate title of "SALMAGUNDI, or the Whims and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and others." Its avowed object is to smile at the peculiarities of humourists, to deride the follies of fashion, and to expose the absurdity of our institutions. Its editors are a confederacy of men of wit and men of the world; and though they have very carefully concealed themselves from the publick, yet they are not unknown to us. During our Academical life, as we disdain-

ed the dull discipline of a Calvinistick College, we pursued a course of studies of our own choice, and, as our humour prompted, used to raise the Devil with Dr. Faustus, or study the stars like Goodman Ptolemy. Magick had much of our regard. We held sorceresses in high estimation, and had a profound respect for a necromancer. We were skilled in fairy wiles and roscrusian arts and all curious arts but the *black art*, which our honour would not permit us to understand. The moment we heard of this incognito club at New-York, we called for our *books of curious science*, and casting several figures and making divers flourishes with a Jacob's staff, which is a sort of heirloom in our family, we saw distinctly the whole group of the caterers for Salmagundi; and truly they are purveyors of an exquisite taste,

"Merrier men,  
Within the limits of becoming mirth  
We never spent an hour's talk withal."

In the following poignant essay, the writer, who is a well principled Federalist, a wit, and a cavalier, has derided a chattering country with great liveliness of description, and all the sharpness of satire. *Satis eloquentie, sapientie parum*, is the characteristic of Columbia as well as of Cataline. We talk incessantly, and talk loud, and Candour is willing to acknowledge that many talk well. But after bellowing vehemently, do our politicians act wisely? Do we follow up angry orations with valiant actions, and is our spirit of the same tone with our speeches? No; the reverse is lamentably the case. Like our *red brethren*, we have many a *long talk*, but we have neither their *war-whoop*, nor their dexterous stratagem.

We cannot conclude this introduction, without again commending the conductors of this facetious miscellany. The style of Mustapha, without servility, very successfully emulates GOLDSMITH's manner in the Citizen of the World.

## LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

To ASEM HACCHEM principal slave-driver to his highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

I promised in a former letter, good Asem, that I would furnish thee with a few hints respecting the nature of the government by which I am held in durance.—Though my inquiries for that purpose have been industrious, yet I am not perfectly satisfied with their results, for thou mayest easily imagine that the vision of a captive is

overshadowed by the mists of illusion and prejudice, and the horizon of his speculations must be limited indeed.

I find that the people of this country are strangely at a loss to determine the nature and proper character of their government. Even their dervises are extremely in the dark as to this particular, and are continually indulging in the most preposterous disquisitions on the subject; some have insisted that it savors of an *aristocracy*; others maintain that is a *pure democracy*; and a third set of theorists declare absolutely that it is nothing more nor less than a *mobocracy*. The latter, I must confess, though still wide in error, have come nearest to the truth. You of course must understand the meaning of these different words, as they are derived from the ancient greek language, and bespeak loudly the verbal poverty of these poor infidels, who cannot utter a learned phrase without laying the dead languages under contribution. A man, my dear Asem, who talks good sense in his native tongue, is held in tolerable estimation in this country; but a fool who clothes his feeble ideas in a foreign or antique garb, is bowed down to, as a literary prodigy. While I conversed with these people in plain English, I was but little attended to, but the moment I prosed away in Greek, every one looked up to me with veneration as an oracle.

Although the dervises differ widely in the particulars abovementioned yet they all agree in terming their government one of the most *pacifick* in the known world. I cannot help pitying their ignorance, and smiling at times to see into what ridiculous errors those nations will wander who are unenlightened by the precepts of Mahomet, our divine prophet, and uninstructed by the five hundred and forty-nine books of wisdom of the immortal Ibrahim Hassan al Fusti. To call this nation *pacifick*! most preposterous! it reminds me of the title assumed by the Sheck of that murderous tribe of wild Arabs, who desolate the valleys of Bel-saden, who styles himself *star of courtesy—beam of the mercy seat*!

The simple truth of the matter is, that these people are totally ignorant of their own true character; for, according to the best of my observation, they are the most warlike, and I must say, the most savage nation that I have as yet discovered among all the barbarians. They are not only at war (in their own way) with almost every nation on earth, but they are at the same time engaged in the most complicated knot of civil wars that ever infested any poor unhappy country on which ALLAH has denounced his malediction!

To let thee at once into a secret, which is unknown to these people themselves, their government is a pure unadulterated LOGOCRACY or *government of words*. The whole nation does every thing *viva voce*, or, by word of mouth, and in this manner is one of the most military nations in existence. Every man who has, what is here called, the *gift of the gab*, that is, a plentiful stock of verbosity, becomes a soldier outright, and is forever in a militant state. The country is entirely defended *vi et lingua*, that is to say, by *force of tongues*. The account which I lately wrote to our friend the snorer, respecting the immense army of six hundred men, makes nothing against this observation; that formidable body being kept up, as I have already observed only to amuse their fair country women by their splendid appearance and nodding plumes, and are, by way of distinction, denominated the "*defenders of the fair*."

In a logocracy thou well knowest there is little or no occasion for fire arms, or any such destructive weapons. Every offensive or defensive measure is enforced by *wordy battle*, and *paper war*; he who has the longest tongue, or readiest quill, is sure to gain the victory—will carry horror, abuse, and *ink shed* into the very trenches of the enemy, and without mercy or remorse, put men, women, and children, to the point of the—pen!

There are still preserved in this country some remains of that gothick spirit of knight-errantry, which so much annoyed the faithful in the middle ages

of the Hejira. As, notwithstanding their martial disposition, they are a people much given to commerce and agriculture, and must necessarily at certain seasons be engaged in these employments, they have accommodated themselves by appointing knights, or constant warriors, incessant brawlers, similar to those, who, in former ages, swore eternal enmity to the followers of our divine prophet.—These knights denominated editors or SLANG-WHANGERS are appointed in every town, village and district, to carry on both foreign and internal warfare, and may be said to keep up a constant firing "in words." Oh, my friend, could you but witness the enormities sometimes committed by these tremendous slang-whangers, your very turban would rise with horror and astonishment. I have seen them extend their ravages even into the kitchens of their opponents, and annihilate the very cook with a blast; and I do assure thee, I beheld one of these warriors attack a most venerable bashaw, and at one stroke of his pen lay him open from the waistband of his breeches to his chin!

There has been a civil war carrying on with great violence for some time past, in consequence of a conspiracy among the higher classes, to dethrone his highness, the present bashaw, and place another in his stead. I was mistaken when I formerly asserted to thee that this disaffection arose from his wearing *red breeches*. It is true the nation have long held that colour in great detestation in consequence of a dispute they had some twenty years since with the barbarians of the British islands. The colour, however, is again rising into favour, as the ladies have transferred it to their heads from the bashaw's—body. The true reason I am told, is that the bashaw absolutely refuses to believe in the deluge, and in the story of Balaam's ass;—maintaining that this animal was never yet permitted to talk except in a genuine logocracy, where it is true his voice may often be heard, and is listened to with reverence as "the voice of the sovereign people." Nay, so far

did he carry his obstinacy that he absolutely invited a professed *anti-deluvian* from the Gallick empire, who illuminated the whole country with his principles—and his *nose*. This was enough to set the nation in a blaze—every slang-whanger resorted to his tongue or his pen; and for seven years have they carried on a most inhuman war, in which volumes of words have been expended, oceans of ink have been shed; nor has any mercy been shown to age, sex, or condition. Every day have these slang-whangers made furious attacks upon each other, and upon their respective adherents, discharging their heavy artillery, consisting of large sheets, loaded with scoundrel! villain! liar! rascal! numskull! nincompoop! dunderhead! wiseacre! blockhead! jackass! And I do swear by my beard, though I know thou wilt scarcely credit me, that in some of these skirmishes the grand bashaw himself has been wofully pelted! yea, most ignominiously pelted!—and yet have these talking desperadoes escaped without the bastinado!

Every now and then, a slang-whanger, who has a longer head, or rather a *longer tongue*, than the rest, will elevate his piece and discharge a shot quite across the ocean, levelled at the head of the Emperour of France, the King of England; or, (wouldst thou believe it, oh, Asem) even at his sublime highness the bashaw of Tripoli! these long pieces are loaded with single ball or langrage, as tyrant! usurper! robber! tyger! monster! And thou mayest well suppose, they occasion great distress and dismay in the camps of the enemy, and are marvelously annoying to the crowned heads at which they were directed. The slang-whanger, though perhaps the mere champion of a village, having fired off his shot, struts about with great self-congratulation, chuckling at the prodigious bustle he must have occasioned, and seems to ask of every stranger, “Well, sir, what do they think of me in Europe.”\* This is suffi-

cient to show you the manner in which these bloody, or rather *windy* fellows fight; it is the only mode allowable in a *logocracy* or government of words, I would also observe that their civil wars have a thousand ramifications.

While the fury of the battle rages in the metropolis, every little town and village has a distinct broil, growing like excrescences out of the grand national altercation, or rather agitating within it, like those complicated pieces of mechanism where there is a “wheel within a wheel.”

But in nothing is the verbose nature of this government more evident, than in its grand national divan, or congress, where the laws are framed; this is a blustering windy assembly where every thing is carried by noise, tumult and debate; for thou must know, that the members of this assembly do not meet together to find out wisdom in the multitude of counselors, but to wrangle, call each other hard names, and hear *themselves* talk. When the Congress opens, the bashaw first sends them a long message (i. e. a huge mass of words—*vox et preterea nihil*) all meaning nothing; because it only tells them what they perfectly know already. Then the whole assembly are thrown into a ferment, and have a *long talk*, about the quantity of words that are to be returned in answer to this message; and

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the following anecdote, related either by Linkum Fidelius, or Josephus Millerius, vulgarly called Joe Miller—of facetious memory.

The captain of a slave vessel, on his first landing on the coast of Guinea, observed under a palm-tree a negro chief sitting most majestically on a stump, while two women, with wooden spoons, were administering his favourite pottage of boiled rice, which, as his imperial majesty was a little greedy, would part of it escape the place of destination, and run down his chin. The watchful attendants were particularly careful to intercept these scape-grace particles, and return them to their proper port of entry. As the captain approached, in order to admire this curious exhibition of royalty, the great chief clapped his hands to his sides, and saluted his visitor with the following pompous question, “Well, sir! what do they say of me in England!”

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NOTE, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

\* The sage Mustapha, when he wrote the above paragraph, had probably in his eye

Here arises many disputes about the correction and alteration of "*if so be*," and "*how so ever*." A month, perhaps, is spent in thus determining the precise number of words the answer shall contain, and then another, most probably, in concluding whether it shall be carried to the bashaw on foot, on horseback or in coaches. Having settled this weighty matter, they next fall to work upon the message itself, and hold as much chattering over it as so many magpies over an addled egg. This done they divide the message into small portions, and deliver them into the hands of little jundos of *talkers*, called committees: these jundos have each a world of talking about their respective paragraphs, and return the results to the grand divan, which forthwith falls to and *re-talks* the matter over more earnestly than ever. Now after all, it is an even chance that the subject of this prodigious arguing, quarrelling, and talking, is an affair of no importance, and ends entirely in smoke. May it not then be said, that the whole nation have been talking to no purpose? the people, in fact seem to be somewhat conscious of this propensity to talk, by which they are characterized, and have a favourite proverb on the subject, viz. "all talk and no cider;" this is particularly applied when their congress (or assembly of all the sage chatters of the nation) have chattered through a whole session, in a time of great peril and momentous event, and have done nothing but exhibit the length of their tongues and the emptiness of their heads. This has been the case more than once, my friend; and to let thee into a secret, I have been told in confidence, that there have been absolutely several old women smuggled into congress from different parts of the empire, who having once got on the breeches, as thou may'st well imagine, have taken the lead in debate, and overwhelmed the whole assembly with their garrulity; for my part, as times go, I do not see why old women should not be as eligible to public councils as old men, who possess their dispositions—they certainly

are eminently possessed of the qualifications requisite to govern in a logocracy.

Nothing, as I have repeatedly insisted, can be done in this country without talking, but they take so long to talk over a measure, that by the time they have determined upon adopting it, the period has elapsed, which was proper for carrying it into effect. Unhappy nation—thus torn to pieces by intestine talks! never, I fear will it be restored to tranquillity and silence. Words are but breath—breath is but air; and air put in motion is nothing but wind. This vast empire, therefore, may be compared to nothing more nor less than a mighty windmill, and the orators, and the chatters, and the slang-whangers, are the breezes that put it in motion; unluckily, however, they are apt to blow different ways, and their blasts counteracting each other—the mill is perplexed, the wheels stand still, the grist is unground, and the miller and his family starved.

Every thing partakes of the windy nature of the government. In case of any domestick grievance, or an insult from a foreign foe, the people are all in a buzz—town meetings are immediately held, where the quid-nuncs of the city repair, each like an Atlas, with the cares of the whole nation upon his shoulders, each resolutely bent upon saving his country, and each swelling and strutting like a turkey-cock, puffed up with words, and wind, and nonsense. After bustling, and buzzing, and bawling for some time, and after each man has shown himself to be indubitably the greatest personage in the meeting, they pass a string of resolutions (i. e. *words*) which were *previously prepared* for the purpose; these resolutions are whimsically denominated the *sense* of the meeting, and are sent off for the instruction of the reigning bashaw, who receives them graciously, puts them into his red breeches pocket, forgets to read them—and so the matter ends.

As to his highness, the present bashaw, who is, at the very top of the logocracy, never was a dignitary bet-

ter qualified for his station. He is a man of superlative ventosity, and comparable to nothing but a huge bladder of wind. He *talks* of vanquishing all opposition by the force of reason and philosophy; throws his gauntlet at all the nations of the earth and defies them to meet him—on the field of argument!—Is the national dignity insulted, a case in which his highness of Tripoli would immediately call forth his forces—the bashaw of America—utters a *speech*. Does a foreign invader molest the commerce in the very mouth of the harbours, an insult which would induce his highness of Tripoli to order out his fleets—his highness of America utters a *speech*. Are the *free* citizens of America dragged from on board the vessels of their country and forcibly detained in the war ships of another power—his highness—utters a *speech*. Is a peaceable citizen killed by the marauders of a foreign power, on the very shores of his country—his highness—utters a *speech*. Does an alarming insurrection break out in a distant part of the empire—his highness—utters a *speech*!—nay, more, for here he shows his “energies”—he most intrepidly despatches a courier on horseback, and orders him to ride one hundred and twenty miles a day, with a most formidable army of *proclamations*, (i. e. a collection of words) packed up in his saddle-bags. He is instructed to show no favour nor affection, but to charge the thickest ranks of the enemy, and to speechify and batter by words the conspiracy and the conspirators out of existence. Heavens, my friend, what a deal of blustering is here; it reminds me of a dunghill cock in a farm-yard, who, having accidentally in his scratchings found a worm, immediately begins a most vociferous cackling—calls around him his *hen-hearted* companions, who run chattering from all quarters to gobble up the poor little worm that happened to turn under his eye. Oh, Asem! Asem! on what a prodigious great scale is every thing in this country!

Thus, then, I conclude my observations. The infidel nations have each

a separate characteristic trait, by which they may be distinguished from each other; the Spaniards, for instance, may be said to *sleep* upon every affair of importance—the Italians to *fiddle* upon every thing—the French to *dance* upon every thing—the Germans to *smoke* upon every thing—the British islanders to *eat* upon every thing,—and the *windy* subjects of the American logocracy to *talk* upon every thing.

Ever thine

MUSTAPHA.

## LAW INTELLIGENCE.

POLICE OF LONDON.

A young man, named Hervey, a drummer to the Bishopsgate corps of volunteers, was charged with a violent assault and battery upon an old lady named Foxham, who keeps an oyster-stall in Bishopsgate street. From the old lady's statement, it appeared, that this *tormentor of parchment*, with several others his companions, came to her stall in a very riotous manner, and said they must have some of her wares; but, suspecting they meant to *bilk* her, she refused to open them any; upon which the delinquent, in a very unsoldierlike way, beat a tattoo about her head with as little feeling as if he had been thumping his own drum, blackened one of her eyes, upset her magazine of shellfish, spilled her vinegar, dispersed her pepper to the winds, and threw her half penny-roll in the mud.

The drummer denied the charge altogether, and said he only asked her to open him a penny worth of oysters: that she refused, pushed him away, and discharged her whole battery of shells at him. He gave a very blinking account, however, about the old lady's black eye. The Lord Mayor, after giving him a very severe reprimand for his unsoldierly, inhuman, and ruffianly conduct, ordered that he should immediately retire, and satisfy the poor woman amply for the injury he had done, or find bail to stand trial.

Sept. 5.—This day a dowager, about fifty-six, named Martin, who exhibit-

ed one conspicuous black eye, charged a Mr. M'Gloughlin, a foreign gentleman, who lodged in the same house, with knocking her down at her lodgings on Thursday night, beating her unmercifully, and giving her the black eye.

The charge was corroborated upon the venerable testimony of her mother, a lady whose age seemed converging to the termination of her first century.

Mr. M'Gloughlin being called on for his plea of defence to this charge, stated that it arose from jealousy, not indeed of an amorous kind. He was in his own apartment opposite that of these ladies, retiring to rest with his wife, when he suddenly heard a most obstreperous volley of eloquence at his door, discharged by the junior dowager, in which she greeted him by all the opprobrious epithets which her fancy, aided by the inspiration of her duffy bottle, could suggest. He opened the door to entreat a parley, and inquire into the cause of the good lady's ire; but she flew upon him like a lynx, tattooed his visage with her claws, which immediately brought the purling streams of blood meandering down his cheeks. He endeavoured to retreat from the attack, but the lady followed up her first essay, and in endeavouring to make a second spring at her object, missed her pounce, and fell flat on the floor, when she immediately seized Mr. M'Gloughlin by the legs, made a desperate attack on them *unguibus et rostro*, and brought him down. He endeavoured, in vain, to extricate himself from her clutches, and declared he was obliged to strike her in order to force her to let him loose. The only reason she assigned for her violent attack, was, that he had one day the audacity to tell her, that he liked the manners and deportment of her mother better than her own.

The Lord Mayor very patiently reprimanded the unmanly circumstance of striking a woman, in any case, but much more so a woman of the plaintiff's advanced years; and insisted upon satisfaction being made to her.

Yesterday a full grown, well dressed, and gentlemanlike lady, named Basset, who would certainly have carried the prize at any show of *female magnitudo* in Leistershire, Woburn and elsewhere, was charged by a Mrs. Boon, the wife of a publican, who keeps the sign of the Rose, in the Old Bailey, with very disorderly and riotous behaviour, breaking her bar windows, demolishing several bottles of her reviving cordials, and assaulting her husband on the preceding night.

It appeared that Mrs. Basset who attired herself on Thursday evening in her conversation bonnet, snow-white gown, and rich black lace Spanish cloak, for a visit to the cheerful shrine of Saint Bartholomew, in Smithfield, had gone thither with a few friends; and having lost or being lost by them in the fair, on her return homewards, she called in at the sign of the Rose, to revive her exhausted spirits, with just a drop or two of Queen's cordial. But Mrs. Boon seeing the lady rather *full blown* and in *high colour*, and fragrant already from the *ptysan* she had taken at the fair, did not choose to comply with her wishes. Upon which Mrs. Basset, in the language of the Old Bailey, nabbed the rust; insisted upon some liquor, would not quit the house without it, and began to blow up the hostess and blast the rose. Mr. Boon, good man, "*who did not like to have none of that there piece of work*," endeavoured, by a little gentle force, to urge Mrs. Basset into the open air; upon which, she faced about, tipt him a *Belcher* in the best eye, and then darted her fist through the bar window up to her shoulder, demolishing bottles, glasses and cordials, altogether amounting to 25s.

Mrs. Basset in her vindication, said, she only went into the house to take shelter from the rain, and that Boon insisted she should not stay there, as she had no money to spend; that he had turned her out, torn her cloak, knocked her into the kennel, and sent her to the Compter. This story, however, being disproved, except the Compter part, Mrs. Basset was or-

dered to pay the damages, to which, with great reluctance, she consented.

### MISCELLANY.

Among the many extraordinary characters which have started up in our romantic country, few have attracted more curiosity than a gentleman by the name of Burr, who, during the *revolutionary* war, was an officer in the American Army, and who, within a short period, has been charged with treason in the west, has been illegally prosecuted, and by a sort of confederacy of jacobinical editors, has been, to the mockery of all law and justice, condemned unheard. Dazzled by the splendour of this corruscating meteor, continually darting across our American hemisphere, some Kentucky Plutarch has in the following very extraordinary manner described his impressions at the sight. As the style of this singular composition is altogether to the taste of the great majority of our loving countrymen, I beg leave to recommend the authour as eminently qualified to shine as a July orator.

#### PORTRAIT OF BURR.

Frankfort, August 30th, 1805.

My dear Friend,

I have, at length, been gratified with a sight of the late Vice-President, Aaron Burr. He arrived in this place on the 28th instant from New-Orleans. A few days after, I had the honour of spending an evening in his company. I know you will laugh at the idea of my awkwardness; but be it as it may, I had some *good solid looks* at him; and can tell you something about him.

His stature is about five feet six inches; he is a spare, meagre form, but of an elegant symmetry; his complexion is fair and *transparent*; his dress was fashionable and rich, but not *flashy*. He is a man of an erect and dignified deportment; his presence is commanding; his aspect mild, firm, *luminous and impressive*. His physiognomy is of the French *configuration*: his forehead is prominent, broad, retreating, indicative of great expansion of mind, *immense* range of thought, and *amazing* exuberance of fancy; but too smooth and regular for great *altitude of conception*, and those *original, eccentric and daring aberrations of superiour genius*. The eye-brows are thin, nearly horizontal, and too far

from the eye; his nose is nearly *rectilinear*, too slender between the eyes, rather inclined to the right side; gently elevated, which betrays a degree of haughtiness; too obtuse at the end for great acuteness of penetration, brilliancy of wit, or *poignancy of satire*; and too small to sustain his ample and capacious forehead; his eyes are of ordinary size, of a dark hazle; and from the shade of his projecting eye-bones and brows, appear black, they glow with all the ardour of *venerable fire*, and scintillate with the most *tremulous sensibility*—they roll with the celerity and phrenzy of *poetick fervour*, and beam with the most vivid and *piercing rays of genius*. His mouth is large; his voice is manly, clear and melodious; his lips are thin, *extremely flexible*, and when silent, gently closed; but opening with facility to distil the honey which trickles from his tongue. His chin is rather retreating and *voluptuous*. To analyse his face with *physiognomical scrutiny*, you may discover many unimportant traits; but upon the *first blush*, or a *superficial view*, they are obscured like the spots in the sun, by a radiance that dazzles and fascinates the sight.

In company, Burr is rather taciturn. When he speaks, it is with such animation, with such apparent frankness and negligence, as to induce a person to believe he was a man of guileless and ingenuous heart; but in my opinion there is no human creature more reserved, mysterious, and inscrutable.

I have heard a great deal of Chesterfield and the graces. Surely Burr is the epitome—the essence of them all; for never were their charms displayed with such potency and irresistible attraction. He seems passionately fond of female society, and there is no being better calculated to succeed and shine in that sphere: to the ladies he is all attention—all devotion—in conversation he gazes on them with complacency and rapture, and when he addresses them, it is with that smiling affability, those captivating gestures, that *je ne sais quoi*, those dissolving looks, that soft, sweet, and

insinuating eloquence, which takes the soul captive before it can prepare for defence. In short, he is the most perfect model of an accomplished gentleman that could be formed, even by the wanton imagination of poetry or fiction. But, alas! my friend, what avails these splendid talents—that transcendent address—nay, all the blessings that heaven can bestow, without that solace, that inestimable boon, content and tranquillity! Burr is an exemplary, an illustrious instance of the capriciousness of popular admiration, and the mutability of human glory and felicity. But why should we wonder at popular instability and clamour—a discordant voice that vilifies and arraigns even Omnipotence itself? The circumstances that have thus contributed to blast the popularity and poison the peace and happiness of this unfortunate man, are lamentable indeed; but he who will presume to ascribe them to a corruption or depravity of heart, rather than to the fallibility of man, and the frailty of human passions, must be blinded by his own venom and utterly estranged to every sentiment of compassion, and that lenient and divine maxim which instructs us, that where opposing presumptions are of equal weight, the scale should always preponderate on the side of mercy. Confident I am that there is no person more sincerely penitent for this misfortune, than him who was the instrument. Yes, my friend, even Burr, the inimitable Burr, is disturbed, is unhappy! Often did I mark the perturbation of his mind, the agonizing sensations which wrung his too susceptible heart, and which in spite of his philosophy and sprightliness, wrote themselves in the darkest shades of his countenance; and when I beheld the melancholy, the saturnine clouds which often enveloped his bleeding, his magnanimous soul, my feelings were melted with a thrilling, a sublime sympathy—the tears started in my eyes, and could I have given them the efficacy of the angels, I would have expiated his crime—I would have blotted out the imputation from the memory of man, and the records of heaven!

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

During the celebrated controversy betwixt Mr. Boyle and Dr. Bentley, on the subject of the Epistles of Phalaris, some Cambridge wags made the following pun. They exhibited in a print, Phalaris' guards thrusting Dr. Bentley into the tyrant's brazen bull, and this label issuing from the Doctor's mouth—"I had much rather be roasted than boiled!"

Literal Translation from a Bourdeaux paper, showing one of the elegant and pure manners of the *Great Nation*.

## LATEST FASHIONS AT PARIS.

"There has been much clamour against stays (corsets) and whale-bones and yet ev'ry young lady now wears stays and whale-bones, nay there is even a *professor of Stays*, like a professor of Belles Lettres, attached to every Boarding School. Every week Mr. professor visits and inspects the waists of his young élèves, makes them manœuvre and display their shapes for half an hour, while you hear him roaring out "Mademoiselle Julie, a little more on your right haunch; Mademoiselle Amanda, don't poke out your stomach so much; Mademoiselle Georgiana, your elbows have no play, your arms are falling to pieces, your body is not ballanced in a direct line; and all of you young ladies, pray remember that you must use your left as well as your right hand, and that, notwithstanding the perfection of my *corsets*, she that uses her right hand more than her left, will infallibly become hump-backed."

## IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Belinda, would'st thou seek to prove  
If still thy heart be fit for love,  
Go, pierce the deep embow'ring shades,  
Go, muse along the silent glades;  
If there the brook, that murmur'ing flows,  
If Zephyr—if the breathing rose—

If these thy heart to transport move,  
Belinda, it is fit for love!

But, ah! if 'mid the wild wood's charms,  
Where spreads the oak his moss-grown arms,  
If tuneful birds—if rising day—  
If ev'ning's purple westering ray—  
If, on the boundless pebbly shore,  
Thou list the glitt'ring ocean's roar—  
And if thy heart no transport move,  
Oh never, never speak of love!

#### MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

A work entitled *More Miseries*, being a continuation of *The Miseries of Human Life*, having been recently advertised — WILLIAM MILLER respectfully informs the publick, that it has no connexion whatever with that published by him, in June last, under the title of — *The Miseries of Human Life* — and which has already gone through *Five Editions*, that he is now permitted to announce the name of the Rev. JAMES BERESFORD, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, as the real and sole authour of the last-named performance; and that no present or future production (under whatever title) upon the subject in question is to be considered as that of the original authour of the *Miseries*, &c. unless it be advertised as published by William Miller, who takes this opportunity of giving notice, that a second and entirely new volume of the *Miseries*, &c. is in preparation, and will be published in January next.

#### MARRIAGE.

On Tuesday, at Stungford Church, Dorsetshire, Lord Marsham, only son of the Earl of Romney, to Miss Pitt, daughter and sole heiress of Wm. Morton Pitt, Esq. M. P. for Dorset, with a fortune of 60,000*l.* and an estate of 12,000*l.* per annum, independent of the estates of her father. Mr. and Mrs. M. Pitt gave the lady away, while Colonel Noel and Miss Beckford officiated on the occasion. The early part of the morning the whole of the unmarried female branches of the neighbouring tenantry and villages attended at Kingston-house, the seat of W. M. Pitt, Esq. every female attired in an elegant white muslin dress, provided for them, as a present on the occasion,

by Miss Pitt; after refreshments, about forty couple proceeded two-and-two before the procession to the church, strewing on the way (before the happy couple) in the ancient style, flowers of every description, and after the ceremony they returned in the same order, attended by near 300 spectators, to Kingston-house, where a dinner was provided in booths on the lawn, and the festive eve concluded with a ball on the green, in which the nobility present shared in the mirth. Early in the evening, the happy couple and suite set off in post carriages to pass the honey-moon at the lady's own seat, Hinchcombe-house, Dorset.

The following beautiful lines upon Sir William Jones, are from Grant's Poem upon the restoration of learning in the east.

His was the soul, by fear nor interest sway'd,  
The purest passions, and the wisest head,  
The heart so tender and the wit so true,  
Yet this no malice, that no weakness knew:  
The song, to Virtue as the Muses dear,  
Though glowing chaste, and lovely though severe.

What gorgeous trophies crown his youthful bloom,

The spoils august of Athens and of Rome.  
And, lo! untouch'd by British brows before,  
Yet nobler trophies wait on Asia's shore:  
There, at his magick voice, what wonders rise!

Th' astonish'd East unfolds her mysteries;  
Round her dark shrine a sudden blaze he showers,

And all unveil'd the proud Pantheon\* towers.  
Where, half unheard, Time's formless billows glide,

Alone he stems the dim discover'd tide;  
Wide o'er the expanse as darts his radiant sight,

At once the vanish'd ages roll in light.  
Old India's Genius, bursting from repose,  
Bids all his tombs their mighty dead disclose;

Immortal names! though long immers'd in shade,

Long lost to song, tho' destin'd not to fade.  
O'er all the master of the spell presides,  
Their march arranges, and their order guides,  
Bids here or there their ranks or gleam or blaze

With hues of elder or of later days.

\* This alludes to the various elucidations which Sir W. Jones has given of Hindoo mythology.

See, where in British robes sage Menu  
shines,

And willing Science opes her Sanctuaries!  
His are the triumphs of her ancient lyres;  
Her tragick sorrows, and her epick fires;  
Her earliest arts, and learning's sacred store,  
And strains sublime of philosophick lore:  
Bright in his view their gather'd pomp ap-  
pears,

The treasur'd wisdom of a thousand years.  
Oh, could my verse, in characters of day,  
The living colours of thy mind portray,  
And on the sceptick, 'midst his impious  
dreams,

Flash all the brightness of their mingled  
beams!

Then should he know, how talents various,  
bright,

With pure Devotion's holy thoughts unite;  
And blush (if yet a blush survive) to see

What genius, honour, virtue ought to be.  
Philosopher—yet to no system tied,

Patriot—yet friend to all the world beside;  
Ardent with temper, and with judgment  
bold,

Firm, though not stern, and though correct,  
not cold;

Profound to reason, or to charm us gay,  
Learn'd without pride, and not too wise to  
pray.

—

At the time of the marriage of the  
Duke of Wirtemberg, the following  
couplet was handed about. His high-  
ness was unusually corpulent, and also  
of a very warm temperament.

"Quoth Wirtemberg's duke, I burn with  
desire,"

"Then, Cupid exclaims, all the fat 's in the  
fire."

These lines cannot be said to be very  
applicable to the present Prince (Je-  
rome) and Princess of Wirtemberg.  
A wit thinks, however, with a trivial  
alteration, they would not be very un-  
apt, if the spare form of his Imperial  
Highness is considered:

"Quoth Wirtemberg's prince, I burn with  
desire,"

"Says the princess, n'importe, there 's no  
fat in the fire." Walpole Wag.

—

#### INTEGRITY OF THE AMERICAN BAR.

We have repeatedly taken occasion to  
speak with our loudest emphasis of the  
poverty, as well as the talents of a learned  
profession, who are perpetually assailed by

the American vulgar. Genius and Virtue  
are always hated by every Vandal and eve-  
ry villain. The flame of persecution, which  
these execrable wretches have long been  
kindling, we hope soon to see extinguished  
in their own blood. As another proof of  
the integrity of our lawyers, if a new proof  
be wanting, we subjoin the following reso-  
lution of the Cumberland Bar. It exhibits  
all the delicacy of the moral sense, and all  
the spirit of scholars and gentlemen.

#### CUMBERLAND BAR.

Whereas it is essential to the ho-  
nour and reputation of the Bar, and  
highly conducive to the good of the  
community, that all suits of law  
should be originated with *pure* mo-  
tives, and conducted to their issue  
with candour and fidelity; and where-  
as it is more especially important that  
no bond, note, or demand, should be  
directly or indirectly purchased or ob-  
tained by loan or advance of monies  
thereon, with the corrupt view of mul-  
tiplying actions and accumulating  
costs: It is therefore *resolved* as the  
united sense of the Cumberland Bar,  
that no counsellor or practising at-  
torney can consistently with his oath  
or duty, or with honour or honesty,  
directly or indirectly purchase, or  
otherwise obtain by loan or advancing  
money thereon, or promising so to do,  
or raising expectation thereof, or by  
any other means, any bonds, notes,  
securities or demands whatever, with  
intent, and for the purpose of com-  
mencing actions thereon, and there-  
by creating controversies and costs:  
and it is further resolved as the opi-  
nion of the Bar, that such conduct in  
a counsellor or practising attorney,  
is a *desertion of moral principle*; a *vi-  
olation of professional confidence and  
duty*; a *diagrace to the Bar*; and a  
*mischiefe in society*.

And to prevent the imputation of  
such conduct to the Bar, as a *body*,  
when it may be deserved by *individu-  
als* thereof only, it is further resolved,  
that the secretary of the Bar forth-  
with cause an attested copy of the  
foregoing resolutions to be published  
in the Portland Gazette and Eastern  
Argus, for three weeks successively.  
*A true copy from the Record of said Bar.*

Attest,

HORATIO SOUTHGATE, Sec'y.

† In reference to Sir W. Jones's celebrated  
translation of "The Institutes of Menu,"  
the great Indian legislator.

*From the Anti-Jacobin Review.*

Sir,

I send you a trifle that was written some years ago, and suggested, I believe, by the "Needy Knife Grinder" of your illustrious predecessour, the original Anti-Jacobin. Whatever may become of the sentiment, the sapphick metre seems to be pretty correct. We must suppose a philosophical Jacobin, who had been contemplating with rapture the massacres at Lyons, La Vendee, &c. And that soon after, on considering the fate of a Goose that had been roasted and eaten in the house of a loyal gentleman, he breaks out into the following poetick-patriotick whinnings.

#### BENVOLIO.

*Sapphia's Lamentation of a Jacobin on the demolition of a roasted Goose.*

Scaly Goose-gander, what a sad mishap this!  
Innocent throat cut—not a friend to save thee,

While cruel cook, sans pity, Goosey gander,  
Sticks on a vile spit.

Scaly Goose-gander, whither art thou wander'd?

Not, as thy bard sings, in a lady's chamber;  
Tho' to that room thy pretty snowy plumes may

Pass in a down bed.

Pluck'd are thy plumes all lily bright and shiny.

Now, alas! e'en thy merry-thought's a sad thought;

And the dear breast bone, fie upon the tyrant,

Turn'd to a skip-jack.

This the proud tyrant's little boys and girls took,

Making it skip where thou! alas, devour'd wast.

Cobler, how cou'dst thou pityless supply wax

For such a foul deed?

Jacobins thee would not abuse so grossly.  
Tender are their hearts—regicides and atheists

Melt at each downfall of a bug or louse destroy'd by the tyrants.

#### MERRIMENT.

Mr. George Wood, as amiable as a man, as he is eminent as a special pleader, was at the theatre seeing the play of *Macbeth*. In the scene where *Macbeth* questions the witches in the cavern, what they are doing, they an-

swer, "a deed without a name." This phrase struck the ears of the special pleader much more forcibly than the most energetick passages of the play, and he immediately remarked to a friend who accompanied him. "A deed without a name, why 'tis void."

Mrs. S. of faro memory, was reproaching her daughter with her frequent disappointments, in not having been able to get married. "Ah, child!" said she, "if you had played your cards as I have done, you would have got off long ago." "Ah mother!" she replied, "I *should* have got off long ago, if you had not played your cards at all."

On the corporation of London presenting the freedom of the city to Admiral Rodney, in a gold box; and to Admiral Keppel, in a box of *Heart of Oak*, Mr. Whitefoord wrote the following epigram:

Each admiral's defective part,  
Satirick cites, you've told;  
The cautious Keppel wanted heart.  
And gallant Rodney, gold.

Mr. Pitt, walking one dark evening, with the late Edmund Burke, and the latter coming to a short post fixed in the pavement, which, in the earnestness of conversation, he took to be a boy standing in his way, said, hastily, "get out of the way, boy." "That boy, sir," said the minister, very calmly, "is a *post-boy*, who never turns out of his way for any body."

A carpenter passing by with a dead board on his shoulder, hit Mr. Pratt on the head with the end of it; when perceiving what he had done, he cried out, "Have a care, sir." "Why," replied Mr. Pratt, "do you intend to hit me again?"

Dr. Parr is not very delicate in the choice of his expressions, when heated by argument or contradiction. He once called a clergyman a *fool*, who, indeed, was little better. The clergyman said, he would complain of the usage to the Bishop. "Do," said the

Doctor, "and my lord Bishop will con-  
firm you."

Rowland Hill, holding forth at the chapel in Wapping to a crowded audience, used the following phrase, "You are all sinners! great sinners, vile sinners, wicked sinners, *Wapping sinners!*" The last phrase bearing a double meaning, some of the congregation considered it as particularly aimed at their own vicinity, and drove him from the pulpit.

An eminent collector of books, who seldom reads any thing beyond the title page, told Professor Porson once that he was fond of books in *folio*. "There," said the professor, "I differ from you: I like them best in *fructu*."

When Graham the auctioneer had the impudence to stand candidate for Westminster, his coach one day happened to prevent Lord Wm. Russel's from drawing up. On this his lordship desired the coachman to drive off; at the same time calling to the owner, "Mr. Auctioneer, your coach is a going! a going! a going! gone!"

At a representation of the *Chances* at Plymouth, two or three years ago, Miss Mellon performed the part of the Second Constantia. A young midshipman was enraptured with her; and when she recited, "Now, if any young fellow would take a liking to me, and make an honest woman of me, I'd make him the best wife in the world." "*I will, by G-d,*" exclaimed the tar; "*and I have two year's pay to receive next Friday.*"

Mr. Reynolds was at one of the Dutchess of B——'s masquerades, when, being known, some of the characters took occasion to rally him on having introduced his dog Carlo, as one of the Dramatis Personæ, in his new farce, *THE CARAVAN*. "Why," said he, "to tell you the truth, our poets have gone over the same ground so often, that I was forced to go to *New-found-land* in search of novelty."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For *The Port Folio*.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following lines were written by a lady, and addressed to Mr. Trott, an artist deservedly celebrated for the character and style of his paintings.

Think 'tis for Love's fastidious eye,  
So hard to please, your skill you try,  
Who, conscious of your power, demands  
The finish'd portrait from your hands.  
Then let him in the picture trace  
More than the image of my face;  
Let him, in every line express'd,  
Behold what passes in my breast.  
But is not this beyond your art?  
Or are you skill'd to read the heart?  
And can your pencil's magick touch,  
Say all, but yet not say too much?  
Can it bid warm affection glow?  
Can it a grateful passion show?  
Can it a face so plain as mine  
Irradiate with that air divine,  
Which love, love only can impart,  
Which speaks the fond, devoted heart?  
Can it to memory restore  
My form, when I'm beheld no more,  
And make the faithful picture glow  
With feeling which no words can show?

Lines addressed by a lady in New York to a young lady in Philadelphia.

For thee, dear girl, I'd wishes form,  
That pain and sorrow ne'er were known,  
That disappointment's cankering worm  
Were gendered in the brain alone.

I'd wish that envy, hate and scorn  
Might no more on our earth be seen,  
Or banish'd with thy youthful morn,  
Should be as though they ne'er had been.

And all the vapours of the earth,  
From bog, or brake, or sightless fen,  
The glorious sun should scatter forth,  
And hills and vallies smile again.

I'd ask the fragrant breath of heav'n,  
To paint the roses on thy cheek,  
And all the dewy stars of ev'n,  
To give thine eyes effulgence meek.

The gentleness that marks the dove,  
Should in thy gentler bosom dwell;  
Nor e'en the potent god of Love  
Should harm it by his magick spell.

The wisdom which in ancient days  
Forin'd the bright wreath for Sheba's name,  
Thine should transcend, as do the lays,  
Which spread the Swan of Avon's fame.

I'd call on Plenty to bestow  
The treasures of her fruitful horn,  
And Health without whose smile, you know,  
All other good excites our scorn.

But counting now this scene of bliss,  
Which I would fain that you possess,  
The debtor price is simply this;  
Content—it balances the rest.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE STREAM UNKNOWN TO SONG.

There is a stream, unknown to fame,  
A stream, that bears a barb'rous name,  
A stream unknown to classic song,  
That rolls its placid waves along  
Through fields of corn, and fertile plains,  
The wealth and pride of rustick swains,  
Supported by the living rills  
That gurgle from a thousand hills,  
Until it finds a flow'ry dell,  
Where Naiads might delight to dwell;  
And sportive Fays, if such there were,  
Might hold their nightly revels there:  
Oft have I view'd the pleasing scene,  
Beneath the beech that shades the green;  
Or where the oak its branches spreads,  
Or poplars raise their tow'ring heads;  
Or where the ash and elm combine  
To prop the weak aspiring vine;  
Oft in a listless, waking dream,  
Where bending willows kiss the stream,  
I've gaz'd to see the passing tide  
Swift o'er the gravly bottom glide;  
Onward, it rolls its lucid flood  
Through the dark umbrage of a wood,  
'Till rushing from the shady grove  
It bursts upon the fields I love,  
And winding on by cooling bowers,  
Where Beauty's hand has planted flowers,  
With hast'ning current boldly flows  
O'er rocks that would its course oppose.  
How swiftly do its waters play!  
Ye waves! why haste ye, thus away?  
Where will ye find another vale,  
Where maids as fair as Cara dwell?  
Sweet vale! where oft at early light,  
I watch'd the slow retiring night!  
Sweet vale! where oft at eve I stray'd,  
To muse upon my fav'rite maid!  
Not Ida's sacred piny grove,  
Where Paris yielded all for love;  
Nor yet Arcadia's classic plains,  
So fam'd of old for piping swains;

Not Tempe's vale, where Io stray'd  
Till Jove surpris'd the wand'ring maid;  
Nor yet those gay Sicilian bowers,  
Where Ceres' daughter gather'd flowers,  
And whence, the nymph, in sad affright,  
Was borne by Dis, to realms of night;  
Not all that heated fancy dreams  
Of sylvan grots, and haunted streams;  
Not happy isles, Elysian shades,  
Or Moslem heaven of black-eyed maids,  
Could tempt to rove my steady eye  
From the delightful fields that lie  
Upon the stream, unknown to fame,  
The stream that bears a barb'rous name!

ANNIUS.

April 25, 1807.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### WAR.

Hark the trumpet's shrilly sound!  
Hark the whizzing bullets fly,  
See the wounded strew'd around,  
See the earth of bloody dye,  
See the smoke in volumes rise,  
Mark the horror of each face,  
See the vanquished party flies,  
See the victors urge the chase;  
Cruel War! when wilt thou cease,  
When, oh when wilt thou be o'er—  
When shall we behold sweet Peace,  
Or shall she return no more?  
When shall be no blood-gorged field,  
When his field the peasant till?  
Shall it no more harvests yield,  
His barn, his granary, to fill?  
Alas! when from the bloody strife  
Shall conflicting bands retire?  
When, oh when, the drum and fife  
No more barb'rous man inspire.

I. S. H.

The following is a very humorous parody of Horace's "Persicos odi."

#### TO MY BARBER.

Friz me no more—I cannot bear  
Mountains of powder on my hair,  
And oceans of pomatum:  
Let city prigs or courtly beaux  
Wear the scarce bag, or scarcer rose,  
I will not, for I hate 'em:  
To be so feathered, as an owl,  
Or larded like a Gallick fowl,  
For Englishmen is horrid;  
Dress me no longer like a fop,  
But bring my *Scratch*, whose Tyburn top  
Lies snug upon my forehead.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 23, 1807.

[No. 21.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

### ORIENTAL POESY.

THE POEM OF AMRU.—*Concluded.*

ON the day when we are anxious to protect our families, we keep vigilant guard, clad in complete steel; but, on the day when we have no such anxiety for them, our legions assemble in full council: led by a chief among the descendants of Josham, the son of Beir, we bruise our adversaries, both the weak and the strong.

Oh! the nations remember not the time when we bowed the neck, or were ever fogged in the conflict. Oh! let not the people be infatuated or violent against us; for we will requite their infatuation, which surpasses the folly of the most foolish.

On what pretence, O Amru, son of Hinda, should we be subject to the sovereign whom thou wouldst place over us? By what pretence, O Amru, son of Hinda, dost thou yield to our calumniators, and treat us with indignity? Thou hast menaced us; thou hast sought to intimidate us; but, gently, O king! say, when were we ever the vassals of thy mother?

Our javelins, O Amru, disdain their vehemence before thee, in assailing foes: whenever a man uses force to bend them, they start back, and become inflexibly rigid; so rigid, that when they return to their former state, they ring with a shrill noise, piercing the neck and forehead of him who touches them.

Hast thou ever been informed that Josham, the son of Beir, in battles anciently fought, was at any time remiss? We have inherited the renown of Alkams, the son of

Saif, who, by dint of valour, obtained admission for us into the castles of glory. We are heirs to Mohalhil, to Zoheir, the flower of his tribe: Oh! of how noble a treasure were they the preservers!

From Altabalso, and from Celthum, we have received the inheritance transmitted from their progenitors. By Dhu'lborra, of whose fame thou hast heard the report, have we been protected; and through him we protect those who seek our aid.

Before him, the adventurous Coleib sprung among us; and what species of glory have we not attained?

When our antagonists twist against us the cords of battle, either we burst the knot, or rend the necks of our opponents.

We shall be found the firmest of tribes in keeping our defensive alliance, and the most faithful in observing the bond of our treaties.

When the flames were kindled in the mountain, on the morning of the excursion, we gave succour more important than the aid of other allies. To give immediate relief, we kept all our herds confined in Dhu Orathei, until our milch camels of noble breed were forced to graze upon withered herbs.

We protect with generosity the man who submits to us; but chastise with firmness him by whom we are insulted. We reject the offers of those who have displeased us; but accept the presents of those with whom we are satisfied.

We succoured the right wing, when our troops engaged in combat, and our valiant brothers gave support to the left. They made a fierce attack against the legions which opposed them, and we not less fiercely assailed the squadrons by which we were opposed. They returned with booty and with rich spoils, and the sons of kings were among our captives.

To you, O descendants of Beir, to you we address ourselves! Have you not learned the truth concerning us? Have you not experienced with what impetuosity our troops have attacked your troops, with what force have they darted their javelins? We are armed with bright sabres, and clad in harbergeons made in Yemen; our cimeters are part straight, part bent. We have coats of mail, that glitter like lightning; the plaits of which are seen in wrinkles above our belts: when at any time our heroes put them off, you may see their skin blackened with the pressure of the steel. The plaits of our halberds resemble the surface of a pool, which the winds have ruffled in their course.

On the morning of attack, we are borne into the field on short-haired steeds, which have been known to us from the time when we weaned them, and which we rescued from our foes after they had been taken. They rush to the fight, armed with breast-plates of steel; they leave it with their manes dishevelled and dusty: and the reins, tied in knots, lie on their necks. We inherited this excellent breed from our virtuous ancestors; and, on our deaths, they will be inherited by our sons.

All the tribes of Maad perfectly know, when their tents are pitched in the well-watered valleys, that we support the distressed every year; and are bountiful to such as solicit their bounty; that we defend the oppressed, when we think it just; and fix our abode in Arabia, where we find it convenient; that we give succour to those who are near us, when the bright cimeters make the eyes of our heroes wink. We entertain strangers at our board, whenever we are able; but we hurl destruction on those who approach us hostilely.

We are the tribe who drink water from the clearest brooks; whilst other clans are forced to drink it foul and muddy.

Go, ask the sons of Tamah and of Domia, how they have found us in the conflict!

Behind us, come our lovely, our charming damsels, whom we guard so vigilantly that they cannot be made captive, or even treated with disrespect; fair maidens, descended from Josham, the son of Beir, who comprise every species of beauty, both in the opinion of men, and in truth: they have exacted a promise from their husbands, that when they engaged with hostile legions, distinguished by marks of valour, they would bring back as spoils, coats of mail and cimeters, and captives led in pairs.

Thou mayest behold us sallying forth into the open plain, whilst every other tribe seeks auxiliaries through fear of our prowess.

When our damsels are on foot, they walk with graceful motions, and wave their bo-

dies like those of libertines, heated with wine. They feed with their fair hands our coursers of noble birth; and say to us, *you are no husband of ours, unless you protect us from the foe.* Yes; if we defend them not, we retain no possessions of value after their loss, nor do we think even life desirable! but nothing can afford our sweet maids so sure a protection as the strokes of our sabres, which make men's arms fly off like the clashing wands of playful boys. We seem, when our cimeters are displayed, to protect all mankind as fathers protect their children. Our heroes roll the heads of their enemies, as the strong well-made youths roll their balls in the smooth vale. This world is ours, and all that appears on the face of it; and when we do attack, we attack with irresistible force. When a tyrant oppresses and insults a nation, we disdain to degrade ourselves, by submitting to his will. We have been called injurious, although we have injured no man; but, if they persist in calumniating us, we will show the vehemence of our anger. As soon as a child is weaned from its mother, the loftiest chiefs of other clans bend the knee, and pay him homage. We force our enemies to taste the unmixed draught of death; and heavy is the overthrow of our adversaries in battle. We fill the earth with our tents, until it becomes too narrow for them; and cover the ocean with our ships.

## MR. PITT.

From a source at once pure and legitimate we derive the following. The third paragraph represents in a very vivid manner, and with great happiness of expression, the indefatigable labours and fervid zeal of the IMMORTAL STATESMAN who in alliance with EDMUND BURKE strangled the French snake of Jacobinism.

Such was Mr. Pitt's indifference to pecuniary considerations, that he has solicited the loan of one hundred pounds at the most prosperous era of his publick career.

It has been affirmed that "his anxiety for his country destroyed him." To those who are capable of estimating the office of our English Prime Minister, who are acquainted with the character of Mr. Pitt, who recollect the arduous transactions which engrossed his attention during the greater part of his administration, and the delicacy of his bodily constitution, this affirmation must appear unques-

tionable. His ambition in the service of that country whose councils he was appointed to direct; his indefatigable attention to public business in subordinate as well as essential points; together with those splendid exertions of his eloquence, which the nature of Parliamentary opposition incessantly demanded; the effects of such causes without the intervention of disappointment and disaster, might easily have undermined the health of no ordinary man, and have accelerated the dissolution of his powers.

Never was Mr. Pitt found unprepared for the toils and duties imposed by his office. He was to be seen at all hours, he might be consulted on every subject; his daily reflections, his nightly visions, were alike occupied by the cares of patriotism, alike studious for the welfare of his country. Secretaries were the attendants of his bed; and, whether messengers were to be received or despatched, whether information was to be heard, or instructions communicated, nothing was permitted to interfere with the important concerns of the state; no delays were tolerated, no listlessness indulged on his part. From despatches to audiences, from the council table to the drawing room, and from the levee to the House of Commons, the Minister was always himself and always accessible.

The illness that terminated the mortal existence of Mr. Pitt, was of no recent origin. Of a fickle, if not a feeble constitution, and afflicted by an hereditary gout, he had long been a valetudinarian. In the summer of 1802, his health was so seriously affected, that he does not appear to have ever afterwards effectually recovered. His whole nervous system was so deranged that he was unable to sleep for weeks together; and this melancholy prevention of ordinary repose eventually induced his death. He was at length so reduced by a general debility, accompanied by water in the chest, and weakness of stomach, that he could neither admit nor retain sustenance.

## REVIEW.

From an English publication.

The Speech of the Hon. J. Randolph, Representative for the State of Virginia, in the General Congress of America, on a Motion for the Nonimportation of British Merchandise pending the present Disputes between Great-Britain and America; with an Introduction, by the author of "War in Disguise." 8vo. P. 78. 2s. 6d. New-York printed; London reprinted; Butterworth. Hatchard. 1806.

The very able introduction to this speech opens with some cursory remarks upon certain answers to "War in Disguise," which we have not yet seen; and the author very properly brings the authority of Mr. Randolph, in aid of the arguments so strongly enforced in that excellent tract.

"I invoke," says he, "the declarations of this American leader, made in the hearing of Congress, to attest that the strictures on the colonial traders of that country, contained in my former publications were in no degree unfounded. I appeal to his sentiments on the true interests of his fellow-citizens at large, that they are on the same side of this controversy with our own. I rely on his opinion, and still more on his irrefragable arguments, in proof that a war between that country and this, would be but in a slight degree noxious to the commerce of Great-Britain; while its consequences would be ruinous to America, and such as her citizens would not, even for a brief period, be brought patiently to endure."

Our readers will recollect that, in our Summary of Politicks, published three months ago, we maintained this very point; and happy we are to find ourselves so ably supported in our opinion, by such an orator as Mr. Randolph, and by such a writer as the author of this Introduction; who adds, "I quote this respectable authority, not only as a caution against precipitated determination, but to show that timid and ruinous concessions may be easily and finally avoided." Would to Heaven our ministers had been impressed with a full conviction of this truth before they passed the American intercourse bill!

Our authour's reasoning in defence of the rule of the war of 1756, always appeared to us unanswerable; but he has strengthened it by a case, his conclusions from which we defy the whole world to overturn.

"What! is Buonaparte to exclude British sugar and coffee from the continent, and is America to enable him to do so, by supplying it with French and Spanish sugar, and coffee, in their stead? Are *neutral* markets even to be shut by violence against our planters, that our enemies may establish there a monopoly against them? Are the merchants of neutral states to be laid under an interdict as to the carriage of British manufactures or merchandize to friendly ports; and while submitting as they do to that interdict, can they assert nevertheless against us a right to carry the manufactures of our enemies to the colonies of France and Spain? Are neutrals, in a word, to give effect to a system avowedly adopted for the destruction of English commerce, yet found, on their amity with England, a right to prevent or frustrate a retaliation on our part against the commerce of our enemies?"

The man who can give an answer to this question in the *affirmative*, may have an English *tongue*, but must have a French *heart*. The authour proceeds to show that France has violated the neutral territories of the continental powers, has entered peaceful cities, and seized upon foreign magazines, for the purpose of preventing the sale of British goods; that, in short, for the gratification of his hatred against this country, he has invaded every neutral right; and then, he justly observes:

"If they (the neutral nations) will tamely permit Buonaparte to exclude ships when laden with our merchandize from Hamburgh, and such other maritime places, yet permitted to be called neutral, as the terror of his arms has already shut against us, and to extend, as he now threatens, the same system to Portugal and Denmark, it is not neutral, it is not equal, to deny a like latitude to us; and they

would have no right to complain, if we should apply the same interdiction as generally to the merchandize of our enemies, wherever our power extends; that is, to every maritime part of the globe.

But, as he truly remarks, the only subject of dispute with America, at present, is colonial produce, and colonial supplies; whereas the principle would fairly apply to a general interdiction of the carriage of all goods belonging to our enemies. America is prevented from importing British goods, whether colonial or European, into Hamburgh; not because such is the will of the lawful sovereign of that city, but because it is the mandate of the Corsican Usurper, and to this she tamely submits, as she does to every insult from France, without a murmur. What right then would she have to complain, if we were to forbid her to carry French, Dutch, or Spanish goods, to any other seaports in Europe?

"The main, though preposterous defence of the frustration of our hostilities against the enemy's colonial trade, is his right to open his own ports; but has he a right to shut up neutral ports, as well as to open his own? There at least, the land-right will not bear the sea-wrong. Besides, America has now shrunk from this favourite principle of hers when she had to deal with a power that would not be bullied; she has not only suffered France to take her ships when trading to St. Domingo, but at the imperious mandate of that power, has passed a law to forbid the trade to her subjects. Is it because Dessalines has not as good a title to Hayti, as Buonaparte to Naples? I should deny the proposition, even as to Paris: but at least Dessalines has as good a right to make laws in Hayti, as Buonaparte in Hamburgh."

"That France, an exile from the ocean, should, under such circumstances, have the assurance to wage with us a war of commercial exclusions, is singular enough. But if neutrals were to persevere in their present conduct, and if England kindly submit to

the plan is perfectly rational, and cannot fail of final success. Behold then, a new prodigy of this extraordinary age: the utmost maritime strength is impotent to protect commercial navigation; and a power that is driven from the ocean can destroy the trade of his enemy! But the paradox is of easy solution. The plain key to it is, the new and compendious principle *that the rights of neutrality are nothing on shore, but every thing at sea.*

Well, indeed, may the authour exclaim, if this doctrine is to prevail, let America ease us of our navy, a useless burthen, and exchange this island for a district beyond the Blue Mountains!

Mr. Randolph's speech is that of a true statesman, who loves his country, and warns it against the adoption of a system, in which its best interests would be sacrificed to the gratification of "mercantile avarice." He truly says, that such misers, who can gravely contend that America is an overmatch for Great-Britain on the ocean, are not deserving of a serious answer. "The proper arguments for such statesmen are a strait-waistcoat, a dark room, water-gruel, and depletion." He reasons throughout, with strength and ability; indicating the dangers to which a war with England would inevitably expose America; and showing that the question of contention is not worth a dispute.

"What is the question in dispute? The carrying-trade. What part of it? The fair, the honest and the useful trade, that is engaged in carrying our own productions to foreign markets, and bringing back their productions in exchange? No Sir, it is that carrying-trade which covers enemy's property, and carries the coffee, the sugar, and other West-India products to the mother-country. *I, for one, will not mortgage my property and my liberty to carry on this trade.* It is not for the honest carrying-trade of America, but for this mushroom, this fungus of war, for a trade which, as soon as the nations of Europe are at peace will no longer exist; it is for this that the spi-

rit of avaricious traffick would plunge us into war."

He warns his countrymen in the language of political wisdom; "Take away the British navy, and France tomorrow is the tyrant of the ocean. This brings me to my second point. How far is it politic in the United States to throw their weight into the scale of France at this moment? From whatever motive, to aid the views of gigantick ambition; to make her mistress of the sea and land, to jeopardize the liberties of mankind. Sir, you may help to crush Great-Britain, you may assist in breaking down her naval dominion, but you cannot succeed to it. The iron sceptre of the ocean will pass into his hands who wears the iron crown of the land. You may then expect a new code of maritime law.

Mr. Randolph reprobates, with the warmth which every honest man must naturally feel on such a subject, the base proposition for confiscating the national debt, for passing a law to defraud foreigners out of their just demands, and all this "*for the fraudulent protection of belligerent property under your neutral flag.*" The name of the miscreant who appears to have proposed, or at least, to have supported a proposition, which would be much more becoming a den of thieves, than a Senate of freemen, was —

—, and he came from *Massachusetts*. It is proper that the name and residence of such a man should be recorded for the information of Europe; that when a foreigner travels through the United States, he may avoid him as he would a pestilence. This fellow would have made an admirable member of Robespierre's committees, or one of Buonaparte's *mute tribunes*!

All Mr. Randolph's observations supply a full confirmation of the character assigned by the intelligent authour of "War in Disguise," to the carrying trade which has given birth to the present dispute with America. "Is Spanish sugar, or French coffee, made American property, by the mere change of the cargo, or even by the landing and payment of the duties?

And when these duties are drawn back, and the sugars and coffee reexported, are they not, as enemy's property, liable to seizure? And is there not the best reason to believe, that this operation is performed in many, if not in most cases, to give a neutral aspect and colour to the merchandise?"

After this will any Briton have the assurance, or rather the baseness, to defend this detestable trade, this hideous offspring of avarice and fraud? This speech contains a great variety of interesting matter; and ought to be generally read in this country.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

On the first of October 1806, was published, (to be continued Monthly), Price half a crown,

Consisting of seven Sheets of Letter-press, printed in Octavo, on a fine wove extra royal Paper, large Page, with double Columns, so as to contain more matter than any literary Publication extant,

#### No. 1—OF THE

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Including a Review of Books, Register of Events, and Magazine of Varieties. Comprising interesting intelligence from the various Districts of the United Kingdom; the British connexions in the East-Indies, the West-Indies, America, Africa, Western Asia, &c. and from the Continent of Europe, Sweden, Russia, Denmark, Germany, Holland, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, &c.

Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold—  
From India and the golden Chersonese  
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,  
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,  
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north,  
Beyond Danubius to the Taurick pool:  
All nations —————

MILTON, PARADISE REGAINED.

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Printed by Cox, Son, & Baylis, Great Queen-street; Published by C. Taylor, No. 108, Hatton Garden, Holborn; Sold by Blacks and Parry, Leadenhall-street; Egerton, Whitehall; Hatchard, opposite Albany Buildings, Piccadilly; Budd, Pall-Mall; may be had of all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom, and is sold by W. P. Farrand, Philadelphia.

A Panorama is an ingenious device in the Art of Painting, wherein a Spectator, from an elevated central situation, by directing his attention to each part successively, inspects the whole. The principle and application is a happy effort of modern Art; and the popularity acquired throughout Europe, by this kind of exhibition, sufficiently proves its merit and attraction. But, a Literary Panorama possesses advantages over every exertion of the Graphick Art: it includes, at one view, a kingdom, or a continent; a whole community, however extensive its interests, or even the globe itself, with its innumerable diversities of inhabitants. Nor is such a performance confined to the contemplation of objects under a single aspect, or in their present state; it examines by retrospective consideration, the various events which have rendered them what they are, or looks forward, so far as human prudence can anticipate, and modestly predicts the natural result of those principles whose operations it exhibits to the Spectator.

The opulent Metropolis of the United Kingdom is our central station: and, in addressing our visitors, we beg leave respectfully to direct their attention, by explaining, as far as the confined limits of a Prospectus permit, the novelty, importance and entertainment of the design submitted to their patronage.

Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, are prominent subjects of our attention. Publick events; Science in all its branches; the Moral and Christian duties of our fellow subjects; Philosophical Investigations of Nature; the Art of Healing; the Arts of Taste; the Amusements of the Times;—whatever improves the mind, satisfies the curious and inquisitive, or contributes to the comfort of life, will find a place in our pages.

Wherever the connexions of Britain extend, every endeavour will be used to procure authentick means of correctly estimating their actual state, or their immediate prospects. The reader who has concerns in America, the West-Indies, the Southern Hemis-

phere, or those immense Territories in India, which enjoy the blessings of British protection, may expect intelligence always marked by fidelity; and, frequently, we presume to say, distinguished by importance. In our Indian department, especially, various communications will appear in this work, exclusively, on which we might safely rest our claim to distinction.

We have also, at a very great expense, established Agents in the principal cities on the Continent, from whom we doubt not of receiving the earliest report of whatever is interesting, in France, Holland, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia; our commissions have extended to Moscow; and our hopes include the Levant and Western Asia. The pressure of Hostilities undoubtedly has retarded, and may for a time continue to retard success, in some instances; but whatever can be accomplished by perseverance and industry, the proprietors and their agents doubt not of accomplishing. The uncommon interest attached to events now passing in Europe, with the anxious expectation of scenes to which those events appear to be introductory, are important arguments for giving immediate effect to our exertions.

The object of this work is not to add another to the vehicles of mere amusement, already too numerous. It will associate the sprightly effusions of cultivated taste, with the earliest records of useful discoveries, in every science; and whether an invention or an improvement be of British suggestion, or devised by the ingenious of distant climes, if it have but merit, we shall take a pleasure in making it known.

About half our Monthly Number will be allotted to a Review of literary productions, uniting entertainment with useful information. Our choice of works for report, will be determined by our opinion of their suitability; and our mode of reviewing will correspond with the nature of the article under consideration. We shall designedly consult the advantage of our readers by communicating whatever is inte-

resting or valuable in a writer; rather than the display of our learning or acumen, in the exercise of that critical dogmatism, by which, too often, merit itself is the sufferer.

A principal part of our Review, as well as of our intelligence, will be composed of Foreign Publications. In this department we shall occasionally improve our priority of information, by announcing important performances concisely; reserving a right to resume the consideration of them in a manner proportionate to their merits. Of some we shall only remark their nature and subject; of others we may offer extracts; others we may insert entire. Our numbers will comprise Publick and Official Papers; Reports from our Agents abroad; Translations from Foreign Communications, publick and private; Proceedings of learned Societies, and other laudable Institutions; Literary Intelligence of works in hand or in the press; Lists of books published; Degrees taken at the Universities; Promotions, and a select Obituary. To these will be added, the State of the Markets; Prices of the principal Articles of Export and Import; Reports Agricultural, Commercial and Colonial; Patents enrolled; Discoveries made; Novelties in the Polite World, in the Fine Arts, in articles of Taste and Elegance; and, generally, communications of every kind, which may be deemed interesting, to a learned, polite, and commercial nation.

It is evident that all subjects cannot be treated at equal length together: yet each may expect its turn, and in order that every number may contain a quantity considerably more than is usual in periodical works, we have determined to print on a size so much larger than common, that three of our sheets will contain as much as five of most other publications; and to obviate the too common complaint of the sheets of periodical works falling to pieces before they can be perused, our numbers shall be delivered neatly sewed; so as to remain on the desk, or in the book-case, as compact as bound books.

By combining all the advantages of a Review of Books, a Register of Events, and a Magazine of Miscellaneous Literature, the work cannot fail of interesting the Statesman, the Divine, the Members of the Faculty, the Lawyer, the Merchant, the Manufacturer, the Agriculturalist, and, generally, the Man of Business, and the Man of Leisure: the Domestick Circle, and the Recluse.

Decided and hearty friends to our most excellent Constitution in Church and State, we regard Morals, publick and private, as the solid foundation of prosperity, both national and individual; and we shall think it a part of the duty we owe to our country, to manifest our abhorrence of whatever opposes the purity of our holy religion, the loyalty due to our King, or the honour and welfare of our nation.

Influenced by these sentiments, to which our endeavours will be conformable, we cheerfully commit ourselves to the candour of the British nation, in commencing an enterprise so novel in its principle, and so arduous in its execution.

### LEVITY.

The style of Doctor Johnson has not escaped the shaft of ridicule. He who made every one tremble before the severity of his criticism is himself brought to the bar of critical opinion, and been punished with the lash which he so liberally inflicted. The stateliness and dignity of his language had a very ludicrous appearance when connected with the smaller concerns of life, and hence a judicious imitation of his phraseology on trifling subjects has been a favourite manner of attack with the criticks. The following humorous effusion fell from the pen of the Hon. Mr. Erskine, the present British Minister in this country, and is supposed to have been written by the Doctor from Buxton after coming out of the bath, and addressed to his friend Dr. Boswell.

[*Emerald.*

Fortune often delights to exalt what nature has neglected, and that renown which cannot be claimed by intrinsick excellence, is often derived from accident. "The Rubicon was ennobled by the passage of Cæsar," and the bubbling up of a stream in the middle of a lime-quarry, has given celebrity to Buxton.

The waters, in which it is agreed no mineral properties reside, and which seem to have no better claim to superiour heat than what is derived from comparing them with the almost Siberian atmosphere that surrounds them, are said, however, to possess a spirit, which though too volatile and unknown to receive a name from the chemists of graver ages, has, in this fanciful era, when macaroni philosophers hold situation with science, taken the lead of all the other elements; and those whose nerves have found no relief in change of sky, or variety, seek for a refuge here in *fixed air*.

Amazing indeed, is the avidity with which all ranks of mankind seek after that health which they have voluntarily alienated to disease. Like methodists, who hope for salvation through faith without works, invalids come here in hopes to find in the well, that vigour they lost in the bowl; and to absorb in the bath, the moisture that evaporated at the ball or in the stews.

For this purpose, they venture to this dreary spot, which contemplates, with envy, the highlands of Scotland; surrounded by barren mountains, beaten by storms almost perpetual—where scarce an inhabitant is to be seen, unless when the sun (whose appearance is justly considered one of the wonders of the Peak) draws them out, from a curiosity natural to man, to wonder into what cavern the storm has retired. Yet this is summer; and if the winter holds its natural proportion, the inhabitants of the hall, who are not thirty yards from the well, must pass months without any communication with it. Yet here the same folly which created disease, for the cure of which so much is suffered, obstructs the operation of the remedy from which so much is hoped. Animated

by the appetite, which even the diluent powers of common water, assisted by the vibrations of exercise and the collusive hilarity of reciprocal salutation, would give to a body obstructed by gluttony and rest; they devour with delirious hunger, a farinaceous sponge, with its interstices undulated in butter, which might smile with contempt at the peristaltick exertions of an elephant, and of which, the digestion would be no less an evil, than the obstruction: if obstructed, it convulses the stomach with rancid exhalations: and if by its gravity, it finds its way to the bowels, it tumefies them with flatulent paroxysms; by its detention in both, it becomes acrimonious and mephytick; and, while its fumes arise and salute the brain with palsy, its *caput mortuum* descends, and lays the foundation of fistula. Very providentially, however, the evils of breakfast are not aggravated by the dinner. Dinner is rather a ceremony here than a repast; and those who are delicate and sick acquire popularity, by disseminating among the multitude that food, which nothing but rude health, both of body and mind, could digest. When it is finished, the chaplain calls upon the company to be thankful for what they have received; and the company remembering they have breakfasted, join in the thanksgiving.

The evils of the day are likewise happily alleviated by the early hour of going to bed; and if sleep forsakes the pillow, even fancy itself cannot charge it upon the supper.

There are, notwithstanding, here, upwards of two hundred people, who, by talking continually of how much nature has left undone, and how little art has done for the place, increase the spleen in the hope to cure it; who speak with rapture of the beauties and pleasures of Matlock, which though within their reach, they never go to; and who hoping, by the power of imagination, convert a smoking cauldron into a cold bath, relax and wash to sensitive agony, those fibres, which require the tension of the bow-string, and the rigour of steel!

## THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—After the Comedy of the Merchant of Venice, in which Cooke and Miss Smith sustained the parts of Shylock and Portia with great ability, the following tributary Ode to the Memory of Lord Nelson, which we understand to be from the pen of Mr. Pierce, a gentleman to whom the publick is indebted for many elegant, poetick, and pleasing dramatick productions, was delivered by Cooke. It was accompanied with musick that excited the feeling and the sympathy of the audience, and was greatly applauded.

Ere yet this day, to Britain sacred made,  
Shall to eternity depart,—  
Let the warm homage of the heart,  
To NELSON's much-loved memory be paid!

Yes,—with fidelity, the land  
Shall own the splendours of his high command;

To him shall be her grateful praises giv'n;  
To him—her champion—sent down from Heav'n!

And often shall she boast in ardent strain  
His deeds—his deathless story!

He!—her firm sentinel upon the stormy main,

—His word of watch was—"England's glory!"

"The page—the mind—his worth shall keep,  
His bright career by honour led:

And ye,—beneath the waves who sleep—  
Transcendent 'mongst the valiant dead!  
Still shall the tale of triumph be renew'd,  
Whene'er the rocks of Trafalgar are view'd!

Never shall seaman thither steer,  
But for your fate shall duteous weep;  
And bending to your watery bier,  
Call forth your spirits from the deep:  
And while the wind sings o'er the tow'ring mast,  
A sigh of wo shall mingle with the blast!

There shall the musing mind delight,  
While on the scene the moon shall break,

To raise a visionary fight,—  
And bid the *Cheer* of victory wake!  
Those sounds dispersed, in Fancy's ear shall swell

The *ocean-minstrel's* dirge—the awful knell!"

O NELSON! to thy country early lost!  
Great was the final conquest! great the cost!

Yet, by his brave companions cherish'd,  
His rare example shall to future times  
Teach how, in various seas and climes,  
The foe beneath his valour perish'd!

And how, scorning their far-outnumb'ring  
force,  
Through the Atlantick waves he held his  
course,  
Upon his daring mission bound—  
To bring to battle—conquer—and confound !

The stage, on this occasion, was  
converted into an orchestra. Cooke  
delivered the ode in a very impressive  
manner. Each stanza was repeated  
by the vocal performers with great  
effect. Incledon was in admirable  
voice. Bellamy's bass was highly  
applauded. The musick, by Davy,  
was beautiful.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow ;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VALES with the veering wind :  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy ?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all ! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy ?

### THE CONTRAST.

Sally, with real pain I trace  
The contrast of thy mind and face :  
The snowy whiteness of thy skin,  
Contending with the crimson rose,  
Leads thy admirers to suppose  
'Tis pure intelligence within.

Oft have I seen a jar so fine,  
I thought that diamonds sure must shine  
In a receptacle so fair :  
But while my scrutinizing eye  
Dar'd in its dark recess to pry,  
I found a filthy cobweb there.

Believe me, Bell, I love but you,  
And pity my mistake ;  
I love your sister, it is true ;  
But love her for your sake.

The moon her light owes to the sun,  
And shines by him alone :  
So you are day, and she is night  
With me, when you are gone.  
Quebeck Mercury.

Covent Garden.—The splendid spec-  
tacle, "*The Deserts of Arabia*," has  
been performed a second time in  
London, and proved very attractive.  
The scenery and decorations are

equally novel and superb, and the me-  
chanists behind the scenes showing  
more expertness than on the first  
night, the piece went on without any  
farther interruption than what arose  
from clamorous approbation.

### THE HARP OF SORROW.

I gave my Harp to Sorrow's hand,  
And she has ruled the chords so long,  
They will not speak at my command,  
They warble only to her song.

Of dear departed hours,  
Too fondly loved to last,  
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,  
That died untimely in the blast.

Of long, long years of future care,  
Till lingering Nature yields her breath ;  
And endless ages of despair,  
Beyond the judgment-day of Death—

The weeping Minstrel sings,  
And while her numbers flow,  
My spirit trembles through the strings,  
And every note is full of woe.

Would Gladness move a sprightlier strain,  
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones ;  
The strings, impatient to complain,  
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to sooth the mind,  
With luxury of grief,  
The Soul, to suffering all resign'd,  
In Sorrow's musick feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre,  
The winds of dark November stray,  
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,  
And on its magic pulses play :

Till all the air around,  
Mysterious murmurs fill,  
A strange bewildering dream of sound,  
Most heavenly sweet, yet mournful still.

O snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,  
Hope ! who hast been a stranger long :  
O strike it with sublime command,  
And be the poet's life thy song !

Of vanish'd troubles sing,  
Of fears forever fled,  
Of flowers, that hear the voice of Spring,  
And burst and blossom from the dead !

Of home, contentment, health, repose,  
Serene delights, while years increase ;  
And weary life's triumphant close  
In some calm sun-set hour of peace :

Of bliss that reigns above,  
Celestial May of youth,  
Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,  
And everlasting as his truth.

Sing heavenly Hope!—and dart thine hand  
O'er my frail Harp, untun'd so long;  
That Harp shall breathe at thy command,  
Immortal sweetness thro' thy song.

Ah! then this gloom control,  
And at thy voice shall start  
A new creation in my soul,  
And a new Eden in my heart!

A country magistrate being asked  
what was meant by a *minor canon*?  
answered—"I suppose it means a *pis-  
tol or gun*!"

### IMPROMPTU,

*On hearing the Aurora man styled "a lover of  
truth."*

D— has great respect for Truth,  
That every man must own;  
He proves his deference, ev'ry day,  
By—*letting her alone!* Q. E. D.

Freeman's Journal.

### From the Pastime.

#### AMERICAN SCENERY.

Why should American travellers  
expatiate with so much enthusiasm on  
the sublime and picturesque beauties  
of Switzerland, Scotland, and the con-  
fines of Germany, while their own  
country can boast of more attractive  
scenery, and with which they are to-  
tally unacquainted? What is more  
sublime than the Highlands of the  
North River: what more awfully tre-  
mendous than the cataract of Niagara:  
what more romantick than the vale of  
Lebanon: what can surpass the so-  
lemn and majestick gloom of the dis-  
tant mountains, the pensive and sooth-  
ing silence of the groves, the pastoral  
simplicity of the cottagers, or the  
wild luxuriance of the meadow?

I am not one of those who decry  
every thing that is American. I love  
my country, and I delight to contem-  
plate that noble spirit of perseverance  
which has enabled the laborious hus-  
bandman to climb the loftiest moun-  
tains, and to change the rude garb of  
nature for the rich habiliments of cul-  
tivation. I have often gazed with de-  
light upon the verdant hills rising am-  
phitheatrically around me; I have of-  
ten contemplated the progressive in-

fluence of the departing sun on the  
distant mountains; or the bright orb  
of day rising in the pride of his splen-  
dour, gilding them with his ruddy  
light, and chasing the fogs, fantasti-  
cally formed, from their lofty tops.  
These are scenes which we have no  
need of going to Europe to behold.  
To extend the allusion, in the words  
of that eminent poet, Mr. Paine, of  
Boston:

What though no wave Pactolian laves her  
shore,  
Nor gleam her caverns with Peruvian ore;  
Yet she has MINES, which need no rod to  
trace—  
Search not her *bosom*, but survey her *face*

Beneath the shade, which Freedom's oak  
displays,  
Their votive shrine Apollo's offspring raise,  
With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,  
They cull the meadow, or explore the waste;  
Each tract, they culture, verdant life per-  
fumes,  
With judgment ripens, or with genius blooms.

In strength of scene, delights a Ramsay's  
page;  
With classic truth, a Belknap charms the  
age.  
In cloudless splendour, modest Minot shines,  
And Bunker flames in Allen's glowing lines.

By sister arts, and kindred powers allied,  
The Trumbulls rise, the lyre's and pencil's  
pride;  
And ev'ry Muse has carved Philenia's name,  
On ev'ry laurel in the grove of Fame.

*Poem on the Invention of Letters, p. 11.*

An Oxford and Cambridge man  
once met in company, who held diffe-  
rent opinions concerning the person of  
Christ; one supposing him to be God,  
the other to be only a man: of course  
each thought the other a heretick.  
The former, with a serio-comical air,  
wrote the two following lines down,  
and presenting them to the latter, ask-  
ed him if he knew to whom they were  
applicable.

Tu Judæ similis Dominumque Deumque  
negasti;

Dissimilis Judas est tibi—pænituit.

*Englished.*

You, Judas like, your Lord and God denied;  
Judas, unlike to you, repentant sigh'd.

\*The signature of Mrs. MORTON, the  
American Sappho.

The latter instantly wrote down on the same piece of paper the following lines, and presented them with the same serio-comical air as the other had done, meaning to lay the whole emphasis on the word *tu*:

*Tu simul et similis Judæ, tu dissimilisque;  
Judæ iterum similis sis, laqueumque petas.*

*Englished.*

You are like Judas, and unlike that elf,  
Once more like Judas be, and hang yourself.

The delightful description of a *Cotter's Saturday Night*, by Burns, has given occasion to an elegant picture by Mr. Smith.

"But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;  
Jenny, wha kens the meaning of the same;  
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor  
To do some errands and convoy her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, an' flush her cheek;  
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his  
name,  
While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak;

Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild  
worthless rake,  
Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,  
A strappan youth: he takes the mother's  
eye:  
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;  
The father cracks o' horses, ploughs, and  
kye."

With regard to the dispensation of law in France, Bonaparte's *will* is the law—his *caprice* the *jury*—his *power* the *judge*—and his *fury* the *executioner*.

*Small things compared with great* —  
At a late vestry meeting, one of the parish orators began his oration with these words: "The eyes of *all Europe* are this day fixed on the proceedings of this assembly."

#### MERRIMENT.

In a dispute concerning the superiority of man over the brute creation, and wherein that superiority consisted, a gentleman contended, that it consisted in the power of ratiocination, and of drawing inferences from premises. While his opponent, who was a physician, insisted, that animals pos-

sessed the same power. When the company broke up, the latter gentleman went to visit a patient, who was a painter, of the name of Wiseman. In the course of conversation, the physician adverted to the patient's trade, and took notice how well the sign over his house-door was painted; and asked him, whether he thought he should be able, when recovered, to draw some curious object for him? "O yes, sir," answered Wiseman, "I can draw any thing." "Pray," said the doctor, "can you draw an inference?" "Why, no doctor," replied he, "I do not think I can." Returning from his visit, he overtook a brewer's dray, the fore-horse of which was remarkably strong and beautiful. "You have a very fine horse there, friend," said the doctor, "he seems to draw extremely well." "Aye, sir, that he does," said the man, "he will draw any thing." "Pray," returned the doctor, "do you think he could draw an inference?" "Lord bless you, he can draw a thousand," answered the drayman. The next time the doctor met his opponent, "Well, sir, says he, I think you will now allow me to have established my argument, as I have met with a *wise man* who could not draw an inference, and with a *dray-horse* who can draw a thousand."

The Rev. Mr. Bowles had once a dispute with a rude Cantab, concerning the different learned men their respective universities could boast of. The Soph, to prove at once that his *Alma Mater* had the preeminence, said, "All the great poets had been sent from Cambridge." "That is the reason then," said Mr. Bowles, "I suppose, that we do not find any left."

A lady expressing her surprise on seeing Dr. Parr, at breakfast, cutting slice after slice of a huge gammon of Yorkshire bacon, the Doctor first taking a draught of porter, (which with a pipe, forms constantly a part of his morning repast), replied—You will not deny, madam, that mine is a *literary* breakfast, when you reflect that I am making *extracts from Bacon*.

“How much it is to be lamented,” said a gentleman, “that Sir Joshua Reynolds was not careful to use colours that would stand. Some of his best pieces are already spoilt from this neglect,” “True,” said the Duchess of Devonshire, “he has always come off with *flying colours*.”

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

**MR. OLDSCHOOL,**

A piece of minor criticism in your first volume upon the Anacreon of Mr. Moore, dwelt with some vehemence upon a phrase in the lines

Oh, can the tears we tend to thought  
In life's account avail us aught ?

The slightest reflection might have shown the critick, that what he complained of was not an error in Moore, but an erratum of the press. The metaphor is as plain as it is pathetic.

Oh, can the tears we lend to thought  
In life's account avail us aught?

Permit me to remark upon a couple of passages in the last publication of that of Philademus.

In a note upon that delightful water-piece, "I stole along the flowery bank," your friend Moore confesses the violence he has done natural history in the case of the *agave*. He defends himself upon "as large a charter as the wind's withal," and boasts the countenance Plato gives to three removes from truth. Plato, I think, does not allow the extravagance; he simply remarks it. Speaking of the infatuation of those who put their trust in poetry, and place a reliance on it for precepts upon matters of life; he observes further, in the tenth book of his Commonwealth καὶ τὰ ἔργα αὐτῶν ἡφαίστος, ἢ αἰδαιούται τρίτῃ ἀπὸ τοῦ ὄντος. τ. 2. λ.

The fiction of the first parents of Epicurean philosophy in the little gardens of Gangettus, that in the blessed Islands

Leontium still upon her sage's breast  
Found Love, and Love was tutored and ca-  
ressed.

is a very charming one, but as perfect a fiction as Barnes's of the Synchronism of the Teian and the Lesbian. Leontium was only a summer friend. Alciphron has preserved an epistle of hers to Lamia, in which she laughs at a great rate at the violent fondness and childish love-letters of the old man of eighty.

If Mr. Moore thinks with many others, that Alciphron is an apocrypha of the fourth century, there can be no other cause shown, I believe, why the joys of these philosophers should be disturbed.

A couple of lines from an elegy in the eighth book of Tibullus are quite a burden to the remonstrance, "I know that none can smile like thee;"

**Quid tibi nunc molles prodest colluise capillos  
Sæpeque disposuisse comas ?**

I thank you for publishing the little version from Plato. There is more provocation given in this letter, I fear, for your *parenthesis* than before. But you know best. The motto at the head of the poetry, is from a letter of thanks from Julian the apostate to Alypius, "Cæsarii fratrem" who had sent Julian an elegant set of geographical tablets. "They are fit," says he in return, "to be inscribed with Sappho's writings."—But you readily see that the looseness of the term ἀρμότιον will allow the sentence to be construed, "tones to which Sappho would have delighted to have adapted her hymns," or, "tones in which she would have wished to have had her hymns sung."

yours, &c.

*Bruns.*

H. L.

**N. B.** If you dislike the representation of Moore by Philodemus, I request that instead of consulting Lempiere for his character, you would turn to Menage's first notes upon the Epicureans, and Cicero's oration against Piso.

Οἶους ἡ καλὴ Σαπφὼ βύλῃται τοῖς υμνοῖς  
ἀρμόττειν.

**Julian. Apostat.**

From the strands of her Erin a wanderer  
came

To chant her wild hymn in the west,

To the star that at evening on tinges of flame  
Was sinking in languishing rest.  
The billow that wafted her—light to its  
swell,

With peace to the heavens of the sail,  
That enshrined the bright tints of my emerald shell  
And folded her breath in their veil.

Oh, where in the seas doth the melody  
sleep,

That expired on Arion's last breath,  
When the cry of the north and the screams  
of the deep

Bore his harp to the angel of death!  
The billow where long had this harmony  
slept,

Near the cot of her slumbers was heaving,  
And threw the night-spray that it evermore  
wept,

On the song Emma's murmurs were  
weaving.

As I hung on the voice o'er whose hallow-  
ing sigh

Your lip so sweet minstrelsy flings,  
Scarce Strada's tranced bird was more  
breathless than I,

Tho' the flutterer expired on the strings.  
Then welcome, sweet shell, to the banks of  
the west,

Where the Echo Sprite never had read  
Such Tablets of song as this minute he prest,  
To the lustre his lightening eye shed.

H. L.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

### MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I submit these lines to your perusal. They are the first essay of a juvenile mind: should they merit a place in your "elegant Miscellany," you will highly delight the writer by inserting them; but, should you think them too juvenile, the greatest favour you can bestow on him will be—to cast them into the fire.

All poets unite in the praise of the fair,  
Of their persons, their features, their step  
and their air,

Of their skins' snowy white and their per-  
sons so pretty,

But who of them sung of a lass like my  
Kitty.

Some sung handsome teeth—white as iv'ry  
or pearl,

Some their hair's graceful ringlet, disposal  
or curl;

Iv'ry or pearl, in comparison's trifling—so  
pretty,

So white and well formed are the teeth of my  
Kitty.

Coral lips, too, the object of man's adora-  
tion,

Have oft their fire roused in poetick narration,  
Yet their praise is all fustian, tho' fair—none  
so pretty

But far are excelled by my beautiful Kitty.

Her cheeks like carnation, with roses may  
vie,

Black as jet is her hair, like the sloe is her  
eye,

And had Paris seen her on Ida, so pretty,  
With pleasure he 'd yielded the prize to  
sweet Kitty.

Then her manners, so chaste, they Diana  
upbraid,

When she chats in gay circle, or frisks in the  
glade;

In Archery too, though less skilful—yet  
pretty,

The arrows strike sure from the eyes of  
my Kitty.

The Grecians of old talked of Venus and  
Love,

And many such Deities dwelling above,  
Like to Venus's self, so enchanting,—so  
pretty,

The youths lose their hearts who converse  
with fair Kitty.

STANLEY.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

### VERSES TO DELIA,

ON THE AUTHOUR'S EMBARKING FOR  
INDIA.

Though adverse fortune, vain desire,  
Contempt of ease, or youthful fire,  
Have thus condemn'd me far to roam,  
An exile from my native home,  
Where'er I go, where'er I rove,  
I'll ne'er abandon thee, my love;  
But ever present to my mind,  
Recal the Nymph I left behind.

Oft shall Fancy paint thy charms,  
And give thee blushing to my arms;  
And the enchanted hour beguile  
With DELIA's form and DELIA's smile.  
Then come! thou sweetly pleasing pow'r,  
With such enjoyments bless each hour!  
Come to my soul, impart thy aid  
That I may constant view the maid!  
And to thy sacred shrine, I swear  
No image else shall enter there!  
Though on the Line I panting lay,  
Where downward darts the scorching rays  
Whilst no refreshing breeze allays  
The sun's reflected potent blaze;  
Of tardy hours I'll not complain,  
Nor idly pass the time in vain:  
For, soon as Cynthia's milder beams,  
Invite to Fancy's fairy dreams,  
I'll grateful take the scene above,  
And pleas'd, devote my soul to love.  
Thus musing by the solemn light,  
With rapture will I pass the night,  
Recalling many a happy day:  
How swift the time will pass away!  
When near the boist'rous Cape I sail,  
And prove the rough tempestuous gale.  
Though roaring billows rage around,  
And clouds the seas with skies confound,

When loud the mutt'ring thunders roll,  
And lightnings stream around the Pole,  
Calm and content I'll laugh at these,  
And sink on scenes which ever please.  
Transported to those blissful bow'rs,  
Where oft I've pass'd enraptur'd hours;  
The Nymph I will with zeal adore,  
And as she smiles will love the more.  
Thence wand'ring by some murm'ring  
stream,

Whilst love shall be my constant theme,  
I'll gather, as we rambling go,  
The blooming flow'rs which fragrant blow;  
And, happy, deck with these the hair  
Of Delia, fairest of the fair.

What pleasure then! what pure delight!  
How will each object charm my sight!  
To see her pleas'd, her eyes serene,  
With equal joy partake the scene;  
Behold the charms the landscape yields,  
And hear the echo of the fields,  
Where mirth, and joy, and rural pleasures,  
With health, content, life's sweetest trea-  
sures,

Call forth the kindly social powers,  
To gayly pass the happy hours.

What, tho' bleak winds incessant blow,  
And foul and dark descends the snow,  
Whilst round me fierce the tempest raves,  
And horrors fill the raging waves;  
Let but sweet Fancy intervene,  
How soon is harmoniz'd the scene!  
Then blooming Spring displays her charms,  
And frees from all but Love's alarms;  
Then warbling groves delight the heart,  
Whilst fields and meadows charms impart,  
Pleas'd I can tread the painted plain,  
And see thee, Delia, once again;  
Behold the rose thy cheek displays,  
And on thy eyes enraptur'd gaze;  
Those eyes, the source of lasting pain  
To many a luckless wretched swain,  
Who, martyrs to successful love,  
Are not, like me, condemn'd to rove.

But Oh! whilst thus I brave the main,  
And, rapt in visions, banish pain;  
Whilst thus remov'd from Delia, far,  
My heart still seeks its polar star,  
Supremely happy should I be  
Would she bestow one thought on me,  
And pleas'd, from foolish joys withdrawn,  
In pensive mood prefer the lawn,  
There to behold the wand'ring moon  
Riding near her highest noon.  
So would I also eager gaze,  
And all night long resound her praise.  
These are the joys which Fancy gives,  
'Tis thus our sorrows she relieves;  
Then say not I an exile roam  
And wander wretched from my home;  
For while of Delia's love possess'd,  
I am and ever must be bless'd.  
But if indeed all hope was lost,  
If heaven and earth my passion crost,  
If, when I sighing leave the maid,  
She frowns, and heeds not what is said;

How soon would Fancy, fled away,  
Leave me to curse the tedious day;  
When boist'rous seas around me roll,  
My inward storms she'd ne'er control;  
But leave, abandon'd to despair,  
O'erwhelm'd and plagued with ev'ry care,  
One dismal gloom would cloud the skies,  
No fairy scenes to bless my eyes;  
And Nature, barren, drear and waste,  
With every former charm defac'd,  
Would render life one wretched toil,  
This earth a prison, loath'd and vile.

—  
For The Port Folio.

ODE—FROM HORACE.

Whence, *Asteria*, comes that sigh?  
Whence the tear that dims thine eye?  
Fond complainer, cease to mourn,  
Soon thy *Damon* will return.  
Many a sleepless night at sea,  
Musing, he devotes to thee.

What, though *Damon* wander far,  
Guided by the midnight star?  
What, though angry tempests rave,  
Sweeping o'er the whiten'd wave?  
Quickly shall the favouring gale  
Homeward swell his eager sail;  
Soon, with health and fortune blest,  
He shall clasp thee to his breast.  
Happy *Damon*, favour'd youth,  
Blest by beauty, love and truth!  
What, though *Chloe's* tempting wiles,  
Words, and looks, and wanton smiles,  
On a distant shore combine  
To detain him—still he's thine.

Sweetly though she oft has told  
Tales of chiefs and heroes bold,  
Doom'd the vengeful power to prove  
Of a woman's slighted love;  
Though, to turn his heart aside,  
Many a winning art she try'd;  
Vain her Syren charms combine;  
Still the constant youth is thine.  
Fond complainer, cease to mourn,  
Soon thy rover will return;  
But while *Damon* wanders far,  
Let *Asteria* too beware.

*Lycidas*, admiring comes  
Where thy rose of beauty blooms:  
Few like *Lycidas* possess  
All the charms of manly grace:  
Skilled the bounding steed to guide,  
Skill'd to cleave the lucid tide,  
Versed in each attractive art—  
Oh! from him preserve thy heart.  
When his nightly serenade  
Hails thee "cold and cruel maid,"  
Prove deserving of the name,  
Cold to all but *Damon's* flame.

Fond complainer, cease to mourn,  
Soon thy rover will return.

*For The Port Folio.***MR. OLDSCHOOL,**

The following lines are from the pen of Master J. H. Payne whom probably you have heard of, and of whose poetical promise the stanzas enclosed are no unfavourable specimen. Considered as the production of a lad of fourteen years, they certainly exhibit a glow of fiction, and a view of enthusiasm truly wonderful, and which in their maturity may do honour to the poetical character of his country. I am sure you will be of that opinion on glancing at the 2d and 3d stanzas in which the tenderness of elegy is peculiarly exhibited. The whole is in my opinion far beyond the common flight of the versifier; addressing itself to the heart in the simple vein of unaffected sorrow.

*New-York May 10, 1807.*

**EPITAPH ON DERMODY.**

Oh stranger, if thou hast a sigh,  
A pitying sigh for others' woes,  
Then linger yet a moment nigh—  
For sacred ashes here repose!

Oh! didst thou know what relics sleep  
In this dark, cold, sepulchral bed,  
Mayhap, thou'dst sit, like me, and weep,  
The wild ey'd Bard of Erin dead.

And thou would'st bathe the flowers that  
wave,  
Till ev'ry flower that bloom'd before,  
Should, bending, kiss the sacred grave,  
Should bow, and weep, and bloom no  
more!

Ah! could he touch his harp of song,  
His sweet ton'd, warbling, much lov'd  
lyre,  
Whose notes as he would oft prolong,  
Would kindle all his soul to fire!

Ah! could he touch—perchance the strain  
Would wake a kindred glow in thee,  
And even thou a sigh might'st deign,  
To frenzied, luckless Dermody!

But now, all hush'd his tuneful lay,  
And dimm'd the lightning of his eyes,  
And wrapt his lifeless form in clay,  
In this cold grave the poet lies!

Here, oft at ev'ning's hallow'd tide,  
The sire shall lead his infant boy;  
Who loves to listen by his side,  
And hears his tale all mute with joy.

And often shall the village youth  
From childish pastimes steal, alone,  
To deck with flowers this grass-green turf,  
And twine with wreaths this mossy stone.

And the lone traveller, wand'ring near,  
Of many an hour, by wo beguil'd,  
Shall mourn, with many a silent tear,  
The poet, "wonderful and wild."

**MR. OLDSCHOOL,**

The following beautiful lines, taken from an English publication, are supposed to have been written by an AFRICAN PRINCE who arrived in England some time since, and, on being asked, what he had given for his watch, replied, "What I shall never be able to recal!"

**PHILANTHUS.**

When avarice enslaves the mind,  
And selfish views alone bear sway,  
Man turns a savage to his kind,  
And blood and rapine mark his way;  
Alas! for this poor simple toy  
I sold a blooming Negro boy.

His father's hope, his mother's pride,  
Tho' black, yet comely to their view;  
I tore him helpless from their side  
And gave him to a ruffian crew:  
To FRIENDS\* that Africk's coast annoy  
I sold the charming Negro boy.

From country, friends and parents torn,  
His tender limbs in chains confined,  
I saw him o'er the billows borne,  
And marked his agony of mind;  
But still to gain the simple toy,  
I gave away the Negro boy.

In isles that deck the western wave,  
I doomed the hopeless youth to dwell:  
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave,  
A beast that Christians buy and sell;  
And in their cruel tasks employ  
The much enduring Negro boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,  
Shall long explore the distant main,  
In hopes to see the youth return;  
But all their hopes and sighs are vain,  
They never will the sight enjoy,  
Of their lamented Negro boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,  
He wears away his youthful prime,  
Far distant from his native land,  
A stranger in a foreign clime:  
No pleasing thoughts his mind em-  
ploy—  
A poor dejected Negro boy.

But He who "walks upon the wind,  
Whose voice in thunder 's heard on high,  
Who doth the raging tempest bind,  
Or wing the lightning through the sky,  
In his own time will soon destroy  
Th' oppressors of the Negro boy.

\* American slave-traders.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

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Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 30, 1807.

[No. 22.]

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

### ORIENTAL POESY.

POEM BY HARETH.

WHEN Amru had finished his extravagant panegyrick on the tribe of Tagleb, and had received the loud applause of his own party, Hareth arose, and pronounced the following poem or speech in verse, which he delivered, according to some authours, without any meditation, but which, as others assert, with greater appearance of probability, he had prepared and gotten by heart.

Although, if we believe Asmai, the poet was above a hundred years old at this time, yet he is said to have poured forth his couplets with such boiling ardour, that, without perceiving it, *he cut his hand with the string of his bow, on which, after the manner of the Arabians, he leaned while he was speaking.*

Whatever was his age, the wisdom and art of his composition are finely contrasted with the youthful imprudence of his adversary, who must have exasperated the king, instead of conciliating his good will, and seems even to have menaced the very man from whom he was asking a favourable judgment. Hareth, on the contrary, begins with complimenting the queen, whose name was Asoma, and

who heard him from behind the tapisstry: he appears also to have introduced another of his favourites, Hinda, merely because that was the name of the king's mother; and he celebrates the monarch himself as a model of justice, valour, and magnanimity. The description of his camel, which he interweaves according to custom, is very short; and he opens the defence of his tribe with coolness and moderation; but, as he proceeds, his indignation seems to be kindled, and the rest of his harangue consists of sharp expostulations, and bitter sarcasms, not without much sound reasoning, and a number of allusions to facts which cannot but be imperfectly known to us, though they must have been fresh in the memory of his hearers. The general scope of his argument is, that no blame was justly imputable to the sons of Beir for the many calamities which the Taglebites had endured, and which had been principally occasioned by their own supineness and indiscretion. This oration, or poem, or whatever it may be denominated, had its full effect on the mind of the royal umpire, who decided the cause in favour of the Beirites, and lost his life for a decision apparently just. He must have remarked the fiery spirit of the poet Amru, from the style of his eloquence, as Cæsar first discovered the impetuous vehemence of Brutus's

temper from his speech, delivered at Nice, in favour of king Deiotarus; but neither the Arabian nor the Roman tyrant were sufficiently on their guard against men whom they had irritated even to fury.

#### THE POEM.

Doth fair Asoma give us notice of her departure? Oh, why are sojourners so frequently weary of sojourning! *She is resolved to depart*, after our mutual vows among the sandy hillocks of Shamma, and in the nearer station of Khalsa; *vows, repeated in Mohavat, Sifah, and Aglai, in Dhu Filak, Adhib, and Wafa; vows, renewed in the bowers of Katha, and the dales of Shoreib, in the Two Valleys, and in the plains of Ayla!* I see no remains of the troth which she plighted in those stations; and I waste the day in tears, frantick with grief: but oh! what part of my happiness will tears restore?

Yet, O Hareth, *a new passion invites thee*; for Hinda is before thy eyes, and the fire, which she kindles at night in the hills, will direct thee to her abode. She kindles it with abundance of wood between the hilly stations of Akeik and Shaksein, and it blazes like the splendour of the sun.

I have been contemplating her fire from a distance, on the hill whence our excursions are made; but oh! the scorching heat, and the calamities of war, prevent me from approaching her. But I seek assistance in dispelling my care, when the sojourner of the tent hastily leaves his abode *through fear of some impending calamity*, on a camel swift as an ostrich, the mother of many young ones, the long-necked inhabitant of the desert, who hears a soft sound, and dreads the approach of the hunter in the afternoon just before the dusk of the evening: then mayest thou see behind her, from the quick motion of her legs, and the force with which she strikes the earth, a cloud of dust, thin as the gossamer; and the traces of her hoofs, which are such as to be soon effaced by the winds blowing over the sandy plain. With her I disport myself in the sultry noon, while every son of valour is like a blind camel devoted to death.

Yet misfortunes and evil tidings have brought on us affairs which give us affliction and anguish; for our brethren, the family of Arakem, *the dragon-eyed*, have transgressed the bounds of justice against us, and have been vehement in their invectives: they have confounded the blameless among us with the guilty, and the most perfect innocence has not escaped their censure. They have insisted, that all who pitch their tents in the desert are our associates, and that we are involved in their offences.

They assembled their forces by night, and as soon as the dawn appeared, there was nothing heard among them but a tumultuous noise of those who called, and those who answered; the neighing of horses, and among the rest, the lowing of camels.

O thou, who adornest thy flowery speeches concerning us before Amru, can this falsehood be long detected? Imagine not that thy instigation will animate him against us, or humiliate us; since long before thee our enemies have openly calumniated us, yet we continued advancing ourselves in defiance of their hate, with laudable self-sufficiency and exalted reputation. Before this day, the eyes of nations have been dazzled by our glory, and have been moved with envious indignation and obstinate resentment. Fortune seemed to raise for us a dark rock, with a pointed summit, dispelling the clouds, thick and firm, secured from calamity, not to be weakened by any disaster however grievous and violent.

Intrust to our wisdom, every momentous affair from which you desire to be extricated, and by which the assemblies of chiefs are made unhappy. If you inquire concerning our wars between Milaha and Dhakib, you will find on their plains many an unavenged, and many an avenged course; or if examining diligently the questions in which all tribes are deeply interested, you will see the difference between your offences and your innocence: but, if you decline *this fair discussion*, we shall turn from you with resentment, concealing hatred in our bosoms as the mote is concealed in the closed eye-lids.

Reject, if you please, the terms which we offer; but of whom have you heard that surpasses us in glory? You have perfectly known us, on the days when the warriors have assailed one another with rapacious violence, when every tribe has raised a tumultuous din; when we brought up our camels from the palm-groves of Bahrein, and drove them by rapid marches, till we reached the plains of Hisa.

Then we advanced against the sons of Tamerin; and when the sacred month required the cessation of our war, we carried away the daughters of their tribe for our handmaids.

In opposition to us, neither could the valiant man keep his ground on the level field, nor did the precipitate flight avail the frail-hearted. No; the coward, who ran hastily from the plain, was not saved by the summit of rocks or the roughness of craggy paths. By these exertions we maintained our preeminence over the tribes, until Moudir, son of the beautiful Maisema, obtained the dominion: he was a prince who bore witness to our valour on the day of Hayarain, when the calamity of war was in truth a calamity; a prince who subjected nations:

whose equal in magnanimity could not be found among them.

Desist then from vaunting and from hostility: you have, indeed, pretended ignorance of our claims; but from that pretended ignorance will proceed your woe. Remember well the oaths taken in Dhu'lmejaz, the covenants and vows of amity which were made there of old. Beware of injustice and violence; nor let your intemperate passions impel you to violate contracts written on tablets. Know, that we and you, on the day when we made our treaty, were equally bound by our respective engagements.

Are we responsible for the crimes of Canada? Shall their conquering chief have the spoils, and shall reprisals be made upon us? Are we responsible for the excesses of Haneifa, and for all the conflicts which the dusty plain has seen accumulated? Must we answer for the offences of the sons of Ateik? No: whoever has broken the covenant, we are innocent of their war.

Doth the guilt of Ibaad hang on our heads, as the burthen is suspended on the centre of the camel's girths? Has the blame due to Kodhaa fallen upon us, or rather, are we not secure from a single drop of their faults? Are we responsible for the crimes of Iyaad, as it was said to the tribe of Thasm, Your brethren are rebels? Those who raised the dissension belonged not to us; neither Kais, nor Jondal, nor Hadda.

Vain pretenses! Unjust pretensions! *That we should suffer for others, as the roe is sacrificed in the place of the sheep!* Fourscore warriors, indeed, advanced from Tamerin, and their hands carried lances, whose points were Fate; yet they profaned not the hallowed places of the sons of Rizaah, on the hills of Nitaa, when they called on them for mercy: they left them, however, wounded on the plain, and returned with captive flocks and herds so numerous, that the drivers of them were deafened with their cries. The vanquished tribe came afterwards to implore restitution; but not a single beast, either black or of a white hue, was restored to them: so they retired with heart-breaking afflictions; nor could any stream of water quench their ardent rage: after this, a troop of horsemen, led by the impetuous Ghallaak, assailed them without remorse or pity: full many a son of Tagleb has been smitten, whose blood has flowed unrevenged, while the black dust covered his corse.

Are your cares comparable to those of our tribe, when Mondir waged war against them? Are we, *like you*, become subject to the son of Hinda? When he fixed his abode in the lofty turrets of Maisuna, and sojourned in the nearer station of Khaltha, from every tribe there flocked around him a company of robbers, impetuous as eagles: he led them on, and supplied them with dates

and with water; so the will of God was accomplished, and afflicted men doomed to affliction.

Then, you invited them to attack you by your want of circumspection; and the vain security of your intemperate joy impelled them to be hostile. They surprised you not, indeed, by a sudden assault; but *they advanced*, and the sultry vapour of noon, *through* which you saw them, increased their magnitude.

O thou inveterate and glozing calumniator, who inveighest against us before king Amru! will there be no end of thy unjust invectives? Between Amru and us many acts of amity have passed, and from all of them, no doubt, has benefit arisen. He is a just prince, and the most accomplished that walks the earth; all praise is below his merit: a prince descended from Irem! a warrior, like him, ought ever to be encircled with troops of genii; for he protects his domain, and refuses to punish even his opponents! A monarch who knows us by three infallible signs, by each of which our eloquence is decided: *the first is* the conspicuous token of our valour, when all Arabia come forth in the rocky vales, each tribe of Maad under their banner, and assembled in complete armour, round the warlike Kais, that valiant Prince of Yemen, who stood *firm and brilliant*, like a white cliff. Then came a legion of high-born youths, whom nothing could restrain but our long and glittering spears; but we repelled them with strokes *which made their blood gush from their sides*, as the water streams from the mouth of a bottle which contains it. We drove them for refuge to the craggy hills of Kahlaan; we thrust them before us, till the muscles of their thighs were breeched in gore. We did them with a deed, the name of which God only knows; and no revenge could be taken for the blood of men who sought their own fate. Next advanced Hojar, son of Ommi Kathaam, with an army of Persians, clad in discoloured brass, a lion in the conflict, of a ruddy hue, trampling on his prey; but a vernal season of beneficence in every barren year: yet we smote them on the foreheads with our cimeters, the edges of which quivered in their flesh like buckets drawn from a deep well encircled with stone.

*Secondly*, we broke the chains of Amriolkais, after his long imprisonment and anguish. We forcibly avenged the death of Mondir on the king of Gassair, that his blood might not flow in vain. We redeemed our captives with nine kings of illustrious race, whose spoils were exceedingly precious. With the horses, with the dark horses, of the sons of Aus, came whole squadrons, fierce as eagles with crooked beaks: We scarce had passed through the

cloud of dust, when they turned their backs; and then how dreadfully blazed the fire of our vengeance.

Lastly, we gave birth to Amru the son of Omm Ayass; for not long ago were the bridal gifts presented to us as kinsmen.

May our faithful admonition reach all our kindred tribes, extended wide as our consanguinity, in plains beyond plains!

## REVIEW.

*From a British publication.*

*The Miseries of Human Life*; or the Groans of Samuel Sensitive, and Timothy Testy: with a few Supplementary Sighs from Mrs Testy. In twelve dialogues. Third Edition, foolscap 8vo. pp. 332. price 8s. boards. Miller, London, 1806.

It happened that we accidentally opened this volume at the last page, so that the authour's *postfixed* motto, after his *finis*, informed us at once what was the nature of his work:

"—ridentem dicere verum  
"Quid vetat?"

Why, nothing forbids that truth should be told, told too, cheerfully, jocosely, nay facetiously, and if not roguishly, nobody likes it better than we do. We consider a right to laugh as a part of the *lex non scripta* of the British Constitution; and with the valiant Queen Bess we "think foul scorn" that any prince or potentate on earth should prevent John Bull, or any of his family, from shaking either, his sides or his head, *ad libitum*. There is indeed a distinction, between being laughed *with*, and being laughed *at*; the rule, we believe, is—to let those laugh who win: though others say, let those laugh who can; for those who win will.—The publication before us, which in a very few weeks has reached a third edition, fully proves, that something is to be won by laughing; the authour laughed (in his sleeve) while composing it; the printer's devil—while it was at the press; the bookseller—when he saw his first and second editions exhausted; and his kind readers—during a summer recess from the arduous occupation of studying the good of their country:

*Risum teneatis amici?* But what is there in the "Miseries of human life" to excite this passion? It is a picture of minor misfortunes, rendered ludicrous by the importance attached to trifles. It is the ordinary vexations of humanity, the burrs which stick to whoever walks in the paths of life, which tease if they do not wound, and irritate if they do not distress, heightened by association, assimilation and ingenious description. The dialogue is well conducted, diversified by occasional allusions to classic writers, including scraps of Latin, and some of Greek, for the most part happily applied, though we think them sometimes chosen rather for sound, than for sense.

The authour has struck out an idea capable of receiving innumerable forms. Every stage of our existence has its miseries; from those of "the schoolboy, who, with satchel on his back creeps unwillingly to school," and "the lover who composes his woful ballad made to his mistress's eyebrow," and "sees Helen's beauty in a complexion of Egypt." Every profession has its miseries; the relations of life have their miseries, and perhaps there is no gratification more generally interesting than that which attends the recollection or the relation of adventures wherein good and evil of the lighter kinds were so equally and intimately blended, that for a moment the mind was embarrassed to disentangle them.

That such calamities may bear being joked at, we willingly admit; and we heartily commend the authour before us, for restraining his wit within the bounds of good manners. Had he treated serious subjects with levity, or unmanly sarcasm, we should have manifested our indignation; had he transgressed the laws of decorum, or of politeness, of virtue, or of religion, we should have thought no castigation too severe for him; but as the exciting of innocent mirth appears to have been his intention, we think him entitled to our thanks, and wish him on the part of the publick still further "demonstra-

tions of joy." We may add, *Ridendo castigat mores.*

The twelve dialogues comprise the Miseries of the Country; of Games, Sports, &c. of London, of Publick Places, of Travellers, of Social Life, of Reading and Writing, of the Table, Domestick Miseries, and Miseries Miscellaneous. Such are the "miseries that flesh is heir to." Now for a few specimens taken at haphazard.

"The delights of Hay-time! as follows: After having cut down every foot of grass upon your grounds, on the most solemn assurances of the barometer that there is nothing to fear—after having dragged the whole neighbourhood for every man, woman, and child, that love or money could procure, and thrust a rake, or a pitchfork, into the hand of every servant in your family, from the housekeeper to the scullion—after having long overlooked and animated their busy labours, and seen the exuberant produce turned and returned under a smiling sun, until every blade is as dry as a bone, and as sweet as a rose—after having exultingly counted one rising haystack after another, and drawn to the spot every scizable horse and cart, and all now standing in readiness to carry home the vegetable treasure as fast as it can be piled—at such a golden moment as this, Mr. Testy, to see volume upon volume of black, heavy clouds suddenly rising, and advancing, in frowning columns from the South-west; as if the Sun had taken half the zodiac—from Leo to Aquarius—at a leap: they halt—they muster directly over head;—at the signal of a thunder-clap, they pour down their contents with a steady perpendicular discharge, and the assault is continued without a moment's pause, till every meadow is completely got under, and the whole scene of action is a swamp. When the enemy has performed his commission by a total defeat of your hopes, when he has completely swept the field, and scattered your whole party in a panick flight, he suddenly breaks up his forces, and quits the ground; leaving you to comfort and amuse yourself, under your loss, by

looking at his *colours*, in the shape of a most beautiful rainbow which he displays in his rear." p. 30.

"While deeply, delightfully, and, as you hope, safely engaged at home in the morning, after peremptory orders of denial to all comers whomsoever,—being suddenly surprised, through the treachery or folly of your servant, by an inroad from a party of the starched, stupid, cold, idle natives of a neighbouring country-town, who lay a *formal* siege, by sap, to your leisure, which they carry on for at least two hours, in almost total silence:—

"Nothing there is to come, and nothing past,  
"But an eternal *Now* does ever last."

During the last hour they alternately tantalize and torment you, by seeming, (but *only* seeming), to go,—which they are induced to do at last only by the approach of a fresh detachment of the enemy, whom they descrie at your castle-gate, and to whose custody they commit you, while they pursue their own scouring excursions upon the other peaceful inhabitants of the district." p. 40.

"The plagues of that complicated evolution called "right hand and left," from the awkwardness of some, and the inattention of others;

*Ned. Tes.*

"Pallantes error certo de tramite pellit;  
Ille *sinistrorsum* hic *dextrorsum* abit."

*Hor.*

*Tes.* Again.

"Being compelled to shift your steps, at every instant, from jig to minuet, and from minuet to jig time, by the sleepy, ignorant, or drunken blunders of your musicians.

*Ned. Tes.*

"*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*" p. 50.

"As you are hastening down the Strand, on a matter of life and death, encountering at an archway, the head of the first of twelve or fourteen horses, who you *know*, must successively strain up with an overloaded coal-waggon, before you can hope to stir an inch—unless you prefer bedevilling

your white stockings and clean shoes, by scampering and crawling, among, and under, coaches, scavengers' carts, &c. &c. in the middle of the street." p. 66.

"After the play, on a raw wet night, with a party of ladies,—fretting and freezing in the outer lobbies, and at the street-doors of the theatre, among chairmen, barrow-women, yelling link boys, and other human refuse, in endless attempts to find out your servant, or carriage, which, when found at last, cannot be drawn up nearer than a furlong from the door." p. 86.

"After loudly boasting of your superior skill in stirring the fire and being requested by the lady of the house to undertake it,—suddenly extinguishing every spark, in playing off what you had announced as a chef d'œuvre of the poker."

The lady, Mrs. Testy, has also her catalogue of miseries, such as,

"A termagant cook, who suffers neither yourself nor your servants to have a moment's peace—yet as she is an excellent cook, and your husband a great epicure. (excuse me Mr. Testy), you are obliged to smother your feelings, and seem both blind and deaf to all her tantrums. p. 275.

"Working, half asleep, at a beautiful piece of fine netting, in the evening, and on returning to it in the morning, discovering that you have totally ruined it.

"After having consumed three years on a piece of tambour-work, which has been the wonder of the female world, leaving it, on the very day you have finished it, in the hackney-coach, in which you were exultingly carrying it to the friend whom you intended to surprize with it as a present: afterwards, repeatedly advertising—all in vain.

"After dinner, when the ladies retire with you from a party of very pleasant men, having to entertain, as you can, half a score of empty, or formal females; then, after a decent time has elapsed, and your patience and topicks are equally exhausted, ringing for the tea, &c. which you sit making in despair, for above two

hours; having three or four times, sent word to the gentlemen that it is ready, and overheard your husband, at the last message, answer "Very well—another bottle of wine." By the time that the tea and coffee are quite cold, they arrive, continuing, as they enter, and for an hour afterwards, their political disputes, occasionally suspended, on the part of the master of the house, by a *reasonable* complaint to his lady, at the coldness of the coffee; soon after the carriages are announced and the visitors disperse.

"At a ball—when you have set your heart on dancing with a particular favourite,—at the moment when you delightedly see him advancing towards you, being briskly accosted by a conceited simpleton at your elbow, whom you cannot endure, but who obtains, (because you know not in what manner to refuse), the honour of your hand for the evening."

From *Salmagundi*.

## LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELA KHAN, *Captain of a ketch, to ASAM HACCHEM, principal slave driver to his Highness the Bashaw of Tihodi.*

Sweet, oh, ASEEM! is the memory of distant friends! like the mellow ray of a departing sun it falls tenderly yet sadly on the heart. Every hour of absence from my native land rolls heavily by, like the sandy wave of the desert, and the fair shores of my country rise blooming to my imagination, clothed in the soft illusive charms of distance. I sigh—yet no one listens to the sigh of the captive; I shed the bitter tear of recollection, but no one sympathizes in the tear of the turban'd stranger! Think not, however, thou brother of my soul, that I complain of the horrors of my situation;—think not that my captivity is attended with the labours, the chains, the scourges, the insults that render slavery, with us, more dreadful than the pangs of hesitating, lingering death. Light, indeed, are the restraints on the personal freedom of thy kinsman; but

who can enter into the afflictions of the mind;—who can describe the agonies of the heart; they are mutable as the clouds of the air, they are countless as the waves that divide me from my native country.

I have, of late, my dear Asem, laboured under an inconvenience singularly unfortunate, and am reduced to a dilemma most ridiculously embarrassing. Why should I hide it from the companion of my thoughts, the partner of my sorrows and my joys? Alas! Asem, thy friend Mustapha, the sublime and invincible *captain of a ketch*, is sadly in want of a pair of breeches! Thou wilt doubtless smile, oh most grave mussulman, to hear me indulge in such ardent lamentations about a circumstance so trivial, and a want apparently so easy to be satisfied: but little canst thou know of the mortifications attending my necessities, and the astonishing difficulty of supplying them. Honoured by the smiles and attentions of the beautiful ladies of this city, who have fallen in love with my whiskers and my turban; courted by the bashaws and the great men, who delight to have me at their feasts; the honour of my company eagerly solicited by every fiddler who gives a concert; think of my chagrin at being obliged to decline the host of invitations that overwhelm me, merely for want of a pair of breeches! Oh Allah! Allah! that thy disciples could come into the world all be-feathered like a bantam, or with a pair of leather breeches like the wild deer of the forest! Surely, my friend, it is the destiny of man to be forever subjected to petty evils, which, however trifling in appearance, prey in silence on his little pittance of enjoyment, and poison those moments of sunshine, which might otherwise be consecrated to happiness.

The want of a garment thou wilt say is easily supplied, and thou mayest suppose need only be mentioned, to be remedied at once by any taylor of the land: little canst thou conceive the impediments which stand in the way of my comfort; and still less art thou acquainted with the prodigious *great scale* on which every thing is

transacted in this country. The nation moves most majestically slow and clumsy in the most trivial affairs, like the unwieldy elephant, which makes a formidable difficulty of picking up a straw! When I hinted my necessities to the officer who has charge of myself and my companions, I expected to have them forthwith relieved; but he made an amazing long face, told me that we were prisoners of state, that we must therefore be clothed at the expense of government; that as no provision had been made by congress for an emergency of the kind, it was impossible to furnish me with a pair of breeches, until all the sages of the nation had been convened to talk over the matter, and debate upon the expediency of granting my request. Sword of the immortal Khalid, thought I, but this is great! this is truly sublime! All the sages of an immense *logocracy* assembled together to talk about my breeches! Vain mortal that I am—I cannot but own I was somewhat reconciled to the delay which must necessarily attend this method of clothing me, by the consideration that if they made the affair a national act, my “name must of course be embodied in history,” and myself and my breeches flourish to immortality in the annals of this mighty empire!

“But pray, said I, how does it happen that a matter so insignificant should be erected into an object of such importance as to employ the representative wisdom of the nation, and what is the cause of their talking so much about a trifle?” “O,” replied the officer who acts as our slave-driver, it all proceeds from *economy*. If the government did not spend ten times as much money in debating whether it was proper to supply you with breeches, as the breeches themselves would cost, the people who govern the bashaw and his divan would straightway begin to complain of their liberties being infringed: the national finances squandered: not a hostile slang-whanger, throughout the *logocracy*, but would burst forth like a barrel of combustion; and ten chances

to one but the bashaw and the sages of his divan would all be turned out of office together. My good mussulman, continued he, the administration have the good of the people too much at heart to trifle with their pockets; and they would sooner assemble and talk away ten thousand dollars, than expend fifty silently out of the treasury; such is the wonderful spirit of *economy* that pervades every branch of this government." "But, said I, how is it possible they can spend money in talking—surely words cannot be the current coin of this country?" "Truly, cried he, smiling, your question is pertinent enough, for words indeed often supply the place of cash among us, and many an honest debt is paid in promises; but the fact is, the grand bashaw and the members of congress, or grand talkers of the nation, either receive a yearly salary or are paid *by the day*." "By the nine hundred tongues of the great boast in Mahomet's vision but the murder is out—it is no wonder these honest men talk so much about nothing, when they are paid for *talking*, like day labourers:" "you are mistaken," said my driver, "it is nothing but *economy*!"

I remained silent for some minutes, for this inexplicable word *economy* always discomfits me, and when I flatter myself I have grasped it, it slips through my fingers like a jack-o'-lantern. I have not, nor perhaps ever shall acquire sufficient of the philosophick policy of this government, to draw a proper distinction between an individual and a nation. If a man was to throw away a pound in order to save a beggarly penny, and boast at the same time of his economy, I should think him on a par with the fool in the fable of Alfanji, who, in skinning a flint worth a farthing, spoiled a knife worth fifty times the sum, and thought he had acted wisely. The shrewd fellow would doubtless have valued himself much more highly on his *economy*, could he have known that his example would one day be followed by the bashaw of America, and sages of his divan.

This economical disposition, my friend, occasions much fighting of the spirit and innumerable contests of the tongue in this talking assembly. Wouldst thou believe it? they were actually employed for a whole week in a most strenuous and eloquent debate about patching up a hole in the wall of the room appropriated to their meetings! A vast profusion of nervous argument and pompous declamation was expended on the occasion. Some of the orators, I am told, being rather waggishly inclined, were most stupidly jocular on the occasion; but their waggery gave great offence, and was highly reprobated by the more *weighty* part of the assembly, who hold all wit and humour in abomination, and thought the business in hand much too solemn and serious to be treated lightly. It is supposed by some that this affair would have occupied a whole winter, as it was a subject on which several gentlemen spoke who had never been known to open their lips in that place except to say *yes* and *no*. These silent members are by way of distinction denominated *orator mums*, and are highly valued in this country on account of their great talents for silence—a qualification extremely rare in a logocracy.

In the course of debate on this momentous question, the members began to wax warm, and grew to be exceeding wroth with one another, because their opponents most obstinately refused to be convinced by their arguments—or rather their *words*. The hole in the wall came well nigh producing a civil war of words throughout the empire; for, as usual in all publick questions, the whole country was divided, and the *holeans* and the *anti-holeans*, headed by their respective slangwangers, were marshalled out in array, and menaced deadly warfare. Fortunately for the publick tranquillity, in the hottest part of the debate, when two rampant Virginians, brimful of logick and philosophy, were measuring tongues, and syllogistically cudgelling each other out of their unreasonable notions, the president of the divan, a knowing old gentleman, one

might slyly sent a mason with a hod of mortar, who, in the course of a few minutes, closed up the hole and put a final end to the argument. Thus did this wise old gentleman, by hitting on a most simple expedient, in all probability, save his country as much money as would build a gunboat, or pay a hireling slang-whanger for a whole volume of words. As it happened, only a few thousand dollars were expended in paying these men, who are denominated, I suppose in derision, legislators.

Another instance of their economy I relate with pleasure, for I really begin to feel a regard for these poor barbarians. They talked away the best part of a whole winter before they could determine *not* to expend a few dollars in purchasing a sword to bestow on an illustrious warrior: yes Asem, on that very hero who frightened all our poor old women and young children at Derne, and fully proved himself a greater man than the mother that bore him. Thus, my friend, is the whole collective wisdom of this mighty logocracy employed in somniferous debates about the most trivial affairs, like I have sometimes seen an Herculean mountebank exerting all his energies in ballancing a straw upon his nose. Their sages behold the minutest object with the microscopick eyes of a pismire; molehills swell into mountains, and a grain of mustard-seed will set the whole ant-hill in a hubbub. Whether this indicates a capacious vision, or diminutive mind, I leave thee to decide: for my part I consider it as another proof of the *great scale* on which everything is transacted in this country.

I have before told thee that nothing can be done without consulting the sages of the nation, who compose the assembly called the Congress. This prolific body may not improperly be termed the "mother of inventions;" and a most fruitful mother it is let me tell thee, though its children are generally abortions. It has lately laboured with what was deemed the conception of a mighty navy.—All the old women and the good wives that assist

the bashaw in his emergencies hurried to head-quarters to be busy, like midwives, at the delivery. All was anxiety, fidgetting, and consultation; when, after a deal of groaning and struggling, instead of formidable first rates and gallant frigates, out crept a litter of sorry little gunboats! These are most pitiful little vessels, partaking vastly of the character of the grand bashaw, who has the credit of begetting them—being flat shallow vessels that can only sail before the wind—must always keep in with the land—are continually foundering or running ashore; and in short, are only fit for *smooth water*. Though intended for the defence of the maritime cities, yet the cities are obliged to *defend them*; and they require as much nursing as so many ricketty little bantlings. They are, however, the darling pets of the grand bashaw, being the children of his dotage, and, perhaps, from their diminutive size and palpable weakness, are called the "infant navy of America." The act that brought them into existence was almost deified by the majority of the people as a grand stroke of *economy*. By the beard of Mahomet but this word is truly inexplicable!

To this economick body therefore was I advised to address my petition, and humbly to pray that the august assembly of sages would, in the plenitude of their wisdom, and the magnitude of their powers, munificently bestow on an unfortunate captive, a pair of cotton breeches! "Head of the immortal Amru," cried I, "but this would be presumptuous to a degree—what! after these worthies have thought proper to leave their country naked and defenceless, and exposed to all the political storms that rattle without, can I expect that they will lend a helping hand to comfort the *extremities* of a solitary captive?" My exclamation was only answered by a smile, and I was consoled by the assurance that, so far from being neglected, it was every way probable my breeches might occupy a whole session of the divan, and set several of the longest heads together by the

ears. Flattering as was the idea of a whole nation being agitated about my breeches, yet I own I was somewhat dismayed at the idea of remaining *in quærto*, until all the national grey-beards should have made a speech on the occasion, and given their consent to the measure. The embarrassment and distress of mind which I experienced was visible in my countenance, and my guard, who is a man of infinite good-nature, immediately suggested, as a more expeditious plan of supplying my wants—a benefit at the theatre. Though profoundly ignorant of his meaning, I agreed to his proposition, the result of which I shall disclose to thee in another letter.

Fare thee well, dear Asem;—in thy pious prayers to our great prophet, never forget to solicit thy friend's return; and when thou numberest up the many blessings bestowed on thee by all bountiful Allah, pour forth thy gratitude that he has cast thy nativity in a land where there is no assembly of legislative chatterers—no great bashaw, who bestrides a gun-boat for a hobby-horse—where the word *economy* is unknown—and where an unfortunate captive is not obliged to call upon the whole nation, to cut him out a pair of breeches.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

## SATIRICAL.

### THE STRANGER IN PENNSYLVANIA.

By Jeremy Cockloft, the Younger.

#### CHAPTER I.

Cross the Delaware—knew I was in Pennsylvania, because all the people were fat and looked like the statue of William Penn—Bristol—very remarkable for having nothing in it worth the attention of the traveller—saw Burlington on the opposite side of the river—fine place for pigeon-houses—and why?—Pennsylvania famous for barns—cattle in general better lodged than the farmers—barns appear to be built as the old Roman peasant planted his trees “for posterity

and the immortal gods.” Saw several fine bridges of two or three arches built over dry places—wondered what could be the use of them—reminded me of the famous bridge at Madrid, built over no water—Chamouny—floating bridge made of pine logs fastened together by ropes made of walnut bark—strange that the people who have such a taste for bridges should not have taken advantage of this river, to indulge in their favourite kind of architecture!—expressed my surprise to a fellow passenger, who observed to me with great gravity, “that nothing was more natural than that people who build bridges over dry places should neglect them where they are really necessary;” could not, for the head of me, see to the bottom of the man's reasoning—about half an hour after it struck me that he had been quizzing me a little—didn't care much about that—revenge myself by mentioning him in my book. Village of Washington—very pleasant, and remarkable for being built on each side of the road—houses all cast in the same mould—have a very quakerish appearance, being built of stone, plastered and white-washed, and green doors, ornamented with brass knockers, kept very bright—saw several genteel young ladies scouring them, which was no doubt the reason of their brightness. Breakfasted at the Fox-Chase—recommend this house to all gentlemen travelling for information, as the landlady makes the best buck-wheat cakes in the whole world: and because it bears the same name with a play, written by a young gentleman of Philadelphia, which, notwithstanding its very considerable merit, was received at that city with indifference and neglect—because it had no puns in it. Frankford *in the mud*—very picturesque town, situate on the edge of a pleasant swamp—or meadow as they call it—houses all built of turf, cut in imitation of stone—poor substitute—took in a couple of Princeton students, who were going to the southward, to tell their papas (or rather their mammas) what fine manly boys they were, and how nobly they

resisted the authority of the trustees—both pupils of Godwin and Tom Paine—talked about the rights of man, the social compact, and the perfectibility of boys—hope their parents will whip them when they get home, and send them back to college without any spending money. Turnpike gates—direction to keep to the right, as the law directs—very good advice in my opinion; but one of the students swore that he had no idea of submitting to this kind of oppression, and insisted on the driver's taking the left passage, in order to show the world we were not to be imposed upon by such arbitrary rules—driver, who, I believe, had been a student at Princeton himself, shook his head like a professor, and said it would not do. Entered Philadelphia through the suburbs—four little markets in a herd—one turned into a school for young ladies—mem. young ladies early in the market here—pun—good.

## CHAPTER II.

Very ill—confined to my bed with a violent fit of the *pun* mania—strangers always experience an attack of the kind on their first arrival, and undergo a *seasoning* as Europeans do in the West-Indies. In my way from the stage-office to Renshaw's, I was accosted by a good-looking young gentleman from New-Jersey, who had caught the infection—he took me by the button and informed me of a contest that had lately taken place between a tailor and a shoemaker about I forget what:—Snip was pronounced a fellow of great *capability*, a man of gentlemanly *habits*, who would doubtless *suit* every body. The shoemaker *bristled* up at this, and *waxed* exceeding wroth—swore the tailor was but a half-souled fellow, and that it was easy to *shew* he was never *cut out* for a gentleman. The *choler* of the tailor was up in an instant, he swore by his thimble that he would never *pocket* such an insult, but would *baste* any man who dared to repeat it.—Honest Crispin was now worked up to his proper *pitch*, and was determined to yield the

tailor no *quarters*;—he vowed he would lose his *all* but what he would gain his *ends*. He resolutely held on to the *last*, and on his threatening to *back-strap* his adversary, the tailor was obliged to *sheer* off, declaring, at the same time, that he would have him *bound over*. The young gentleman, having finished his detail, gave a most obstreperous laugh, and hurried off to tell his story to somebody else—*Licentia pumica*, as Horace observes—it did my business—I went home, took to my bed, and was two days confined with this singular complaint.

Having, however, looked about me with the Argus eyes of a traveller, I have picked up enough in the course of my walk from the stage-office, to the hotel, to give a full and impartial account of this remarkable city. According to the good old rule, I shall begin with the etymology of its name, which, according to Linkum Fidelius, Tom. LV. is clearly derived, either from the name of its first founder, viz. PHILO DRIPPING-PAN, or the singular taste of the aborigines who flourished there, on his arrival. Linkum, who is as shrewd a fellow as any theorist or F. S. A. for peeping with a dark lantern into the lumber garret of antiquity, and lugging out all the trash which was left there for oblivion, by our wiser ancestors, supports his opinion by a prodigious number of ingenious and inapplicable arguments; but particularly rests his position on the known fact, that Philo Dripping-pan was remarkable for his predilection to eating, and his love of what the learned Dutch call *douf*. Our erudite authour likewise observes that the citizens are to this day, noted for their love of “a sop in the pan,” and their portly appearance, “except, indeed,” continues he, “the young ladies, who are perfectly genteel in their dimensions”—this, however, he ill naturedly enough ascribes to their eating pickles and drinking vinegar.

The Philadelphians boast much of the situation and plan of their city, and well may they, since it is undoubtedly as fair and square, and regular, and right-angled as any mechanical ge-

nus could possibly have made it. I am clearly of opinion that this hum drum regularity has a vast effect on the character of its inhabitants and even on their looks, "for you will observe," writes Linkum, "they are an honest, worthy, square, good-looking, well-meaning, regular, uniform, straight forward, clockwork, clear-headed, one-like-another, salubrious, upright kind of people, who always go to work methodically, never put the cart before the horse, talk like a book, walk mathematically, never turn but in right angles, think syllogistically, and pun theoretically, according to the genuine rules of Cicero and Dean Swift;—whereas the people of New-York—God help them—tossed about over hills and dales, through lanes and alleys, and crooked streets—continually mounting and descending, turning and twisting—whisking off at tangents and left-angled triangles, just like their own queer, odd, topsy-turvy, rantipole city, are the most irregular, crazy headed, quicksilver, eccentric, whimsical set of mortals that ever were jumbled together in this uneven, villainous revolving globe, and are the very antipodeans to the Philadelphians."

The streets of Philadelphia are wide and straight, which is wisely ordered, for the inhabitants having generally crooked noses, and most commonly travelling hard after them, the good folks would undoubtedly soon go to the wall, in the crooked streets of our city. This fact of the crooked noses has not been hitherto remarked by any of our American travellers, but must strike every stranger of the least observation. There is, however, one place which I would recommend to all my fellow-citizens who come after me, as a promenade—I mean Dock-street—the only street in Philadelphia that bears any resemblance to New-York—how tender, how exquisite are the feelings awakened in the breast of a traveller, when his eye encounters some object which reminds him of his far distant country! The pensive New-Yorker, having drank his glass of porter, and smoked his cigar after

dinner, (by the way, I would recommend Sheaff, as selling the best in Philadelphia) may here direct his solitary steps and indulge in that mellow tenderness in which the sentimental Kotzebue, erst delighted to wallow—he may recal the romantick scenery and graceful windings of Maiden-lane and Pearl-street, trace the tumultuous gutter in its harmonious meanderings, and almost fancy he beholds the moss-crowned roof of the Bear-market, or the majestick steeple of St. Paul's towering to the clouds. Perhaps too he may have left behind him some gentle fair one, who, all the live-long evening, sits pensively at the window, leaning on her elbows, and counting the lingering, lame, and broken-winded moments that so tediously lengthen the hours which separate her from the object of her contemplations!—delightful Lethe of the soul—sunshine of existence—wife and children poking up the cheerful evening fire—paper windows, mud walls, love in a cottage—sweet sensibility and all that.

Every body has heard of the famous bank of Pennsylvania, which, since the destruction of the tomb of Mausolus, and the colossus of Rhodes, may fairly be estimated as one of the wonders of the world. My landlord thinks it unquestionably the finest building upon earth. The honest man has never seen the theatre in New-York, or the new brick church at the head of Rector street, which, when finished, will, beyond all doubt, be infinitely superiour to the Pennsylvania barns, I noted before.

Philadelphia is a place of great trade and commerce—not but that it would have been much more so, that is had it been built on the scite of New-York: but as New-York has engrossed its present situation, I think Philadelphia must be content to stand where it does at present—at any rate it is not Philadelphia's fault, nor is it any concern of mine, so I shall not make myself uneasy about the affair. Besides, to use Trim's argument, were that city to stand where New-York does, it might perhaps, have the mis-

fortune to be called New-York and not Philadelphia, which would be quite another matter, and this portion of my travels had undoubtedly been smothered before it was born—which would have been a thousand pities indeed.

Of the manufactures of Philadelphia I can say but little, except that the people are famous for an excellent kind of confectionary, made from the drainings of sugar. The process is simple as any in Mrs. Glass's excellent and useful work, (which I hereby recommend to the fair hands of all young ladies, who are not occupied in reading Moore's poems)—you buy a pot—put your molasses in your pot—(if you can beg, borrow, or steal your molasses, it will come much cheaper than if you buy it)—boil your molasses to a proper consistency; but if you boil it too much, it will be none the better for it—then pour it off and let it cool, or draw it out into little pieces about nine inches long, and put it by for use. This manufacture is called by the Bostonians *lassacs-candy*, by the New-Yorkers, *cock-a-nee-nee*—but by the polite Philadelphians, by a name utterly impossible to pronounce.

The Philadelphia ladies, are some of them beautiful, some of them tolerably good looking, and some of them, to say the truth, are not at all handsome. They are, however, very agreeable in general, except those who are reckoned witty, who, if I might be allowed to speak my mind, are very disagreeable, particularly to young gentlemen, who are travelling for information. Being fond of tea parties, they are a little given to criticism—but are in general remarkably discreet, and very industrious as I have been assured by some of my friends. Take them all in all, however, they are much inferior to the ladies of New-York, as plainly appears from several young gentlemen having fallen in love with some of our belles, after resisting all the female attractions of Philadelphia. From this inferiority, I except one, who is the most amiable, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, and the most of every thing that consti-

tutes the divinity of woman—*memoranda golden apple!*

The amusements of the Philadelphians are dancing, punning, tea parties and theatrical exhibitions. In the first they are far inferior to the young people of New-York, owing to the misfortune of their mostly preferring to idle away time in the cultivation of the head instead of the heels. It is a melancholy fact that an infinite number of young ladies in Philadelphia, whose minds are elegantly accomplished in literature, have sacrificed to the attainment of such trifling acquisitions, the pigeon-wing, the waltz, the cossack dance, and other matters of equal importance. On the other hand they excel the New-Yorkers in punning, and in the management of tea parties. In New-York you never hear, except from some young gentleman just returned from a visit to Philadelphia, a single attempt at punning, and at a tea party, the ladies in general, are disposed close together, like a setting of jewels or pearls round a locket, in all the majesty of good behaviour—and if a gentleman wishes to have a conversation with one of them about the backwardness of the spring, the improvements in the theatre, or the merits of his horse, he is obliged to march up in the face of such volleys of eye-shot! such a formidable artillery of glances!—if he escapes annihilation, he should cry out a miracle! and never encounter such dangers again. I remember to have once heard a very valiant British officer, who had served with credit for some years, in the train-bands, declare with a veteran oath, that sooner than encounter with such deadly peril, he would fight his way clear through a London mob, though he were pelted with brickbats all the time. Some ladies who were present at this declaration of the gallant officer, were inclined to consider it a great compliment, until one, more knowing than the rest, declared with a little piece of a sneer, "that they were very much obliged to him for likening the company to a London mob, and their glances to brickbats:" the officer

looked blue, turned on his heel, made a fine retreat and went home, with a determination to quizz the American ladies as soon as he got to London.

*Salmagundi.*

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Russell and Cutler, of Boston, have published a full and authentic report of the trial of THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE, Esq. on an indictment of manslaughter, for killing Mr. Charles Austin on the publick exchange, Boston.

This contains a mass of law knowledge on most interesting points, which have rarely been agitated in our courts. They are drawn from the most authentick sources, and were enforced *with eloquence, which reflects honour on the genius of our country.*

Any eulogy, however, on this work will be thought superfluous; when it is premised that the **SPLENDID TALENTS** of Messrs. Ames, Otis, Gore, and Dexter, were exhibited in this *highly interesting trial.*

As a law report, it is perhaps *the most important ever published in America*, and should be in possession of every professional character in this country; and

Likewise, a pamphlet containing the occurrences antecedent to the trial. This will be found interesting not only on account of the facts narrated, but **FROM ITS POINTING OUT AND ENFORCING THOSE CORRECT PRINCIPLES AND THAT HIGH SENSE OF HONOUR, WHICH FORM THE CHARACTERISTICK OF A GENTLEMAN.**

[*Weekly Inspector.*]

It is with pleasure we announce to the publick, that the life of Washington, by Ramsay, is ready for, and will be put to press in a few days in this city. Several gentlemen who have seen the manuscript do not hesitate to pronounce it, what would naturally be expected from the authour and the subject, a work of the most classick elegance. It will be comprised in one

volume octavo, and printed in an elegant manner.—*N. Y. paper.*

*Salmagundi.*—A little work bearing the title of "Salmagundi, or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and others," is published every other week in New-York. It abounds in wit and humour, and having thrown out something that reflected on Dr. Caustick, the doctor has returned the fire. A smart contest has ensued, and both sides have displayed great skill and bravery. It is difficult to decide between them—but if they all preserve their temper, it is certain that the publick will look on with pleasure and satisfaction. Genuine wit, keen sarcasm, and smart repartee drive gloom from the face and heaviness from the heart.—*Troy Gaz.*

## MERRIMENT.

J. P. Kemble, when he was lately in Madrid, asked a Spanish gentleman how they distinguished a woman of light character from a woman of reputation. "Why, sir," returned the Spaniard, with saturnine gravity, "if you meet a woman with a little basket on her arm depend upon it she is a w——." "But suppose she has no basket?" "Why then, sir, depend upon it *she* is a w—— too."

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Caleb Whitefoord, who happened to be present, what was to be seen? "Only a cobbler's end," returned he.

Major —, as he lay with his leg wrapped up in flannels, told Mr. Phil. Smyth, "he would leave him the gout for a legacy;"—"I should be sorry," said the wit, turning to another gentleman in company, "to have such a *legacy-as-he.*"

A person speaking of an acquaintance, who, though extremely avaricious, was always arraigning the avarice of others, added, "Is it not strange that this man will not take the *beam out of his own eye*, before he attempts the

*note in other people's?" "Why, so I dare say he would," cried Sheridan, "if he was sure of selling the timber."*

A gentleman meeting Skeffington, as he was coming out of Hyde Park, asked him what he thought of the new bridge, lately erected: "'Tis passable," replied he.

A whimsical comparison being made one day between a clock and a woman, Charles Fox gallantly observed, that he thought the simile bad; "for," said he, "*a clock serves to point the hours, and a woman to make us forget them.*"

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

INSCRIBED ON A PICTURE  
OF THE LATE MRS. BLEECKER.  
By R. B. Davis.

Amid that tuneful throng whose strains divine

Resounded first on free Columbia's strand,  
Bleecker! the most melodious song was thine,

The sweetest lyre was that which graced thy hand.

Thy muse was *Nature*,—she inspired the song,

Profuse on thee she poured her warmest beam,

While list'ning Hudson, on his wandering stream,

Pleased, bore the magick melody along.

*Muse of the Hudson!* thy loved name shall bloom,

To thy admiring country ever dear;

And many a bright wreath dew'd with many a tear,

Her sons shall weave to decorate thy tomb.

*Virtue* thy early fate shall fondly mourn,

*Fame* bid thy praise on sounds of rapture float,

And weeping genius, o'er the laurell'd urn  
Reclining, pour forth many a plaintive note.

*For The Port Folio.*

ODE—*For the seventh Anniversary of the  
Calliopean Society. 1795.*

(Air—*Alknomack.*)

By R. B. Davis.

At the feast of the soul, where affection pre-  
sides,

Where science enlightens and sympathy  
guides,

Let mirth make a pause—let nature renew  
The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

See! they come! the bright spirits fleet  
Sundly around,

Hark! they call! and remembrance awakes  
at the sound;

'Tis the voice we have loved—and it bids us  
renew

The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

Dear shades of our brothers! the call we  
obey,

With mournful affection the tribute we pay;  
While we think upon scenes of past joys,

we renew

The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

Together we roved among science's flowers,  
Together we joyed in the gay social hours;

'Tis past—and sad memory comes to renew  
The sigh that to friendship departed is due,

Yet long shall our hearts the remembrance  
retain,

And oft shall affection repeat the fond strain;  
Oft shall mirth make a pause, while we join

to renew

The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

*For The Port Folio.*

### ADDRESS

TO MOORE'S TELL TALE LYRE.

*Aëolus'* harp, with melancholy swell,  
O, Sympathy! can ev'ry sorrow tell!  
Ethereal creature, form'd by touch divine,  
Where Science, Harmony, and Mind en-  
twine.

Say, art suspended in the sightless air,  
That thou the breathings of the soul dost  
hear,

Then, in soft echoes, to thy poet's mind,  
Each sigh repeat, each wish and thought re-  
fin'd?

Venus on him bestowed her loosened zone;  
But *TRUTH* and eloquence are all thy own!  
Some seraph breath, of never-dying fire,  
Melodious tun'd thy chords, celestial lyre!  
And still may Justice, with that angel near,  
Immortalize the "*Lyre*"—the holy "*tear*!"

NATALIA.

*For The Port Folio.*

What is this envied heap of gold?  
This glitt'ring mass of hoarded treasure?  
For which coy beauty's charms are sold;  
For which is barter'd every pleasure?

In search of which rash mortals go  
Through trackless deserts, parch'd with  
heat;

Or where bleak ocean's waters flow,  
Near Zembla, Nature's last retreat.

For which the guilty Spaniard dar'd  
Heaven's vengeance, on that wretched  
land,

Where *INCA*'s sacred rites prepar'd,  
Could not restrain his murd'rous hand.

The thirsty dagger hires for gold,  
And midnight robbers point the sword :  
The warning voice of conscience told  
In thundering sounds no more is heard.

The hapless youth, deserted, sighs,  
And, oft indignant, fires with rage ;  
When from his arms the false one flies,  
And shuns his love for gold and age.

Detested dross ! I know thee not,  
Nor e'er obey'd thy wonderful power ;  
For thee, no duty have forgot,  
Nor e'er exchang'd one quiet hour.

When Delia's eye benignant smiles,  
While I with rapture fondly gaze ;  
When mutual sympathy beguiles  
With mutual bliss the happy days ;

When friendship crowns my social board,  
And the dull heart imparts its store ;  
I pity those who friendless hoard,  
And prize my tranquil joys the more.

Hence, then, thou ore of boundless pow'r !  
No charms hast thou to sooth the heart,  
If adverse clouds should on me low'r,  
And friends and Delia from me part.

No, not the wealth Golconda owns  
Could give me bliss or ease my pain ;  
If on my passion Delia frowns,  
And she should never love again.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

#### MIDNIGHT.

How cold and bleak the night-air blows,  
And shrilly whispers round my door !  
How awful is this midnight scene,  
When nought but me is stirring !

Silent is now my faithful guard,  
He seeks the sweets of calm repose ;  
Yet not to me is kindly given  
The tranquil joys of slumber.

No joyful sounds now glad my hours,  
No words steal softly on my ear ;  
No more I hear the inspiring voice  
That once so sweetly whisp'rd !

Oh ! I have known the days of bliss !  
And I have known the dreams of hope !  
But gone are now the fleeting joys—  
Joys fled as soon as tasted !

SEDLEY.

#### SONG.

*FROM THE FRENCH.*

At early dawn,  
Along the lawn,  
My swain expecting sought me ;  
A lambkin fair,  
His favourite care,  
The gentle youth had brought me.

He soon came near,  
Hope, joy, and fear  
By turns his heart alarming ;  
What then possess  
My fluttering breast  
I know not—but 'twas charming.

These roses see,  
They bloom'd for thee,  
(He said, my hand soft preasing)  
Upon thy breast,  
Oh ! let them rest,—  
I envy them the blessing.

My maiden pride  
His suit denied,  
With scorn my glances arming ;  
What then his look  
Expressive spoke  
I know not—but 'twas charming.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

SONNET.

#### TO MARGARET.

Fair smiles, in gayest bloom, thy native  
vales

So long deserted ; and their flowers around  
Fresh odours breathe ; while through the  
boughs spring gales

To echo softly sing Joy's welcome sound.  
Yet think, sweet Margaret ! think what  
clouds of wo

Must sadden now my deep desponding  
mind ;

Think, while I roam with pensive steps and  
slow,

What grief afflicts the friend you leave be-  
hind.

From the rude gaze of all must I conceal  
The hopes I cherish yet dare not reveal,  
And to the listening breeze confess my  
love—

Sigh in dismay to evening's chilling airs  
“ For her whose absence turns my joys to  
cares”

And blights the fairest scenes that erst did  
cheer the grove.

SEDLEY.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 6, 1807.

[No. 23.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

### POESY.

*Ode on the Prospect of Eton College.*

MR. WAKEFIELD has entered into a general reply to the strictures of Dr. Johnson upon this ode.

*The Prospect of Eton College*, says Dr. Johnson, *suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel.*

By this confession, then, the *sentiments* are *natural*, and consonant to the feelings of humanity; and surely this property is no discredit to any composition, but, on the contrary, the greatest recommendation of it. What indeed is poetry, but an ornamental delineation of *natural objects* and of *human passions*? The only remaining question then, is this, Whether Mr. Gray has given this exhibition with perspicuity of method, and in elegant, intelligible, and expressive language? And this, I think, no man will have the effrontery to dispute.

Our critick proceeds: "His supplication to father Thames to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, is useless and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself."

Just so, when Virgil invokes the river and Arethusa to aid his last pastoral song :

Extremum hunc, Arethusa mihi concede laborem,

we might say, This invocation of Arethusa is *puerile* and *useless*. She could not hinder him from writing this pastoral if he chose, nor give him assistance if he did write it.

Or, when we read those elegant verses in the *Muse Anglicana*,

At vos, qui Oetonæ colitis composque virentes,

Frondesque simul silvas, felicia rura !  
Dicite (vos et amant Musæ, et vos carmina hostis) :

Dicite (vicino nam vestros alluit agros  
Numine) quos crebè gemitus dabat inclytus annis ;

Edidit infelix quæ tunc lamenta sub undis.

But ye, who Eton's verdant plain frequent,  
And groves umbrageous, happy soil ! tell, ye,  
O tell, ye highly favour'd of the nine !  
What sighs, what groans sent forth the  
neighb'ring stream,  
What lamentations from his oozy bed.

If we were desirous of being ridiculous and absurd, we might remark, that this inquiry into the groans and lamentations of father Thames was foolish and of no use. Of no use, because they knew no more of the matter than the poet knew; and foolish, because father Thames neither groaned nor lamented at all on this occasion.

‘Indeed, the very attempt to refute such execrable criticism, were an insult to the taste and understanding of the reader, if the character of its author might not possibly give it credit.

“His epithet, *buxom health*, is not elegant; he seems not to understand the word.”

‘The primitive meaning, to be sure, seems to have been *obsequious* or yielding; but the Doctor bears witness against himself, when he explains this term by *gay*, *lively*, *brisk*, from *Crashaw*; and by *wanton*, *jolly*, from *Dryden*.

“Gray thought his language more poetical as it was more removed from common use.”

‘Indeed! and I will venture to maintain, that this rule in general will be no bad criterion of poetick language, if it be not carried to the excesses of obscurity and tumour. Horace was of the same opinion, who excluded his *sermoni propria* from the claim of poetry for this very reason, and makes the *os magna sonaturum*, lofty *expression*, remote from the familiarity of common conversation and popular phraseology, to be the essence of poetry, and indeed characteristick of it. The *MORAL taste*, I presume which occurs, in the simple narration of Milton’s subject, is very remote from common use: But is it not poetical? And could it be otherwise flattened into prose than by the substitution of some familiar and frigid epithet?

“Finding in Dryden, *honey redolent of spring*, an expression that reaches the utmost limits of our language, Gray drove it a little more beyond common apprehension, by making *gales* to be redolent of *joy* and *youth*.”

That elegant, luminous, and magnificent diction which gives Mr. Gray the superiority, in point of language, over all other poets, Dr. Johnson could neither relish in others nor attain himself. No man ever exceeded in sublimity his lines on Shakspeare:

Each change of many-colour’d life he drew;  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin’d new:  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toil’d after him in vain.

But his poetical pieces, were they rigorously examined, would be found to consist of language seldom elevated, often harsh and mean, and commonly prosaick. He might be capable of producing—

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib’d alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin’d;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

But this were far beyond his powers—

But not to one, in this benighted age

Is that diviner inspiration given

That burnt in Shakspeare’s or in Milton’s page:

The pomp and prodigality of heaven.

In short, he had the *thoughts that breathe*; but by no means the *words that burn*.

It were rash to attempt the defence of Mr. Gray’s *originality*. He alternately embellished and ennobled what he borrowed; but he did borrow. A recent and very excellent edition of his poems, in which, among other commendable points, care has been taken to collect whatever important communications, concerning those poems, have appeared in the Gentleman’s Magazine, and other respectable Journals, contains a note in which is discovered the original of the entire plan of this poem. We would by no means be thought to take from the reputation of Mr. Gray by producing proofs of his want of originality; for, though to *copy* is certainly not to *invent*, much might be said upon Dr. Johnson’s proposition, that to copy is *less* than to invent.

‘It has been well remarked by a writer in the Gentleman’s Magazine, Vol. LXVIII, p. 481, that for this beautiful and affecting ode, we may have been indebted to the following passage in Walton’s Life of Sir Henry Wotton:

‘How useful was the advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there; and I find it thus far

experimentally true, that now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me; sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixture of cares; and those to be enjoyed when time, which I therefore thought slow-paced, had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me, that these were but empty hopes; for, I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretel, *sufficient for the day is the evil thereof*. Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreation, and questionless possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.

## THE DRAMA.

### Covent Garden.

The play of *The Tempest*, which has been, during the whole of the summer in preparation, was last night produced at this theatre, with much of novelty in scenery and decoration. It was not the original play of Shakspeare, nor was it exactly the mutilated play of Dryden; but we think the managers would have more effectually served themselves and gratified the publick by the primitive *Tempest* of Shakspeare, than by the selection which they have now presented.

In Shakspeare's *Enchanted Island* the audience are held in a kind of enchantment, by the same spells with which Prospero rules his little kingdom. The fooleries of Stephano and Trinculo take off the attention, for a short time, from the wonderful events which form the great incidents of the piece. Miranda expresses her emotions at the sight of Ferdinand with a refinement natural to her character. She falls in love with him at first sight; but in her love there is nothing of grossness or coquetry. The *Tempest*, however, as altered by Dryden is of a very different nature. Miranda, and the new character they introduce of Dorinda (her sister), seem utter strangers to the refined sympathy of "Shakspeare's Miranda," but are merely led by the sexual impulse to wish to marry the first men they see. Another character is introduced: Hyppolito, (who has never seen woman before), and is also, as

may be supposed, wonderfully enamoured of them. Miranda and Dorinda grow jealous of one another, and quarrel on the stage; and all that trifling (with which the audience appeared much disgusted) spoils entirely the grand effect which Shakspeare's *Tempest* is calculated to produce. It necessarily happens, that those who wish to improve upon Shakspeare mangle or degrade him. A Miss Meadows made her *debut* in the character of Ariel, a part to which she seemed perfectly competent, and in which, through the whole, she displayed such talent, powers, and graceful ease of action, as leave no doubt of her proving a most valuable acquisition to the stage. Her voice unites sweetness with strength; and in some of the airs she was rapturously encored. Her figure is exquisitely neat and elegant, and the general system of her countenance is regular, winning, and expressive. Most of the other prominent characters were very ably sustained. Mr. Kemble was every thing the part of Prospero required; but there are in it none of those abrupt bursts of violent passion, that give room for the display of his higher energies. Munden and Fawcett strongly tintured their parts with their characteristic whim and humour; and Emery was horribly excellent in the monster Caliban. Notwithstanding the interest which the exertions of Miss Brunton and Mrs. C. Kemble so generally excite, they seem to fail upon this occasion to make their usual impression: their innocence was rather too quaint; their simplicity too insignificant.—Some persons in the Pit expressed their disapprobation. This was the only interruption the performance experienced.

We should not forget the merits of the Overture, which is by Mr. Davy, and which was universally applauded. Equal praise is due to the authours of the scenery and machinery, which is most striking—exhibited more especially in the representation of the storm, and the agitation of the billowy sea.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We frequently have noticed with pleasure and pride the rapid improvements made in the execution of Printing Work in the United States, particularly in Philadelphia. Among other works which have recently issued from the press in this city, we have been gratified on an inspection at Mr. West's Book-store, of an edition, (the first in America) of Cruden's Complete Concordance of the Holy Scriptures, printed the present year by Kimber, Conrad & Co. This edition, which, we are informed, has been executed at an expense of ten thousand dollars, is printed with American types and ink, on American paper; and we can confidently state, from an examination, in a style of typo-

graphy which has put every European edition of the same work, at an immense distance. We are told also that it greatly excels in correctness of reference.

### BURKE'S WORKS.

We are happy in learning, that an edition of the works of the celebrated orator and statesman, BURKE, is in the press, in Boston.—These works contain those great principles of government, which the experience of past ages, and particularly the present age, has stamped as immutably correct. Every young man who wishes to form his political opinion on a basis which all the winds and waves of Democracy cannot remove, must read Burke.—Besides the correctness of his political maxims, there are innumerable rich veins of elocution running through all his works, which cannot fail to delight and instruct the mere scholar.—To this fact we need no better witness than the chaste and classick Cumberland.—He says—“I conceive there is not to be found in all the writings of my day, perhaps I may say not in the English language, so brilliant a cluster of fine and beautiful passages in the declamatory style as we are presented with in Edmund Burke's inimitable tract upon the French Revolution. It is most highly coloured and most richly ornamented; but there is elegance in its splendour, and dignity in its magnificence. The orator demands attention in a loud and lofty tone; but his voice never loses its melody, nor his periods their sweetness. When he has roused us with the thunder of his eloquence, he can at once, Timotheus-like, choose a melancholy theme, and melt us into pity: There is grace in his anger, for he can inveigh without vulgarity; he can modulate the strongest bursts of passion; for even in his madness there is musick.

[*Eastern paper.*]

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constaney?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constaney?

An Irish lad, one Jemmy Crane,  
Who fear'd nor cold, nor wind, nor rain,  
As jolly lad as e'er eat pork,  
A genuine Paddy, just from Cork,  
Was travelling and he held his course  
On foot, because—he had no horse;

When presently, a reverend Daddy,  
On horseback, met our jovial Paddy.  
Pat. hails him, and devoid of fear,  
Cries “friend, I'm glad to see you here;  
“And, without bustle or parade,  
“I wish with you to make a trade.”  
“What trade? propose,” enjoins the man;  
“I will oblige you if I can.”  
“Why,” Pat. rejoins brim full of glee,  
“I wish to swap horses d' ye see.”  
With anger sparkling in his eyes,  
“You have no horse,” the man replies.  
“But,” answer'd Paddy, with a hop,  
“Suppose I had one, how'd you swap?”

Died, lately at Paris, M. Retif de la Bretonne, in the 72d year of his age. This copious authour wrote more than 100 volumes, which met with success. He had been a journeyman printer, and it is said he *set up* one of his works without having ever *written it*.—[We have a similar instance in the *composition* of a very admirable work in this country, the “Illustration of Masonry.” The ingenious authour was also a journeyman printer, and he set up the entire volume for the press, without having previously written any part of it.]

### THE SONG

OF GEORGE BARNWELL.

George Barnwell stood at the shop door,  
A customer hoping to find, sir,  
His apron was hanging before,  
But the tail of his wig was behind, sir:  
A lady all painted and smart,  
Cried, sir I've exhausted my stock o' late,  
I've got nothing left but a gr'at—  
Will you give me sixpenn'orth of chocolate?  
Her face was roug'd up to her eyes,  
Which made her grow prouder and prouder,  
His hair stood an end with surprise,  
And hers with pomatum and powder.  
The business was soon understood—  
The lady who wish'd to be more rich,  
Said sweet sir, my name is Millwood,  
And I lodge at the gunsmith's at Shoreditch.  
Now often he stole out, good lack,  
And into her lodgings would pop, sir;  
But as often forgot to come back,  
Leaving master to shut up the shop, sir.  
This woman his wits did bereave,  
He determin'd to be quite the crack o'  
So he loung'd at the Adam and Eve,  
And he call'd for his gin and tobacco.  
And now—but the truth must be told—  
Tho' few of a 'prentice can speak ill,  
He took from the till all the gold,  
And stole the lump sugar and treacle.

In vain did his master exclaim,  
Dear George don't engage with that dragon,  
She'll bring you to trouble and shame,  
And leave you the devil a rag on.

In vain he rebukes and implores,  
This weak and incurable ninny;  
So he turn'd him at once out of doors,  
And George soon had spent his last guinea.  
His uncle, whose generous purse  
Had often reliev'd him as I know,  
Now finding him grow worse and worse,  
Refus'd to come down with the rhino.

Then said Millwood, whose cruel heart's  
core,  
'Twas so cruel that nothing could shock it,  
If you mean to come home any more,  
You must put some more cash in your pocket.  
Make Nunky surrender his dibbs,  
Wipe his pate with a pair of lead towels,  
Or stick a knife into his ribs—  
I warrant he'll then show more bowels.

A pistol he got from his love,  
'Twas loaded with powder and bullet,  
And he trudg'd up to Camberwell grove,  
But he wanted the courage to pull it.  
There's Nunky as fat as a hog,  
While I am as lean as a lizard—  
Now I'll come to the point you old dog,  
And he whipp'd a long knife in his gizzard.

Now ye who attend to my story,  
A terrible end of this farce shall see,  
If you'll join the inquisitive throng  
That follow'd poor George to the Marshalsea.  
If Millwood was here, dash my wigs  
Says he, I would pummel and limb her well,  
Had I stuck to my prunes and my figs  
I ne'er had stuck Nunky at Camberwell.

The case to the jury was plain,  
The news spread thro' every ale-house—  
At the sessions in Horsemonger lane  
They both were condemn'd to the gallows.  
With Millwood, George open'd the ball,  
Dear, dear, how we wept, Mrs. Crump and I,  
To see them dance upon nothing at all,  
And cut capers before all the company.

When our Cits make a fortune sufficient to enable them to retire, their line of business may be traced in their country houses.—The grocer's box resembles a *cannister* or *tea-chest*; the sugar baker's a *cone*; the tailor's hedges are clipped with *shears*; the bookseller's doors are in *folio*, his dining windows in *quarto*, his bed-chamber windows in *octavo*, and his garret ones in *duodecimo*; the tobacconist, if his chimnies *smoke*, is indifferent about the rest.

It were endless to compliment where compliments are so frequently due.—The following lines are from the pen of one of the best poets of Petersburg.

TUNE—*The Humours of Glen.*

How sweet on the mountains, when heath  
bells are growing,  
To wander and list to the busy wild bees;  
Or stray through the grove where the wild  
flowers are blowing,  
And catch the rich odours that float on  
the breeze!  
Tho' sweet be the breeze from the bosom of  
roses,  
Enchanting the hum of wild bees on the  
hill,  
O Mary, my Mary, far sweeter than those is,  
Far purer than dew-gems that shine o'er  
the rill.  
Nor the glow of the pink nor the snow of  
the lily,  
Can match her soft cheek—O the beam of  
her eyes!  
When she flies on the wings of a sylph thro'  
the valley,  
To glad the poor cottage where misery  
lies.  
O daughter of beauty, compassion's fair  
blossom!  
Can pity, soft pity alone thy heart move?  
O come and repose thy young cares in my  
bosom;  
I'll cherish them there till they bloom into  
love.

A certain lady, of unsuspected conjugal fidelity towards a husband to whom she had borne *six* children, gave the name of *Gratis* to a daughter with which she was favoured a few years after his decease. A person remarked upon the incident, that however some might reflect on the widow, for his part he thought her excuseable—that, in his idea, having *subscribed* and faithfully accounted for *six* she was undoubtedly *entitled* to the *seventh GRATIS*.

PROLOGUE

To the Comedy of

MAIDS AND BACHELORS; OR MY HEART  
FOR YOUR'S.

Written by Lumlie St. Geo. Skeffington, Esq.  
Spoken by Mr. Brunton.

Let truth's clear eye, to equity resign'd,  
Mark ev'ry fear that agitates the mind,  
Search those conceal'd, examine those confess'd,  
And meet the greatest in an authour's breast  
This night is fated to an anxious bard,  
Whose diffidence solicits your regard.

Though whisp'ring hopes first urg'd his  
trembling lyre,  
Those hopes alas! now one by one retire;  
For apprehensions, crowding on his view,  
Wake ev'ry doubt, and ev'ry wish pursue:  
Nor flattery, nor comfort will he hear:  
The terrors thicken as the doom draws near.

The drama's muse should, like a painter  
trace

Each mark'd expression of the human face;  
Group'd with effect, the imitated show,  
With force should strike, with animation  
glow;

Till touch'd by energy, in ev'ry part,  
The finish'd figures from the canvass start!  
Few can excel; since few can well imprint  
The living lustre and the blushing tint,  
Which fairly seem, when drawn from na-  
ture's bent—

That very nature, which they represent,  
The tow'ring freedom of a bold design,  
In warmth should breathe, in liberty refine;  
While lights and shades a mingling aid com-  
pose,

Softened by these, and spirited by those:  
Though bright, not glaring—though sub-  
dued, not cold;

Gay, without glitter—without harshness,  
bold.

Rules still should guide, yet no restraint im-  
part:

Art follows genius—genius governs art.  
One little happiness, one careless touch,  
Trancends all labours, when it serves as  
such:

Nature, and only nature, can inspire  
Strength, freedom, taste, the fancy and the  
fire!

In her they live, in her their force declare—  
Arrest the heart, and fix an empire there!

Our trembling artist, who enslav'd by fear,  
This slight sketch sends for exhibition here,  
Attempts to mark (though conscious of de-  
fect)

Contrasted passions, and combined effect.  
If he too daring, want the skill to reach  
Those nobler lines which taste, which science  
teach,

Fail not to recollect, ye critick band,  
That style, when mingled, asks a master's  
hand.

Hard is the task with Tenier's mirth to share  
Correggio's elegance, and Guido's air!  
On you he rests.—If aggravated taste  
Condemn with rigour, or reject with haste,  
His brightest tints will darken to a shade,  
Like crayons moulder, and like fresco fade;  
But should applause a happier sentence give,  
Fix'd by your smiles the colouring will live!

**FRAUD.**—A middle-aged decent  
looking man went to the shop of a coal  
dealer in Cross-street, Hatten-garden,  
one evening last week, and ordered a  
bushel of coals with change for a two

pound note, to be sent to a certain  
house, which order was complied with;  
but as the person carrying the coals  
was on his way, he was met by the  
same person who took the change, and  
gave in return a paper, of which the  
following is a copy:—

No.

No.

I promise to pay to Monsieur Buonaparte,  
or Bearer, two-pence, when the Gallick Flag  
shall triumph over the British, and the  
French become the Masters of the Sea.  
London, the 17th day of November, 1802.  
For SELF, ST. VINCENT, DUNCAN, NEL-  
SON, & Co.

Pence **Two**

JOHN BULL.

Entered, Ben Broadside.

**THE FOWLER.**

A careless, whistling lad am I,  
On sky-lark wings my moments fly;  
There 's not a fowler more renown'd  
In all the world—for ten miles round!  
Ah! who like me can spread the net!  
Or tune the merry flageolet:  
Then, why O! why should I repine,  
Since all the roving birds are mine?

The thrush and linnet in the vale,  
The sweet sequester'd nightingale,  
The bullfinch, wren, and woodlark, all  
Obey my summons when I call:  
O! could I form some cunning snare  
To catch the coy, coquetting fair,  
In Cupid's filmy web so fine,  
The pretty girls should all be mine!

When all were mine,—among the rest,  
I'd choose the lass I lik'd the best,  
And should my charming mate be kind.  
With her I'd tie the nuptial knot,  
Make Hymen's cage of my poor cot,  
And love away this fleeting life  
Like Robin Redbreast and his wife.

**REPARTEE.**

One day a justice much enlarg'd  
On industry—while he discharg'd  
A thief from jail.—“Go, work, he said;  
“Go, pry thee, learn some better trade,”  
“Or, mark my words you 'll rue it.”  
“My trade's as good,” replies the knave.  
“As any man need wish to have;  
“And if I don't succeed, d'ye see,  
“The fault, sir, lies with you—not me—  
“You won't let me pursue it!”

**QUEER PUN.**—A Bacchanalian Can-  
didate offering for a country borough,  
the electors unanimously agreed that  
he was a very proper man to suf-  
PORT.

## EPILOGUE

To the New Comedy of Adrian and Orrilla,

*Spoken by Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Brunton.*

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Now one confusion through the Realm is found,

And noise and clamour every where abound,  
And every Freeman feels his conscious weight,

And Joan herself is as my lady great.  
I come to canvass you; Box, Gallery and Pit,

For you return our Parliament of Wit;  
Whilst here in Covent-Garden still a hustings stands,

And Sheriff MATTOCKS asks—a show of hands,

For a young Candidate (though not untried)  
But in whose gratitude you may confide;  
Who vows and swears, return him due elected,

Your right, your laws shall ever be respected;

In short, he promises—but who minds that,  
All Members promise—therefore, *verbum sat*.

I'll to my canvass then—What shall I say?

"Your votes and interest, kind Electors, pray." (*bows*)

Let him but head the Poll this night, and I'll be bound

No farther opposition will be found;  
For in this town, we know, nine tenths (the elves)

Ne'er take the pains of voting for themselves.  
First then, accept my—no I musn't so begin,  
I musn't bribe, your suffrages to win.

First with the young men, then, my luck I'll try,

(I always pity young men, they're so shy)  
Sweet modest youth—Hey! what's this I see?

Enter Miss Brunton, running.

Miss BRUNTON.

Say, leave the young men, governess to me.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

What, interrupted!—shall I not be heard.

Miss BRUNTON.

I mean no interruption, on my word,  
But merely think, I'd plead with greater truth  
To youthful hearts the cause of kindred youth.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Indeed, Miss Prate-apace! then pray pass on!

I trust each vote already here 's my own  
Unless you 'd wish our votes to split—

Miss BRUNTON.

Agreed—  
I care not how, provided we succeed.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Take then the young ones, forward fellows bold

(Not that I ever tried them—but am told)  
And on the score of long acquaintance,  
mine 's the old,

Kind friends, who've all (like me) been young, in turn.

Miss BRUNTON.

Ye Youth, whose breasts with love and ardour burn,

Give him your interest, cherish rising merit,

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

(To stand a canvass now requires some spirit)

And as the Poet says, "you Freemen little know

"The rubs the Candidate must undergo."

Miss BRUNTON.

He would have waited on you here this night,  
But he's so timid—

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Lord! he's in a fright.

Miss BRUNTON.

Let us then hope, divested of control,

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

(We only trust you'll not demand a poll)  
But do it handsomely, and give him plumpers,

Miss BRUNTON.

His thanks we'll here proclaim, each night,  
in bumpers.

True to yourselves, yet free from disaffection,

You'll thus assert your freedom of election;

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

While posts and chronicles shall herald him tomorrow,

"Duly return'd for Covent-garden borough."

Government is deeply interested in every thing which, even through the medium of some temporary uneasiness, may tend finally to compose the minds of the subject, and to conciliate their affections. I have nothing to do here with the abstract value of the voice of the people. But as long as reputation, the most precious possession of every individual, and as long as opinion, the great support of the state, depend entirely upon that voice, it can never be considered as a thing of little consequence either to individuals or to government. Nations are not primarily ruled by laws; less by violence. Whatever original energy may be supposed either in force or regulation, the operation of both is, in truth, merely instrumental. Nations

are governed by the same methods, and on the same principles, by which an individual without authority is often able to govern those who are his equals or his superiours; by a knowledge of their temper, and by a judicious management of it; I mean,—when publick affairs are steadily and quietly conducted; not when government is nothing but a continued scuffle between the magistrate and the multitude; in which sometimes the one and sometimes the other is uppermost; in which they alternately yield and prevail, in a series of contemptible victories, and scandalous submissions. The temper of the people among whom he presides ought therefore to be the first study of a statesman. And the knowledge of this temper is by no means impossible for him to attain, if he has not an interest in being ignorant of what it is his duty to learn.—*Burke.*

#### VERSES

*Written among the ruins of Shelburne, Nova-Scotia, Barracks.*

Mark, where yon ample roofs, now sinking all

In shapeless ruin, seem prepar'd to fall:

As the wild tempest through the casement pours

And floods autumnal drench the mould'ring floors—

Or loosen'd plaster from the ceiling falls,

While echo then resounds along the walls:

While the shrill winds around the fabrick'ing,

Where Desolation cowers with sombrous wing,

And pensive Silence, musing o'er the scene,

Suspends her step, the pausing blasts between.

Are these the domes that held the warrior train—

The gallant band that fill'd yon spacious plain!

That level plain, that form'd a long parade:

Now, by the ploughshare turn'd, and toiling spade,

Where glitter'd once, in rows, the beaming spears,

Of the ripe harvest waves its yellow ears;

And where the loud *reveillez* wak'd the day,

The lonely redbreast trills his matin lay.

No more the echoing gun proclaims the dawn,

Or tells the radiant orb of day withdrawn.

The loud impetuous drum no more we hear;

Nor the shrill fife, pervade the attentive ear.

No longer now across the wave is borne,

The mellow musick of the deep-ton'd horn:  
When Silence hover'd o'er the glassy stream,  
When glitter'd on its breast the moon-light beam;

Sweet rose the sounds in air, and softly stole,  
O'er the charm'd senses, to the inmost soul.  
As swell'd the notes—then gradual sunk again,

Enamour'd Echo caught the dying strain;  
By distance soften'd every silver tone.  
And Night, enchanted, made them all her own.

When a lady of *ton* is indisposed—  
*la Catalini* the fashionable phraseology  
is that “*she is out of tune!*”

Monk Lewis's new Melo-drama, at Drury-Lane, is reported to contain sixteen *ghosts*; of course it must prove a very *spirited* production.

“Dr. Johnson threw together the substance of his Latin epitaph on Goldsmith into the more compressed form of a Greek epigram.—These lines, and his translation of a noble passage in the *Medea* of Euripides, which has been frequently in vain attempted, are not sufficiently known. They are not printed with his works, although the latter is as successful as any thing he has left us,

“Thou seest the tomb of Oliver; retire,  
Unholy feet, nor o'er his ashes tread,  
Ye whom the deeds of old, verse, nature,  
fire,  
Mourn nature's priest, the bard, historian,  
dead.”

#### THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

When my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars,

And the world 'gan to frown at my fate,  
What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured scars,

What indifference stood at each gate.  
The face that would smile when my part was well lin'd

Show'd a different aspect to me,  
And when I could nought but indifference find,

I hid once again to the sea.  
I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,  
To bear with cold looks on the shore,

So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got  
And a trifle alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,  
Which over my shoulder I threw.

Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad  
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled, by far, than my mind,

For when the wide main I survey'd,  
I could not help thinking the world was un-  
kind,

And Fortune a slippery jade.  
And I vow'd, if once more I could take her  
in tow,

I'd let the ungrateful ones see,  
That the turbulent winds, and the billows  
could show

More kindness than they did to me.

The Lazzaroni, or black-guards, form a considerable part of the inhabitants of Naples; and have, on some well-known occasions, had the government for a short time in their own hands. They are computed at above thirty thousand; the greater part of them have no dwelling-houses, but sleep every night under porticos, piazzas, or any kind of shelter they can find. Those of them who have wives or children, live in the suburbs of Naples, near Pausilippo, in huts or in caverns, or in chambers dug out of that mountain. Some gain a livelihood by fishing, others by carrying burthens to and from shipping; many walk about the streets, ready to run on errands, or to perform any labour in their power for a very small recompense. As they do not meet with constant employment, their wages are not sufficient for their maintenance; the soups and bread, distributed at the door of the convents, supply the deficiency.

The Lazzaroni are generally represented as a lazy, licentious, and turbulent set of people; but it is not their general character. Their idleness is evidently the effect of necessity, not of choice. It must proceed from the fault of government, when such a number of stout, active citizens, remain unemployed. So far are they from being licentious and turbulent, that they bear the insolence of the nobility as passively as peasants fixed to the soil. A coxcomb of a Volanti, tricked out in his fantastical dress, or any of the liveried slaves of the great, make no ceremony of treating these poor fellows with all the insolence and insensibility natural to their masters; and for no visible reason, but because he is dressed in lace, and the other in rags. Nothing animates this people

to insurrection, but some very pressing and very universal cause, such as a scarcity of bread. Every other grievance they bear as if it were their charter.—*Dr. Moore.*

#### PHANTASMAGORIE.

Since life's but a phantom we know,  
As ev'ry sage Don must remark,  
My Chapter of Phantoms I'll show,  
Without leaving you all in the dark.  
Quack-Doctors attack ev'ry ill,  
And pretend they can always restore ye;  
But if they would show all they kill,  
It would make a fine Phantasmagorie.  
Sing tol lol, lol, tol, lol, de rol, lol de rol las  
Our beaux in their dresses so spruce,  
Look like goblins to their wond'ring be-  
holders;

For finding their heads of no use,  
They have sunk them quite into their  
shoulders.

With each lady my simile's good;  
For when fashion so thinly has deck'd her,  
Howe'er she be true flesh and blood,  
She looks like a tall Castle Spectre.

Sing tol lol, &c.  
The phantom of Honour some fled,  
And in duels for phantoms will bleed;  
But if you get shot thro' the head,  
You're a Phantasmagorie indeed.  
But a truce about fighting and war,  
With bullets no longer I'll bore ye;  
Smiling Peace surely's better by far,  
And may that prove no Phantasmagorie.

Sing tol lol, &c.  
Of Pic-nics the secret you know;  
If not I can easy unlock it;  
It means that wherever you go,  
You carry your fare in your pocket.  
In the pocket of every one here,  
Who stands with good humour before ye  
May the King's pretty picture appear,  
And that is no Phantasmagorie.

Sing tol lol, &c.

There is, perhaps, no sentiment which it is so difficult to conceal from the person who is the object of it. A moderate adept in the art of dissimulation, may impose on those for whom he feels no esteem, or whom he even holds in contempt; and, if he has an interest in it, may persuade them that he has a high respect, or even veneration, for them: and this, in some measure, accounts for so many people of the highest rank being ignorant of the true rate at which they are estimated. For the indications of contempt are easily restrained, and those of admiration as easily assumed; but it re-

quires the powers of a finished hypocrite to hide hatred or aversion, and prevent their discovering themselves by some involuntary appearance in the countenance or manner.

Difficulties, dangers, misfortunes, often strike at particles of genius which might otherwise have remained latent and useless, and contribute to the formation of a vigorous character, by animating those sparks of virtue which a life of indolence would have completely extinguished.

That the faculties of the understanding, like the sinews of the body, are relaxed by sloth, and strengthened by exercise, nobody will doubt. I imagine the same analogy holds in some degree between the body and the qualities of the heart. Benevolence, pity, and gratitude, are, I suspect, exceedingly apt to stagnate into a calm, sluggish, insensibility in that breast, which has not been agitated from real misfortunes.

There are many exceptions, but in general those persons who are exposed to the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, who have experienced the base indifference of mankind, are endued with the truest sympathy.

#### MERRIMENT.

When Mr. Christopher Atkinson, the *rum* contractor, stood candidate to represent the city of London, the following election squib was handed about:

“The good citizens of London may now raise their heads in *high spirits*: every thing looks *rum*. There has been a *rum* dissolution, and they have got a *rum* candidate, who if elected, will cut a *rum* figure in the next parliament.

This candidate was formerly the *rum* friend of a *rum* minister, and the *rum* quarrel between them, upon the *rum* contract, was perhaps one of the most *rum* jobs and impositions, that ever came before parliament.

Those who vote for this *rum* candidate, must be *rum* livery-men indeed,

and have a very *rum* idea of conscience, honour, liberty, and property. I therefore hope that the good citizens will attend to this *rum* hint, from their very humble servant, a *rum* Duke.”

Sir Joseph Mawbey rising once in the House of Commons to reprobate the coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox, expressed his astonishment that two men, who had for so many years been in the habit of opposing and reviling each other, should have the confidence to appear in that house as friends—“but such friends, so very dear are they to each other,” added he, pointing to a stick which Lord North held in his hand, “that his lordship will not walk without a stick with a *Fox's head* carved on it.” On this Lord North instantly rose—“I am sorry, very sorry,” said he, “to find that the worthy baronet, who has just sat down, should have spent his life and employed his *great* talents in the study of a subject which it seems he does not yet understand; that he should have passed so many years in the *education of pigs*, and yet should not know a *fox's head* from a *hog's*.” His lordship then handed round his cane, on which a pig's head was carved, and the senate was convulsed with laughter.

A short time before Mr. Garnerin ascended into the atmosphere with his balloon, a countryman asked Mr. Cumberland if there was any truth in the report that a man was going to fly into the air? “Why truly, my friend,” (replied the veteran bard) I cannot justly inform you: for it is a rule with me never to give credit to *inflammatory rumours and flying reports*.”

Previous to the battle of Culloden, when marshal Wade and the two generals Hawley and Cope, were prevented from advancing so far as they intended into Scotland, by the severity of the weather, the following ludicrous lines written by Mr. Home, the celebrated authour of the *Rebellion* in 1745, were handed about.

among the friends of the opposite party :

"Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade through the snow,  
"Nor Hawley haul his cannon to the foe."

An Irishman seeing a large quantity of potatoes standing in a market-place, observed to a bystander, "what a fine show of potatoes." "Yes, they are," replied he, "very fine potatoes; I see you have the name quite pat; how do you call them in your country?" "Ah, fait!" returned the Irishman, "we never *call* 'em; when we want any, we go and dig them."

A sailor having just received prize-money to some considerable amount, thought he might as well indulge himself with a coach. But as that seemed to him to be doing no more than any body else could do, who had not been equally fortunate, "Egad!" cried he, "I will have a coach for my hat: aye, faith! and one for my stick;" he actually called for two coaches, threw his hat into one, and his stick into the other, and himself rode in a third between them.

A man who had a large family, and but very moderate means to support them, was lamenting how difficult it was to make both ends meet, to an acquaintance, of no family, and a large fortune. We should not repine replied his friend, "God never sends mouths but he sends food." "That I do not deny," returned the other, "only permit me to observe, he has sent me the mouths, and you the food."

A Nobleman, of not the most brilliant understanding, had appointed to attend some ladies to the observatory at Paris, to hear Cassini make observations on the eclipse of the sun. The toilet having delayed both the ladies and the Marquis, the eclipse was over when they requested admittance. The porter announced the unpleasant news to them: "Never mind, ladies," said the Marquis, "go up; the Sieur Cassini is my intimate friend, and he will, I am sure, begin again, to oblige me."

A man reading that a long beard is a sign of an awkward fellow, held a candle while he looked in the glass for his own, which catching his hair burnt the greater part. He immediately wrote at the bottom of the paragraph, "Probatum est."

A gentleman observing, some days after the usual limits allowed St. Swithin, it still continued to rain, a bystander said, "He too was astonished, as St. Swithin was dead." "True;" says the other, "so perhaps this is his *legacy*."

Lord P——, when a young man, had a passion for a lady who was fond of birds; she had seen, and heard, a fine canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing-Cross, and entreated him to get it for her: the owner of it was a widow, and Lord P. offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused. Finding there was no other way of obtaining the bird, he determined to change it; and getting one of the same colour, with nearly the same marks, but which happened to be a hen, went to the house: the mistress usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access. Contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose and soon after her return, took his leave. He continued to frequent the house to avoid suspicion, but forbore saying any thing of the bird till about two years after; when taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman, "I would have bought that bird of you, but you refused my money for it;" I dare say by this time you are sorry for it. "Indeed, Sir," said the woman, "I am not; nor would I now take any sum for it; for, would you believe it, from the time that our good king was forced to go abroad, and leave us, the dear creature has not *sung a note*."

A Gascon officer in the army, speaking loud to one of his comrades, said, as he left him, with an air of importance, "I shall dine with Villars to-day." Marshal Villars being behind him, said, with much good humour,

"On account of my rank, if not of my merit, call me Mr. Villars." The officer, who did not imagine he was near enough to overhear him, retrieved his manners by the following elegant compliment: "As I never heard any one say *Mr. Cesar*, I thought it as needless to say *Mr. Villars*."

It is well known, as a custom in many churches, that the women are placed in pews on one side, and the men by themselves, opposite. A clergyman, in the middle of his sermon, hearing one of his congregation talk pretty loud, complained of it from the pulpit. A woman immediately rose up, and thinking to defend her own sex, said, "The noise is not on our side, reverend sir." So much the better, my good woman: replied the clergyman, so much the better: it will cease the sooner."

A selfconceited coxcomb was introducing an acquaintance to a large company, whose physiognomy was not very prepossessing: thinking to be extremely clever, he thus addressed the company, who rose at his entrance: "I have the honour to introduce to you Mr. —, who is not so great a fool as he looks to be." The young man immediately added, "Therein consists the difference between my friend and me."

Dr. Aldrich's excessive love of smoking was an entertaining topic of discourse in the university; concerning which the following story, among others, passed current—A young student of the college once finding some difficulty to bring a young gentleman, his chum, into the belief of it, laid him a wager, that the dean was smoking at that instant, viz. ten o'clock in the morning. Away, therefore, went the student to the deanery, where, being admitted to the dean in his study, he related the occasion of his visit. To which the dean replied, in perfect good humour, "You see you have lost your wager, as I am not smoking, but merely filling my pipe."

Women are thought to be more fearful than men; the following anecdote sufficiently contradicts the idea. —A young woman had laid a wager she would descend into a vault in the middle of the night, and bring from thence a skull. The person who took the wager had previously hid herself in the vault, and as the girl seized a skull, cried, in a hollow voice, "Leave me my head?" "There it is," said the girl, throwing it down and catching up another. "Leave me my head," said the same voice; "Nay, nay," said the heroick lass, "you cannot have had two heads:" so brought the skull, and won the wager.

A courtier playing at piquet, was much teased by a looker-on who was short-sighted, but had a very long nose, of course, put his face very close to his cards when he made his observations. To get rid of so troublesome a guest, the courtier drew out his handkerchief and applied it to the nose of his officious neighbour. "Ah sir," said he, "I beg your pardon, but I really took it for my own."

One day the Count de Soissons was at play, he perceived, in a mirror that hung before him, a man behind his chair, whose countenance did not prejudice him much in his favour, and resolved to observe him attentively. Very soon after, he felt him cut off the diamond buckle of his hat: he said not a word, but pretending to want something, he turned towards the sharper, and begged him to hold his cards: the other could not refuse him. The count went directly to the kitchen, and procured the sharpest knife he could get, which he hid under his cloak, and entered the room. The sharper, impatient to escape, rose to return the cards, but the Count begged him to continue. In a few minutes after he came softly behind him, seized one of his ears, and cut it off: while holding it out to him, he said, "Here, sir, restore my buckle, and I will restore your ear."

A veteran officer solicited a lieutenant-general's commission of Louis

XIV: "I will think of it," replied the king. "I hope your Majesty will make haste," said the officer, half pushing off his wig, "you may see by my grey hairs I have no time to wait."

A nobleman taking leave of the French court, whence he was going as ambassadour, the king said to him, "The principal instruction, you require, is, to observe a line of conduct entirely the reverse to that of your predecessor." "Sire," replied he, "I will endeavour so to act, that you shall not have occasion to give my successor the like advice."

A cowardly fellow, much given to *apparent courage*, or boasting, (as most cowards are,) having spoken impertinently to a gentleman, received a violent box on the ear. Summoning his most authoritative tone, he demanded whether that was meant in *earnest*. "Yes sir," replied the other, without hesitation. The coward, thinking he should have frightened him, turned away, saying, "I am glad of it sir, for I do not like such *jests*."

A very silly young man who knew a scrap or two of French, and was excessively vain of his accomplishment, accosted a gentleman in the street with "Quelle heure est-il? (i. e. What is it o'clock?) The gentleman replied, in Latin, "Nescio." (i. e. I know not.) "God bless me," said the other, "I did not think it had been so late."

A quaker, being interrogated by the late Mr. Wilkes, could not be prevailed on to answer plainly the questions put to him. Wilkes, being naturally irritable, was at length in a violent passion, and *swore* at his prevaricating friend. "Dost thou not know," said the quaker, "it is written, swear not at all." "I do not swear at all," replied Wilkes, "only at such fellows as you, who will not give a direct answer."

The great prince of Conde besieged a town in Spain, called Lerida, and

was unsuccessful. At the playhouse one night, he cried out, "take that fellow who is making a noise in the pit, and carry him to prison." "I am not to be taken," said the man, as he was running away, "my name is Lerida."

In 1643, Saint Preuil, Governour of Amiens, who expected great success from a stratagem he had invented to retake Arras, wished to engage a man named Courcelles, to be the chief instrument. "I have made choice of you," said he to him one day, "as the most experienced soldier I know, as a principal in an enterprise that will make your fortune. I intend to surprise Arras. You shall disguise yourself as a countryman, and go with a basket of fruit, where after you have been some time, you can take occasion to quarrel with some one, whom you may easily kill with your dagger. Let yourself be taken; they will examine you immediately, and will probably condemn you to be hung. You know that the custom of Arras is to execute criminals out of the town; and there it is my stratagem is to take effect. I will plant an ambuscade near the gate, through which you will, of course, have to pass, which gate my detachment will immediately make themselves masters of, that is, as soon as they see the crowd collected at your execution, and the people's attention consequently drawn aside, lamenting your fate. I will march directly to their assistance, and after having secured the place, will come to your aid, and I hope time enough to save you. That is my plan; what do you say to it?" "It is an excellent one," replied Courcelles, "but the scheme requires some little reflection." "With all my heart," said St. Preuil, "consider of it, and let me know the result of your meditations." Courcelles having sought him the next day, thus accosted him: "Your design appears to me admirable; but I hope you will not be offended if I request to command the ambuscade, and resign to you the honour of being the *principal instrument*."

A lady dying, who was much given to scolding her servants, her husband caused an hatchment to be put against his house, under which was the following common motto, "In Cælo quies." The coachman asked the undertaker's apprentice the meaning of these words, and on being informed it was "there is rest in Heaven," answered, "then I am sure mistress be not there."

A country gentleman, of the name of Wood, having given some offence to a gang of gypsies, not long after missed six geese from the common before his house. A reward for the apprehension of the thief, was advertised, but without the least effect, till one morning he perceived a little packet hanging to the neck of the gander. Having opened it, he found, to his great mortification, these lines, accompanied with sixpence:

Farmer Wood, Farmer Wood,  
Your geese were all good;  
You must know we come from yonder:  
We have taken six geese,  
At a penny a-piece,  
And the money we've sent by the gander.

When the celebrated Dr. Zimmermann was at the court of Berlin, Frederick II asked him, one day in conversation, if he could ascertain how many he had killed in the course of his practice. "That is an arduous task," replied the doctor, "but I think I may venture to say, not by one half so many as your Majesty."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

*From the French of the Compte de Segur.*

Oh, Melancholy! misfortune's balm,  
Thy languor does a bliss impart;  
How I enjoy thy pensive calm  
When far from her who fills my heart.

Unhappy he who never knows  
The charms of tender, softest grief:  
What joy love's silent tear bestows,  
What luxury in such relief.

To Tenderness art thou allied;  
Daughter of Love, be ever near,  
In sweetest sadness by my side,  
And I will greet thee with a tear.

Oh! come, and with sweet Fancy's aid  
Bestow the joys which now remain,  
The features of my cherish'd maid,—  
Regrets are mine, and love's dear pain.

When morning blushes in the east,  
My sorrows constant wilt thou see;  
Come, when the orb of day's at rest,  
And still my tears shall witness thee.

To ease my pangs and give relief,  
Oh! come, receive my bursting sighs;  
Absent from her they charm my grief,  
All other pleasure from me flies.

When first my passion Sylvia blest,  
Thy pensive form the nymph betray'd,  
Rob'd in thy garb, love stood confess'd,  
And told me more than smiles had said.

Tortur'd with doubts, distrust and fears,  
I ne'er believ'd she loved again,  
Till tender sadness, fed with tears,  
Told that we felt a mutual pain.

The murmuring of the pebbly tide,  
The silence of the forest shade,  
The verdant turf in flow'ring pride,  
The feather'd musick of the glade;

A thousand pleasures give with thee,  
Of faded joys remembrance knows;  
For bliss recall'd must pleasure be,  
And from the memory pleasure flows.

Then, come, thou soft and tender power,  
O often come and be my guest;  
The tears you cause to flow each hour  
Give sweet sensations to the breast.

Say, can the lover without fears  
Enjoy the bliss which love bestows?  
And what the wish'd return endears  
When the fond swain no absence knows?

Thy charming languor soothes my heart  
And adds a bliss before unknown,  
Thy tears consoling joys impart,  
Congenial to my grief alone.

May lovers bow before thy shrine,  
And thou propitious ever be;  
Whether a favour'd one is thine,  
Or wretched, offers vows to thee.

To Tenderness thou art allied;  
Daughter of Love, be ever near,  
In sweetest sadness by my side,  
And I will greet thee with a tear.

In meek submission to thy pow'r  
I yield my life, I give my heart,  
Be mine, each melancholy hour,  
And ever love's soft balm impart.

## MARY.

*By the late R. B. Davis. Esqr.*

love to meet the ray of morn,  
 When Summer's radiance gilds the vale;  
 While, on angelick pinions borne,  
 Calm pleasure floats upon the gale.  
 The smiling morn, the dewy field,  
 A thousand varied beauties yield:  
 But lovelier, brighter charms I view  
 In Mary's eyes of heavenly blue.

I've seen the rose and tulip blow,  
 With many a flower of brilliant dye,  
 And on the picture's vivid glow  
 I've dwelt with fascinated eye.  
 Sweet are the painter's magick powers,  
 And sweet the tints of opening flowers;  
 But neither yet could boast a hue  
 Like Mary's eyes of heavenly blue.

The smiles of mirth I love to greet  
 Among the happy, gay, and fair;  
 'Tis pleasing then; but far more sweet  
 To meet my gentle Mary there.  
 'Twas bliss—'twas rapture—while I  
 prest

The lovely girl to make me blest,  
 A kind consenting glance I drew  
 From Mary's eyes of heavenly blue.

*For The Port Folio.*

## LANDON'S PRAYER.

I wander'd out, as is my way,  
 To muse awhile, the other day;  
 As through the bosom of a wood,  
 I trac'd the windings of a flood;  
 Whom should I find but Landon there,  
 Deroutly kneeling, and at prayer!  
 At prayer, beneath a spreading oak,  
 Where words of this import he spoke:

"Father Jove! who reign'st above,  
 "Save me from the snares of love;  
 "Save me, Jove, from woman's wiles,  
 "From her frowns, and from her smiles,  
 "From her looks, and from her sighs,  
 "From the lightning of her eyes,  
 "From her sweet, seducing air,  
 "From the ringlets of her hair,  
 "From her anger, and her fears,  
 "From her 'soul subduing' tears,  
 "From her soft, endearing blisses,  
 "From the poison of her kisses,  
 "From her bosom, and her arms,  
 "And her whole united charms!  
 "Grant my prayer, supernal Jove!  
 "Save me from the snares of love!  
 "Teach me some celestial art  
 "To secure a truant heart!

"Likewise, Jove, I must complain,  
 "Of this long continued rain;  
 "When the clouds obscure the skies  
 "All my soul within me dies!  
 "Therefore, I most humbly pray,  
 "Save me from a cloudy day!  
 "Wake the winds, and dry the road,

"Call me from my dull abode!  
 "Save me from the gloomy dome  
 "I am doom'd to call my home;  
 "From the house where Dulness rules  
 "Sluggish, sordid, moping fools!  
 "If it seemeth good to thee,  
 "Waft me o'er the raging sea;  
 "Cast me on some desert shore  
 "To revisit men no more:  
 "Place me with some savage band  
 "On Arabia's burning sand:  
 "Place me near the icy pole,  
 "Where without the least control  
 "Everlasting winter reigns  
 "O'er the desolated plains,  
 "Where the winds forever blow  
 "O'er the frozen hills of snow;  
 "There unknown and unknown,  
 "Let me ever live alone!  
 "Eut, thou great Olympick god,  
 "Take me from my dull abode!

"Save me from the bustling crowd,  
 "Grinning, gaping, laughing loud,  
 "Servile, ignorant and base,  
 "Stupid, senseless brutal race!  
 "Changing with the changing wind,  
 "By no principle confined,  
 "Ever restless, weak and vain,  
 "With no other god but gain:  
 "Therefore, be my claim allowed,  
 "Save me from the bustling crowd!

"Save me, Jove, from flowing bowls,  
 "Sad resource of drooping souls!  
 "O how fleeting are the joys,  
 "Placed in tempest and in noise.  
 "Save me from a drunken sot,  
 "Loathsome as a Hottentot.

"From a dull insensate clod,  
 "From the glutton and his god.

"Save me from the vixen bold,  
 "From the slattern and the scold;  
 "From the monkey and the ape,  
 "Animals in human shape,  
 "Hopping, frisking, wriggling train,  
 "Silly, insolent and vain.

"Save me, as of old was sung,  
 "From a wicked lying tongue,  
 "From the tongue no man can tame  
 "Tipt with Tophet's bluest flame.

"Save me from the stubborn mule,  
 "From the ever-prating fool,  
 "From the villain's deadly art,  
 "From the cold unfeeling heart,  
 "From the hypocritical race,  
 "Sons of groaning and grimace.

"From the man who wears disguise,  
 "From the man too proudly wise,  
 "From the jest and proverb stale,  
 "From the oft-repeated tale,  
 "From the man too good to mend,  
 "From the semi-demi friend,

"From old *Scrafer* and his pelf,  
 "Sometimes, also, from—myself:  
 "From these if thou deliver me,  
 "There's a hecatomb for thee!"

I laughed aloud to hear him pray,  
 He started up, and fled away;  
 Well, let him go—the man is mad,  
 Or something that is quite as bad.  
 Gods! to myself I laughing said,  
 How earnestly the fellow prayed—  
 And such a prayer was never heard,  
 O! how he gaped at every word!  
 But why should *he* asperse the fair,  
 In his ill-natured, whining prayer?  
 No woman, in her senses, can  
 Be fool enough to love the man!  
 To end the whole, the silly elf  
 Preferr'd a prayer against himself!  
 —Himself!—himself!—"Tis Greek to me.  
 Lord! what a fool the man must be!

PEREGRINE.

—  
 For *The Port Folio*.

### ODE TO HOPE.

Altho' unnumber'd ills around me wait  
 And shades of sorrow sable o'er my soul,  
 Yet, *Hope!* if thou but dart a golden beam,  
 A cheerful brightness overcasts the whole.

Despair and sadness flee before thy face,  
 Thy smile confounds them and thy art divine!  
 Whilst gentle peace and joy and sweet content,

With resignation in soft concord join.

What time my *frame*, to dire disease a prey  
 Scarce kept the vital spark within my breast;  
 Thou wert my stay, my solace, and support,  
 Thy gentle whisper bid my spirit rest.

Thou dost slike all human race befriend,  
 Thy soothing balm confin'd to none *alone*,  
 Is offer'd freely to each care-worn heart—  
 The cottage hind, and fortune's blazing son.

Tho' storms on storms in angry mood arise,  
 And drive the vessel thro' the foamy deep,  
 Thy *unctious* pow'r can stay the *swelling* wave,  
 And sooth old Ocean's billows into *sleep*,

When war horrick calls aloud to *arms*,  
 And *death* and *fury* stalk o'er hosts of slain,  
 Thy aid puissant makes the coward bold,  
 And adds fresh vigour to declining fame.

All hail thee, then, fair daughter of the sky!  
 Bright is thy visage, and thy form divine.  
 Thy wings drop balsam to assuage our cares,  
 I woo thee, then, at virtue's hallowed shrine.

F. C. C.

### TO DELIA,

WITH A DIAMOND RING.

The rude blast of Winter again sweeps the  
 vale,  
 And nature lays prostrate beneath its chill  
 power,  
 Tho' dreary the prospect and bleak be the  
 gale,  
 Yet such were the stern scenes of my na-  
 tal hour.

Now leafless the forest and mute is the  
 grove,  
 No Season more genial did fate then im-  
 part,  
 Yet sooth'd as with Spring does my breast  
 glow with love,  
 Unchill'd by the cold is the warmth of my  
 heart.

Yes, DELIA again has return'd the bless'd  
 day

Which gave me to life's varied scenes and  
 to you,  
 And while that intruder, old age, is away,  
 Let us keep the bland prospect of love  
 full in view.

While fools mock the bias which kind Hy-  
 men bestows,  
 And boast of their freedom from his galling  
 chains,  
 I feel and can prize all the joys that he  
 knows,  
 And, conscious, deride the dull dupes  
 for their pains.

Together we'll prove the enjoyments in store,  
 And share all the sorrows which fall to  
 our lot,  
 While bless'd by thy smile I shall taste these  
 the more,  
 And, sure of thy love, will the last be for-  
 got.

The years quick revolving since I call'd thee  
 mine  
 Have witness'd of love his pure steady  
 flame,  
 Whose lustre still brilliant, shall never de-  
 cline,  
 But thro' each changing scene, unchang'd  
 be the same.

Accept, then, dear girl, this bright jewel,  
 and wear it  
 For my sake as a pledge of the joys yet to  
 be,  
 And may some kind genius forever destroy it  
 When that brighter jewel, love, shines  
 not for me.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 13, 1807.

[No. 24.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE FINE ARTS.

Again we have it in our power, and we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity, to call the attention of Taste and Connoisseurship to the interesting subject of **THE FINE ARTS**. In the very infancy of the Pennsylvania Academy, though much has been done, much remains to be done. A collection of statues and of busts has been made, but while wondering Curiosity gazed at polished marble, liberal Curiosity asked for the history of the sculptor and an explanation of his objects. This is now given; and for the following *Catalogue Raisonné*, the editor and the public are indebted to a Lady, who, after consulting the best authorities, has arranged her ideas and descriptions with all that grace, which feminine genius is so prone to display on every topic that awakens the imagination.

We cannot terminate this introduction, without manifesting our joy at the prosperity of an institution whose basis is utility, and whose pillars are taste and magnificence.

*Catalogue of Statues and Busts in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.*

1. **THE PYTHIAN APOLLO, OR APOLLO BELVIDERE.** This statue is much celebrated in sculpture, and esteemed by the majority of artists, the most excellent and sublime of all the ancient productions. It was found towards the end of the fifteenth century, at *Cupo d'Auzo*, upon the seacoast, about twelve leagues from Rome, in the ruins of Antium. It

was purchased during the cardinalate of Pope Julius II, and placed in his palace near the church of *Santi Apostoli*; but soon after his elevation to the popedom, he removed it to the Belvidere of the Vatican, whence it derives its name, and where it was for three hundred years the admiration of the world; until Rome was taken and sacked by the French, who have transported this divine statue to the Museum at Paris.

The marble of which this statue was formed is of so peculiar a kind, as to occasion much doubt among antiquarians and naturalists, about the quarry it was taken from. The sculptors of Rome are of opinion that the marble is Grecian. It most probably, however, came from a quarry now entirely unknown. We can with as little accuracy denote the artist; although some accounts state, that this statue was the work of *Agathias*, the Ephesian, yet the *Scavans*, who were sent to Rome, at the time of the incursion of the French into Italy, to explore the works of art and their history, state, that the sculptor is certainly unknown. The god is here represented with his quiver hanging behind his right shoulder, and his pallium over his left arm, which is extended, and has in the hand the remains of a bow, from which he is supposed to have just discharged an arrow at the serpent Python. On this ac-

count the statue is called *Apollo Pythius* or Pythian Apollo. The stump of the tree, which appears to be introduced merely, to support the figure, presents an interesting allusion, it being the trunk of the ancient olive tree of Delos under whose shade the god was born, and the serpent, which surrounds it, is the symbol of physick, of which he was patron. The right fore arm, and the left hand, which were wanting, have been restored by *Giovanni Angelo da Montorsoli*, the pupil of Michael Angelo.

2. The group of *LAOCOON*, the son of Priam and a Priest of Apollo, who, strongly opposed the admission of the wooden horse into Troy, which he knew enclosed the Greeks armed for the destruction of that city. To open the eyes of his fellow citizens, he even dared to direct his javelin against the fatal machine. Irritated by his temerity, the gods, who were enemies to Troy, decreed his punishment. Accordingly, when on the sea-coast, Laocoon crowned with laurel, and attended by his two sons, was sacrificing to Neptune, two enormous serpents rushed suddenly upon them from the water. In vain he struggles, they encircle him and his children in their folds, and tear them with their venomous fangs. In spite of the efforts that he makes to disengage himself this unfortunate father with his two sons, the deplorable victim of unjust vengeance, seeming, by their eyes turned towards heaven to implore mercy from the gods, expire in the most inexpressible agonies. Such is the subject of this admirable group, one of the most perfect works which the chisel has produced. A chef d'œuvre of composition, design, and sentiment, which has stood the test of ages, and of which no commentaries have been able to weaken the impression. It was found in 1506, during the Pontificate of Julius II, at Rome, on Mount Esquilin, in the ruins of the palace of Titus. Pliny, who speaks of it with admiration, saw it in the same place. To him we are indebted for the names of its sculptors, *Agasander*, *Polydorus*, and *Athenodorus*, of Rhodes. Agasan-

der was probably the father of the others. They flourished in the first age of the vulgar era. The group is composed of five blocks, so artfully united that Pliny thought they were but one. The right arm of the father and the two arms of the children are wanting. They are not in the antique, though, doubtless they will one day be executed in marble as they have been restored by *Girardon* in plaster, to the original in the Louvre. All the copies have been made from the original without the addition of the arms. The only objection which has been made to the perfection of this group, is that the sons, with the countenance and expression of manhood, have only the size of children.

3. The *VENUS DE MEDICI*, is here represented as just from the sea. Her divinely graceful form is unembarrassed by drapery, her hair collected behind, displays the beauties of her polished neck, and her head gently inclines to the left, as smiling assably upon the graces who are supposed to be about to attire her. The value of this statue is greatly heightened by its perfect preservation. It was found in Rome, about the middle of the last century, between the Quirinal and Viminal Mounts. It was placed in the garden of the Palace de Medici, from which it takes its name, to distinguish it from its rival Sister, the Venus of the Capitol. It is unnecessary to add that this statue is the admiration of the world. It was transplanted into Paris at the same time of the Apollo, and this cast was made from the original, now at the Museum there.

4. *GLADIATOR BORGHESI*, or fighting Gladiator. This has been improperly denominated of the Borghese Palace. From the characters of its inscription it appears to be of greater antiquity than any other characterized by the name of the artist. History gives us no particular relative to *Agasias* of Ephesus, author of this chef d'œuvre; but the work, which he has left bears the strongest testimony of his merit. Antiquarians are divided in their judgment of this figure; some

have supposed it a *Discobolus*, or thrower of the disk; but others with more probability, have pronounced it a statue, erected to the honour of some Grecian warrior, who had signalized himself on some perilous occasion: this appears perfectly to coincide with the attitude of the figure, which is at the same time actively offensive and defensive; on the left arm the strap of the buckler, which he is supposed to carry is distinctly seen; the right arm is supposed to hold a javelin; his looks are directed upwards, as if defending himself from a danger, threatening from above; this position militates against the idea of its being the statue of a fighting gladiator, as his opponent may be supposed on horseback; besides, it is believed the honour of a statue was never granted to a gladiator of the publick arena; and this production is supposed anterior to the institution of gladiators in Greece. It is, however, probable that it may have originated in the fancy of some ancient artist, who intended the attitude to correspond with the expression of the countenance and the amazing muscular strength of the figure. This statue, as well as the *Apollo*, was discovered in the city of Antium, the birth place of the Emperour Nero, which he embellished at an enormous expense.

5. THE VENUS OF THE BATH, called *VENUS ACROUPE*, is supposed to be in the bath or just leaving it. It is not necessary that we should say much to recommend this beautiful little figure to those, who can appreciate excellence, and it is rare to see a subject, which has more charms. It is probably the work of *Polycharmus* who is known to have made a crouching *Venus* which was seen at Rome in the time of Pliny.

6. CASTOR AND POLLUX, by some supposed to be the Decii devoting themselves for their country. Nothing can be learned with respect to this group, as to when, or by whom executed, or the supposed situation of the figures, which are so highly estimable for the symmetry of the form, and the delicacy of the execution. They

were twin brothers, and sons of Jupiter and Leda. Mercury, immediately after their birth, carried them to Pallena, where they were educated, and as soon as they had arrived at the years of maturity, they embarked with Jason, on the Argonautick expedition. In this adventure, both behaved with signal courage; the latter conquered and slew Amycus, in the combat of the cestus, and was after considered the god and patron of boxing and wrestling. The former distinguished himself in the management of horses. After their return from Colchia they freed the Hellespont and the neighbouring pass from pirates, from which circumstance they have always been deemed the protectors of seamen. They were invited to the nuptial feast of Lycas and Idas, where becoming enamoured with the brides (the daughters of Leucippus) a battle ensued, in which Lycas fell by the hand of Castor, who was killed by Idas. Pollux revenged the death of his brother in the blood of Idas. Pollux, tenderly attached to his brother, and inconsolable for his loss, entreated Jupiter either to restore Castor to life, or permit him to resign his own immortality; Jupiter listened benignly to his prayer, and consented that the immortality of Pollux should be shared with his brother, and that it should be alternately enjoyed by them. This act of fraternal love Jupiter rewarded by making the two brothers constellations in heaven, under the name of Gemini.

7. GERMANICUS, son of Drusus and Antonia, is supposed to be represented by this statue. The style of the hair indeed indicates a Roman personage, but it cannot be this prince, for medals, and other monuments, represent him very differently. A more attentive examination of this figure discovers an analogy with that of Mercury; the extended position of the right arm, the chalmys, thrown over the left, which holds the caduceus, and rests on a tortoise, consecrated to this god as the inventor of the lyre, favour this idea. But a more reason-

\* *Debellator equorum.*

able conjecture might be admitted, that under these forms and with the attributes of the god of eloquence, the ingenious artist has portrayed a Roman Orator celebrated for his powers on the rostrum. This beautiful statue in Parian marble is the work of Cleomenes, son of Cleomenes the Athenian, and is not more valuable for the superiour excellence and symmetry of the form, than for its perfect preservation. It is taken from the gallery of Versailles, where it was placed in the reign of Louis XIV. It may also be seen at Rome in the Villa Montalto or Negrone.

8. CERES. The original of this charming figure is of Parian marble: the correctness of its form, and delicacy of its drapery, entitle it to be called a model of taste. It is clad in a tunick, over which is thrown a mantle or peplum; both are finished in so masterly a manner, that through the mantle are perceived the knots of the cord, which ties the tunick round her waist. It was taken from the museum of the Vatican, having been placed there by Clement XIV. It previously ornamented the Villa Mattei on Mount Esquilin, and was then incomplete. The artist, who repaired this statue, having placed in its hand some ears of wheat, the name of Ceres has probably from that circumstance been given to it: otherwise the virginal character of the head, and simplicity of its head-dress, would induce a belief that the muse Clio was intended by it and that a book should have been placed in the hand instead of the ears of wheat.

9. SILENTUS, with the infant Bacchus, or the reposing faun, to the description of which this statue seems to answer, except that the figure is described as holding a flute in its right hand. The grace, which reigns in the figure, and the numerous copies of the original, which seems more properly executed in bronze, than in marble, would lead us to conjecture, that this might be an antique copy of the *Faun or Satyr of Praxiteles*, worked in bronze, of which the reputation was so great in Greece that they distinguished it for its excellence by the

name of *πρεσβυτερος*, or the famous. This statue in Pentelican marble (so called from its quarry in Mount Pentelus near to Athens) was found in 1701, near to Lanuvium, now called Civita Lavinia, where Marcus Aurelius had a pleasure house. Benedict 14th, had it placed in the Museum of the Capitol.

10. ANTINOS OF THE CAPITOL. This young and amiable Bythynian, to whom the gratitude of the Emperor Adrian raised such numerous monuments, we find here represented as scarcely having attained maturity. He is naked; his position leaning, and the style of the hair, are somewhat similar to Mercury, whose wand probably he holds in his right hand. In spite of the youthfulness expressed in this statue, we see imprinted in the expression of the face, and in the head, inclined towards the earth, that settled melancholy sadness by which we distinguish his portraits, and which has made this line of Virgil on Marcellus, applicable to him.

*Sed frons læta parum, et dejecto lumina vultu.*

The fore arm and left leg are modern. This beautiful statue in marble de Luni, comes from the Museum of the Capitol, where it was placed after having been in the collection of the Cardinal *Alexander Albani*.

11. FRAGMENT OF A STATUE OF HERCULES, called the TORSO OF THE BELVIDERE. The remains of this admirable statue, although deprived by time of the head, the arms and the legs, appear to represent the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, at the moment when he becomes immortal on Mount Ceta. The lion's skin thrown on the rock where the figure is sitting, and the amazing size of the limbs leave no doubt of the true subject of this statue.

The sculptor has delineated no veins in the body of the hero, which is wonderful, as he is not represented in his youth, and his great muscular strength appears to exclude that plumpness of form, which alone could require the suppression of the veins. *Winkelmann* is of opinion, that the ar-

tist, by this, wishes to indicate the Apotheosis of Hercules, who is just about to change into a God on the funeral pile of Mount Ceta.

When we examine with attention, this incomparable fragment, we see many indications that the figure of Alcides was in a group with another figure placed on its left. The fable of the Apotheosis of Hercules recalls to us Hebe, the goddess of youth, that the new god had just obtained for his wife. A modern sculptor, M. Flaxman, an Englishman, has attempted to restore, in this sense, the copy of the Torse, and his essay has been crowned with the most complete success. This piece of sculpture, in Pentelican marble, presents, on the rock, the following insertion (in Greek) "The work of Apollonius the son of Nestor, an Athenian." The account which we have is probably correct, that this precious fragment was dug up at Rome, towards the close of the fifteenth century, near the theatre of Pompey, now the *Campo di Tiore*. It appears very probable, that it was in the time of Pompey this Athenian artist flourished in Rome. Julius 2nd placed this Torse in the garden of the Vatican, as well as the Apollo and the Laocoon. It served there for ages as a study for the Michael Angelos, Raphaels and the Carracchis, to whom we are indebted for the perfection of the Fine Arts. Artists have always known it under the vulgar name of the Torse of the Belvidere. There exists nothing of ancient sculpture executed in grander style.

12. APOLLINE, OR, the YOUNG APOLLO. This statue is naked, and is supposed to hold his lyre in his left hand. This beautiful little figure, in Parian marble, is done in fine style.

13. THE TORSO, OR THE TRUNK OF CUPID, called the GRECIAN CUPID. This beautiful figure is known by the name of the Grecian Cupid, who was sometimes, as in this instance, represented under the maturer age of adolescence, and possessed a character much more mild and reasonable than that attributed to the son of Mars and Venus. The supposition that this statue was intended for a Cupid is,

perhaps, drawn from the evident marks of its having been originally with wings, one of the attributes of his divinity; but however the intention of the artist may be mistaken as to the subject, it will remain a monument of his excellence in his art. This beautiful fragment, in Parian marble is taken from the museum of the Vatican, and was found at Centocelle, on the route from Rome to Palestrina, the same place where the fine statue of Adonis was found, which is now in the Louvre. It is likely, that this figure and many other copies of it which carry the quiver and the bow, were executed after the celebrated Cupid of *Praxiteles* which was to be seen at Parium.

14. THE FIRST SET OF MUSCLES IN THE HUMAN SUBJECT, by the artist Houdon. A full length statue intended for students which is so highly esteemed, and seems so well calculated for the purposes of the Academy, that it has been introduced from a conviction of its usefulness. As auxiliary to young designers, the feet and hands of the *Farnese Hercules*, two casts of mouths and noses from the antique, and two ears by a modern artist, are also here.

15. A small copy of the FARNESE HERCULES, which is said to be admirably executed.

16. A small copy in marble of the VENUS DE MEDICI, and

17. A small copy in marble of ANTIQUOUS OF THE CAPITOL, both presented to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts by Henry Wikoff, Esq. of Philadelphia.

Among the Busts distinguished for the elegance of the workmanship, or the interest of the characters, are the following:

1. The *Mask of Jupiter*. Among the antique monuments which present us the image of this chief of gods and men, there is none more grand or pleasing than this. The serenity, the sweetness, and the majesty, which reign in all the features of this sublime head, give a perfect idea of the attributes which the ancients gave to Jupiter. This head, in *marble de Luni*, is taken from the Museum of

the Vatican, where Pius VI placed it. It was found in the ruins of the *Colonia Otriculana*, now called Otricoli, about seventeen leagues from Rome on the Flaminian road. It probably belonged to a colossal statue.

2. *Homer*. This fine bust represents the immortal Homer, the father of Grecian poetry, and to whom seven cities disputed the honour of having given birth. The bandeau, or diadem which encircles his head, is the emblem of the divinity which his exalted genius merited, and which obtained him the honour of his apotheosis. The formation of the eyes, of admirable execution, indicates blindness, a misfortune under which this celebrated poet is generally supposed to have laboured. This bust, in Pentelican marble, is taken from the museum of the Capitol. It was first discovered by the antiquary *Ficoroni*, who accidentally met with it in the place of a common stone in the wall of the palace *Cartani*, he bought it and gave it to the Cardinal *Alexander Albani*, who sold it afterwards to *Clement XII*. Although the portrait of Homer has always been considered doubtful, even among the ancients, it is yet well known that busts, similar to this, have passed under his name.

3. *Diana, of Versailles*. The superb statue from which this bust is taken, is in Parian marble, and we are informed of its being in France during the reign of Henry IV. It was without doubt the most perfect of all the *antiques*, which were to be found there, before the conquest of Italy enriched France with so many *chef d'œuvres*.

4. The *Head of Rome*, of which the entire statue is now at Rome in Parian marble. This bust is taken from the gallery of the Chateau de Richelieu.

5. A *Faun* suspended from a tree, probably a personification of the river Tiber.

6. *Minerva*. This bust is antique, and being in the same style of a very elegant statue in Pentelican marble, which was known in the ducal palace of Modena, it is supposed to have been taken from it.

7. *Venus of Arles*. This bust is taken from a statue found at *Arles*, in 1651, and which makes one of the principal ornaments of the gallery at Versailles. It is in Greek marble, and this bust was worked by *Mellon*, in 1669.

8. *Euripides*. This bust presents to us the features of one of the most celebrated tragick poets of Greece: The correctness of this portrait is proved by its entire resemblance to another bust which is at Rome, and on which the name of Euripides is engraven in Greek: It is executed in Pentelican marble, and taken from the academy at Mantua.

9. *Cicero*. This bust, executed in Pentelican marble, is taken from the museum of the Capitol at Rome.

10. *Hippocrates*, the father of medicine, was born at Cos, about 460 years before the vulgar era, and is here represented in his most advanced age. The correctness of this portrait, as well as those which are at Rome and Florence, is known by its resemblance to one which is preserved on a medal, struck at Cos, his birth-place, and which was found in the cabinet of *Fulvius Ursinus*.

11. *Demosthenes*. The statue from which this bust is taken was formerly at the villa *Montalto*, now *Negromi*, on Mount Esquilin, whence Pius VI transported it to the Vatican. This head is antique.

12. *Socrates*. Proofs of the correctness of this likeness may be found in the fifth volume of the description of the museum of *Pio Clementino*.

13. *Seneca*. This bust is taken from a fine statue in the Borghese Palace.

14. *Diogenes*.

15. *Lucius Junius Brutus*, taken from a bust in bronze at the Capitol in Rome.

16. *Ulysses*.

17. *Alexander the Great*. *Alexander Severus*.

19. *Vespasian*.

20. *Nero*, the last of the *Cæsars* of the race of Augustus. The portrait of this monster is not flattered in this bust, which delineates the unrelenting

frown of a negro-driver, and the insolent air of an unprincipled ruffian in power. This is copied from the bronze which was moulded from the original in the 16th century.

21. *Titus*.

22. *Caracalla*. The ferocious look, and the turn of the head towards the left side, make this portrait in Pentelecan marble, an exact resemblance of the celebrated *Farnesian* bust of this cruel emperor.

23. *Vitellius*, is taken from the hall of antiques in the Louvre.

24. *Sappho*.

25. *Group of Niobe*. Among the busts which ornament the museum, this group, with the head of Niobe, ought to engage particular attention, from the acknowledged purity of style that reigns throughout the heads which compose it. The Abbe Winkelmann, a most classical judge of the arts, has pronounced the head of Niobe to be a model of the highest style of beauty; and *Guido*, the painter of the *Graces*, made it his peculiar study. The age of their execution is supposed to be that of the highest glory of the arts, that is, in the time of *Phidias*; but it is not ascertained whether the statues, which now compose this interesting group at Florence, are the originals or not. By the jealousy and hatred of Latona, the children of Niobe fell victims to the darts of Apollo and Diana, and the expression of the head of Niobe is strongly indicative of peculiar distress.

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For The Port Folio.

- Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
- That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
- And then is heard no more. It is a tale
- Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
- Signifying nothing.

SHAKESPEARE.

Thus speaks that great and sublime genius and that profound and accurate observer of human nature. It requires, however, no demonstration of Euclid, no apparition to rise from the dead, to prove to us the uncertainty of human events. It is the conviction of this

truth that should be impressed upon the mind and the regulation of our conduct agreeable to this conviction, that are so necessary. The shortness and uncertainty of life, and the instability of human events, are ever present to our view; and we must be blind and inattentive indeed, if we do not observe these calls to the practice of virtue. But the majority of mankind appear to be unconscious of the reflections that ought to arise from the events that occur every day. The gloomy misanthropist, disgusted with every thing that he meets in this world would willingly desert his station, and perhaps determines that his own hand shall effect what accident or the laws are dilatory in producing. The gay voluptuous Epicurean on the other hand, is strongly attached to this world and every circumstance occurs, but to furnish him with unlawful and irregular pleasures. The votaries of pleasure hurried on with the giddy crowd, stop not to consider; find no time for serious thought and reflection. In the midst of short, transient, fleeting joys, they live as if this state of things was to last forever. The utmost extent of their wishes, to figure, to excite attention and admiration among the gay and thoughtless. A splendid dwelling, rich furniture, dazzling equipage, dress and show, fix their vain thoughts. In a constant round of fashionable meetings, their hours roll on; routs and parties occupy their mispent time; the same thing occurs frequently, the same scenes return at stated hours; no opportunity for observation, for improvement, for benefit, for variety; and though apathy and disgusting ennui should throw a gloom and disrelish over all their pleasures, still do they want resolution to tear themselves away and alter their course of life. I do not wish to condemn the elegance and show that give respectability and dignity to character, nor the assemblage of friends and relatives that produces refinement of manners, indulges our useful and social affections, and consequently improves society; on the contrary, these I would applaud. But it is the ex-

cessive indulgence of these enjoyments, that saps the foundation of order in society, is productive of vice and irregularity in the world, and is one of the prime destroyers of that health and constitution which Heaven has given us for better purposes. It is the excess of expense beyond our means that involves—the midnight revelling, the dissipation and irregularity that destroys morality and saps the springs of life: the vanity of trifles that occupy the mind and shut out more important and useful occupations. These, these are the fiends that walk abroad and deal devastation and destruction around—Oh!

“Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!”

After an unrestrained indulgence in these scenes of fashionable gayety and pleasures, it is difficult to tear ourselves away and relinquish those pursuits; and however strong our disposition may be to lead us to the attempt, our resolution frequently fails; did it depend upon ourselves, perhaps we never should succeed. It is, then, often necessary for the hand of Providence to interfere and save us from this destruction of the soul. How often do we witness the instability of these transitory enjoyments! How often, in the midst of luxury, gayety and voluptuousness; on the commanding heights of splendid fortune; in the whirl of pleasure; in the rapid, thoughtless moments of dissipation, are the deluded victims seized and stopped in their mad career, and hurled from their high station to the lowest abyss of poverty and misery. Forced out of the circle of their former pleasures, deprived of the means of enjoyment, they lie prostrated, helpless victims of Fortune and dependent upon the attention of some charitable benevolent soul. This is the moment to try their fortitude, to call forth the means they ought to have provided against an adverse moment; to prove to them the folly of their former conduct, and to show the vanity and frivolity of the things they have been pursuing.

Adversity is the school of virtue, but alas! in this school they have unfortunately, not been educated. Depressed and sunk in this low state, they look around for support and consolation. In vain they call upon their former friends, their former pleasures to support them through these trials. Their friends, like the passing breeze of summer, existed, and are no more: their former pleasures, their mispent hours, like fiends, haunt their minds and destroy their peace. An approving consciousness of having passed their time profitably they cannot possess. The healing tender balm of religion and piety is wanting to administer support and consolation to them. Death comes, perhaps, a welcome visitor, to relieve them from their troubles.

MORTIMER.

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For The Port Folio.

### CRITICISM.

Ode—On the prospect of Eton College.

The exordium still fixes our attention.

Silver-winding way.

‘This compound epithet,’ says Mr. Wakefield, ‘is an incongruous combination. A *silver-winding way* is a way that winds with or like silver, which is absurd. The passage would not be exceptionable if the words were separated—his silver winding way; and silver made an adjective, as in Pope,

And the press’d watch return’d a silver sound.

I feel the gales that from ye blow.

‘This use of *ye*, though common enough in our earlier writers, is a most gross and offensive grammatical error: out of mere charity to the reader, it should be corrected:

I feel the gales that from you blow

My weary soul they seem to sooth.

‘The learned reader will observe, that *they seem* is here employed to signify a *quality*, like the *denouement* of the elegant Greek writers.

Πατήρ σέθεν διεγείρεται πολύς πόντος.

Of Summer all was redolent.

In a similar construction, Milton has—  
lenient of grief.—*Sams. Agon.*

*His suffocation to father Thames, says Johnson, to tell him who drives the hoop and tosses the ball, is useless and puerile: father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself:*

Say, father Thames (for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race,  
Disporting on thy margent green,  
The paths of pleasure trace)  
Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arm the glassy wave?  
The captive linnet which enthrall?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest labours bent,  
Their murmuring labours ply  
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint,  
To sweeten liberty.

Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare descry;  
Still, as they run, they look behind,  
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Mr. Wakefield's notes on these stanzas will gratify every reader.

By slow Meander's *margent green*,  
And in the violet embroider'd vale.

MILT. COM. 232.

'This stanza is poetical, and has the merit of expressing trivial things with dignity.'

To chase the rolling circle's speed.

The verse would have been more poetical in this form:

To chase the circle's rolling speed.

And snatch a fearful joy.

'A very happy expression: and equally happy in that stroke of the evangelist, "and they went speedily from the tomb with *fear* and *great joy*." Matt. xxviii, 8; and that of the psalmist, "Rejoice with trembling." 1, 2. So the sublime Lucretius:

His tibi me rebus quædam divinæ voluptas  
Percipit, atque horror. 11, 28.

And his great imitator, Virgil:

Obstupuit simul ipse, simul percussus Achil-  
les

Letitia quæ metuque. EN. I, 517

They had before seen a similar beauty in their master:

—ή δ' αρα μιν χλωδίει δέξατο κόλπον  
Δακρυοῖν γέλασσαν.

IL. Z. 482.

She took him to her fragrant breast,  
Smiling in tears.

And in another most natural and affecting passage:

Πασιν δ' ἰμεροῖς ὑπιδὺ γοοῖς.

OD. K. 398.

All sympathiz'd in *sadly-pleasing tears*.

And in Pindar:

Εσα δὲ θαμβεῖς δυσφορῶν  
Τετραπὶ τιμῆχθεις.

NEM. I, Stroph. 4.

Nonnus, too, in his metrical paraphrase of John's Gospel, has well expressed this mixture of sensations:

Παθηῖ λυκεῖα καὶ χαρματι.

C. xi, v. 29.

Dissolv'd in *grief* and *joy*.

But nothing of this kind can exceed a description of King Lear:

But his flaw'd heart,  
Alack! too weak the conflict to support  
'Twixt two extremes of passion, *joy* and  
*grief*,  
Burst smilingly.

ACT V, Sc. 8.

We differ from Mr. W. on the question of the epithet *rolling*, which we think rightly applied to the *circle* by the poet, and wrongly, to *speed*, by the critic. As it stands, the expression is definite. A *rolling circle* is so far a *peculiar circle*, as that it may well signify a *hoop*; but *circle*, alone, is any circle. Add to this, we make nothing of *rolling speed*.

The address to *father Thames* we shall leave to the conclusive defence of Mr. Wakefield: meanwhile, we cannot avoid expressing our surprise, that, among the numerous examples of plagiarism which have been offered against Mr. Gray, many of which (so frequently do writers accidentally think and express themselves like others) must be regarded as highly doubtful. This, which we suppose to be unquestionable, has not, to our knowledge, been instanced: the rea-

der need only compare the address of Gray with that of Green, in his poem entitled, *The Grotto*, the same to which Gray is confessedly indebted in his *Ode to Spring*.

Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace,  
Gives leave to view what beauties grace  
Your flow'ry banks, if you have seen  
The much-sung grotto of the queen?  
Contemplative, forget a while  
Oxonian tow'rs and Windsor's pile,  
And Wolsey's pride, &c.

Our readers will probably agree with Mr. Wakefield, that Dr. Johnson is in the wrong with respect to the epithet *buxom*. When the latter says, that Mr. Gray seems not to understand the meaning of the word, he alludes to its *primitive meaning*; but Gray uses it in the *secondary*, and Mr. Wakefield shows that Johnson has himself so explained it. In the primitive sense, *buxom* is unquestionably *buck-some*, and is therefore used with the strictest propriety by Lloyd:

Our nymphs are as *buxom* as does;

And perhaps this was originally meant by the phrase *BUXOM lass*. In the secondary sense, however, *buxom* means no more than *gay*, *plausible*, full of *vivacity*; and *buxom Health* conveys to every man's imagination that *cheerfulness* and *flow of spirits*, which was essential to the poet to distinguish from health as it respects *strength* alone.

Gay Hope is theirs by Fancy led,  
Less pleasing when possess;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed;  
The sunshine of the breast:  
Theirs *buxom Health* of rosy hue;  
Wild Wit; Invention ever new;  
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born:  
The thoughtless day, the easy night;  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
That fly th' approach of morn.

'This, says Mr. W. is at once poetical and just; and yet there seems to be an impropriety in the next verse:

Less pleasing when possess:

for, though the *object* of *hope* may truly be said to be *less pleasing* in *possession* than in the *fancy*; yet *hope*, in person, cannot possibly be *possessed*: for, as the *apostle* truly says, "Hope that is seen, is no longer hope; for

what a man seeth, how can he also expect to see?" ROM. VIII, 240.

It is not easy to discover the sense of *Cheer* in this verse; for, if it mean *sprightliness* and *gayety*, the word is redundant and tautological:

And on our sudden coming there  
Will double all the mirth and cheer.

COMUS, 954

That fly—

'A pretty conclusion this of a most lively and natural description of that sprightly and enchanting age.'

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

## PROLOGUE

To the New Play of

ADRIAN AND ORRILLA; OR A MOTHER'S  
VENGEANCE.

Written by Lumley St. George Steffington, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. Brunton.

Long has the Stage, determined to impart  
Such scenes alone as meliorate the heart,  
Barr'd from all avenues, with rigid sway,  
Plots which corrupt, and maxims that betray.  
With elevation now, the alter'd muse  
That praise rejects, which virtue should  
refuse:

In fancy's rose no vivid colour sees,  
Unless that vividness the just can please;  
In wit's gay brilliant owns no sparkling gem.  
Unless allow'd as brilliancy by them;  
Proud of no praise, of no distinction vain,  
Unless distinguish'd in the moral train,  
Celebrity she holds as disrepute,  
And scorns all laurel from a shameful root!  
Licentious follies rarely intervene,  
And truth, and sense, and honour claim the  
scene!

When love's distress shall in our story rise,  
Let sighs break forth—for those are Nature's  
sighs.

When persecuted Worth in grief appears,  
Be proud to weep—for those are Virtue's  
tears.

But to our authour: each dramatick bard  
Solicits, but in vain, a long regard;

Form'd to attract the fashion of the day,  
They, like that fashion, swiftly pass away.  
They gain, at most, employ'd in such a cause,  
Uncertain honour, fugitive applause!—  
Now hopes, now fears, his anxious heart  
compose,

Half sunk by these, and just upheld by those;  
For in our days, when envy smiles to sting,  
Grief follows joy, and praises censure bring.  
When wits and heroes, and the critick few,  
Here let me pass, and, ladies, plead to you;  
You, for whose favour ev'ry wit is bright,  
All criticks comment, and all heroes fight!  
Protection from the fair at once conveys  
Ample renown, consolidated praise;  
For Truth acknowledges, in Nature's name,  
The smiles of Beauty are the wreaths of  
Fame!

Urg'd still by them, by their reward im-  
press'd,

Each noble passion animates the breast;  
They form the heart to ev'ry aim refin'd,  
Exalt, delight, and dignify mankind.

Pleasure and business contrast and give a  
relish to each other, like day and night; the  
constant vicissitudes of which, are far more  
delightful than any uninterrupted half year  
of either.

To pass life in the most agreeable man-  
ner, one ought to be so much a man of plea-  
sure as to postpone any necessary business;  
not so much a man of business as to despise  
elegant amusement. A proper mixture of  
both, forms a more infallible specifick against  
*tedium* and fatigue, than a constant regimen  
of the most pleasant of the two.

#### THE NURSING OF LOVE.

Lap'd on Cythera's golden sands  
When first True Love was born on earth,  
Long was the doubt what fost'ring hands  
Should tend and rear the glorious birth.

First Hebe claimed the sweet employ,  
Her cup, her thornless flowers, she said,  
Would feed him best with health and joy,  
And cradle best his cherub head.

But anxious Venus justly fear'd  
The tricks and changeful mind of Youth;  
Too mild the seraph Peace appear'd,  
Too stern, too cold, the matron Truth:

Next Fancy claim'd him for her own,  
But Prudence disallow'd her right,  
She deem'd her Iris' pinions shone  
Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To Hope awhile the charge was given  
And well with Hope the cherub throve,  
Till Innocence came down from Heaven,  
Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of Love!

Pleasure grew mad with envious spite,  
When all prefer'd to her she found;

She vow'd full vengeance for the slight,  
And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The traitress watch'd a sultry hour,  
When, pillow'd on her blush-rose bed,  
Tired Innocence to Slumber's pow'r  
One moment bow'd her virgin-head:

Then Pleasure on the thoughtless child  
Her toys and sugar'd poisons prest;  
Drunk with new joy, he heaved, he smiled,  
Reel'd—sunk—and died upon her breast!

—  
The scene of the Indian abuse is distant  
indeed; but we must not infer, that the va-  
lue of our interest in it is decreased in pro-  
portion as it recedes from our view. In our  
politicks, as in our common conduct, we shall  
be worse than infants, if we do not put our  
Senses under the tuition of our Judgment,  
and effectually cure ourselves of that optical  
illusion which makes a briar at our nose of  
greater magnitude, than an oak at five hun-  
dred yards distance.—*Burke.*

#### SONNET.

By Derwent's rapid stream as oft I stray'd,  
With Infancy's light step and glances wild,  
And saw vast rocks, on steepy mountains  
pil'd,

Frown o'er the umbrageous glen; or pleas'd  
survey'd,

The cloudy moonshine in the shadowy glade,  
Romantick Nature to th' enthusiast child  
Grew dearer far than when serene she  
smil'd,

In uncontrasted loveliness array'd,

But, O! in every scene, with sacred sway,  
Her graces fire me: from the bloom that  
spreads

Resplendent in the lucid morn of May,  
To the green light the little glow-worm  
sheds

On mossy banks, when midnight glooms  
prevail,  
And softest Silence broods o'er all the  
dale.

—  
While their cares are contracted, and all  
their feelings absorbed, within the compass  
of their own skin, some people who affect  
sensibility, seem often convinced, that they  
are of the most humane disposition, and the  
most extensive benevolence, upon no better  
foundation, than because they have felt  
themselves affected by the artful distresses  
of a romance, and because they could shed  
a few barren tears at a tragedy.

If they have occasionally given a guinea,  
they think of having carried benevolence to  
the utmost length. They have no notion be-  
yond this; nor would they interrupt the tran-  
quillity of their own indolence, to perform  
the most essential service to any of the hu-  
man race:

## POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

The opinions of wise men, of mature age, various reading, and great experience, are entitled to the most profound respect from every man, whose sobriety of intellect is not disturbed by the fumes of republican indigestion. The following is an extract from a letter to the Editor, written by a sagacious statesman. We hope it will be read and remembered; and may it excite not only the blush of shame, but the desire of reformation.

We are fallen in evil times; and these are growing still worse. When I think on the very short period since the commencement of our republican institutions and of their actual decrepitude, I own I am shocked. Our fond notions of the *superior virtue and information* of our countrymen we find to be but *waking dreams*. Yet a small number of *enlightened statesmen*, instructed by History, predicted the short duration. One of the most distinguished told me, yesterday, that when he was putting his name to the Constitution, he said to those about him "It will not survive twenty-four years!" Yet no one made greater efforts to give it a durable establishment. The number is now small, whom the experiment has convinced of the correctness of this opinion. However, we must not abandon the publick interest; but by a concurrence with the *best portion* of the enemies to the Federal administration, of whom many begin to see their errors, give a check to present evils, and render the final changes, whatever they may be, the less terrible.

An enlightened foreigner, with a mind remarkably free from political prejudice, and who visited this country with a strong prepossession in its favour, after diligently surveying its face and studying the constitution of the country, gives the following deliberate opinion in a private letter to a gentleman and a friend, although the letter writer knew that such a declaration would probably offend his correspondent.

From the moment I began to think seriously on the subject, the evil tendency of *Democracy* has become more obvious to me every day. *AMERICA HAS COMPLETED MY CONVICTION*. If there still lurked one latent spark of republicanism within my mind, the *imbruting* effects of such a system in this country has *forever extinguished it*; and I would rather kiss the feet of a Mogul,

or a Lama than be the *idol* of such ignorant, arrogant politicians.

SALLUST, who well knew the nature of a popular government, and who appears thoroughly to understand the genius and motives of every seditious sooundrel, thus truly and finely describes the *mob* of Rome during the conspiracy of Cataline.

*Omnino cuncta plebes novarum rerum studio, Catalinae incepta probabat. Id ades more suo videbatur facere. Nam semper in civitate quis opes nulla sunt bonis invident malos extollunt, vetera odere, nova exoptant; odio suarum rerum mutari omnia student, turba atque seditionibus sine cura aluntur, quoniam egestas facile habetur sine damno.*

By the simpering sons of spurious candour, and all the *luke warm tribe*, who, by the bye, are more injurious to the true interests of this country than the most outrageous among the Jacobins; the strong language of party feeling is talked of sometimes as the blemish of political controversy, and sometimes as the bane of social happiness. But this sort of affectation is nothing but the idiotism of drivellers or the cant of hypocrisy.

*Strong and glaring* colours are necessary to attract the publick eye, to call the attention of men to their political duty, who are immersed in commercial, selfish and private concerns; and who, busied in the walks of active, life would not have perceived the *faint shadowing* of a timid delineator.

The popularity of the present chief magistrate of this unhappy country is as perishable as the popularity of *Richard Cromwell*, or *Jack Cadc*. By that sort of device, which imposes upon shallow minds, he gained the eminence of a Commonwealth. But the winds begin to blow, and the garment of hypocrisy is already disordered. When he sinks, he sinks like "common people" to their graves, and is talked of no more. The very instant he drops his political mantle, that threadbare and tarnished garment of mean and flimsy materials will

dwindle into the worthlessness of old rags, and be completely covered with all the cobwebs of oblivion.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*For The Port Folio.*

A literary gentleman from the University of Cambridge, in England, who arrived in this city in the autumn of last year, is employed in writing a work which he entitles "The Stranger in America," to be comprised in four 12mo. volumes. The first volume contains his observations in and near Philadelphia, during a residence of 6 months. The other three volumes will consist of views of society and manners of the United States, in the year 1807. Each volume will be embellished with appropriate sketches of public buildings, &c. We understand that the first volume is already forwarded to England for immediate publication, and that it will be published here, about the month of September next.

## MERRIMENT

As a clergyman was burying a corpse, a poor woman came and pulled him by the sleeve, in the middle of the service. "Sir, Sir, I want to speak with you." "Prithce, wait, woman, till I have done." "No, Sir, I must speak to you immediately." "Well, then, what is the matter?" "Why, Sir, you are going to bury a man who died of the small-pox near my poor husband who never had it."

Mr. M——, master of the king's school, Canterbury, being at a place where a gentleman expressed great apprehensions on account of a bleeding he was next morning to undergo, by advice of his physician; a punster, then present, told him, he would recommend him to employ that gentleman, (pointing to Mr. M——) who was a very safe and able *flay-bottomist*.

A clergyman, of an indifferent character, going to read prayers at a remote village in the west of England, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old-fashioned one. "I think," said he to the clerk, "the devil is in the surplice:" the astonished clerk stared till he got it

on, and then sarcastically exclaimed, "I think as how he is, sir."

A certain Prelate famed for his eloquence, and accustomed to speak in publick, uttering an harangue one day before Louis XIV, who had an air of royalty that inspired with awe, all those who approached him, was so disconcerted thereby, that he made a pause. The king perceiving it, and touched with his distress, said, in the sweetest manner possible, "My lord, we are obliged to you for giving us time to admire the fine things you have been saying."

The Duke of York, it is said, one day told the king, his brother, that he had heard so much of old Milton, he had a great desire to see him. Charles told the Duke he had no objection to his satisfying his curiosity; and accordingly, shortly after, James, having informed himself where Milton lived, went privately to his house. Being introduced to him, and Milton being informed of the rank of his guest, they conversed together for some time; but, in the course of their conversation, the Duke asked Milton, Whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against the late king, his father? Milton's reply was to this effect: "If your highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here are indications of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father? The displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against him than against me, for I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his head." The duke was exceedingly nettled at this answer, and went away soon after, very angry. When he came back to the court, the first thing he said to the king was, "Brother, you are greatly to blame that you don't have that old rogue Milton hanged." "Why, what's the matter, James?" said the king, "you seem in a heat. What, have you seen Milton?" "Yes," answered the duke, "I have seen him." "Well," said the king, "in what condition did you find him?" "Condition!" replied the duke, "why he's old, and very poor." "Old and poor," said the king; "well, and he is blind, is he not?" "Yes," said the duke, "blind as a beetle." "Why then you are a fool, James," replied the king, "to want to have him hanged as a punishment; to hang him will be doing him a service: it will be taking him out of his miseries. No, if he is old, poor, and blind, he is miserable enough in all conscience: let him live."

On the first of May, 1782, when the majesty of the people was much insisted on by the patriots, George Selwyn, happening to meet a party of chimney-sweepers, decorated with gilt paper, and other ornaments, exclaimed, "I have often heard of the majesty of the people, but never before had the pleasure of seeing any of the young princes."

A clown, in Berkshire, employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size that the tackle he had made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice on the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head, with much vexation, exclaimed, "hang the hogs that did not eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I should not have had this trouble with thee."

Mr. A——, one evening when his band was playing an overture, went up to the horn-players, and asked why they were not playing; they said they had twenty bars rest. "Rest!" says he, "I'll have nobody to rest in my company; I pay you for playing, not for resting."

The late lord R——, with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physick, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and wished on a particular occasion to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed upon different matters, complained of the head-ach, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood was given. "I have no objection; and, as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me?" "A propos," said lord Chesterfield, after the operation, "do you go to the house to-day?" Lord R—— answered, "I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you who have considered it, which side will you be of?" The earl having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment: he carried him to the house, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say, that none of his friends had done as much as he, having literally *bled* for the good of his country.

A certain clergyman who had been once involved in a fray, had obtained the name of the Bruising Parson. Being examined at the Old Bailey, on some future, though similar, occasion, the counsel, according to the illiberal custom of the court, attempted to browbeat him. "I think you are the bruising parson," said he, "I am," replied the divine, "and if you doubt it, and will

come out of court, I will give it you under my hand."

Dr. Johnson being one night at Drury Lane Theatre, to see Mr. Garrick play Macbeth; in one of the most interesting scenes of the play, he, and the whole company in the box, were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him: the disturbance continued till the end of the act, when the doctor, turning about with great contempt, cried, "Psha! sir, how can you be so much mistaken? your place is in the shilling gallery."

A gentleman of a bold spirit and wit being examined before the House of Commons, the speaker put some ridiculous and impertinent questions to him; at last he asked what country man he was. "Of Kent," said he; adding, "and now, sir, may I demand the same of you?" "I am out of the West," says the other. "By my troth," replied he, "so I thought, for the *wise* men came from the East."

When the amiable dutchess of Northumberland was some years ago on the continent, she stopped at an inn in French Flanders, at the sign of the Golden Goose; but arriving late, and being somewhat fatigued with her journey, she ordered but a slight repast for her and her suite, which consisted only of five servants. In the morning, when the landlord presented his bill, her secretary was much surprised at one general item of "Expenses for the night, fourteen Louis D'ors." In vain did he remonstrate; the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the dutchess, and was positive. The money was accordingly paid. When she was preparing to depart, the landlord, as usual, attended her to her carriage; and after making many congées, and expressing much thanks, hoped he should have the honour of her grace's company on her return. "Why, possibly you may," said the dutchess, with her usual good humour, "but it must be on one condition, that you do not mistake me for your sign."

A country boy having been hired by a gentleman of some rank in town, endeavoured, to the utmost of his power, to make himself useful, and avoid the necessity of being so frequently told of many trifling things, as country lads generally are. This officiousness, however, once operated rather to his disadvantage: his master had sent him down stairs for two bottles of wine; when he came into the parlour with them, he said to him, "well, John, have you shook them?" The poor boy, ever anxious to please, replied, "no, sir, but I *will*."

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our readers may remember that in the 17th No. of *The Port Folio* we requested the loan of Cowley's "Cutter of Coleman-street." The moment this article appeared, some courteous knight *with his vizor on*; in plain English, some obliging, but modest friend, who has carefully concealed his name, sent the editor a most beautiful edition of the Works of Cowley, and, in a manner which enhances the obligation, requested that the volumes might be viewed, not as a loan but a largess. Of such urbanity as this from an entire stranger, there are not many examples in a selfish world; and our anonymous correspondent, to gratify what may be justly styled the liberal curiosity of literature, is thus publicly thanked with no vulgar measure of gratitude.

Our friend, who dates his communication at B—, is assured that his letter revives the most agreeable recollections. We remember with delight his colloquial and literary powers.

Nor yet ungrac'd shall — remain,  
Sereæ in fancy, nor in science vain;  
But still tho' oft his various works I scan,  
I quit the volume, when I find the man.

The opinion which one of the most ardent of our friends has expressed respecting the utility of a literary Journal, is fully corroborated by the authority of Johnson, whose own experience gave him a right to say that "as long as those who write are ambitious of making converts, and of giving to their opinions a maximum of influence and celebrity, *the most extensively circulated miscellany* will repay with the greatest effect the curiosity of those who read either for amusement or instruction."

The Catalogue of the Busts and Statues in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, is not, as the polite reader will immediately perceive, a mere muster-roll of names, nor a dry skeleton of description. Like some of the objects it describes, it has the essential form of grace. We

hope that so lucid a history of what is most interesting among the figures of the Academy, will induce many to resort there, and, at once, gratify a curiosity the most liberal, and benefit the Institution itself. The Fine Arts, like certain flowers of the most exquisite fragrance and beauty, require the most genial influence to bring them to maturity.

The principles of S. are stable "as the everlasting hills." All his notions on government are justified by the nature of man and the lessons of history. He is firmly and honestly attached to the *old orthodox* system in politics, not from selfish or venal views, but on the sound, liberal, and consistent principles of order, experience, dignity, honour, spirit, integrity, and conviction.

We are apprehensive that we never praise "A." sufficiently. It is not from want of zeal or want of inclination, but from deficient power. The editor, like the Horace of Augustus, may exclaim to his friend,

Laudes tuas  
Culpa delerere in geni.

We should be delighted to inspect the Tour through Italy. We know the traveller explor'd a classical country with bright eyes, and that he has advantageously seen the "*præfatus* anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda Mobilibus pomaria rivis."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For *The Port Folio*.

E. W. is aware that the pensive offering of her Muse arrives too late to be entwined with May flowers. But as "all times—all seasons in their change," call forth the strain of tender recollection, the Editor of *The Port Folio* will require no apology when his correspondent avails herself of privileges sanctioned by his politeness and grateful to her feelings.

Season of vernal charms, sweet May!  
Thy waving woods, again, unfold;  
Scatter rich odours on thy way,  
And bring thy glossy cups of gold;  
Ah! hither haste, with air serene,  
And rest upon this bank of green.  
Sorrow, with pensive vigils pale,  
Marks the retiring shadows glide:  
The spring-bird, warbles through the vale  
Its vesper soft, at even-tide—

And meek devotion's choral shell  
 Wafts on the breeze its solemn swell.  
 Now Fancy's feet are wet with dew,  
 As, ling'ring in her secret bower,  
 See cull'd the blossom's vermil hue,  
 And ruffled ev'ry fragrant flow'r—

With drooping Cypress leaves to twine  
 The lily fair and eglantine.  
 The tender strain that Friendship breathes,  
 (Sounds that have sooth'd my list'ning ear)  
 These buds of Spring—those cypress

leaves,  
 Glist'ning with Sorrow's recent tear,  
 Oft as the winged hours return  
 Shall wake the sigh at *William's* urn.  
 E.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

PARODY.

The story of King Arthur old,  
 And More, that dragon-slayer bold,  
 I strove to sing—in vain I strove—  
 My catgut squeak'd "how sweet is love."  
 A thousand ways I turn'd each screw,  
 And resin'd every string anew.  
 Again I try'd, "God prosper long"—  
 Broke in the middle was my song—  
 I found each faint idea flown  
 In "Joys of love are joys alone."  
 Adieu each big, each lofty air!  
 Come "Leinster fam'd for maidens fair!"  
 Adieu each tale so blithe and merry  
 Of John and the Priest of Canterbury!  
 My fiddle now alone can tell  
 The charms of beauteous Florimel.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

TO MARIA,

WITH A VENETIAN CHAIN.

Love's cruel chains are worn with tears,  
 With sighs and doubts and hopes and fears,  
 And as the hapless wretches bear  
 Beneath their weight a heart of care,  
 They curse the tyrant's unrelenting rage,  
 And furnish matter for the tragick page.

But, ah! how pleasing are those chains of  
 gold!  
 Which round her favourites Friendship loves  
 to bind;

No hearts rebellious do they e'er unfold,  
 Or do they check the sympathetick mind.  
 Then, dear Maria, wear this little chain,  
 Nor let their fairy links oppressive be;  
 Whose weight entwin'd around will give no  
 pain,

But gently pressing make thee think of  
 me.

Lines, addressed to the Editor, and accompanying a  
 present of a very elegant Silver Snuffbox of curious  
 Chinese workmanship.

Here, Joe, accept of this Cephalick snuff,  
 To know 'tis Friendship's offering is enough;  
 Should care oppress, or the blue devils come,  
 This little box will drive those devils home,  
 And every pinch that soothing thou shalt  
 find,

Must bring facetious W—— to thy mind.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

New Application of a law Maxim.

A Counsel once of pigmy size  
 To make a motion did arise;  
 But Kenyon's sight his sense defeated,  
 And, thinking still the man was seated,  
 "Tis common, sir, for all, said he,  
 To stand when they're addressing me."  
 Dumb was the Counsel and offended,  
 When thus a wag his cause defended:  
 "Justice from you, My Lord, my friend  
 expects,  
 You know, *diminimis non curat lex.*"

—  
**EPITAPHS.**

*A White Chapel Epitaph.*

Here lies honest Stephen with Mary his bride,  
 Who merrily liv'd, and cheerfully died.  
 They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank  
 while they were able,  
 But now they are forc'd to knock under the  
 table.

This marble which formerly serv'd 'em to  
 drink on,  
 Now covers their bodies; a sad thing to  
 think on!  
 That do what one can to moisten our clay,  
 'Twill one day be ashes, and moulder away.

—  
*On Coleman, a plotting papist, in the reign of  
 Charles II.*

If heav'n be pleas'd, when sinners cease to  
 sin;  
 If hell be pleas'd, when sinners enter in;  
 If earth be pleas'd, when ridded of a knave;  
 Then all are pleas'd—for Coleman's in his  
 grave.

—  
 \* The name of the sprightly donor, a gentle-  
 man who is justly dear to his friends for  
 the generosity of his temper, the frankness  
 of his manners, and the vivacity of his wit.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 20, 1807.

[No. 25.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### *AN EXAMINATION OF THE CAUSES THAT HAVE RETARDED THE PRO- GRESS OF LITERATURE IN THE UNI- TED STATES.*

In some recent numbers of The Port Folio we published an elegant oration from the *incision pen* of the ingenious Mr. Jarvis of Connecticut. This caustick satire upon the degraded and unprotected state of letters in this licentious country, is in our opinion perfectly just, and we accordingly expressed our most unqualified approbation of an article, which, though it may produce no reformation, may excite shame and justify reproach. We indicated to the publick that this subject would be resumed by a literary friend. He has faithfully kept his promise, and elegantly fulfilled his task. While, with all the powers of Candour and Discrimination, he has done justice, and ascribed honour to whom honour is due, he has, at the same time, in a voice manly, distinct, and clear, pronounced the just character of a country where the Genius of a Commonwealth is in direct hostility to Genius of every other kind. Among the causes, to which the neglect of elegant letters is to be ascribed, may be justly enumerated the narrow character of an administration, UTTERLY DESTITUTE OF CLASSICAL TASTE, together with the general rage for vulgar popularity, and for amassing gold rather than ideas.

THERE is no light, in which our country can be contemplated with less satisfaction to genuine patriotism than in her literary relations. While many divisions of Europe are actuated by

a laudable emulation to widen the boundaries of liberal knowledge, which their exertions have already extended beyond what was known to the classic ages of antiquity, we seem to be engrossed with concerns, far less worthy the regard of an enlightened people.

It should no longer be concealed, whatever vulgar prejudices may be offended by its disclosure, that since our existence as a nation, we have not effected a single literary achievement of the highest excellence, and, at the most splendid epoch in the annals of mankind, we must rest our claims to distinction chiefly on the ardour of commercial enterprise, and the coarse operations of rural industry.

That the country contains a considerable portion of native literature, it is not meant to deny. But has her progress in the cultivation of letters equalled the expectations, which ought reasonably to have been entertained, from her ability and advantages, or even kept pace with her general career of improvement?

Till we exhibit a work which the verdict of scholars shall enrol with the great efforts of genius of other countries, the truth of the criticism I have delivered, harsh as it appears, is unimpeachable.

In the picture of the United States drawn by foreigners, there will be found still less to flatter our pride, and

to enhance the national reputation. We are invariably represented as a race of dealers devoted to low, sordid, and mercenary pursuits, without any sensibility to the charms of literature, or a taste for the arts, which diffuse a mild radiance over the face of society; and these dispositions they have not neglected to exaggerate by the colouring of ridicule, and to attack with the acrimony of sarcastick reproach.

Some, indeed, of the eminent French writers, have endeavoured, more ungraciously, to affix an inferiority to all the productions of the western hemisphere, by alleging, that within it the energies of nature are feebly exercised. This imputation, however, proceeds out of a crude and idle hypothesis which can never be countenanced. The magnitude of our mountains, the grandeur of our streams, the sublimity of our cataracts, the loftiness of our forests, and the enormous size of many of our animals, contradict at once the calumny, and proclaim that, it is in the new world, Nature has delighted to operate on the grandest scale, and to present herself in the most majestick attire.

Is it, then, in a section of the globe so rich in varied evidence of physical luxuriance, that man is niggardly created, and penuriously endowed? Notwithstanding its absurdity, there are not wanting those who have arrogantly preferred the charge against us. A conspicuous disciple of the same incautious sect, has pronounced that the inhabitants of America, aboriginal, as well as the descendants of the emigrant whites, are below Europeans in dignity of stature, and vigour of mind. Had the climate really the deteriorating quality ascribed to it, our fortune would be extremely deplorable. But, the allegation serves only to multiply the instances of the abuse of philosophy, and to show how readily judgment is seduced, and led away by the glare of imagination.

In the creation of the species, as a race, Nature is warped by no preference. She is insensible to favouritism, and cannot become a partisan. To all she distributes her bounties

with the precision of "even-handed Justice," and the inequalities of intellectual power which belong to man in the diversified conditions of his existence, are owing to the degree of improvement which Education, and wise Discipline have bestowed.

Nations are found to rise or decline, according as the salutary or baneful influence of their moral and political institutions preponderates. Experience fully confirms the doctrine. Greece and Rome, arose and sunk, with no change of physical circumstances. England and France have reached an equal pitch of elevation, the one amidst chills and moisture; the other, under an equable temperature, and a sky of perennial brightness. Genius is a common inheritance. It is a plant which will flourish wherever protected. Nourish it carefully, and it shoots with strength, and ripens its choice productions, whether placed in the dry and elastic atmosphere of modern Italy, or among Ireland's murky and dense exhalations. Examples are supplied by either country of all the varieties of mental excellence. Each has furnished its poets, its historians, its philosophers, its orators, its warriors, and its statesmen.

Climate, no doubt, moulds the external features, and modifies the constitution, and, perhaps, characters, of inferior animals. Man, however, does not recognize its dominion. It is the exclusive and inestimable prerogative of his reason to provide expedients to soften, or means of wholly averting its sinister tendencies.

But, let those who would presumptuously degrade us, impartially examine our history. The scrutiny may be proudly challenged.

While a people, as it were "in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood," we displayed a moral energy, and corporeal hardihood, which have never been surpassed. Do the early accounts of any nation comprise more proofs of an ardent, persevering, and aspiring temper, incessantly struggling with difficulties and dangers, unwearied and

undismayed; or an intelligence more prolific in devices to overcome the embarrassments of infancy?

When those rights and privileges dear to freemen, were supposed to be invaded, did we discover tameness under the injury, or slowness to repel the aggression? The perilous, unequal and protracted war, in consequence, undertaken at every hazard and at every sacrifice, bears through every stage of it, honourable testimony to the valour of our arms, and the resources of our genius.

The events, indeed, of that memorable contest, the extent of military and civil ability it unfolded, and above all, the character of the illustrious individual who presided over its destinies, ought to have shielded the country against the censure of "impotence in the conception, and deficiency in the nourishment of human greatness," and cancelled forever, the unguarded speculation that gave it birth.\*

Let us now turn to the channels in which the current of our energies has more permanently flowed, and survey the results.

Though, in the particular operations, which of necessity, have most-ly employed us, "*during the interesting season of our pacifick glory,*" no brilliant illustrations of national capacity can be expected, yet, *the manner* in which they have been conducted, yields proof, "strong as holy writ," to silence the contemptuous reproach that *within the western hemisphere, man has degenerated.*

We will point to the present prosperity of the country, and exultingly ask, whether a march so rapid in the culture of the soil, the extension of

trade, in knowledge of the mechanical arts, and in some of the liberal attainments, could have been impelled by an "inert mind and a languid body."

We have prosecuted agriculture with such vigour, that besides feeding plentifully our own growing multitude, the Old World has been fed from the New. The scarcity which they have felt, would have been a desolating famine, if this child of their old age, with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent.

As to the progress of our commerce, it has exceeded all preceding experience. There is no sea which is not vexed with our trade: no climate that is not witness to our toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by us.\*

In manufactures, those especially which administer to our convenience, or immediate wants, we have made great proficiency, and to this description, under the circumstances of the country, our attention, of course, would be principally restricted.

Nor are we destitute of inventions to vindicate our ingenuity, though despoiled of some of them.

The quadrant, which in its application to navigation, is deemed only secondary to the loadstone, and the orrery, an admirable contrivance to elucidate the complex economy of the Planetary System, are both of our construction.

The celebrated authour of the latter invention, to borrow a compliment paid him, has not made a world, but he has approached nearest to it in his exquisite model.

To one of the fine arts, at least, we have confessedly an unusual aptitude. In the catalogue of modern painters, the names of our artists hold the first rank. But they stand there, as monuments alike of our fer-

\* NOTE.—It is not one of the least curious instances of the convenient flexibility of French philosophy, as well as the facility with which they make their moral principles bend to their politeness, or policy, that when the intimate connexion arose between the United States and France, and they became endeared to each other by the kindred ties of "Sister Republics," the Abbé Raynal, in an edition of his work published at the time, retracted, *most obligingly*, his censure from these "*suddenly illuminated States,*" but continued it on all the other less favoured portions of the New World!!!

tility in the talent, and of the parsimony with which it is rewarded. The credit claimed from the works of West, of Copley, of Trumbull, and Stuart, we should blush to acknowledge, is reflected by the munificence of foreign patronage. That genius which has shed lustre on their profession, and the soil of their nativity, would have withered at the moment of bloom and promise by the blight of neglect, or grown with the feebleness of stunted protection, had it not wisely been transferred to a country, where there was promptness to discern its value, and a disposition ready to foster and to mature it.

This, happily, has not been the fate of a nobler, and more intellectual quality, by which we are distinguished. Eloquence thrives well among us. It may safely be affirmed, that since the Athenian democracy, with no people has the power of public speaking so generally prevailed. American eloquence, however, for reasons hereafter to be noticed, is not of the highest gradation. Those lofty strains and brilliant effusions which the ancient specimens exhibit, or are to be seen in some of the spirited harangues, that the momentous events of modern Europe have inspired, it must with hesitation be allowed, are not attained by us.

But though we may not have poured the "torrent of Demosthenes, or spread the splendid conflagration of Tully," equalled the sublime energy of Chatham, or displayed the gorgeous imagery, classical embellishments, and redundant affluence of Burke; declaimed like the vehement Mirabeau, or flashed with the meteor scintillations of Curran, yet, in that style of oratory which shines without dazzling, and delights rather than excites astonishment, or rouses enthusiasm, we are extensively gifted, and conspicuously excel. There have been brighter luminaries, but not a greater constellation. Collectively, we boast of as much eloquence as has existed in any age or country.

The possession of a faculty so enviable and which from its wide diffu-

sion, seems with us almost intuitive, strikingly manifests the force of our natural genius; and prophetically declares the value of its future productions.

To the preceding summary, much, I am sensible, might be added to exalt the traits of our national character, and to defeat the attempts which the wildness of an ill digested theory has made to stigmatize it. But the narrowness of my limits precludes the introduction of details. They permit me, merely, to seize the prominent lineaments and crayon the outlines.

Imperfect as the sketch is, it contains enough to satisfy any one, who is not blind to conviction, that by the extraordinary activity of the American mind, the country has acquired in little more than double the period of human longevity, whatever Europe accomplished, *except her learning*, during the lapse of centuries succeeding the era she began to emerge out of the darkness of barbarism. It should be recollected too, that this wonderful growth and expansion of acquisitions, are owing entirely to the strong impulse of a "generous nature" left to pursue its own course, and to bring forth its fruits by spontaneous evolution. We have nothing forced by the warmth of encouragement, or perfected by the care of cultivation. The country has at no time experienced any of the liberality, or watchful solitudes of a sage and beneficent government. It is to her *genius*, "*her unfostered, unsustained, uninigorated, genius that all is due.*"

Why, then, has a people who have certainly evinced consummate capacity in a very wide range of arduous exertion, never produced a single *literary work of the highest excellence?*

The true solution of the apparent inconsistency, does not at all militate against our pretensions to genius: this attribute must be conceded to us. It follows thence irresistibly, that the explanation of our literary, or any other deficiency, is to be sought in the peculiar circumstances of the country, which have prevented the

application of its attention to these subjects.

I shall direct the ensuing inquiry to the consideration of the question, *What are the Causes to which the Slow Progress of Learning in the United States is to be attributed?*

FALELAND.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

From the pen of a man of letters, and as COWPER says, "a man of morals too" we have just received a collection of very elegant and amusing essays, professedly written in the manner of GOLDSMITH. The imitation of the style of that fascinating authour is by no means servile. It is easy, sprightly and fortunate, and our successful copyist is evidently "one, who loves literature, admires genius, and reverences true criticism." It gives us great pleasure to insert these essays in The Port Folio, because we think that the majority of our readers will peruse them with a satisfaction equal to that which we have felt in turning over these light leaves of gay miscellany. The authour's name, which we are at liberty to give, is BREWSTER, he has distinguished himself as a contributor to one of the best literary journals in London; and his *Hours of Leisure* are very successfully devoted to polite literature and the best interests of mankind.

### INTRODUCTION.

We never begin to think justly, until time and circumstance render us in some measure independent of the commonly received opinions and prejudices of men;—in short, not until we arrive at that happy climacterick, of the understanding, when the pleasures, the cares, and the profits of the world abate something of their fancied estimates, and sink to their intrinsick value. It is that independent moment, happen when it may, when we care no longer for the opinions of Mr. Tomkins, and Mr. Simkins, any further than the opinions of Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Simkins go along with truth,—when we begin to be only commonly civil to folly, and cease to be obliging to vice.

It is neither honours, nor wealth, nor age, that are capable of producing so desirable a point of wisdom. Honours may create pride,—wealth self-will,—and age may confirm prejudi-

ces. They are the friends of error, and serve to fix us in absurdity. It is, then, philosophy only that can dispose us to think justly. The man who has suffered the fever of vanity, the ravenous appetite after pleasure, and the desire of notice from the GREAT, may hail his convalescence from certain symptoms, an inclination to retire to his own room, to seat himself in an elbow chair, by his own fire-side, to shun the world, not from ill-temper, but from a just view of the uncertainty and precariousness of the tenure, by which its pleasures and vanities are held.

Let not my readers imagine, by these observations, that I am a rigid essayist, with a brown wig, and green spectacles, mumbling anathemas against the bad manners of the age,—in truth it is not so;—I am yet of middle age,—fond of pleasure, and even of dissipation;—and am one against whom his better judgment has scored up innumerable reckonings of follies and indiscretions; yet I have ever loved virtue, admired prudence, and honoured the good, in every station.

But before my reader sets out on his travels through the following pages, it may be as well for him to become better acquainted with the authour.—Allow me, on this occasion, to say a few words of myself, and of the sentiments of my mind, lest any one may find it convenient to say, No, —I will not go this road;—I do not like my companion. I will tell you, then, honestly and candidly, that I am not a disciple of the new philosophy,—yet I was educated in a school of science and taste. I began early to entertain a respect for literature. Among the friends of my father were Jonas Hanway, George Keate, Lord Trevor, and many more of the most excellent men, and connoisseurs of the age. Books were my delight; and my occupation was reading to my father. I had heard of Montesquieu, Rousseau, and St. Evremond; and, at eleven years of age, I had read Montesquieu, Rousseau, and St. Evremond; but I had read, too, Bacon, Locke, Addison,

and Johnson. I was born in the latter part of the Augustan age of literature, in England, and was a philosopher in the truest meaning of the word. A desire, however, to go abroad, tempted me to forsake the natural alliance my mind had formed; but it appeared as if it was only to take me from written books, to open to me the book of nature.—AMERICA, India, China, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, displayed their treasures to my riper contemplation. I had left my home,—but in every climate I found Virtue and Humanity—in every country Providence;—and, in all the space I traversed, a Deity. The same sun arose from the horizon of India as had cherished the soil of my paternal land; and though another hemisphere presented other stars, and China another country, totally different from all the world in its scenery, its productions, and its costume, yet everywhere I could trace the strong outlines of the same Almighty hand.

But, in a few years, I was to encounter greater changes;—I was to study men, and to mix in a busy world; soon after I was to be tempted with its pleasures and dissipations, and to witness other scenes,—scenes of more splendour, but false and deceptive;—again I was to suffer changes \* \* \* \*

I have done. Perhaps I have said too much of myself;—at any rate we are better acquainted. Let us travel onwards; I will regret no longer the having been misplaced, or displaced in life. It matters but little now; nor will I consider that time lost, which may have furnished me with lessons of truth and experience, which may be useful to others. That my reflections may be of some value, I have reason to hope, for my tutor has been Vicissitude, and the world my university.

### ESSAY I.

But Hudibras, who scorned to stoop  
To Fortune, or be said to droop,  
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,  
And sayings of philosophers.

Among the happy people in the world, are those, in whose minds nature, or philosophy, has placed a kind of acid, with which care or disappointment will not easily mix.

This acid differs very much from ill-nature; it is rather a kind of salt, expressed from frequent observations on the folly, the vanity, and the uncertainty of human events; from that best of all philosophy, which teaches us to take men as we find them, and circumstances as they occur, good or bad, for better or for worse; that dwells not on future prospects, reflects not on past troubles, and cares not for present difficulties, but dexterously turns them either to ridicule or advantage; snatching, at every opportunity, accidental pleasures, and nobly bearing up against the rubs of ill fortune.

When reflections upon the troubles of life are mixed up in a disposition naturally ill tempered, they compose what is called melancholy; but as they have no chemical affinity with good humour, they will not easily combine; and the small particles that are miscible, produce only the sweet and acid salt of true philosophy.

Such a traveller, in his journey through the world, was my honest friend JACK EASY. Jack came to a good fortune at the death of his father, and mounted his hobby without its ever having been properly broken in; he galloped over the plains of Fancy, went off in a full canter to the road of Dissipation, and leaped over all the five-barred gates of Advice and Discretion. It may naturally be supposed, that before long his filly gave him a fall: poor Jack came down, sure enough; but he only shook himself, brushed off the dirt of the road, and mounted again in as high spirits as ever; excepting, that he now began to sit firmer in the saddle, and to look about him: this, however, did not hinder him from getting into a swamp called a Law Suit, where he remained a considerable time before he could get out: his fortune was now reduced from some thousands to a few hundreds; and by this time, no man better knew the way of life than my friend Jack Easy. He had been through all the dirty cross-roads of business, *money-borrowing*, bankruptcy, and law; and had at last arrived at a *gaol*.

My friend Jack did not despond; he consoled himself with the reflection, that he was a single man; some of his misfortunes were the consequences of his own imprudence, others of unforeseen accidents, and most of them originated from his good nature and generosity. He, however, *never excused*, he lumped them all together, took them in good part, and blamed nobody but himself; he whistled away his troubles, and often repeated,

I am not now in Fortune's power;  
He who is down can sink no lower.

The goddess, however, at last put on her best smiles, and paid Jack a visit in the King's Bench, in the shape of a handsome legacy. Jack smiled at the thing, being, as he called it, so extremely apropos; and once

more mounted his nag. He now rode more cautiously, and turned into the road of Economy, which led to a comfortable inn with the sign of Competency over the door; he had borrowed a martingale from an old hostler called Experience; and, for the first time in his life, used a *curio*. He began already to find, that though he did not gallop away as formerly, yet he went on in his journey pleasantly enough. Some dashing riders passed him, laughing at his jog-trot pace; but he had no occasion to envy them long; for presently some of them got into ruts, others were stuck fast in bogs and quagmires, and the rest were thrown from their saddles, to the great danger of their necks. Jack Easy, meanwhile, jogged on merrily; hot or cold, wet or dry, he never complained; he now preferred getting off, and opening a gate, to leaping over it; and smiled at an obstacle, as at a turnpike, where he must necessarily pay toll.

The man who is contented to walk, trot, or canter through life, has by much the advantage of his fellow travellers. He suits himself to all paces, and seldom quarrels with the tricks which the jade Fortune is sometimes disposed to play him. You might now see Jack Easy walking his hobby along the road, enjoying the scene around him, with contentment sparkling in his eyes. If the way happened to be crowded with horsemen and carriages, you might observe him very readily taking his own side of the road, and letting them pass. If it began to rain or blow, Jack only pulled up the collar of his great coat, flapped his hat, and retreated to the best shelter he could find till the storm was over.

Thus my friend Jack Easy came in with a jog-trot to the end of his journey, leaving his example behind him as a *kind of finger-post* for the good of other travellers.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

From the Toy-shop of Messrs. Verbal & Trochæe.

Nemo in sese tentat descendere. Juv.

No one descends into himself to find  
The secret imperfections of his mind.  
Dryden.

It is a matter of much greater curiosity, than consolation, to investigate the emotions of the human heart, and observe the false estimate we generally place on our own and our fellow creatures' relative situation. This false estimation arises either from our propensity to inquire into the state of our neighbour's affairs, and our readiness to mete out to him his share of happiness or misery; or from a vain conceit of the permanency of our real or fancied preeminence, and an aversion, or rather, remissness, to descend into ourselves. If we are told of the levity

of such a one's temper, we immediately commiserate his folly. If we perceive the distraction and despair of an attributious mind, we know well how to bemoan such a calamitous situation. If we discover the dissipation and prodigality of a friend, otherwise amiable, learned, and respectable, we love, honour, and despise him; and by way of distinction, gravely remark—"So it is, that some bright geniuses abandon themselves to such things as destroy them, or make their lives contemptible and their deaths miserable!"

But where are our own dear selves during this plethora of compassion? Not exempt, we fear, from some equally noxious propensity. All, at one time or other, exhibit some weakness and irregularity; and ere we, though even in pity, look down on others, as wanting that solidity and weight of character which we arrogate, or possess, why not consider what we *have been*, what we *are*, and what we *may yet be*? Fortune, fame, favour, feeling, all are mutable. Though prosperity play in dalliance round us, adversity may be lurking in the back ground, soon to cloud the picture in the darkest dye. Though men lend their voices and bestow their smiles to bandy our names, or brighten our characters, yet the piercing cry of calumny may strike the ear-deluding echo with the stillness of oblivion. Though the spirits be elevated and the pulse beat high, yet may misfortune or disease depress, and frustrate all. Though we know none but sweet and regular sensations; yet may our feelings be embittered, our sensibility put to the rack, our affections become languid, or our minds be bewildered and lost in the mazes of error and uncertainty.

Why not, then, looking backward and forward, learn that each has pleasures proportionate to his capacity to enjoy them; and failings commensurate with his patience to endure their consequences? Often while one has been surprised at another's irregularity in one instance, something equally singular and detrimental has been growing upon himself unnoticed.

Dr. Johnson could reprove and pity Goldsmith for his volubility, (or, as he called it, *foolishness*, when not employed in writing) and at the same time had, perhaps, as much cause to pity himself on another account. Yes, Johnson, who had honourably and deservedly risen to competency, and to the summit of literary fame—he, who in his inimitable writings propagated the soundest morality and religion, still

Rambled in Learning's various maze beguiled.

And although, in his *Rasselas*, he drew the picture of a man so infatuated by long study as to fancy he governed the natural world, and dreaded death only because he feared that he could not find a director to succeed him, and that nature would be reduced to

chaos—Yet Johnson himself became a victim, not only to the hypochondria, but to a clouded imagination, groping by turns in darkness, and wandering in doubts and terror at the prospect of futurity.\* Happier if, when lamenting the light and volatile deportment of others, he had in some measure refrained, closely to consider that some more trying scenes were yet to come : that a view of ourselves, and a view from this world, in the last hour, are widely different from a view of the publick estimation and the worldly characters of men; and that notwithstanding our established firmness and regularity, the vicissitudes of life may effect the most unhappy alteration in our condition, and all may seem

A barren path, a wilderness, or a dream.

Pompey, who sustained the reputation of the most fortunate and skilful general among his cotemporaries, whom the Romans almost esteemed as the arbiter of victory, while he felt secure in the number and patriotism of his troops, and the constancy of his friends, lost the liberty of his country, which with fewer soldiers, and less reliance on his friends and his own supposed invincibility, he might have preserved. And how tame and spiritless was the after conduct of this boast of the military world, let history tell.

Those who have felt themselves possessed of the greatest abilities, and have supported the most uniform character, either from guarding against eccentricity, have fallen into the opposite extreme; or, from neglecting self-examination, have presumed so far upon their immovableness, as to fall past recovery. The unfortunate Dodd too severely proved the truth of this last remark; and Swift, with all his ridiculing the weakness of others, was at last, a mortifying example of weakness and insanity.

In some of the most eminent men we have been sorry to remark too great an inclination to detract from the merit of their compeers, by expressing great sorrow and pity for some fatal propensity: yet many are the instances in which they have, sooner or later, had occasion to be abundantly repaid in the like commodities.

If we see ourselves and others aright, we shall have but little reason to be lavish in commiseration towards them, or commendation

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\* We have the highest respect and veneration for Dr. Johnson and his works; but cannot perceive why certain traits in the character of Goldsmith, of Burns, and of many others, are either to be ridiculed or lamented more than some things in the former. Certainly some peculiarities in Dr. J.'s character, from whatever cause they might spring, are the subject of deep regret among the literati.

towards ourselves; but should take a comparative view with impartiality, and bear all infirmities and failings, on whatever side, with greater equanimity. And since the *economical* mania has spread so rapidly, and been sanctioned by high authority, we see no harm in recommending the economy of compassion in the distribution of it among mankind. At least we venture to propose the reinstatement of the old proverb, relating to charity's beginning at home; and advise, that instead of bestowing all our pity on the unhappy failings and defects of others, we learn to reserve some little share of it for ourselves.

For The Port Folio.

Notwithstanding it is so fashionable both at home and abroad, to sneer at *female* authours, we still retain with some obstinacy an opinion, that such women as Mrs. Radcliffe, Madame D'Arblay, and Charlotte Smith, have genius. A proof of the ingenuity of the last named lady, may be seen in the following apostrophe

TO THE FIRE FLY OF JAMAICA,

Seen in a collection.

How art thou alter'd! since afar  
Thou seem'dst a bright earth-wandering  
star;  
When thy living lustre ran  
Tall majestick trees between,  
And Guazume or Swietar,  
Or the Pimento's glossy green,  
As caught their varnish'd leaves, thy glowing  
light,  
Reflected flying fires amid the moonless  
night.  
From shady heights where currants spring  
Where the ground dove dips her wing,  
Winds of night reviving blow,  
Through rustling fields of maize and cane,  
And wave the coffee's fragrant bough:  
But winds of night for thee in vain  
May breathe of the *Plumeria's* luscious  
bloom,  
Or *Granate's* scarlet buds, or *Plinia's* mil-  
perfume.

The recent captive, who in vain,  
Attempts to break his heavy chain.  
And find his liberty in flight,  
Shall no more in terror hide,  
From thy strange and doubtful sight,  
In the mountain's cavern'd side,  
Or gully deep, where gibbering monks  
cling,  
And broods the giant bee, on dark funere  
wing.

Nor thee his darkling steps to aid,  
Through the forest's pathless shade,  
Shall the sighing slave invoke ;  
Who, his daily task performed,  
Would forget his heavy yoke,  
And, by fond affections warm'd,  
Glide to some dear sequester'd spot, to  
prove  
Friendship's consoling voice or sympathizing  
love.

Now when sinks the sun away,  
And fades at once the sultry day,  
Thee, as falls the sudden night,  
Never naturalist shall view,  
Dart with corruscation bright,  
Down the cocoa avenue ;  
Or see thee give with transient gleam to  
glow,  
The green banana's head, or shaddock's  
loaded bough.

Ah ! never more shalt thou behold,  
The midnight beauty slow unfold  
Her golden zone, and through the gloom  
To thee her radiant leaves display,  
More lovely than the roseate bloom  
Of flowers that drink the tropick day ;  
And while thy dancing flames around her  
blaze  
Shed odours more refin'd, and beam with  
brighter rays.

The glass thy faded form contains,  
But of thy lamp no spark remains,  
That lamp which through the palmy grove  
Floated once with sapphire beam  
As lucid as the star of love  
Reflected in the bickering stream,  
Transient and bright ! so human meteors rise  
And glare and sink in pensive Reason's eyes.

Ye dazzling comets, that appear  
In Fashion's rainbow atmosphere  
Height'ning and flashing for a day,  
Think ye how fugitive your fame ?  
How soon from her light scroll away  
Is wafted your ephemeron name ?  
Even to our canvas still your forms are  
shown,  
Or the slow chissel shapes the pale resem-  
bling stone.

Let vaunting ostentation trust  
The pencil's art, the marble's bust,  
While long neglected modest worth  
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, and unknown,  
Obtains at length a little earth,  
Where kindred merit weeps alone ;  
Yet there though Vanity no trophies rear,  
Is Friendship's long regret and true Affec-  
tion's tear.

—  
For The Port Folio.

In the recent collection of the Letters of  
My Lady M. W. Montague, the following

extraordinary epistle is found. The intrigue  
of the Italian frail one, is told with all the  
interest of a novel. Moreover, the reader  
who remembers, on the testimony of Mr.  
Pope, certain traits in the character of Lady  
Mary herself, will smile with more than ordi-  
nary archness, at the profound skill this  
experienced *Montague* displays in the sci-  
ence of gallantry. The Lady's opinion,  
whatever may be thought of its candour,  
with respect to the devices of prudes in eve-  
ry country we believe to be perfectly cor-  
rect. This whole letter is an extremely cu-  
rious one; and if a tyro wish to look at fe-  
male nature, on the dark side, let him lay  
aside his *Ninon d'Enclos*, Mrs. Behn's no-  
vels, and even *Chesterfield* himself, and look  
at this sketch by an eminent *mistress*.

I was quietly reading in my closet,  
when I was interrupted by the cham-  
bermaid of the Signora Laura Bono,  
who flung herself at my feet, and in  
an agony of sobs and tears, begged  
me, for the love of the holy Madona,  
to hasten to her master's house, where  
the two brothers would certainly mur-  
der one another, if my presence did  
not stop their fury. I was very much  
surprised, having always heard them  
spoken of as a pattern of fraternal  
union. However, I made all possible  
speed thither, without staying for  
hoods or attendants, and was soon  
there, the house touching my garden  
wall. I was directed to the bedcham-  
ber by the noise of oaths and execra-  
tions: but on opening the door was  
astonished to a degree you may better  
guess than I describe, by seeing the  
Signora Laura prostrate on the ground  
melting in tears, and her husband  
standing with a drawn stiletto in his  
hand, swearing she should never see  
tomorrow's sun. I was soon let in-  
to the secret. The good man having  
business of consequence at Brescia,  
went thither early in the morning, but  
as he expected his chief tenant to pay  
his rent on that day, he left orders  
with his wife, that if the farmer, who  
lived two miles off, came himself or  
sent any of his sons, she should take  
care to make him very welcome. She  
obeyed him with great punctuality,  
the money coming in the hand of a  
handsome lad of eighteen: she did  
not only admit him to her own table,  
and produced the best wine in the

cellar, but resolved to give him *chair entiere*. While she was exercising this generous hospitality, the husband met, midway, the gentleman he intended to visit, who was posting to another side of the country; they agreed on another appointment, and he returned to his own house, where, giving his horse to be led round to the stable by the servant that accompanied him, he opened his door with the *passé-partout* key, and proceeded to his chamber without meeting any body, where he found his beloved spouse asleep on the bed with her gallant. The opening of the door waked them: the young fellow immediately leaped out of the window, which looked into the garden and was open, it being summer, and escaped over the fields, leaving his clothes on a chair by the bed side—a very striking circumstance. In short, the case was such, I do not think the queen of Fairies herself could have found an excuse, though Chaucer tells us she has made a solemn promise to leave none of her sex unfurnished with one to all eternity. As to the poor criminal, she had nothing to say for herself, but what I dare swear you will hear from your *youngest* daughter, if ever you catch her *stealing of sweetmeats*: “pray, pray, she would so no more, and indeed it was the first time.” This last article found no credit with me: I cannot be persuaded that any woman who had lived virtuous till forty (for such is her age) could suddenly be endowed with such consummate impudence, to solicit a youth at first sight, there being no probability, his age and station considered, that he would have made any attempt of that kind. I must confess I was wicked enough to think the unblemished reputation she had hitherto maintained, and *did not fail to put us in mind of*, was owing to a series of such frolicks; and, to say truth, they are the only amours that can reasonably hope to remain undiscovered. Ladies that can resolve to make love thus *extempore*, may pass unobserved, especially if they can content themselves with low life, where fear may oblige their fa-

vourites to secrecy: there wants only a very lewd constitution, a very bad heart, and a moderate understanding, to make this conduct easy, and *I do not doubt it has been practised by many pruders beside her* I am now speaking of. You may be sure I did not communicate these reflections. The first word I spoke was to desire Signor Carlo to sheath his poignard, not being pleased with its glittering: he did so very readily, begging my pardon for not having done it on my first appearance, saying he did not know what he did; and indeed he had the countenance and gesture of a man distracted. I did not endeavour a defence; that seemed to me impossible, but represented to him, as well as I could, the crime of murder, which, if he could justify before men, was still a crying sin before God: the disgrace he would bring on himself and posterity, and the irreparable injury he would do his eldest daughter, a pretty girl of fifteen, that I knew he was extremely fond of. I added that if he thought proper to part with his lady, he might easily find a pretext for it some months hence; and that it was as much his interest as hers to conceal this affair from the knowledge of the world. I could not presently make him taste these reasons, and was forced to stay there near five hours, almost from five to ten at night, before I durst leave them together, which I would not do until he had sworn, in the most serious manner, that he would make no future attempt on her life. I was content with his oath, knowing him to be very devout, and found I was not mistaken. How the matter was made up between them afterwards I know not; but it is now two years since it happened, and all appearances remaining as if it had never been. The chambermaid and myself have preserved the strictest silence, and the lady retains the satisfaction of insulting all her acquaintance on the foundation of a spotless character that only she can boast in the parish where she is most heartily hated, from these airs of impertinent virtue.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

The French nation, have shown themselves so disorderly and ferocious when they had any degree of liberty, and so polite and submissive under tyranny, that we are almost tempted to believe that there is somewhat in the very essence of the French which renders a despotick government necessary for them, whether the form be monarchical or republican. There are animals, of so wild a nature, as not to be kept from mischief by any other means than chains, muzzles, and iron cages. However tame and caressing they may appear when under control, they will tear the very hand they used to lick the instant they are unmuzzled and free.

I do not know upon what principle the royal families of various countries in Europe, have adopted the custom of eating in publick. If these exhibitions are designed for the entertainment of the subjects, a thousand could be thought of more amusing to them; for however interesting the part of an actor at a feast may be, that of a spectator is surely one of the most insipid.

The Emperour Joseph, being asked, during the American war, which side he favoured, replied very ingenuously, *Je suis par metier Royaliste.*

Moore.

## THE WILD ROSE BUD.

Ah! why did I gather this delicate flower?  
Why pluck the young bud from the tree?  
It there would have bloom'd for many an hour,  
But how soon will it perish with me!

Already its beautiful texture decays,  
Already it fades on my sight!  
'Tis thus that chill languor too often o'erpays  
The moments of transient delight!

When eagerly pressing enjoyment too near,  
Its blossoms we gather in haste;  
How often we mourn with a penitent tear  
O'er the joys that we lavish'd in waste!

This elegant flower, had I left it at rest,  
Might still have delighted my eyes,  
But pluck'd prematurely, and plac'd in my breast,  
It languishes, withers, and DIES!

First impressions, which sink into the heart, and form the character, never change. The objects of our attention, vary in the different periods of life. This is sometimes mistaken for a change of character, which in reality, remains essentially the same. He who is reserved, deceitful, cruel, or avaricious when a boy, will not, in any future period of life, become open, faithful, compassionate, and generous.

A tyrant of antiquity, ordered men to be laid upon a bed of iron: stretching those who were shorter to the full length of the bed, and amputating the legs of those who were too tall; so that all were brought to equality, and thrust into the bed. This tyrant was fond of equality; and such is the equality which the tyrants who have tortured the French with their mad decrees would subject them to.

There can be no other kind of equality for men in society, but that of rights; there can no more be an equality of fortune, than there is of stature, of strength, of understanding, of activity, or industry.

It is not surprising that this idea of equality, is very favourably received by the lower order of society. I make no manner of doubt, that there are men of acknowledged dulness, and women decidedly ugly, who would rejoice in a decree for an equality of genius and beauty; and who, to that variety in which nature delights, would prefer an insipid monotony of talents and looks all over the world. But until nature shall issue such a decree, the decrees of all the national conventions on earth, to establish *egalite* will be vain.

Dr. Moore,

Is it that the people are changed, that the commonwealth cannot be protected by its laws? I hardly think it. On the contrary, I conceive, that these things happen because men are not changed, but remain always what they always were; they remain what the bulk of us must ever be, when abandoned to our vulgar propensities, without guide, leader, or control: that is, made to be full of a blind elevation in prosperity; to despise untried dangers; to be overpowered with unexpected reverses; to find no clue in a labyrinth of difficulties; to get out of a present inconvenience with any risk of future ruin; to follow and to bow to fortune; to admire successful though wicked enterprise, and to imitate what we admire; to condemn the government which announces danger from sacrilege and regicide, whilst they are only in their infancy and their struggle, but which finds nothing that can alarm in their adult state and in the power and triumph of those destructive principles. In a mass we cannot be left to ourselves. We must have leaders. If none will undertake to lead us right, we shall find guides who will contrive to conduct us to shame and ruin.—*Burke.*

It cannot escape observation, that when men are too much confined to professional and faculty habits, and, as it were inveterate in the recurrent employment of that narrow circle, they are rather disabled than qualified for whatever depends on the knowledge of mankind, on experience in mixed affairs, on a comprehensive connected view of the various complicated external and internal interests which go to the formation of that multifarious thing called a state.—*Ibid.*

## SONG.

To his sons, cried old Gripe, "be my last words obey'd,  
 'E e I'm given to the grim undertaker:  
 Thou wert, Timothy, bred a miller by trade,  
 Tom's a farmer, and Robert a baker;  
 Do you three, bound in one like the bundle  
 of sticks,  
 Though various the fortunes you weather,

Take my blessing, and swear hds, whatever  
 you tricks,  
 To death that you'll all hang together."

Possessed of the granary, the oven, and mill,

To profit of this manumission,  
 They vow'd to obey their dear father's last will,

And to cherish his kind admonition.  
 Good man, he had taught them that prudence was gold,

That no one should lavish a feather,  
 That conscience brought thousands when once it was sold,

And that brothers should still hang together.

Thus Tim, Tom, and Bob, on Remorse shut the door,

The baker to trade paid attention,  
 The miller kept grinding the face of the poor,

The farmer sowed wheat and dissension.  
 Each shut up his heart as he shut up his purse,

Both made of good strong stretching leather;

Their large fortunes were branded with every man's cash,

Who wished they were all hanged together.

And thus they went on in the good common cause,

In each other still placing reliance;  
 To good fellowship, feeling, religion, and laws,

Firm and manfully hiding defiance;  
 But perjury never was one of their crimes,

For, to prove that they outwent their tether,

On a gibbet, by way of a touch on the times,

Though they're dead, yet they all hang together.

Among the perusers of the history of mind, it is well known that Helvetius contends that education alone constitutes merited superiority, while on the other hand, much better philosophers, have asserted the rights of native genius. It has, however, lately been well remarked that this literary controversy turns entirely on a misconstruction of terms. That which the disciples of the new philosophy call an *aptitude to patience and labour* is only another expression for what the pupils of the old school call *genius*, and this certainly depends upon *organization*. Industry

can do every thing *but create this power*. It is with genius as with singing: a singer may *acquire* taste, art, and every refinement; but a voice must be the *gift of nature*.

Few works of magnitude presented themselves at once in full extent to their authours; patiently were they examined and insensibly were they formed. We often observe this circumstance noticed in their prefaces. Writers have proposed to themselves a little piece of two acts, and the farce has become a comedy of five; an essay swells into a treatise, and a treatise into volumes!

#### MERRIMENT.

A dragoon was shot in Dublin for desertion, and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away? to which he replied, he ran away with him. "And what," said the officer, "did you do with the money you sold him for?" "That," replied the fellow, with the utmost indifference, "ran away too."

An Irish lad being sent to purchase a piece of cheese, his fellow-servants did not like the taste of it, and desired him to change it: it was one half of a Gloucester cheese. He went back, and returned with the other half, but was told upon tasting it, that it was the same. "I'll take my bible oath it is not," he replied, "for I saw the man give me the other half with my own eyes."

As the troops from Holland were marching through a little village, the inhabitants all on a gaze, one of them asked a soldier several questions; among the rest whether he had been treated with hospitality? "Yes, indeed," replied the man, "rather more than I wished, I was in the *hospital* almost all the time."

A young rakish fellow, having one day taken more wine than usual, was unable to find his way home. He had

been making his visit a little way into the country, and, on his return, literally fell into a pond: however, the water being but shallow, he made shift to scramble partly out of it; I say partly, as one of his legs still dangled in the chilling element. He had, in this state, fallen fast asleep, when he was observed by one of his companions passing the same road, who kindly awoke him, and urged him to rise. The moon at this time shining remarkably bright, and dazzling his eyes at the instant he opened them, he stammered out—"Now, do let me alone; let me sleep; and if you will be busy, put out that candle, and throw some more clothes on the bed."

Original letter from the Chief Magistrate of a certain Corporation.

Dear sir,

On Munday next I am to be made a *Mare*, and shall be much obliged to you, if so be you will send me down by the coach, some provisions fitting for the occasion, as I am to ask my brother, the old *Mare*, and the rest of the bentch. I am, Sur, &c.

Thus answered by a Wag, into whose hands it fell.

Sir,

In obedience to your order, have sent you per coach, two bushells of the best oats, and as you are to treat the old *Mare*, have added bran to make a mash.

At a certain review, a company of thirty, after receiving the word "fire," pulled so irregularly, that the reports were almost like that of single pieces, which naturally enraging the captain, he cried out, with a design of mortifying—"Why, how now? only *twenty-eight* have fired: where are the other two?"

A good-natured country gentleman, in his morning ride, overtook a poor shepherd's boy, who having been busied in marking the sheep with a substance they term *ruddle*, was sauntering home. The gentleman, kindly imagining he was fatigued, offered to let him ride behind him; and, during

the conversation, gave him many excellent maxims, and much good advice, at every pause exclaiming, "Mark me well, boy;" meaning, that he should pay attention; but which the boy understood as a wish to be well marked, as he had already been employed: so besmeared the poor man's coat with his dirty composition. The frequent repetition of—"Mark me well," at length obliged the boy to reply, "I cannot mark you any more, sir; I have used all the ruddle."

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

An affectionate friend, who to the courtesy of a gentleman adds the learning of a scholar and the endowments of genius, has delighted us with an essay on the state of letters in this country. This subject, which is interesting not only to authors but to readers, our able correspondent proposes to pursue effectually. We hope, that his opinions, which have been deliberately formed, and are candidly expressed, will have their just preponderation. He is indeed an untrammelled thinker, and an independent man.

For never yet

Lur'd he the *pop'lar ear* with *fictious tales*,  
Or sacrific'd the dignity of man,  
To make the *vulgar sport*, and win their shout.  
Him rather the still voice delights, the praise  
Whisper'd, not published by Fame's *braying*  
trump:

Be thou his herald, NATURE, let him please  
THE SACRED FEW, let his remembrance live  
Einbosom'd by the *experienced and the wise*.

The character of a literary Journal, such as we are ambitious to conduct, is well described by D'ISRAELI, who is himself an admirable miscellaneous writer, and who has fully anticipated our correspondent.

It should be the characteristick of good Miscellanies to be multifarious and concise. Montaigne approves of Plutarch and Seneca, because their brief papers were suited to his disposition, and where knowledge is acquired without a tedious study. It is, says he, no great attempt to take one of these authors in hand, and I give over at pleasure, for they have no sequel or connexion. La Fontaine agreeably applauds short compositions:

Les longs ouvrages me font peur;  
Loin d'épuiser une matière,  
On n'en doit prendre que la fleur.

And old Francis Osborne has a coarse and ludicrous image, in favour of such *opuscules*; he says, "Huge volumes, like the ox roasted whole at Bartholomew Fair, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savoury, and well concocted, than *smaller pieces*." To quote so light a genius as the enchanting La Fontaine, and so solid a mind as the sensible Osborne, is taking in all the climates of the human mind: it is touching at the equator, and pushing on to the pole.

"The Wild Irishman's Lament," is a piteous description of "a sorry sight." The libellous Printer may well exclaim in the language of his countryman PRESTON,

For still in dreams ideal terrors rise,  
Stain all my clothes and seal my blacken'd eyes,  
And oaken cudgels whistle in the wind,  
And sharp-toed shoes assail me from behind;  
Now spousy seems to clasp me to her breast,  
Now pats my cheek and whispers me to rest,  
With sticking plaster heals her *Printer's* scars,  
Disgraceful tokens of unequal wars,  
Or seems the lenient flannel to prepare,  
For Love disdains not such a menial care,  
Foments my head still soft from *thirty* blows,  
And regions livid from eternal toes.

"Apelles" is an artist of celebrity. We hope he will furnish us with a gallery of portraits.

"Thus Painters write their names at Co."

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio

SONNET.

Fair blooms the opening bud of genial spring,  
And Zephyr wafes its grateful odours round;  
Its purple tints excel the azure hue  
That marks the clouds of yonder blue-ey'd sky;  
And through the wood fall many a greeting sound  
Is sweetly borne on Echo's murmuring wing:

Yet soon as evening shade shall close the day,  
This blushing flower will droop its head and die.

Thus the young maid whom Nature's liberal hand  
Has fashioned for the world's delighted view,  
Fair as the forms that charm the lover's eye,  
When'er his pillow Fancy waves her wand,  
Rises in health's warm glow at dawn of day,  
And sinks in silent slumber ere the moon  
emits her ray.  
*Baltimore.*

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

### THE LOVER'S NIGHT.

Lull'd in the arms of him she loved  
Lanthe sighed the kindest things:  
Her fond surrender he approved  
With smiles; and thus enamour'd sings;  
"How sweet are lovers' vows by night,  
"Lapp'd in a honeysuckle grove,  
"When Venus sheds her gentle light,  
"And soothes the yielding soul to love;  
"Soft as the silent-footed dews  
"That steal upon the star-light hours;  
"Warm as a love-sick poet's muse,  
"And fragrant as the breath of flow'rs.  
"To hear our vows the moon grows pale,  
"And pants Endymion's warmth to prove:  
"While emulous the nightingale  
"Thick-warbling trills her lay of love.  
"The silver sounding shining spheres,  
"That animate the glowing skies,  
"Nor charm so much as thou my ears,  
"Nor bless so much as thou my eyes.  
"Thus let me clasp thee to my heart,  
"Thus sink in softness on thy breast;  
"No cares shall haunt us, dangers part,  
"For ever loving, ever blest.  
"Censorious envy dares not blame  
"The passion which thy truth inspires:  
"Ye stars, bear witness that my flame  
"Is chaste as your eternal fires."  
Love saw them hid among the boughs  
And heard him sing their mutual bliss:  
"Enjoy," cried he, "Lanthe's vows,  
"But oh!—I envy thee her kiss."

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

### TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

*By the late R. B. Davis. Esq.*

Sweet are thy slumbers, innocence, reclined  
On the fond bosom of maternal love;  
Calm as the lake whose waters gently  
move,  
Wafting the spirit of the dying wind.

For thee Affection wakes with pleasing care,  
Delighted smiles, and breathes the fervent prayer.

Far different is sleep, when Labour faints  
On his hard couch, when restless Avarice  
quakes;

When from the scene of dread that conscience paints,  
Affrighted Guilt with sudden horror wakes;

When from the eye of day Misfortune shrinks,  
And on his bed of thorns despondent sinks.

When night recalls the toilsome day of care,  
When hopeless love catches in short repose  
Scenes that alike his aching bosom tear,  
Visions of shadowy bliss or real woes.

For dreams like these, and nights of anxious pain,  
*Manhood* thy peaceful slumbers must resign,  
And all his boasted wisdom sigh in vain  
For the calm blessings of a sleep like thine.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

### FROM THE PERSIAN.

Oh! I have vow'd that ne'er again  
My lips the flowing cup should drain,  
And oft I've sworn I ne'er would sigh  
For the bright maid with roe-like eye.  
But though of vows I've made a score—  
I vow'd—but alas could do no more.  
What are all the Houris' bowers  
And gardens of celestial powers?  
Oh, who would seek their fragrant shade  
If bless'd not with the graceful maid?  
What bliss can they enjoy above  
Who never see the smiles of love?  
When'er I bend my knees in pray'r,  
My thoughts are turn'd to one lov'd fair.  
I see the timid humid glance  
Which might an angel's soul entrance;  
Her neck outshines the milk-white hind  
That trembles in the whisp'ring wind;  
While o'er that neck so wondrous fair  
Fall ringlets of her coal-black hair,  
Like bunches of the clust'ring date  
Which bend the palm-tree by their weight;  
Her waist is of the tapering form,  
Like the fresh reed that fears the storm;  
Her fingers glowing at the tips  
I press to my enraptured lips;  
The brightness of her beauteous face  
Quickly all holy thoughts efface.  
I strive to send my soul above,  
But I can only whisper, love;  
Lowly I bend me at the shrine,  
But worship only love and wine;  
And while their charms my breast inflame,  
I quite forget the prophet's name.

*For The Port Folio.*

ELEGY—THE SEPARATION.

*By the late R. B. Davis, Esq.*

The look that she gave when she bade me  
*adieu*;

The sigh that escap'd when she said—  
"We must part;"

Her hand, as I prest it, while slow she  
withdrew;

Still live in my memory, still thrill in my  
heart.

Her tear-moisten'd handkerchief, waving  
"Farewell,"

From the vessel, too cruelly swift in its  
course;

Her signs—as if still she had something to  
tell—

Each moment return, and return with new  
force.

For who could forget—who remember, un-  
moved,

Such charms as indifference fondly might  
trace?

Who that once lov'd like me, like me was  
belov'd

By beauty and gentleness, virtue and  
grace?

Yes—she loved me—How sweet, how trans-  
porting the theme!

Though *far*, and *forever*, she's gone from  
my sight,

It warms each reflection, presides in each  
dream,

And even gives *absence* a tinge of delight.

Though cruel the thought—"Ne'er to see  
*her again*;"

*Time* and *distance* their power unavailing  
will prove;

Though heavy between us the *lengthening*  
*chain*,

'Twas form'd by *esteem*, and is fasten'd  
by *love*.

Is she absent?—Oh, no!—*still* her beauties  
appear:

My soul dwells entranc'd on the vision  
divine:

Her voice of affectionate musick I hear—  
In the accents of Heaven it says—"I am  
*thine*."

EPIGRAMS.

*From the Provençal, by Mrs. Opie.*

The heart you gave me t'other day,  
I've neither lent nor chang'd away;  
But now 'tis so well mix'd with mine  
I really know not which is thine.

Of the tax upon watches poor Richard is  
sick,  
Lest *his* turn should come next, for *he* goes  
upon *tick*.

Dick from the country went to buy a hat;  
Return'd his neighbour ask'd, "pray what  
cost that?"

Why, answer'd Dick, the town's so fill'd  
with vice,

They charge an honest farmer double price  
"Dick, you mistake, 'twas charity, not sin;  
You were a stranger, and *they took you in*."  
O.

EPI TAPHS.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

Here lies a constant pair below,  
Who knew not matrimonial wo,  
And ne'er express'd a wish to part;  
Love the soul regent of each heart.  
Without a cloud their minutes roll'd  
And life's last sands were sands of gold;  
What precious hours! what charming  
weather!

You ask how long they liv'd together!  
From good authority I speak,  
They liv'd together—one *whole week*.

*On an importunate tailor.*

Here lies W. W.  
Who never more will trouble you trouble  
you.

*On a puritanical locksmith.*

A zealous locksmith died of late,  
And did arrive at heaven's gate;  
He stood without and would not knock,  
Because he meant to *pick the lock*.

*On the parson of a country church.*

Come, let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall,  
For egad, had he liv'd, he'd have buried us  
all.

*On a Lawyer.*

Hic jacet Jacobus Straw,  
Who forty years follow'd the law,  
When he died  
The devil cried  
James, give us your paw.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

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Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 27, 1807.

[No. 26.]

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IF the ancients have got the start of us in point of time, it must be granted that we moderns have far exceeded them in almost every other respect. What were their revolutions, massacres, broils, battles, sieges and slaughters, to ours? Why mere children's play. One of their most renowned bullies, Julius Cæsar, as Dean Prideaux calculates, destroyed no more than one million, one hundred and ninety-two thousand persons; whereas we can slaughter as many in one campaign, by regular fighting; without taking into the account those destroyed by private assassinations, famine, and disease, the offspring of distress! a certain proof of our vast superiority. I verily believe, that if the ancients could rise up, and see how far we have outdone them, they would through shame, crawl back again into their urns, and there hide their diminished heads.

Having proved our superiority in shortening poor human life, let me say, that we have done as much towards lengthening it. Our discoveries and improvements in chymistry are such, that Tithonus was but a babe of yesterday, in comparison with our

old men and women. Indeed the thread of human life is now rendered so tough and substantial, that in order to snap it, many moderns are obliged to go into the army, or hang themselves. Yes, sir, in the field of invention we stand "superiour and alone." And here I may with due modesty observe, that perhaps your humble servant, meaning myself, may prove to be, if not the first, yet surely among the foremost of all inventors. This sir, is not that predominant figure in French rhetorick called a gasconade, as I hope you will hereafter be ready to confess, but a solid and surprising truth. What old fool of an ancient was it, who, upon some cobweb discovery, ran out of a bath stark naked, like a madman, bawling out *Eugene*? I would let him know, that there is a vast difference between discovery and invention. In discovery, you have nothing to do but to find out a thing already done: a mighty matter truly. Whereas in invention you do that which was never done before. But as I hate prolixity and egotism, I proceed to state, that I have invented the wondrous and wonderworking art of painting without canvas, colours, brush or pencil: and that I can draw the portrait of a person, whom I never saw; nor do I care in what quarter of the globe he may be found; nor does it matter whether he be fighting or

dancing, singing psalms, or playing cards! And what is equally to my credit, I impart my arcanum to my countrymen without any other fee or reward, save the honour of the invention. My method is this: I begin with examining very minutely a set of old drawings left to me by my ancestors; then I take a steady look through the telescope of Fancy, at the object, which I intend to portray, then I proceed to lay my old drawings under contribution, by borrowing from one perhaps a bust, from a second a leg, and from a third such other parts as are necessary to the completion of my work; and thus by a judicious selection of parts, I compose modern figures in ancient drapery, which gives them a venerable cast: these figures, when finished, may, without fear of damage, be put up in a port folio, and what is still more strange, even the blind derive pleasure from my performance. Could my natural modesty allow me to say more in praise of this my invention, I might add, that although the Abbé de l'Épée has done much for the deaf and the dumb, for me alone it was reserved to communicate to the blind the pleasure and advantage arising from the art of painting.

Now, to give a specimen of my workmanship, I will show you my *great man*: it is taken principally from a *Clodius* by *Cicero*:

Is qui plurimis cædibus in foro factis, singulari virtute et gloria *Cives* domum vi et armis compulit—Is qui collegarum magistratum per seditionem abrogavit—Is qui *Civem* quem populus, quem omnes gentes, urbis ac vitæ Civium conservatorem judicabant *Servorum* armis exterminavit—Is qui regna dedit ademiti; orbem terrarum quibuscunque voluit partitus est—Is cui nihil unquam nefas fuit in facinore—Is denique cui jam nulla lex, nullum civile jus, nulli possessionum termini; qui non calumnia litium, non injustis vindictis ac sacramentis alienos fundos, sed castra exercitu, signis inferendis petit.

Here sir is a minister of state: he limps a little, and looks like an uncowed monk; he also is a great man and a prince:

Hortator Scelerum ————— cui tristitia bella,

*Iraque Invidiæque, et noxia Crimina cordis*

Be so good sir as to observe my Conservative Senate. Here it is:

*Hic quibus invisi fratres, dum vita manebat, Pulsatusve parens, et fraus innexa Clienti; Quique ob adulterium noti, quique arma seculi*

*Impia, nec virili Dominorum fallere dextras.*

And, lastly, let me show you, the choicest piece of my collection: it is my little prince of B—gh—c. I would not give this miniature for a thousand eagles. Here it is, and I think a master-piece:

*Iniquæ mentis asellus.*

Should my pieces suit your taste, I will from time to time furnish you with some from my gallery.

APPELLVS.

## POLITICAL SARCASM.

*For The Port Folio.*

### NATIONAL DIFFICULTIES.

The publick are informed, that in satisfaction of the murder (as it has been called) of an American citizen, by a gun fired from a British vessel, the President of the United States issued a very bold and magnanimous proclamation, by which he resolutely put the *vessels* concerned in this bloody transaction under the ban of the empire, and prohibited all manner of intercourse between the American people and these wicked vessels, or the persons who might *afterwards* be on board of them, whether English, French, Turks, or Americans. This was a very philosophical retribution for the death of *Pierce*, and had the full recommendation of novelty. It was a discovery! and as such received a vote of thanks from our philosophical society, and similar votes are expected from similar societies in Europe. Now it has so happened, that the *Driver* sloop of war, being one of the vessels prohibited as aforesaid, lately, most audaciously made her appearance in the harbour of Charleston. The poor sloop knew no better, and probably had not a soul on board, who was present at the murder aforesaid—the pride of government—the honour of our soldiers—the dignity of the people, were deeply wounded by this defiance of the President's proclamation; and in vindication of them, the commanding officer at Fort Johnson wrote a *very spirited letter*. This was answered by an epistle from the British commander, which very plainly treated the President as a fool and a savage, the proclamation as an effusion of childish madness, and put not only the com-

mander of Fort Johnson but his august master, and, indeed, the whole posse of the American people at open defiance. This was a hard return to a man, who only meant civilly to assert his nation's honour. But what could the President's officer do? He was furnished with nothing to assert our rights but pen, ink, and paper, and even this was *at his own expense*, and he had discovered, that the Englishman had pen, ink, and paper too, and was not to be intimidated by such weapons. An express, in this emergency, was sent to the seat of government for succour and advice, being but a few hundred miles distance. While the President was consulting his cabinet upon the propriety of calling congress together, to direct him how to get rid of this terrible sloop of war, the British Captain got tired of such baby play, and went about his business.

So far, no doubt, this threatening business came to a conclusion highly honourable to our rulers, and in perfect harmony with the peaceable principles of their administration; for Fort Johnson was not blown up, nor Charleston bombarded, as every body knows they might have been, and no blood was spilt. By the by, I think the city of Charleston should present Captain Love with a crown for his generosity and clemency, and the President with a sword as a hint of his duty on such occasions.

But the trouble was not over—a most embarrassing difficulty arose, the day after the Driver sailed. It so happened, that Captain Kalteisen's servant, as he was cleaning his master's boots and standing sentinel at the same time, discovered something of an unusual appearance floating gently into the harbour. Since the late visit of the Driver, vigilance was highly awakened, and every thing looked at with cautious suspicion. It would be so dishonourable to let any thing come into port, in violation of the President's proclamation. The alarm was immediately given—the officers were brought out to examine the intruding offender. After much consultation, it was agreed, that the floating object was nothing more nor less than the spar of a vessel, and it was instantly conjectured, and then believed, that it *might* have belonged to the murderous and insolent Driver sloop of war. It became, at once, a matter of most serious deliberation to decide whether it was within the President's proclamation, and could be permitted to enter the harbour without a violation of the national honour. It was proposed, at all events, to fire a gun from the fort, as an intimation to the enemy to proceed no further without permission. It was, however, discovered, that not a single gun in the fort was fit for use; and, indeed, a doubt was suggested, whether a load of powder could be expended without an appropriation by congress, or the special direction of the executive. The

firing of the gun was, therefore, abandoned, and it was resolved to resort to the proclamation as the most enlightened and safe guide of conduct. It was found to direct as follows :

“ I (says the President) do *forever* interdict the entrance of all the harbours and waters of the United States to the said armed vessels.”

This must mean, in case these vessels should last forever. It appeared clearly to the council of war, as it must to every body else, that the Leander, the Cambrian, and the Driver were the precise and designated objects of executive justice and punishment. The persons on board held but a secondary consideration, inasmuch, as there is no interdiction to be found against them, excepting the Captains. Nay, so polluted, corrupted, and impure were these vessels in the eyes of the President, that they contaminate any person who may ever set a foot on them, while the crews actually on board at the time of the offence became wholly absolved and acquitted the moment they leave the vessel, and may be received, aided, and comforted in the harbours and waters of the United States. This being settled, what, said the council, is the Driver sloop of war? She certainly consists of her hull, masts, sails, rigging, and spars—This also was agreed *nem. con.* The question was then narrowed to this consideration, whether the anathema was intended to be thundered against the Driver sloop of war only collectively and in her character and capacity of a sloop of war, or whether it was to be extended to all and each of the parts of the said sloop, even when separated and asunder? This was a nice question; and, in such an administration as ours, of considerable importance. The words of the proclamation, that lucid expression of wisdom and prudence, were carefully scanned, weighed, considered, and reconsidered. They forgot, like most profound and philosophical disputants, that it was not yet ascertained, that this was a spar of the Driver—But the council took this for granted, and so must we. It was erring, if at all, on the side of vigilance and safety, and would certainly recommend them to the President, who had bestowed such judicious encomiums on the *patriotick* discoverers of Burr's plot—The council well judged, that their exertions and services, on this trying occasion, were equally meritorious and important, and at least as honest and as well meant. The further the council advanced in this discussion, the more were they embarrassed, until, at length, by much talking, the difficulty became inexplicable, and it was resolved to send to the great city, where the great President and his wise ones reside, for advice and instruction.

While endeavours were making to procure an express, for this was no easy matter, where there were no funds to defray the expense, the terrible object of all the bustle approached nearer to the shore, and a discovery was made, which at once settled, or rather changed the question, and seemed distinctly to point out the duty and conduct of the defenders of our coast. By the use of a spy glass it was clearly seen, that on this spar there was crawling about a poor, miserable, half-drowned rat, but still alive, and, in all human reason, directly from on board the Driver. Could they aid and comfort this animal, or permit him to land where he would probably take care of himself at the expense of our country? It was impossible—the words, the intent, the whole object and spirit of the proclamation were decidedly opposed to it.

“If (says the President) the said vessels, or any of them, shall reenter the harbours or waters aforesaid, I do, in that case, forbid all intercourse with the said armed vessels, and the officers and crew thereof; and do prohibit all supplies and aid from being furnished them, or any of them.”

Now it was observed, that this interdiction was forever, without any limitation of time, change, or circumstance; and, therefore, as long as a plank of the said vessels was to be found fast or floating, its entrance was prohibited into the waters of the United States. And as the interdiction was unlimited, as to time or change, so was it as to the persons or crew that might be on board the said vessels ever after. So, that although not a single soul, not even the unfortunate rat, might have been within a thousand miles of Pierce and his murder, they were, nevertheless, the declared enemies of the United States, and to be treated accordingly. It was not doubted, that the rat might, in law, and according to the principles of some philosophers, and certainly within the spirit of the proclamation, be considered as one of the crew of the Driver. The council was resolved the rat should not touch our shore, nor should any person be allowed to have any intercourse with him, or, in any way, to aid or succour him in his extremity.

While the necessary preparations were making for repelling the advancing foe, and a man was sent off to borrow a boat, the United States having none, the tide changed, and the spar and the rat, after tossing about in Rebellion Roads, began to take their course outward. This happy riddance excited great joy in Fort Johnson, as our honour was thus saved, and the proclamation obeyed without the necessity of bloodshed, so abhorrent to our pacifick administration. It

was, however, observed, that this audacious English rat actually raised his right hind leg, and p——d, or seemed to p——, directly towards Fort Johnson as he went off. This was justly considered, as a defiance to the whole power of the country; but it was thought most prudent not to notice it, as it is the humane policy of our government to do no possible act, which may, in any possible manner, lead to a possible war with any possible thing. The wisdom and discretion of this determination cannot be doubted. In the present state of defence of the United States, an ingenious and resolute rat is no contemptible enemy. In about a month, he could devour and destroy our whole naval and military stores; a month more, with tolerable industry, would suffice for sinking the navy, as it lies rotting in the Potomack only for the admiration of the President's new friends, the Indians. Then should this rat find his way into the palace—what work among the papers! The original draft of the letter to Mazzei drawn forth; a certain correspondence with one Arnold exposed—some philosophical sublimated letters to Mr. Walker on the holiness of friendship and the lawfulness of seduction—the sheets, necessary to fill a chasm in the Life of Washington, brought to light—in short, we might behold nothing but ruin to our country, and dismay in our chief—All this may have been prevented by permitting the rat to take an uninterrupted departure. Thanks to the cool prudence of the commander of Fort Johnson.

For The Port Folio.

## POLITE LITERATURE.

### STORY OF ROSALBA.

From the French of Florian,

### THE GALLICK GOLDSMITH.

#### MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Every one knows the difficulty of preserving, in an English version, the delicacy and sweetness of the French language. No style possesses more of this peculiar delicacy than that of Florian; of course, none is attended with more arduousness in the translation: but if the following offspring of a leisure hour can afford you any pleasure, I shall deem my attention well bestowed, as it has improved myself, while it amuses you. It is Dryden (I think) who observes that a translation should not be so liberal as paraphrase, or so literal as metaphrase; how far I have succeeded in an endeavour to approach this standard, “*judex esto.*”

SALADIN.

Rosalba was born at Palermo of a powerful and illustrious family. Fortune bestowed on her many attrac-

tions, but nature many more. During her infancy, her rising beauty, her grace, her sweetness, and her vivacity, rendered her the idol of her father. The best education, superintended by instructresses the most capable, called into action the admirable talents she had received from heaven. At the age of fourteen, she surpassed all the beauties of Sicily; she understood and recited the language of Racine, of Pope, of Cervantes, and of Gessner. She wrote poetry, but only for the eyes of her father, and a few friends he wished to see it; she chanted the songs of Leo with a voice more touching than that of the famous Faustine; and when she accompanied it with her harp, the prelates and the cardinals, who considered themselves proficient in musick, declared that the angels of heaven could not surpass Rosalba.

To all these attractions and accomplishments the young Rosalba joined a splendid fortune. She was sought after, by the first Lords of Sicily. The old Count of Scanzano, wise enough to know that a brilliant marriage, is not always a happy one, was not seduced by the rank or fortune of his daughter's suitor; he refused to encourage any one, but contented himself with admitting all her admirers to his house, and invited them to the concerts and balls which he frequently gave, leaving Rosalba absolute mistress of her will.

Rosalba was for a long time undecided in her choice. She was born tender, and sanguine, like all Sicilians, but she had scarcely passed her sixteenth year, and her heart had not yet declared for any one. Yet her eyes had remarked the young Duke of Castellamare. A lofty carriage, splendour, a fine figure, vivacity, an illustrious name, and the age of nineteen, gave the duke an advantage over his more learned rivals. Deprived of his parents in infancy, the liberty he possessed of enjoying too much pleasure, might excuse the extravagancies that flowed from youthful impetuosity; besides, these excesses were not known, and the count of Scanzano who had

seen him become a candidate for the hand of Rosalba, soon learned with pleasure that he was the favourite of his daughter. He spoke to her of the duke, he bestowed on him the greatest praise and recommended to Rosalba, him who was the object of her own choice.

The marriage was soon concluded. The count of Scanzano celebrated it with the utmost magnificence. The young dutchess appeared at the court of the Vice-Roy, of which she became the brightest ornament; all were in raptures with her charms; every one envied the felicity of the duke. Rosalba entered into every pleasure, which was continually varied and repeated. Young, beautiful, rich, admired, she saw before her one uninterrupted scene of bliss. The bridegroom devoted himself entirely to love; every thing around reminded them of delight, and her old father, in transports of joy, returned thanks to heaven, embraced his son-in-law, admired his daughter, and congratulated himself that he should die, without a misfortune to disturb his happiness.

Six months after the wedding, this felicity was already at an end. The duke seduced by dangerous friends, the corrupters of youth, renewed his indulgence in those pleasure he had *quitted*, not *renounced*. He left his wife to his indignant rivals. At first indeed he laboured to conceal his violations of faith and love; but soon, throwing aside all circumspection he lavished his treasures on the detestable objects of his momentary passions, he published his follies to the world, and seemed to take a pride in the extravagance of vice.

The hapless Rosalba learned all this, from those officious beings, who delight in wounding the feelings of a neglected wife. She loved the duke, and soon perceived the dreadful change; but, indulging her distress only in private and concealing it entirely from observation, she endeavoured to deceive her father and to spare the good old man a shock, that might send him to the grave. Pre-

tending to be happy in his society, and smiling through the grief that almost suffocated her, she excused the frequent absences of the duke when the old Count complained of them; she invented motives and sought for pretexts, to excuse her profound solitude, and to account for her declining health. Her good father gave no credit to them, but feigned belief; he disguised his inquietude and alarms, and both, conquered by an useless delicacy, feared to tell what passed within their souls.

Rosalba had one friend who knew all her secrets. Laura was her most faithful servant. Better acquainted than her mistress with the follies of the duke, Laura had often tried to alienate, or at least diminish the passion of the dutchess, well knowing that her master's love was irrecoverably gone. She had beseeched her to live for herself, her father, and her friends. Rosalba was unable to follow this advice; the desire of love, the sweet satisfaction of blending her duty with her pleasure, the involuntary attachment a young innocent girl feels for the first object of her passion, all inflamed the soul of Rosalba and rendered dear to her, her criminal husband. She looked upon herself as the cause of her distress, she reproached herself for believing that to be loved it was only necessary to love, and with having neglected since her marriage those accomplishments which, though in her opinion insignificant, often seduced, soothed, and retained, more than the constancy itself, the affections of him they rendered proud. Rosalba took advantage of this, she made use of every secret method of embellishing her charms, she resumed her harp and her songs and often brought tears from her father by singing the beautiful verses of Tasso, or Armida Renaud. Her efforts all were fruitless: her sweetness, her patience, her tender cares, could not affect her inexorable lord. Lost in his shameless errors, passing his days and nights from home and from his dutchess, seeing her but seldom, and knowing her existence only from others, while

she refined into perfection the accomplishments that were cultivated for him alone.

Reduced at length to despair, Rosalba sighed for death; and Laura began to fear that grief would indeed destroy her life. "My dear mistress" said she to her one day "since you cannot cure a melancholy passion that is hastening you to the grave, since you have exhausted your spirits to reclaim him that is unworthy of you, and since you have done every thing that love and virtue can do, I entreat you to try other means rather than die. I know an old Jewess, who has been about two years at Palermo, and who is celebrated for her magick arts, particularly for the love powders she makes. Our pretended wits disbelieve and ridicule her wonders, but for my part, thank heaven! I give entire credit to them, for I cannot doubt what I have seen. Do you remember young Lisbette who came to sell you gauze last winter and who appeared to interest you so much? She was as shrewd as she was pretty: she lived with my sister who has told me a thousand times that she was an example of the power of the Jewess. A young nobleman saw her at church, and had the presumption to make love to her. Lisbette would'n't listen to him, sent back all his letters unopened, and avoided by every means in her power, a meeting. The disappointed lover had recourse to the old Jewess; he related his fruitless efforts and made her a handsome present. The enchantress put into his hands a green wax taper with directions to light it whenever he wished to see the object of his desires. I do not know whether he lighted his candle that night, but I know very well that after that time, Lisbette went regularly every evening to the house of her lover, and returned only by the light of day. When my sister discovered this, she was about to reproach her, but poor Lisbette soothed her anger by confessing ingenuously that as soon as she fell asleep, she rose, drest herself by a supernatural impulse, and in spite of herself, walked to the house of the

young lord whom she did not love at all. There, said she, a wax candle burns without being consumed, and extinguishes itself with a loud noise as soon as day appears. I then resume my reason, seem to wake from a terrible dream, and return home full of horror. You may judge, my dear mistress from this circumstance (which I assure you is completely true) of the force of the Jewess's magick. Why not consult her then? If you would not be known, disguise yourself in my dress; if you are afraid to go to her house, I will engage to bring her to you."

The dutchess heard Laura with a melancholy smile: she rejected her offer, and would not practice a remedy, her reason told her was ridiculous; but reason avails little when opposed to love, and nothing seems fruitless that may possibly contribute to our felicity. Rosalba reflected perpetually on the Jewess, and her fancy naturally warm became once more inflamed with love. Credulous as she was amiable, she paid to the custom of her country, like all Sicilians, the tribute of superstition: she had no other hope, and Laura was continually repeating some new miracle of the sorceress. Rosalbo at length decided, and desired Laura to seek her.

The old woman would appear only at night. She was conducted into a secret chamber, faintly illumined with wax tapers. The dutchess soon appeared accompanied only by Laura. She thought she would have fainted with terror, on beholding a little figure leaning on a stick of black thorn, and dressed in a red gown tied with a yellow string; on her head which was constantly trembling, an old cap pulled down, but half concealed her grey hairs: a pointed bone covered with shrivelled skin, which had once been a nose, approached another bone like itself, that ages before had served for a chin; her fiery eyes, all over blood shot, were covered with a few white lashes, and two wrinkled caviues pointed out the place where in former times her cheeks had been.

The dutchess after conquering in some degree her fears, addressed the Pythoness, and without attempting to conceal any thing, "I adore my husband" said she throwing away her terror "and he did love me, yes! I am sure he did love me: he has now abandoned me for objects unworthy of him; if you can restore him, if you can make me what I was,—my gold, my diamonds,—all that I have, shall be yours."

The sorceress hung down her head, contracted her brows, and rubbed her forehead with a withered hand. After a little silence "madam" said she with a hoarse voice "I have medicines whose potency in restoring wandering lovers, is infallible, but I know no remedies sufficiently powerful for husbands. However last winter I was called upon by a young princess of your own rank; her husband was in love with a Roman opera singer, who was both ugly and old. I tried two powders in vain. Surprised at this want of success, I began to suspect that there were magick arts opposed to mine. Piqued at length at this affair, that defied my power, I introduced myself into the woman's house; I went to the granary and found it closed with triple doors. You will believe I did not want keys to open them. On entering I soon discovered the cause of the failure of my love powders. I observed a beautiful chicken fastened by his neck, his wings, and his feet; he had two pieces of thick leather over his eyes, which entirely deprived him of his sight. I smiled with pity, and seizing the chicken, tore the leather from his eyes, and returned home well satisfied that my desire would now be gratified. Indeed, at the very moment, when I took the bandage from the cock, the husband of the young princess deserted the object of his guilty passion; he beheld her as she was, ugly, old, wretched and perfidious, and viewing his princess beautiful, young, faithful and charming; he returned to her with increasing love.

Today, we are to effect a cure more arduous. You do not pretend to point

out any one in particular who holds the affections of your husband. Since there are so many, my divided enchantments will surely lose their efficacy. But we will not despair; I am mistress of a horrible secret, and if I could but gain possession of two hairs cut by your own hand from a criminal now dead upon a gibbet, I would make sure to you for life, the love of him you adore."

The dutchess shuddered at these words, and dismissed the sorceress; but before she had gone, Laura ran to her and called her back. Rosalba despaired of other means, and vanquished at last by the perseverance of the Jewess, who persisted in declaring, that this was the only infallible remedy, Rosalba anxiously inquired how she could obtain these horrible hairs. "Listen," said the sorceress.

"At the distance of half a league from Palermo, on the road to Corlione, is a small chapel surrounded by a deep ditch; a wooden bridge leads to the chapel, about which, low down, is a stone ledge half a foot in breadth. Underneath this ledge are suspended against the wall, the bodies of criminals executed at Palermo. They remain there until they fall into the ditch, which becomes a sepulchre for their bones. If you have courage, or rather, if you have love enough to go to this chapel at midnight, alone, place yourself on the stone ledge, and with your left hand cut the hair from the body nearest to you, I will answer for the rest: but remember, no one accompanies you—you must go alone, and at midnight."

Rosalba was pensive for a few moments, then, seizing with violence the hand of the old Jewess, she exclaimed, "I will go!" Eleven o'clock struck. Rosalba, anxious to be gone, called for her cloak: Laura trembled as she reached it. She took a dark lantern, armed herself with a poniard and her scissors, ordered the enchantress to prevent Laura from following, and, escaping through a garden gate, she went through the town. She soon was on the road to Corlione, and found herself in the country,

alone, in midnight darkness, walking with a firm and rapid pace, and expelling every thought but that of her husband.

She arrived—she beheld the chapel; a tremor seized every limb; yet without pausing she sought by the light of her lantern to find the passage over the wooden bridge. She discovered it—walked on and coming near the stone ledge, she stooped to look for it, by the glimmering of her expiring taper. This ledge was scarcely half a foot wide, considerably sloped, and inclined towards the ditch: the dutchess held out the lantern, and casting a look down the precipice, discerned at the distance of twenty toises, white mouldering bones.

Rosalba almost fainting, now reanimated herself, made one great effort and placed her foot on the narrow ledge: at the next step, she slipped; she reached out her hand, intending to take hold of the wall; she encountered the leg of one of the gibbeted bodies—she seized it, and made it her support: then taking the lantern from her left hand, and putting her scissors in that, which held the leg, she fearfully raised herself and endeavoured to reach the head to cut off the wished for hairs.

While thus horribly employed, a carriage and six horses passed along the great road. In the coach was a young man with two opera girls whom he was taking to his country seat. He perceived from the road, a glimmering light and a woman, who seemed to be taking a body from the gibbet. Filled with fear and horror the young man concluded, that the woman was a sorceress, engaged in some of her evil deeds. He stopped the horses and getting out of his carriage advanced towards the place. Superstitious even in the midst of crimes, he called with a voice of thunder "infamous witch! leave the dead in peace, or fear the living; tremble, least I tear away your horrid booty, and deliver your person to the holy inquisition."

How astonished was the dutchess at these words! It was the voice of her husband! in her terror and surprise

she had lost the lantern, which fell, rolled along the ditch and was extinguished; whilst Rosalba, in utter darkness, continued to be supported by the dead body—almost breathless, and fearful lest her strength should entirely fail.

The duke repeated his threats while he was crossing the bridge: and Rosalba forced to speak, cried, with a faint and feeble voice “stop! stop! I intended no crime; my God and my heart are my witnesses. Do not destroy a wretch that merits only your pity, Come! oh! come to my assistance if you would save me from falling down the precipice!”

At these words, on hearing this voice the duke knew his wife: he uttered a deep groan: and calling out, endeavoured to encourage her; he even used expressions of love, which the danger of Rosalba elicited from him. He approached and taking her in his arms, bore her insensible, to the coach. He hurried out his former companions—flew towards the city, and frozen with horror and surprise arrived at his palace before Rosalba had recovered her senses.

Laura seeing her mistress senseless in the arms of her husband filled the air with her lamentations: she shook her to restore her life; while the half frantick duke could not believe what he saw; he endeavoured in vain to comprehend it and demanded of every one an explanation. The old woman thus addressed him with a serious air:

“Insensible and cruel man! fall on your knees before your wife; adore that divine model of amiable and constant hearts. Never did lover, never did husband receive a mark of affection more lively, more striking, or more forcible than this given to you, today. Learn, perfidious man! learn what Rosalba has done for you; blush for having reduced her to the necessity, and devote the whole of your future life to compensate her for the sacrifice she has this moment made.”

The Jewess proceeded to relate her conversation with the dutchess, and the horrible proof of love she had extracted from her. The duke did not

suffer the old woman to conclude; he threw himself at the feet of his wife and shed tears of admiration, of tenderness, and of repentance; he swore he would atone by everlasting fidelity for the faults he abhorred; and he implored her forgiveness while he acknowledged his own unworthiness. The tender Rosalba raised him with a smile. She pressed him to her heart and bathed his cheeks with tears of ecstasy, and they united in returning thanks to heaven for the felicity they enjoyed.

From this moment the young Castellamare abandoned the companions who had not entirely corrupted him; happy in an enjoyment he never knew before, gained by virtue, pure affection and tranquillity of soul. Castellamare continually increasing in the love of Rosalba passed his unclouded days in the society of his adored wife, his lovely children, and the good old Scanzano. The Jewess enriched by the gifts that had been lavished on her by the dutchess, renounced by her advice, her dangerous profession. She has often been heard to declare, that when she proposed to Rosalba a visit to the chapel, she knew that the duke always passed by at midnight; and perhaps had calculated on the effects of a meeting there; but this does not sully her glory, and should not diminish the faith we owe to the ability of enchantresses.

#### HOURS OF LEISURE,

*Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.*

*(Continued from page 391.)*

And they that are most galled with my folly  
They most must laugh. SHAKESPEARE.

There appears to be a constant effort in the human mind to elevate itself above its true and proper standard. We are extremely fond of appreciating our own talents and condition in life to the world, and generally set a tolerably high value upon each. The Man of Learning is desirous of being thought wiser, the man of fortune richer, and the great man greater, than he really is. This species of vanity increases in proportion to what

is wanting to make a man satisfied with himself; the dashing tradesman is fond of being called Esquire, the apothecary Doctor, and Mrs. Mangle, the laundress, would be extremely offended with her customers' servants, if they did not entitle her Ma'am.

This desire of appearing to stand an inch or two higher in the world than is really the case, is mostly observable among the lower classes; for as to any *deficit* in talent or merit among upper people, it is scarcely worthy of mention, being so admirably supplied by the usual succedaneums of rank or riches; the scrutiny ends as soon as the object of our inquiry is known to be of title or condition; and the same man who holds a contemptuous superiority over the next inferiour, bows with infinite complaisance to the blockhead whom chance has placed above him.

The chief reason why we so seldom find character, talents, or fortune duly appreciated, is, that we judge rather from accidental circumstances than from a candid examination of facts. This species of sophism logicians call *fallacia accidentis*, where we pronounce concerning the nature and essential properties of any subject, according to something which is merely accidental to it; thus we decide, that the well-dressed man is a person of condition, the man in the big wig a prodigy of learning, and the walking physician a fellow of no merit at all. It is by the strength of this sophism, that we acquire an utter aversion to the canine race, because we knew an instance of a dog having gone mad; and that we cannot bear the name of landanum because Betty Bluestocking almost killed herself by taking an ounce phial-full, in a fit of despair, occasioned by her lover's not meeting her to take a walk on a Whitsunday. It is from the same species of vanity that the vulgar make their cousin the attorney a counsellor, their old friend the lieutenant a captain, and their neighbour the country esquire, who has the good luck to possess fifteen hundred per annum, to be worth at least double the sum. The ingenuity

of the artful involves us still more in these errors of judgment; as they are constantly establishing false propositions, to confound and dazzle the weak and credulous.

Taking the common conclusions of men, upon the appearances of dress, equipage, and manners, it is a wonder that they are not oftener deceived; when they are, it is a just punishment that they meet for the judgments which they sometimes too hastily form against the modest and humble.

Let a man go forth on his journey through life without the accidental acquirements, ornaments, or decorations of rank or riches, in a plain unfashionable coat; and though his face expressed the noblest characters of genius and worth ever described by a Lavater, it is a hundred to one that not a single creature would find it out.

From the above reasoning it appears, that how ever easy it may be at times to set *ourselves* off to advantage, it is much easier to depreciate *ourselves* whenever we choose. To be sure, the latter species of vanity is but rarely found, and is harmless enough in its consequences; yet, having no better principle than deception, it is not altogether without blame. There is, however, a secret satisfaction in laughing at the *important crowd*; and no man can do this more effectually than he who, from divers circumstances, contingencies, and vicissitudes, has laid up a store of that kind of knowledge which may be justly called *materia experientia*: in short, that he who has been upon almost every step of the ladder of life, up and down alternately, without getting much of a fall.

Perhaps few people could be better qualified in this respect than myself. I had received a tolerable education, had been several years in the sea service, had studied the law, was a bit of an authour, something of a painter, and knew a little of what is called the world. With this stock in trade for carrying on the business of philosophy, I arose one fine summer's morning in the month of July, full of gayety and good humour, directed my

steps towards Billingsgate, went in a wherry on board the Margate packet, and took my place among the other passengers.

The first object that attracted my notice in the vessel was, naturally enough, the man at the helm, whose hard inflexible features set the whole science of physiognomy at defiance. Next to the helmsman, in the place of preeminence, was seated a little genteel woman, reading the tale of Paul and Virginia; and on her right hand a corpulent dame, in whose round red face you might discover ignorance and happiness blended together. On the opposite seat was a lady of a very different description, who assumed an air of infinite superiority over the rest; she was dressed in white muslin, and seldom deigned to look at the people round her; and for her, the beauty of the rising sun, and the delightful landscape of the Kentish hills, had no charms. She was going to Margate to see the fine people, and to say that she had been there. A thin pale-faced gentleman, with a well-powdered head, and most unmeaning face, was placed next her, who, I afterwards found, was her husband. The rest of the company consisted of a young man of important air, dressed in a green coat and hussar boots; a little bustling gentleman in black, who had his share of consequence also; and a lieutenant in the navy; who, together with a plain dressed old man, that took no notice of any body, made up the group.

As soon as I stepped upon deck, I made my *debut* by entreating the ladies to take care of *the lines* and *pullies*; which caution obtained me, exactly what I expected, a contemptuous sneer from the boatman, and a broad satirical grin from the lieutenant. I was, however, determined to establish in their minds the opinion that I justly conceived they had formed, by saying I should go *down stairs*, for fear I should catch cold from the morning air.

At my return on deck, I seated myself next the fat lady with the good-humoured face, who, by the by,

was the only one that gave me the least encouragement. I told her, I was afraid that I should be sea-sick, and recommended her to taste a drop of brandy, which I produced in a small bottle from my pocket. I next offered the inspiring fluid to the lady opposite, who rejected it with a look of ineffable scorn. By this time, however, the fat lady's tongue went, as seamen call it, at the rate of eleven knots an hour. She told me about her son Jacky, who was gone abroad, and who she was afraid *she should never see no more*; that she had been very bad with the *rheumatise*; that it was a terrible thing, for all the *sinner*s were drawn up, and that she was going to Margate to bathe. My good tempered companion then inquired the names of the sails, yards, and rigging, on all which points I answered with appropriate ignorance. I now completed my character, by desiring the master to stop the ship for a boat that I saw making towards us, and by calling a West Indiaman lying at Long Reach a seventy-four gun man of war. This effectually answered my design: the lieutenant whispered the boatman, that I was some lubber of a man-milliner; and asked me, significantly, how long it was since I had last weathered the point off Bond-street.

The company had now descended to partake of the refreshment they had respectively provided; and here I was admitted by producing some cold ham and chicken. I now addressed myself particularly to the lady in the white muslin, by observing, that I shouldn't like to be a sailor; and that I thought it a much pleasanter thing to be serving customers behind a counter, than in a storm at sea. The *counter* proposition answered completely; the lady shrunk like the sensitive plant, turned up her nose, muttered some indistinct syllables, and scornfully averted her head. The important gentleman in the green coat joined conversation with the other important gentleman in black; and my last attempt was with the sentimental lady, of whom I inquired,

whether she had ever read Jack the Giant Killer.

I now began to find, that I had got to low water mark, and resolved in my own mind to turn the tide of opinion. Luckily, as soon as we had re-ascended the deck, an opportunity offered: the fat lady happened to ask the name of the main-sheet, which works the main-boom, to the great annoyance of the genteel passengers of a hoy. I answered, with an appearance of great sagacity, that it was the *jigger tackle*. I had intended to raise myself up *by degrees* into estimation, but the *jigger tackle* did the business at once; the boatman gave me a leer and a wink; the lieutenant, after consulting my face with some attention, took me by the hand, "I say, shipmate, none of your tricks upon old travellers. I say what ship?" To this I answer'd, "The Merrydon of Dover, the largest man of war in the service. Don't you remember that a frigate sailed into one of her port-holes at Torbay, and was kicked overboard by Tom Tightfoot, the boatswain, who happened at the time to be dancing a hornpipe?" This joke was a good trap for applause; the lieutenant handed me some bottled porter, and the boatman honoured me with a grin of approbation.

We had got some way beyond Gravesend, when I discovered a new character in the hoy; this was a tall thin man, in a black coat and tie wig, stooping over the side of the vessel, drawing up buckets of sea water one after another, and industriously examining the contents with a microscope. I thought this a good opportunity, and putting on a learned face, inquired if he was not seeking for animalculi; to which he politely replied, "Yes;" and that it was a question among the learned, whether the luminous appearance of sea water at night was occasioned by numerous animalculi, or the viscous spawn of fish. In this conversation the gentleman in the plain coat joined, whom I found to be a very intelligent man. One subject introduced another, and we discoursed successively upon natural philosophy,

ethicks, jurisprudence, and theology; in the course of which investigation, I took care to introduce some passages from the ancient authours. The sentimental lady stared with astonishment: the consequential lady ventured a look, but (I imagine, upon summing up my dress, the counter, and other circumstances) relapsed into her former reserve: her husband, however, ventured to speak, and, upon my mentioning Tully, asked whether I did not mean Mr. Tully, the cheesemonger, in Carnaby Market?

We had now arrived at the Pier of Margate, when an old acquaintance came on board, and welcomed my arrival, in the hearing of the consequential lady, in the following way: "My dear George, your old friends Colonel Morgan and Lady Maxwell are here; they have just sat down to dinner, and we will join them." His servant was ordered to take my trunk, and a blush of conscious shame overspread the cheek of the lady in white muslin. By this time, I had discovered the different conditions in life of my fellow passengers:

Mr. Vacant, a grocer near the Haymarket.

Mrs. Vacant, the lady in the white muslin.

Miss Williams, the sentimental lady, a teacher at a school.

Lieut. Windlass, a navy officer.

Mrs. Pumpkin, the fat lady, a market gardener's wife.

Mr. Frizzle, the important gentleman in green, a hair-dresser.

Dr. Vitriol, the searcher for animalculi, a great naturalist, chymist, philosopher, and authour.

The important gentleman in black, an attorney.

The gentleman in brown, *non descript*.

Being about to take my leave, Dr. Vitriol gave me a card to attend his lectures on chymistry; the lieutenant shook me by the hand; the boatman styled me, "Your Honour;" the gardener's wife gave me a low courtesy; and the lady in the white muslin favoured me with a most graceful bow; upon which I addressed them nearly

as follows: "My good friends, don't be displeased if I have amused myself a little at your expense. I would have you know, that wherever we travel we should endeavour to be pleased with one another. All have not the same endowments of mind or fortune; but what is wanting of one quality is perhaps supplied by another; and reciprocal advantages and comforts are created from the variety of characters and conditions which Providence has thrown together in life. In a hoy, therefore, as well as any where else, we should bring forward our best talents and dispositions, be they what they may, like our provisions, into the common stock; there would then be something to please all palates; by which means we should make our passage pleasant, and our meeting together a feast of good humour and instruction."

As I walked along the pier, I meditated on the occurrences of my little voyage; nor did I feel thoroughly satisfied with myself. Good nature and urbanity checked my exultation, and whispered, "Away with you! you are rightly served; henceforth appear in your true character, and try to make it as valuable to your fellow-passengers as you can. Increase the stock of plain honesty, and throw away the dregs of pride and folly; you may appear in what character you choose to the world, but will never be able to impose on the judge within your own breast."

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

### POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

From that classical and truly independent Journal, The Providence Gazette, which is one of the best politico-literary papers in America, we copy, with delight, the following article. On the subject of Mr. Selfridge, we have already spoken with emphasis; from the impulse of a generous friendship, and from the dictates of the clearest conviction. Of the *place*, where a factious, sedi-

tious, and rebellious mob, without animadversion and without punishment, bullied and overawed a court of justice, riotously disturbed the publick peace, and ferociously menaced domestick tranquillity, we shall soon speak with indignation. We are patiently waiting for some additional evidence, and carefully collecting all the facts.

These things fully and fairly accomplished, Boston shall have justice done to her, though she fail to do justice to others.

The signs of the present times are truly alarming. Every Goshawk now feels himself an Eagle—and thinks himself competent to decide, peremptorily, on all questions which are brought before a court of justice; nay, to arraign and condemn the decisions of those courts. The affair of Mr. SELF-PRIDGE, in Boston, has been made a party business—and because he was acquitted, *after a most solemn and impartial trial*, his political adversaries have taken upon them to condemn the constitutional authority which administers the law, and *the laws themselves*—Indeed one jacobin goes so far as to tell us, that *the people* will not much longer submit to such laws. The laws of

member, Mr. Cobbett alluding to the timid and abject spirit of *some* in the capital of New England, once branded them with the disgraceful appellation of the Boston slaves. Of this ignominy we will not partake; no, not in the worst of times. The Editor of The Port Folio had the fortune or the misfortune to be born in Boston. But as his ancestors were men of honour and spirit, they left him these qualities as a legacy. They form his inheritance, and therefore he is nothing like a slave. Pledged to no party, asking no advice, and receiving no lessons, he is in subservience to nothing but reason and truth. The conductor of a publick Journal should be a *free, sovereign and independent* man. He ought not to be blown about by the popular gale, nor suffer, no not for a moment, *considerations of gain or convenience* to change him to a "creeping thing." Careless of consequences, magnanimous, and yet prudent, *consistent*, and yet adventurous, he should always speak the truth with *all boldness, nothing doubting*. Without inquiring *who is pleased, or who is displeased*, a CAVALIER Editor must feel nothing so ardently, as

an honest zeal  
To rouse the watchman of the publick weal.

\* On this occasion, a criminal supineness, or a despicable timidity was conspicuous. The rabble raged, but Justice was, indeed, blind, and the press a mute. In consequence of some provocation, which we do not re-

† There are honourable exceptions. The Editor of the Repository is a gallant Editor, he has a tongue of boldness, the pen of a scribe, and a heart of honour. We feel great pleasure in commending Dr. Park a man of genius, a man of spirit, and a man of principle.

England, and the laws of this country, say, that *no man shall be tried twice for the same offence*—but it might be supposed that the jacobins, by all this clamour, expect to bring Mr. Selfridge to a new trial, before a jury *packed by themselves*. Such a proceeding as this would not be any way inconsistent with their principles and practices. We learn that one of the jacobin judges in Pennsylvania, has passed *two or three different sentences* on a person for the same offence. We learn, moreover, that the good republican citizens of Nashville, in Tennessee, have hanged an African, *absque judicio*, who was guilty of a barbarous and horrible crime. But neither his being black nor the magnitude of his offence, will justify hanging him, otherwise than by *due course of law*; for if the practice of executing summary justice on the blacks is given into, the transition is easy from *blacks to whites*. It lately happened, that a white man was taken up for horse-stealing at Savannah. The owner of the horse deliberately loaded his rifle, and shot the thief through the body. The murderer carries on his business in Savannah, and has never been called to account for this execrable deed. These examples show, that the jacobins, like their prototype Robespierre, are zealous for the liberty of practising summary justice *themselves*—and, right or wrong, they would consign their political adversaries to the gibbet. But let these *blood-hounds* desist from their attempts to bring into disrepute and contempt the constituted authorities of their country—and let them respect the unalterable decision of *one of the most respectable courts in the Union*, instead of torturing *law and gospel* to make them the vehicles of their rancorous malice. *If the yeomanry can be duped a few years longer*, to put the power and revenues of the country into the hands of the jacobins, we have every reason to fear, that both *life and property* will be on a very precarious footing.

an extract from the life of My Lord Bacon, which is applied, with great accuracy, to the timid character of the Chief Magistrate of a majority of cowards.

That a republican president should strongly resemble a very corrupt king, is not so impossible as would seem by the terms. Let us compare Mr. Jefferson's administration and the reign of James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England. No person can read the following extracts from the life of Lord Bacon, prefixed to his works, without admiring the points of coincidence. Speaking of King James, the writer says—

The whole sum of his politicks was to distaste and alienate his subjects at home; to dishonour both himself and them abroad. It was a reign of embassies and negotiations, alike fruitless and expensive; a reign of favourites and *proclamations*, of idle amusements and arbitrary impositions. It was, besides, the great era of flattery. The arts of governing a kingdom in peace, he either did not or would not understand; and his horror for war was constitutional and unchangeable. He had been told, that England was neither to be exhausted nor provoked: and his actions showed, that he believed so according to the letter. The truth is, that as Pusillanimity will talk bigger, on all occasions, than true valour on any, he aimed at appearing formidable, that it might not be seen how much he was afraid. His favourite maxim was, that he who knows not how to dissemble knows not how to reign; but he seems not to have heard of a second maxim, without which, the first cannot be successful, even for a time: to conceal every appearance of cunning, and to deceive under the guise of candour and good faith. He, on the contrary, showed his whole game, to his subjects and to foreigners alike; so that in his attempt upon the former, in his negotiations with the latter, this Solomon was the only dupe. A great share of learning he certainly had, but of learning that a king ought not to be acquainted with; the very refuse of the schools, which serve for little else but to furnish him with an impertinent fluency, on every subject, and he indulged himself in the sovereign pedantry of setting it to show on every occasion. On all these occasions he was extolled, without measure, by the most pestilent of flatterers."

—  
In the Boston Repertory, which is decidedly the first federal paper in America, is

Never was picture more correct than this of the "greatest man in America."

In an animated epistle, a federal friend thus deprecates the prevalence of the mad politicks of the day.

In our country, in general, and certainly in that quarter, whence I address you, there seems to exist an indifference upon publick and literary concerns, which is truly astonishing. This undoubtedly arises from the hopelessness of ameliorating our systems, or giving them even that degree of energy, of which their frail and rickety existence is susceptible. These d—d neutral rights, which are, of late, so much talked of, and so little understood, will, in all probability, involve us in a war with the only nation, which for the last twelve years, has stood between us and destruction. A weak, abject, popularity-seeking administration, having neither the prudence to avoid, nor the spirit to encounter difficulties, has had the pitiful address to array the prejudices of the mariner, the cupidity of the merchant, the honest antipathies of the ignorant, and the rapacious spirit of the unprincipled against the integrity of a *just right*, claimed by Great Britain. Our chimerical *neutral* claim could never have been set up, but by men, who cherished a deep rooted hatred to one nation, and who were governed by a servile submission to another. Men, who *float upon the surface of the ocean*, who are afflicted with mental weakness, or who are warped by moral obliquity, seem not only to be incapable of reasoning themselves, but incapable of receiving any just impression, from the reasoning of others.

#### MERRIMENT.

An Irishman meeting an acquaintance, thus accosted him: "Ah! my dear, who do you think I have just been speaking to? Your old friend Patrick; fait, and he is grown so thin, I hardly knew him; to be sure, *you* are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

A Frenchman being in company at a tea-drinking party, did not observe that it was customary to put the spoon into the tea-cup when any body had drank enough; and the mistress of the house imagining he was fond of tea, by the omission, sent him cup after cup, till he had drank above a dozen dishes of tea, which he, with the politeness so peculiar to his countrymen, could not refuse. At length, however, seeing the servant approach

with more, he rose, and exclaimed, "*Helas, Madame, j'ai bu quatorze, et je n'en puis plus.*"

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The authour of the Political Satire, to which, for its elegant and pungent satire, we have assigned a conspicuous place in this day's Port Folio, is very earnestly and respectfully requested to be liberal of communications of such a character. With his great and splendid abilities, with his knowledge of the temper of the times, and with his peculiar powers of wit and argumentation, he is eminently qualified to instruct, and, perhaps, to convince and reform the deluded portion of the American people. In the intervals of leisure, which he can find, or make, amid the various cares of a NOBLE PROFESSION, to which he dedicates his genius and industry, with high honour to himself and signal benefit to others, let him sometimes sit at the political desk, and give his speculations to his country.

"SALADIN" is a very agreeable essayist, and today he has shown himself an adroit translator. His version of Florian's interesting romance of Rosalba will be perused with pleasure. But we shall be peculiarly gratified to receive his *original* communications.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

To Miss S——n W——d.

In the manner of Jacobi.

Have you seen the love of May,  
Her dewy lip adorning,  
Glow awhile with sweetest ray,  
And droop amid the morning?  
That ROSE, so perishing and fair,  
Has a likeness every where.  
Did dreams of hope your couch entwine,  
Infant joys carressing,  
Soft as mothers' eyes recline  
Upon the laugh they're blessing?  
The vision once so warm and bright  
Was rudely wak'd, and oh, 'twas night!  
Love'd forms of faded hours,  
Did you see them bleeding—  
Did they quit their bosom bowers,

Fall of night unheeding?  
 Scarce could Hope with wintry smile  
 Sinking Memory's cries beguile.  
 Where's the mantling life stream fled?  
 O'er its desert traces  
 Was the hanging lily shed,  
 That every tinge effaces?  
 No dimpling charms their new lights  
 play,  
 And claim their minstrel's votive lay.  
 H. L.

—  
*For The Port Folio*

**ON READING GAY'S "PAINTER, WHO  
 PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERY BODY."**

That flattery in the painters' art  
 Can sway the mind or touch the heart,  
 Was Gay's opinion—or he drew  
 His portrait only for a few.  
 Vain task to flatter! who can do it?  
 I never heard of one, nor knew it—  
 For, he who would be generous must,  
 Ere this, endeavour to be just;  
 Must catch the eyes' irradiate fire  
 Which life and sentiment inspire.  
 The speaking mouth, whose varied grace  
 Extends its magic o'er the face,  
 In paint is motionless—nor can  
 In aught full justice come from man!  
 Yet grant some partial flattery might,  
 Perchance, afford the vain delight;  
 'Twere just for each omitted grace  
 Some spot or blemish to efface,  
 And balance the account—then view,  
 The piece as robb'd of half its due!  
 No one loves flattery, but all  
 For some small mark of deference call;  
 Good will at least, that fain would tell  
 Of virtues, not on errors dwell.  
 Each object has its shade; then mark  
 How mad to view it in the dark—  
 Go to the fairest side, there gaze  
 On form and features in amaze!  
 Can flattery then, the path scarce trod,  
 Equal the noblest work of God?

R. P.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*  
**ADDRESSED TO CARA.**

Soon as Aurora wakes the day  
 Across the dewy fields I stray;  
 I see the ruddy streaks of light  
 Disperse the sullen gloom of night;  
 I hear the birds on every thorn  
 With music wild, salute the morn:  
 But morning has no charms for me,  
 Dear Cara, when away from thee!

When Night in awful silence reigns,  
 And spreads her mantle o'er the plains,  
 I wander o'er the sloping green,  
 Where Minim's father's ghost was seen,  
 Myself, amid the murky gloom,  
 Like some lone spirit from the tomb!  
 But Night has lost her charms for me,  
 Dear, Cara, when away from thee!

My Horace now, no longer read,  
 Sleeps on the table near my head;  
 My Lucian too neglected lies,  
 A helpless prey to dust and flies;  
 Romantick tales and witty plays  
 Are undisturbed these many days:  
 For books have lost their charms for me  
 Unless the books were read with thee!

On Helicon's delightful mount,  
 Assembled round the sacred fount,  
 Apollo and the Muses were,  
 They bade me come and join them there,  
 They showed to me a laurel crown,  
 But sorrow kept my spirit down!  
 The Muses have no charms for me,  
 Unless they tune their lays to thee!

ANNIUS.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*  
**TO MR. G. STUART,**

*On sitting to Mr. Peale for his Portrait.*  
 Tho' thy fame, like a current, extended its  
 force,  
 No less pure though still deeper and wider  
 its course:  
 Yet a debt still remained to futurity due.  
 As thy name fill'd the ear, that thy form  
 should the view—  
 Now 'tis done—and each lover of nature and  
 art  
 Will forever revere what so reigns in his  
 heart;  
 Nor shall Fame its proportion to PEALE's  
 deny,  
 For united with STUART's it never can die

—  
**EPITAPHS.**

*On a Sexton.*

I that had carried a hundred bodies brave,  
 Was carried by a fever to my grave:  
 I carried and was carried, so that's even:  
 May I be porter to the gates of heaven.

—  
*On Dr. Fuller.*

Here lies Fuller's earth.

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OF

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NEW SERIES.

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NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VOL. IV.

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Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.



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Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 4, 1807.

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

"What's yet in this  
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death  
we fear  
That makes these odds all even."

SHAKSPEARE.

IN a former number, on the instability of human events, I confined my observations to the changes, arising from loss of fortune, respectability, and friends. In this, I shall extend my observations to the uncertainty of human events, arising from the uncertain tenure of life. Though possessed of every thing we could desire, we are frequently arrested and appalled by the sudden appearance of death in the midst of our most sanguine hopes. How often, in the midst of pleasure and gayety, in the moments of innocent amusement and of unrestrained hilarity and mirth, or of domestick felicity and enjoyment; in the midst of worldly pursuits of wealth and aggrandizement, does this terrific enemy appear and destroy all our fond delusions of anticipation, and undermine our air-built castles.

Death, to most persons, is an alarming, a frightful subject, for contemplation.

"To die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod."

There are few, who, through the effects of education or habit, are enabled to contemplate it without horror, and happy are they who can. To him, whom crimes and vices surround, and harrow up his soul; to him, who would willingly leave this world, if, by so doing, he could escape from the merited punishment of his crimes, but who knows that this will accompany him beyond the grave—how alarming must be the approach of Death! It should be one of the constant objects of our lives, to accustom ourselves to the thoughts of death. So to pass our time in virtue, piety, and the discharge of our duties towards God and man, that when this visiter comes, he may not be an unwelcome one. How desirable! how noble! how glorious! to leave this world with the greatness of a hero, and the calm resignation of a dying Christian: to depart, with the coolness and serenity of Seneca, with the magnanimity and exalted heroism of Epaminondas, to rise superiour and bid defiance to our enemies like the immortal Socrates, or to leave an example to the dissipated and immoral, in our dying moments, and to show with what confidence, calmness, and serenity, a Christian can leave this world, and pass into that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns, like the intelligent, mild, amiable, pious Addison. How interesting, awful, and su-

blime, the departure of these great men! When the soul, separating itself from the gross materials of the body, takes its flight to unknown and boundless regions! I know no example more sublime or more interestingly described, than the death of the noble Fitzallen, in Mrs. Roche's inimitable tale of the Children of the Abbey, which, though a mere description, I trust will not be considered as irrelevant to the present subject. A noble spirit supporting a body emaciated and exhausted by the unmerited sufferings of his life: almost sinking under his accumulated misfortunes, and distressed with the prospect of leaving behind an amiable, lovely, unprotected daughter: a wanderer upon the wide world, exposed to the difficulties and hardships of life and tossed upon the tempestuous ocean of trouble and danger, of poverty and temptation: a high sense of honour glowing within his bosom, a self-improving consciousness of having performed his duty to his country, his friends, and to his God, and a firm reliance upon the beneficence of the Deity alone, support him in this trying moment. He expires with calmness and with a just confidence, leaving his unprotected child, a gift to the noble, generous portion of mankind, and to the guardian care of Heaven. This enviable disposition can only be attained by a consciousness of having passed our time properly—a belief in the existence of an all-wise and just Providence; a firm expectation of a future state of rewards and punishments, when the just shall be made happy. How are we to deprecate those wretches, who have attempted to destroy this cheering and consolatory belief. Admit for a moment the possibility of its being erroneous, still it is productive of virtue, of morality, of order in society, support to the afflicted in moments of distress, and in some measure deters the wicked from the commission of atrocious deeds. How is that deluded fanatic to be execrated and pitied, who, in the heat and rage of the French Revolution, when so many dangerous

doctrines were introduced, prophane-ly dared to inscribe upon the tombs, that cold, detestable, hopeless maxim—*“Death is an eternal sleep.”*

The belief of a future state is established by Divine Revelation; and independent of this, there are many human arguments to confirm it. The universal and correct belief of mankind, the imperfect state of human nature, the unequal distribution of rewards and punishments, and the frequent sufferings of the virtuous in this life.

Whatever deductions are drawn from the general and universal consent and belief of mankind in works of taste or matters of judgment, when unbiassed by local circumstances of habit; or interest, delivered through a long succession of time, from the earliest ages of the world, are sanctioned by being founded on solid argument and just reasoning, and must consequently be true, can we for a moment suppose, that man, noble in his nature, the image of the Deity himself, is destined to remain in the imperfect state in which we find him? All his powers of improvement, all his affections, sentiments and feelings, to stop short, to cease after this life, to progress and to be exalted? To die away in embryo? No. Forbid it heaven! And still more weak and ridiculous is it, to look for his perfection in this world; this is a vain, delusive expectation, founded on the arrogance and presumption of modern philosophy. There then must be another, though distant state, where all these powers shall be carried to the highest pitch of perfection. Can we reconcile it with the justice of the Deity or even with our own weak, fluctuating idea of justice among ourselves? That a man, whose life has been a constant tissue of the blackest crimes, whose actions have depopulated nations, and brought nothing but misery and affliction to his fellow beings, whose conduct has been one continued scene of calumny and theft, murder of the helpless, seduction of the innocent, is to leave this world with all his crimes thick

about him, and to escape punishment, and yet how often does he escape and ride triumphant. How incapable of discovering and penetrating into the hidden recesses of vice are the keenest of human powers! How inadequate to punish the abandoned villain even if discovered, are all human penal laws! How often does he escape the suspended sword of Justice! If he leaves this world unpunished, when and where is he to meet with that judgment against his crimes, so consonant to justice and equity, to every idea of right. On the other hand, the righteous and good are often worn down with the burthen of their misfortunes, and frequently leave this world, without that change taking place, that their actions merited. Are they to go unrewarded? If so, what inducements are held out to prefer vice to virtue, to live triumphantly instead of being depressed and humbled.

Cicero, after examining this subject, acknowledged, that independent of Divine Revelation, there were few arguments to create the belief of a future state, and none that brought complete conviction. But, I hope, that in this even Cicero himself was mistaken. I hope there are but few who do not, either from the prejudices of education (happy prejudices!) feel their belief firm and fixed, or possess an innate, intuitive conviction of a future state:

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an Hereafter,  
And intimates Eternity to man.

ADDISON'S CATO.

It was a favourite maxim of the celebrated Lorenzo de' Medici, that, "he is dead even to this life who has no hope of another." The wicked may, to serve their purpose and to enable them to carry on their projects, banish for a time these reflections from their bosoms; but in

the hour of death, it will return with redoubled force, and haunt with horror and madness their last moments. The thoughtless, giddy, volatile, may not find time seriously to consider the subject, and at the door of death, they are destitute of this cheering and supporting conviction to render their passage to the other world easy and pleasant.

What an awful scene does the death-bed of the brilliant, but unprincipled Voltaire, present to our view. Behold him, in his last expiring moments, deserted by those principles which had supported him through life, with all the rage and fury of a wild maniac, cursing his own existence, and calling down upon his devoted head those imprecations, which his life had merited, and invoking the Deity with his last expiring breath, to end his sufferings by a speedy passage from this transitory state to eternity; despair overcomes his once obstinate and mighty soul; no ray of hope remains; nothing but the extravagant ravings of an infuriated madman close his last moments—an awful warning against the adoption of his pernicious principles.

I know not any subject or place so calculated to create serious, reflections upon the instability of human events as that of a graveyard. What an interesting field does this offer for contemplation! I often tread the ground where numbers lie silently interred, indulging pleasing though melancholy reflections, upon the shortness of life, the vanity and uncertainty of earthly enjoyments, whilst I recal the persons of those who lie silently entombed. Who were they? what occupied them during their short stay here? Some, perhaps, began life, surrounded with all the flattering prospects that wealth, and talents, could bestow, but fell untimely victims. Some, were urged by ambition, till they reached the utmost height, and then were suddenly hurled from their exalted station. Some, in pursuit of base wealth, had spent a useless and unprofitable life, and when this object was attained, were cut short in the enjoyment

Some, possessed of little, but of that little made much in benevolence and charity towards mankind. Whatever their station, their attainments, they all lie crumbled in the dust. Their prospects once unbounded; their attainments once exalted, have dwindled into nothing. Their forms so dignified, so admired, mouldered into dust, their possessions destroyed or passed into other hands, and nought remains of their former selves but an eternal void.

*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

The proud and the humble, the virtuous and the vicious, the beautiful and deformed, the aged and youthful, all, all wait until a future judge shall determine their respective merits, and for that awful period when the tombs shall open and yield up the dead; when

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
And all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And like the baseless fabrick of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind!

I have been led to these reflections by many instances of short and rapid existence that have occurred during the small number of my days. Many who began their career with me, with equal health and vigour, have already disappeared. Often have the ties of friendship been cut asunder by an enemy, whose strength no power can contend with, and often have I been called to mourn the loss of him, with whom I had a short time before anticipated many days of future enjoyment. But my thoughts have been more particularly arrested on this subject, by two recent, afflicting events, that have occurred in our mutual circle of acquaintance. One is, that of a young lady carried off in the bloom of life: yea, lately I saw her in all the health and glow of youthful loveliness; posset of charms and beauty to interest the most unfeeling observer, and of amiableness of manner, and grace of deportment, calculated to conciliate the most obdurate. Surrounded by friends and relatives

justly devoted to her; equally enjoying and dispensing happiness in the social circle of domestick friends, or exciting admiration and love in the more extended walks of fashionable society; figuring with elegance in the lively and fantastick dance, or dignifying with piety and correctness, the humble and retired, but pleasing paths of domestick life. She had not reached her twentieth year; life was just opening to her view; Imagination's delusive dreams were just beginning to expand; Anticipation, with its usual pleasing gloss, had just taught her to look forward to future happiness and bliss: to that period when her pleasures should be increased; when in extending her social connexions, she should be endeared to life, by sharing its pleasures and miseries, with some happy partner of her cares; when in rearing the tender and helpless infant, with all the fond indulgence and affection of a parent, she should hang over its youthful slumbers and watch its growing worth; when enjoying the happiness of sisterly affection and rapt in attention to an aged father, she should smoothe his passage to the grave; and, after a well spent life, breath out her last, and with conscious purity, resign her soul and sink into the arms of her Redeemer. But, alas! all these delusive expectations, are suddenly nipt in the bud, and she, whom we lately numbered as one of us, is now added to the silent victims of the tomb. Dear, departed spirit! let us attend thy last remains to the grave, and shed a parting tear to friendship and to love. Thy worth shall be remembered; thy untimely end mourned; and, if departed spirits are silent observers of our actions, thou shalt witness with how much sincerity of grief we lament thy loss! But, perhaps, it is for us, whom thou hast left behind, that thou shouldst grieve. Thy soul has escaped from toil and trouble, and flown to happier regions! to another, and a better world!

The other instance is recent and melancholy. It is the loss of a young gentleman, a stranger here. Heir to

splendid fortune, he had but lately finished his collegiate course, and left his friends and relatives to the eastward, to receive the advantages and improvements of travelling. He appeared but for a short time among us, and pleased and delighted those who knew him, by his mild and amiable manners, his intelligent and agreeable conversation, and his genteel deportment. He embarked but a few hours since, to continue his travels to the southward. The weather being boisterous, he was thrown overboard, and in attempting to save himself by swimming, he met that death, which his endeavours to avoid were vain, and ineffectual: thus a few short moments changed the scene, and he whom we lately beheld moving with manliness and dignity, now lies a corpse in a cold and watery grave.\* But

"This is the state of man: Today, he puts forth

"The tender leaves of hope; tomorrow, blossoms,

"And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;

"The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,

"——— And nips his shoot.

Great God! we are apt to exclaim, why are these things permitted? But, crush the prophane thought, the bold daring expression. Let us not impiously arraign divine Providence; let us not murmur at his wise decisions—too high for us to scan, too profound for our weak judgments to penetrate. Another and still another instance may be added to the long list of departed friends. Since writing the above, I have heard, with grief, of the death of a young female friend, who has fallen a victim to an early tomb. Young, interesting, and amiable, possessed of a mind remarkable for its acuteness and improvement, and of a prematurity of genius, which is too often the forerun-

\*Since the above has been written, the remains of the deceased I have fortunately succeeded in recovering—the body, and his remains were attended to the grave by a numerous and respectable assemblage of gentlemen: a circumstance that does honour to the sensibility and attention of the Philadelphians.

ner of a short existence. Though living at a distance, I had frequent opportunities of seeing her. A long and tedious decline, had destroyed the loveliness of youth and robbed her of that bloom which mantles on the cheek of beauty. Like an early and tender bud, that puts forth before the genial warmth of spring can nourish it, it is destroyed by the rough, bleak winds of winter. So Death, at an early age, laid his icy hands upon her and marked her for his prey. A circle of afflicted friends and relatives, by whom she was idolized, mourn her loss. An affectionate, amiable sister, whose too sanguine wishes had fostered the hope of her recovery, weeps over her grave. To these, let the consolatory belief be offered, that this departed relative has left a state of trouble and gone to the realms of bliss, where, perhaps, as a guardian angel, she observes and superintends their actions. Let this belief sooth their sorrows, and enable them to support the severe dispensations of Providence.

MORTIMER.

#### HOURS OF LEISURE,

*Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.*

(Continued from page 413, Vol. 3.)

The path to peace is virtue; what I show, Thyself may freely on thyself bestow.

DRYD. JUV.

There is not a more disagreeable or a more melancholy research, than that which we are sometimes tempted to make into the volume of philosophy, to seek for the origin of moral and physical evil; an inquiry generally set on foot by human infirmity, encouraged by human ingratitude, and always defeated by the insufficiency of human wisdom.

Perhaps, when Rousseau tells us, "that moral evil is incontestably our own work," he is not far from the truth; and, as physical is frequently the effect of moral evil, we may consider ourselves, to use a law term, not so much heirs by descent, as purchasers, of both those articles of misery.

However the fact may be, we are not very ready to allow that the mis-

chiefs we suffer are of our own creation; on the contrary, there are seasons when the mind busies itself in the investigation of the nature of evil, merely to find excuses for its defects and deformities, and to catch at any philosophical argument that can place them in a fairer point of view; but this investigation is never satisfactory; it falls short of even probable demonstration and leaves us only in greater doubt and anxiety.

I remember to have been engaged in these unprofitable disquisitions one gloomy afternoon in the month of November, in my elbow chair by the fire-side. After reviewing all the incidents of my own life, and the merits, blemishes, virtues, faults, advantages, drawbacks, prospects, and disappointments, belonging individually to the character and condition of my neighbours, "Alas!" cried I, "What can equal human wretchedness? What a poor weak creature is man! How exposed to temptation! How open to the allurements of vice! Look where we will if he be not addicted to great crimes, we shall find him hurrying along blindfolded, as it were, by passion and prejudice, from one absurdity to another. How many disappointments, perplexities, and misfortunes, have I myself met with, that could not be laid to the score of negligence, or the want of caution! How many follies have I entertained, without making them welcome! and how many faults have I committed without an intention to do wrong! A man stands no chance with the infirmities of his nature; he is a mere machine, and is acted upon by external circumstances, as much as the mariners' compass. Let the attraction of virtue be ever so strong, it will not always keep true to the point; there will be yet some variations, and some vibrations, that we trust and hope will be allowed for in the last great reckoning."

These unhappy murmurings continued, till, wearied out, and oppressed by the repetition of the same ideas, I fell fast asleep: when methought I was introduced, not into a drawing-room, but up three pair of stairs, into

the garret of a philosopher. Its shape was a scalene triangle; the furniture consisted of one solitary chair and a deal table, upon which was a wooden candlestick, and, as I thought, a portable camera obscura, which seemed to occupy the entire attention of the philosopher, who appeared to be a tall thin man, with a pale face, and extremely black beard. I fancied, that at my entrance the old gentleman accosted me with great civility: "I am already acquainted," said he, "with the subject of your late contemplations, and with the favourite doctrine of Necessity, to which you seem so much to incline; and perhaps I may be able to assist your inquiries. You see this camera obscura: I have brought it to such perfection, that it faithfully exhibits the road of human life, with all its turnings and windings; and its construction is such, that it not only represents the objects of nature, but delineates truly the passions, virtues, and vices of men; you will be able to discover by it their pursuits and inclinations, and the chief cause of their general ill success in their pursuit after happiness; you will soon perceive by it, what it is that distresses, misleads, and annoys man through his journey."

I thought that I very readily accepted the invitation of the philosopher; and, looking through the aperture, I beheld a surrounding landscape, fertile and barren, cultivated and waste, mountainous and plain, intersected with innumerable roads and paths; some spots laid out in beautiful gardens, others spread over with weeds; some parts watered with fruitful springs, and others dry, and without verdure. I observed edifices of various kinds, towers, castles, palaces, and cottages, mingled together; and was expressing my admiration of the capacity of the instrument, when I thought the philosopher interrupted me: "You may perceive," said he, "that the world, take it in the whole, is no such bad place to live in; but let us endeavour to discover what it is that prevents our enjoyment of the blessings it affords. Fix your eyes,

on a particular object; select for your observation a youth just issuing forth from one of the great temples of education, and observe the course he takes."—Methought I was not long at a loss for a subject: I observed a fine handsome youth, with the bloom of health upon his face; but fancied I discovered a degree of audacity and haughtiness in his looks, that did not very well correspond with a proper education; particularly as I saw that the master of the seminary was a clergyman; but upon examining more carefully, I discovered that the old Gentleman's black coat was patched all over with shreds of Greek and Latin passages from different authors; some sublime and delicate, others vulgar and obscene; a few of these he had stuffed into the ears of his pupil; but not a single rule of reason or precept of religion had he inculcated; the truth was, he had but a few of them himself and none to spare. I thought at this moment I asked my friend the philosopher, whether the youth I had noticed set out alone on his important journey through life. "Certainly not," replied he; "it would be something unusual if he did. It is true, he will not have the companions who ought to accompany youth; you will not see Virtue, with 'her robes unsullied as the falling snow,' nor celestial Piety, in 'her milk white vest;' as for Modesty, she is seldom found in these temples of publick education, having been ill-treated by the ancients, and being almost disowned by the moderns: but if you will look with attention, you will discern two extraordinary personages, extremely proper to accompany a young gentleman of his family and fortune. Do you not observe a creature of uncommon figure, a misshapen mass, a lump of wretched deformity; its head small and shallow; its eyes inflamed and glaring; its little nose turned up at the point, and its cheeks inflated? See: it is mounted upon stilts; and, though it is in constant dread of a fall, will not forsake its uneasy exaltation. That admirable personage," added the philosopher, "is *Pride*; and next to him you will notice a spruce little gentleman, in

superfine black, with well powdered hair: he is the *Tutor*, who holds his respectable office upon the express condition, that he should not offend the great personage on stilts, who is intended by the parents of the young gentleman to be his constant companion through life."—"But, pray who is this," cried I, "that appears advancing towards them, a more remarkable figure than either of the other two; I mean that little animal with a pair of boots on its legs, which resemble two enormous pillars, a coat with puckered sleeves, a black wig, and embroidered pantaloons? it seems to change its appearance every instant, and is followed by a number of people, who appear to be tailors, barbers, and shoemakers, with a numerous train of little deformed imps."—"That, sir," said the philosopher, "is *Fashion*; the urchins are its children, and are called *Absurdities*. See how eagerly the youth follows the monster; it will introduce him presently to some genteel company."—I imagined that this remark of the metaphysician's was immediately verified; for a lady now joined the party: she had a mask, which she held carefully before her face; was dressed in a robe of rich silk, and seemed desirous to please the young traveller; presenting him every instant with opera and masquerade tickets, cards, dice, &c. till she wearied herself with her polite attention. "I presume you guess who that lady is," said the philosopher: "her name is *Dissipation*; she always wears that mask in company, but is without it at home, where her true countenance is that of chagrin, vexation, languor, and pain: in short the pale unwholesome complexion of a disturbed rest and an unquiet mind."

I thought, at this moment I beheld another of the acquaintances of Fashion: it was a little crooked man, whose physiognomy presented a mixture of pleasantry and spleen; he carried a bag in his hand, which I observed him constantly filling with guineas at the top, while they ran through a hole at the bottom. He had a constant convulsive motion in his elbow, and carried in his pockets cards and dice.

with which Dissipation had supplied him. I imagined the philosopher told me, that this extraordinary character was named *Play*. "He is," said he, "intimately acquainted with *Ruin*; they are almost always together; you can never be long in company with the former, without knowing the latter." I thought that at this instant I cried out, on seeing the goddess *Fortune*, who, I imagined, had just arrived to the aid of the youth, emptying, as fast as possible, her cornucopiæ among these deformities; who were joined by two more—a poor feeble, wretched being, with flaccid cheeks, sunk eyes and pale unwholesome face, supported upon crutches; ; another, with bloated cheeks, eyes inflamed and glaring, reeling drunk, and singing obscene and filthy songs. I thought the philosopher informed me that the first was *Sensuality*, and the next *Debauchery*. I observed, that all these *gratefully* returned an ample share of their miseries and calamities, for the gifts that fortune bestowed on them. I thought I now felt extremely interested for the youth who appeared in this situation; and that I addressed the philosopher. "How is it," said I, "that these deformities are not seen by our young traveller?" I thought he answered, "Oh, *Fashion* takes care of that; she assisted by *bad Example*, whom you may observe in the shape of an old school-fellow of the youth's, spreads a veil before his eyes, through which *Pride*, *Dissipation*, *Play*, *Sensuality*, and *Debauchery*, appear almost amiable, and always proper and necessary companions for a person of his rank and figure."

I thought I took the liberty to inquire of my friend the philosopher, who would be the next person that the youth would meet on his journey; and that he answered, "why I am afraid it will be *Ruin*. I see him striding with hasty steps to this place: he is the child of *Pride* and *Dissipation*, and a beggar by birth; I see him at a little distance, spreading out his net, which is curiously woven by gamblers, money-lenders, and lawyers. See! the youth is already en-

tangled." My fancy no sooner painted his situation, than I thought I exclaimed, "Poor wretch! and will he never get out of the meshes of this detested toil." The philosopher answered, "There are hopes that he may. Providence always knows how to disentangle those who trust in her, and amendment is the antidote of ruin; but he will always feel in some degree the effects of his misconduct."

I thought I now turned away from the instrument and its faithful representation; when the philosopher addressed me nearly in the following words: "Well, what think you of the doctrine of Necessity now? Is it of necessity that we become acquainted with these *respectable* characters, which my camera obscura has presented to your view, and which are unknown to many of the inhabitants of the world? Can it presumptuously be laid to the charge of the Almighty, that we first create, and then worship, such *misshapen* images as these? Has he not given us *Truth* and *Religion*? Do we not constantly observe the effects of *Virtue* and the consequences of *Vice*? Can we be at a loss to determine right from wrong? The miseries of mankind proceed from the want of a steady adherence to certain and fixed principles of truth which it is the great business of education to promulgate; and if these might become better known and more diligently pursued, moral and physical evil would decrease in proportion. Unfortunately, we nurse and cherish these deformities, instead of rendering the numerous offsprings almost extinct, by smothering the urchins in their infancy. Every man who has a child has the probable means of preserving him from more than half of the miseries, usually attendant on life, by a proper education; not by the common course of education, but by uniting with classical learning the principles of truth, and the excellence of Religion; both designed by the Creator for the benefit and happiness of man. Let it be remembered, that the greatest enemy of his peace and prosperity is *Pride*."

At these words I awoke; and, though I was sensible that all that had passed was merely a dream, yet I believe much of it will every day turn out to be real.

(To be continued.)

*For The Port Folio.*

The interesting Memoirs of CUMBERLAND, with which we have been recently favoured by *himself*, create a wish to peruse again whatever has been written by that elegant, moral, and veteran authour. After Dr. Goldsmith published his charming poem "Retaliation," in which the reader will remember that our authour is elegantly characterized as the *Terence of England*. Mr. Cumberland, grateful for such praise, addressed GOLDSMITH in the following sprightly strain. This little poem is extremely happy in its topicks of praise, JOHNSON, REYNOLDS and BURKE are finely described; and some of the features of Goldsmith are hit off with a painter's accuracy.

A POETICAL EPISTLE,\*

*From Mr. Cumberland to Dr. Goldsmith.*

*Or supplement to his "Retaliation," a poem.*

Doctor! according to our wishes,  
You've character'd us all in dishes,  
Serv'd up a sentimental treat  
Of various emblematick meat;  
And now 'tis time, I trust, you'll think  
Your company should have *some drink*;  
Else, take my word for it, at least  
Your *Irish friends* won't like your feast.  
Ring then, and see that there is plac'd  
To each according to his taste.

To Douglas, fraught with learned stock  
Of critick lore, give ancient Hock;  
Let it be genuine, bright, and fine,  
Pure unadulterated wine;  
For if there's fault in taste, or odour,  
He'll search it, as he search'd out Lauder.

To Johnson, philosophick sage,  
THE MORAL MENTOR OF THE AGE,  
Religion's friend, with soul sincere,  
With *melting heart*, but *look austere*,  
Give liquor of an honest sort,  
And crown his cup with PRIESTLY PORT!

Now fill the glass with gay champagne,  
And frisk it in a livelier strain;  
Quick! Quick! the sparkling nectar quaff,  
Drink it, dear Garrick! drink, and laugh!

\* Never before published in America.

Pour forth to Reynolds, without stint,  
*Rich Burgundy*, of *ruby tint*;  
If e'er his colours chance to fade,  
This brilliant hue shall come in aid,  
With ruddy lights refresh the faces,  
And warm the bosoms of the GRACES.

To Burke a *pure libation* bring,  
Fresh drawn from *clear Castalian spring*;  
With civick oak the goblet bind,  
Fit emblem of his patriot mind;  
Let *Clio* as his taster, sip,  
And *Hermes* hand it to his lip.

Fill out, my friend, the Dean of Derry,  
A bumper of conventual Sherry!

Give Ridge and Hickey, generous souls!  
Of whisky punch convivial bowls;  
But let the kindred Burkes regale  
With potent draughts of Wicklow ale;  
To C——k next, in order turn ye,  
And grace him with the vines of Ferney!

Now, DOCTOR, thou'rt an honest stickler,  
So take your glass, and choose your liquor:  
Wilt have it steep'd in Alpine snows,  
Or *damsk'd* at *Silenus' nose*?  
With Wakefield's Vicar sip your tea,  
Or to Thalia drink with me?  
And, DOCTOR, I wou'd have you know it,  
An honest, I, tho' humble poet:  
I scorn the sneaker like a toad,  
Who drives his cart the Dover road;  
There, traitor to his country's trade,  
Smuggles vile scraps of French brocade;  
Hence, with all such! for you and I,  
By English wares will live, and die.  
Come, draw your chair and stir the fire;  
Here, *boy!*—a *pot of Thrales' entire*!

*For The Port Folio.*

An Episcopal Clergyman, and a very respectable instructor of youth, in Lower Canada, has drawn up, principally for the use of his pupils, a brief tract on religion, because, to use his own words, he is still so *unfashionable* as to suppose, that boys ought to be made acquainted very early with their duty both to God and man.

The authour supposes, and we think with sufficient reason, that this little work, if circulated, might prove useful, not only as a manual to students in academies, but to the publick in general. In pursuance of his plan of publishing the work in Philadelphia, he has done us the honour to transmit a lecture as a specimen of the work. Our slender acquaintance with the mysteries of bookselling does not enable us to affirm aught with respect to the pecuniary profit of such a publication. But for the interest of morals and literature we hope, that the work, sanctioned by some judgment, riper than our own, may be soon put to the Philadelphia press. We hope, that our correspondent will excuse

some delay which has taken place with respect to this article.

#### THE GOSPEL MORALITY.

Many rules of life have been offered to mankind before, and since the coming of Christ, but they will be found exceedingly defective, when compared to the pure and sublime morality which he inculcated. This is, indeed, generally allowed by unbelievers, who freely admit that the precepts of the gospel are agreeable to the most enlightened reason; but surely the voice of enlightened reason is the voice of God. Before noticing those precepts, which are peculiar to the Christian religion, it may not be unseasonable to take a general view of its morality. This will give us clear conceptions of the whole, and enable us more forcibly to perceive its superiour excellence, when we see it exhibited in one connected picture.

Christian morality begins with throwing aside secondary causes, and referring all things to God, who is every where present, and without whose permission nothing can happen. It sets God before us, as the standard of all excellence, and lays us under the most solemn obligations to aspire perpetually to a nearer conformity to his perfections. Other religions desired their votaries to honour the gods; the Gospel requires us to love God and to have no will but his; for in this love and obedience we shall find a felicity little short of Heaven itself. From this excellent foundation, it proceeds to show that the primary end of our existence is to promote and secure our own final happiness; for our Heavenly Father delights in the happiness of his creatures. That this can be obtained in no other way than by strict obedience to the Divine will, for that every deviation from this obedience is followed by a proportional degree of misery. On most occasions, the will of God is clearly manifested, for in every action we quickly perceive, whether it be agreeable or disagreeable to revelation, or tend to promote or diminish the general happiness.

Christian morality points always to the other world, and considers every thing done here as promoting happi-

ness or misery there. It looks upon human life as a system, in which there is nothing light, nothing indifferent! That the most insignificant action, a smile or a frown, a light word, or improper thought, have all a certain value in the general sum. It shows those, who are under its influence, that the smallest deviation from rectitude impedes their progress towards perfection, and urges to the acquisition of heavenly habits and dispositions, for in their gratification alone can true happiness be found.

In the morning, it persuades them to offer up their thanks to God enlivened by the warmest gratitude, it accompanies them through the day in all their employments—it watches over every thought, word, and action; it presides at their meals, and never leaves them a single moment; and at night it finishes the labours of the day with the same devotion with which they were begun. Are its friends in affliction? it tells them they are in the hands of God. It lifts their eyes towards Heaven, where they perceive a place of rest, at which, it informs them, they will soon arrive, if they bear with fortitude and resignation the boisterous storms of the present life, which do not happen without the approbation of God, and which are the best promoters of pious dispositions and habits, in this state of moral discipline. It shows them, that the frowns of adversity, the attacks of calumny, the injuries inflicted by their enemies, the diseases of the body, the death of friends, repentance, compunction, and remorse, are all subservient in their different spheres to render them the proper objects of divine favour. In this manner it reconciles them to the most gloomy events; they are the dispensations of God, why should we repine? He knows their situation best, and does nothing but through benevolence and love. Are they obscure in the world, of no account or consideration among men? Are they poor and obliged to act in quality of servants to others? Such is the will of God, he is pleased to place them in this low station. This thought

ennobles the meanest employment: it shows them, that they cannot be obscure so long as they are counted worthy of the notice of God. Supported by the testimony of a good conscience, and confident assurance of divine favour, they experience within themselves a perpetual calm unmolested by the storms of passion, the intemperate solicitations of appetite, or the stings of remorse. Collected within themselves and bearing always in their mind, that the whole frame of nature is under the dominion of their friend and benefactor, they cannot be affected by the accidents of life, but in every situation they possess a consolation, which the world can neither give nor take away. Are they persecuted by their enemies? They are inspired with courage and endued with strength. Are they abandoned by false friends? their inward joy still remains; they behold with serenity the depths of adversity; they are enabled to bear with dignity and propriety prosperity itself; they feel the burden of life lightened, and death deprived of his terrors. It is christian morality alone, that extends to the despised and mean part of mankind. It is it alone that produces heroes in the lowest paths of life, that cheers the hearts of those who possess no visible comfort, that delights them with a speedy termination of all their sufferings, and a near prospect of everlasting felicity: for in its sight the poor and the destitute have frequently the greatest merit, and are blessed at their death with the most precious rewards. This morality is uniform, and consistent; it comes not by fits and starts, as convenience or profit point the way; it stands not anxiously inquiring, whether any loss or disappointment shall accrue from its actions; but instantly performs them, if they are just and proper. Always elevated above present things, it is neither swayed to the right nor to the left by terror or rewards, all its wishes centre in Heaven, and it freely rejects the most distinguished honours that power and grandeur can bestow, when they tend to weaken or obstruct them. It keeps

all the passions subservient to its direction: the benevolent are cherished as one of the principle sources of felicity, the malevolent are restrained or destroyed.

In respect to worldly pursuits it observes a happy mediocrity. It neither throws away the goods of this life with an ostentatious indifference, nor does it anxiously desire to increase them, but it uses them as they were designed for our comfort in sobriety. Should any suppose that they practise christian morality, who are guilty of a single breach of the law, and continue to repeat it, they are greatly mistaken, and unacquainted with its purity; it must have the whole heart, it rejects divided empire, and shuns the soul, which harbours wickedness, declaring it incapable of unmingled felicity. As a mean of increasing its purity, it smiles upon and encourages the acquisition of knowledge: for every step of mental improvement reflects upon it additional lustre and value. It appears in the greatest perfection in that man, whose mind is extensively cultivated, whose understanding is accurate, and knowledge profound, whose dispositions and habits are the children of virtue, and all subservient to the promotion of his true happiness.

It teaches, that furthering the welfare of others is a subordinate part of that grand plan of life, which shall ultimately terminate in our perfect felicity. In our intercourse with the world it recognizes the greatest field for its exercise. Here it meets with its severest trials, and by suffering and conquering its purity is increased. Towards others it continually exerts itself in acts of benevolence, and love, sensible that the more it promotes their felicity, it promotes its own. Are they wicked? it tries by the most gentle methods to reclaim them. Are they in distress? it soothes and comforts them. In every situation it finds opportunities of doing good, and when not employed in assisting others, it retires within itself, and there finds the most delightful enjoyment in the contemplation of the perfection of God. Embracing

the whole train of events from the foundation of the world, it perceives the tender solicitude and compassion manifested by the Supreme Being in every age for the happiness of man. It rejoices to observe that all things happen by his direction and appointment, and that his watchful eye extends to the minutest things. From this contemplation it derives strength and encouragement: for what event can disturb its tranquillity, when it receives it as the messenger of God? When compared to other rules its superiour excellence appears. To them many things are indifferent; to it nothing. On great and publick occasions, when their countrymen, their relations, and friends, stood around them, encouraging and applauding them, some, unacquainted with Christian morality have exhibited patterns of the most heroick virtue. But how few carried this virtue home to their families, were resigned amidst the severest afflictions, and were anxious to conceal the good they did to their fellow men. Other rules may have frequently produced heroes in the field, but Christian virtue alone produces heroes in obscurity, who are not inebriated with the applause of men, and are only known to God. When strangers to Christian virtue were in distress, where was their comfort? When they were despised, whence their consolation and inward repose? When they were the victims of persecution, what were their hopes?—In all these situations, the Christian is supported and encouraged by his virtue. To him these gloomy events afford so many proofs of the great efficacy of that principle, which directs all his actions. It is this morality alone that extracts matter of joy from the greatest calamities. It waits not for the incitements of fame, nor exerts itself through ostentation, but voluntarily undertakes the most dangerous enterprises when duty calls.

In God the Christian sees every thing; but those directed by other rules extend not their views so far. They stop with ideas of present fitness and propriety. It occurs not to them,

that their very employments are assigned them by God, and should be discharged with the same fidelity as any religious duty. They know not, that the difficulties and misfortunes they meet with, are sent by God to purify them, and hence draw the noblest motive for patience. They know not that all the prosperous events, which happen to them are so many benefits from God, which call for their gratitude and thanks. In calamity their only consolation arises from an unfeeling indifference; they are obliged to suppose a reward in the very patience of endurance, which every moment proves to be false. They steel their hearts against the sorrows of life, by trampling on their affections, but as the affections can never be extirpated the conflict is eternal. Christian morality assumes no such haughty pretensions; it puffeth not up with pride nor rejects the tender feelings of compassion; it is gentle and meek, anxious always to relieve the distressed with the most winning attention, and feeling the smart of human woes while it patiently supports them. Every thing it inculcates is natural; it requires no impossibilities, no splendid professions, with empty or defective performance. This virtue finds easy access to the heart, because it flows from a perfect standard; it is the perfections of God embodied upon earth; and although mankind never can attain perfection, they have seen it in the character of Jesus, who was perfection itself, and in whose example Christian morality shines complete. This morality is not, therefore, the child of a day, but of eternity; not the Christian's companion in this life only, but his glory in the next; the cause of his welcome reception in Heaven, and the source of all his felicity. He, therefore, who is under its guidance, and sensible of the infinite reward to which it leads, is daily making new advances in its cultivation, till it becomes as his meat and his drink to do the will of his Heavenly Father. His inclinations are in time all tuned to virtue, he ceases to be fearfully on his guard lest he fall, for his habits

and thoughts being purified, vice can find no entrance. His whole conduct at length becomes entirely disinterested—dead to the world, in the proper sense of the word, not mortified and disgusted, self is annihilated, and he promotes virtue and happiness for their own sakes.

Such is an imperfect description of Christian morality, whose sphere of action extends infinitely farther than any other moral rule, which perceives all things depending upon God, and was embodied in the person of our Saviour: a morality which connects the whole of the present with the future life, always considers them indissolubly joined as one continued existence, and makes this invaluable principle the foundation of its extensive operation.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful dirty,  
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

It is hardly possible for any mortal to contemplate the sublime objects of nature, or the beauties of variegated landscape, without admiration and delight.

It is hardly possible not to receive much pleasure from reading masterly and elegant descriptions of picturesque countries; but when repeated too often in the same book, the frowning mountain, the terrific rock, the deep shade of the woods, the bright verdure of the meads, the headlong torrent, the meandering river, the blush of morn, glow of noon, and purple tint of evening, the bright stars, twinkling through luxuriant branches, the pale face of the moon, and all the glory of the great sun itself become tiresome.

No experience has taught us, that in any other course or method than

that of an *hereditary crown*, our liberties can be regularly perpetuated and preserved sacred as our *hereditary right*. An irregular, convulsive movement may be necessary to throw off an irregular, convulsive disease. But the course of succession is the healthy habit of the British constitution. *Burke*.

### SONG.

Get you gone—you will undo me—  
If you love me, don't pursue me!  
Let that inclination perish,  
Which I dare no longer cherish!

With harmless thoughts I did begin,  
But in the crowd Love enter'd in;  
I knew him not, he was so gay,  
So innocent, and full of play.

At every hour, in every place,  
I either saw, or form'd your face:  
All that in plays was finely writ  
Fancy for you and me did fit.

My dreams at night were all of you,  
Such as till then I never knew.  
I sported thus with young Desire,  
Never intending to go higher.

But now his teeth and claws are grown,  
Let me the fatal lion shun;  
You found me harmless—leave me so!  
For, were I not, you'd leave me too.

A good enough sort of man, is of a cold, tame, civil, cautious disposition, and has balanced so exactly, through the whole of his life, that he has never obliged or disobliged any one. He has neither friend nor foe in the world: but were he to break his neck to-night, no human creature would feel either sorrow, or satisfaction.

English beauty, is more remarkable in the country than in town; the peasantry of no country in Europe can stand a comparison, in point of looks, with those of England. That race of people, have the conveniencies of life in no other country in such perfection; they are no where so well fed, so well defended from the injuries of the seasons; and no where else do they keep themselves so perfectly clean and free from all the vilifying effects of dirt. The English country-girls, taken collectively, are unquestionably, the

handsomest in the world. The female peasants of most other countries, are so hard-worked, so ill fed, so much tanned by the sun, that it is difficult to know whether they have any beauty or not.

### CHAPTER OF PATENTS.

(*Tune, Derry Down.*)

Of all sorts of times, if to search you're inclin'd,

You 'll find none like the present one, time out of mind,

When we've patents for all things, both little and big,

From a beer-barrel cock to a barrister's wig.  
Derry down, &c.

Patent small clothes there are, but the deuce why prepare 'em,  
Unless they're contriv'd so that ladies can't wear 'em?

Patent combs for your good men who lead single lives,

For married men get their heads comb'd by their wives.

Patent razor-strops next will take out the worst flaw,

A fine recipe for the conscience of law!  
But if conscience and beards were all equally small,

A lawyer would never want shaving at all.

Some doctors have patents, and some do without,

And swear that the world can't their secret find out;

But I fancy that *curing's* the secret at stake,  
Since we all know of killing no secret they make.

Patent coffins they shut down so firm and so stout,

When you're in, that Old Nick himself can't get you out;

Says the miser, "a better thing never was plann'd,

And I vow when I die I'll buy one second-hand."

The patent for *washing's* at least the clean thing,

But shows to an end fate will ev'ry thing bring;

Each dog has his day, and that day is soon past:

So our patents are all in the suds, Sirs, at last.

All nations have patents, from Grecians to Gauls,

But Britain's best patent's for sound wooden walls;

And whoever upon our good privilege treads,  
With our wooden walls we'll break their wooden heads.

Men may be sorely touched and deeply grieved in their privileges, as well as in their purses. Men may lose little in property by the act which takes away all their freedom. When a man is robbed of a trifle on the highway, it is not the twopence lost that constitutes the capital outrage. This is not confined to privileges. Even ancient indulgences withdrawn, without offence on the part of those who enjoyed such favours, operate as grievances.

A report was circulated in London, during an absence of the British Rocius, that he had expired. The next day proved the report false, and its contradiction was accompanied by the following lines:

Garrick is dead!—so prattles fame,  
The bard replies it cannot be;  
Nature and Garrick are the same,  
Both form'd for immortality.

We copy the following stanzas, addressed to the Teian bard, from the Luzerne Federalist, a village paper of this State, whose editor, as we have been informed by a friend, and as his paper frequently evinces, possesses both taste and talents.

Anacreon thou bard divine!  
How sweet thy song of love and wine!  
'Tis magick, which beyond control,  
To love and drink inspires the soul.

From torpor rous'd, by thee inspir'd,  
We wake, with am'rous frenzy fir'd,  
And find an angel in each lass,  
A heaven of bliss in ev'ry glass.

### MERRIMENT.

"The first step is the only difficulty," is an old proverb. It was oddly applied by a lady: Hearing a canon in company declare, "That Saint Plat, after his head was cut off, walked two entire leagues with it in his hand;" and who added with emphasis, "Yes, two entire leagues." "I do not doubt it," she replied: "On such occasions, the first step is the only difficulty."

The beautiful Countess of Coventry, talking to George the Second, told him she had seen almost all the grand exhibitions and ceremonies of England; there was but one which she retained the least inclination to behold, and that was, a coronation.

A low Frenchman, bragging that he had been spoken to by the King, was asked what his Majesty had said to him? He replied, "He bade me stand out of the way."

General Sutton, brother to Sir Robert Sutton, was very passionate, and calling one morning on Sir Robert Walpole, who was quite the reverse, found his servant shaving him. During the conversation, Sir Robert said, "John you cut me;" and continued the former subject of discourse. Presently he said again, "John you cut me;" but as mildly as before: and soon after he had occasion to say it a third time; when Sutton, starting up in a rage, said, swearing a great oath, and doubling his fist at the servant, "If Sir Robert can bear it, I cannot; and if you cut him once more, John, I'll knock you down."

Lord Orford was present in a large company at dinner, when Bruce, the celebrated traveller, was talking in his usual style of exaggeration. Some one asked him what musical instruments were used in Abyssinia. Bruce hesitated, not being prepared for the question; and at last said, "I think I saw one *lyre*\* there." George Selwyn, who was of the party, whispered his next man, "Yes, and there is one less since he left the country."

Sir William B—— being at a parish meeting, made some proposals, which were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," says he to the farmer, "do you know, sir, that I have been at the two universities, and at two colleges in each university?" "Well,

sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked, the greater calf he grew."

A person tried for treason, as the jury were about to leave the bar, requested them to consider a statute, which he thought very much in his favour. "Sirrah," cried out one of the judges, "I know that statute better than you do." The prisoner coolly replied, "I make no doubt of that; and, therefore, am anxious the jury should know it as well."

Dean Swift was one day in company, when the conversation fell upon the antiquity of the family. The lady of the house expatiated a little too freely on her descent, observing, that her ancestors' names began with De, and, of course, of the antique French extraction. When she had finished:—"And now," said the dean, "will you be so kind as to help me to a piece of D'umpling!"

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Pope's "Eloisa to Abelard" expresses in my opinion a fascinating warmth of feeling without being justly chargeable with licentiousness. The following verses I have composed as a reply of Abelard's, founded on what I conceived would partially be the emotions of his heart on receiving from her whom he had thought devoted to piety, so sweet and yet so melancholy, a token of returning love.

### ABELARD TO ELOISA.

Pale, lorn, dejected, lurking 'neath the cowl  
Of cloister'd faith, ah, suffer me to stroll  
These earth-embosom'd isles, from frailty  
free,  
From human nature, happiness, and thee.  
My pliant brethren, as I grieve, deplore,  
Hope as I hope, and as I bless adore;  
As I direct o'erlook this mortal span,  
And think on God with ap'ly tow'rd man;  
While of this holy lamp the glimmering ray  
Pictures, alas, my waning piety!

\* Same pronunciation as liar.

Is it the mist these mouldy walls respire,  
O'erclouds my sense, and chills devotion's  
fire?

Ah, no! no damps o'ercloud, no chills re-  
move

The pious ardour of celestial love!

Yet why this pang, this tumult, and this tear,  
Celestial love plants no commotion here;

To even joys 'twill pious souls resign,  
And feed no fires, no aking fires like mine.

Wildly I pray! Heaven flies this drear abode!

My love rekindles, but deserts my God!

'Tis she—'tis Eloisa!—O! glide by,

Ye soothing visions of eternity!

Far other dreams my bursting bosom swell,

They suit not you—bless'd images, farewell!

Let through my veins the faithless passion  
glow,

Ah leave, resign me to perpetual wo!

—And is there wo where Eloisa lives,

One pang she soothes not, or one pang she  
gives?

Where was it when, my eager wish ex-  
press'd,

She gave me all that Fancy could suggest?

When round my heart her yielding soul she  
wove,

And all was ecstasy, and all was love?

—Come, come, Oblivion!—Memory, cease  
to reign!

Such joys as those will ne'er return again.

Here to their God while placid friars ope

Their inmost wishes with unruffled hope;

Whose hallowed souls with melancholy clad,

Gloomily cheerful and serenely sad,

In solemn psalms holy faith proclaim,

And catch from me, they think, a purer  
flame:

Here, even here, before this tumult rose

Thy fancied form had mix'd with my re-  
pose,

And through thy semblance heaven had been  
survey'd,

To thee indebted for the prayers I'd made:

Thou'dst wrapp'd my soul, and taught my  
hope to beam,

Assisted grace, and wak'd the ethereal  
flame;

I'd seen thee rise from human frailty free,

And thought on heaven that I might think  
on thee;

I'd heard the hymn while from thy lips it  
flow'd—

Sweet was the theme: 'twas love and gra-  
titude.

Warm were the notes, swell'd to devotion's  
height,

By saints responded, mellowed by delight.

Desire had flown, yet left affection warm,  
And tranquil joy had glorified thy form;  
I bless'd, thou smil'd'st—I pray'd, and se-  
raphs heard:

They beckon'd, but it was thy image lov'd.

And could thy letter, thine, the charm dis-  
prove?

Hard, dear-bought pledge of unresisted  
love!

Now, now in vain I bend my view on high,

Thick glooms arise and intercept the sky.

Oh, why must I, thus fated to restore

My soul to thee, hear sighs unheard before?

Why catch the dirge, offending souls to  
save,

Nor longer dare to overlook the grave,

Or winking taper (ting'd with pallid green)  
That flares on spectres, and o'ercasts the  
scene?

—Is it then so? Dost thou to earth return,  
Forget thy prayers, an earthly lover mourn?

Ah! Eloise, let sanctity disclose

On thee its blessings; and I feel no woes:

Charm thee to faith; with equal faith I glow:

Abandon thee; my God I disavow!

Come, Fancy, come, let memory's colours  
fade,

Set truth aside—come lend me all things  
aid;

Reope the skies, and thither love transfer

—The skies reope—no Eloise is there!

Yet, yet I pray!—ah, sad, illusive view!

Again they close! ye transient gleams, adieu!

#### SPEICOLA.

You will perceive, Mr. Oldschool,  
if you remember my hand writing,  
that I have undergone a metamor-  
phosis from Agricola to Speicola.  
Speicola is the growth of my imagi-  
nation, and of course not sanctioned  
by any dictionary; but you will, I am  
sure, reflect that it is analogically  
formed, and that it makes me the cul-  
ticator of a sentiment I am ever dis-  
posed to cherish, when, trusting to  
your good nature, I intrude into your  
notice.

#### *Epitaph—On an Upholsterer.*

Too cruel death has snatch'd poor Ben away,  
And chang'd his feathers for a bed of clay.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desukory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 11, 1807.

[No. 2.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE DRAMA.

By the attention of an obliging friend, we have been favoured with a sketch of the Fable together with the Prologue and a few of the most interesting scenes of the Foxchase, a Comedy written by a young gentleman of this city. This play was represented last season by the Philadelphia company. It was not received (we are of opinion) with that candour which it merited and which a Philadelphia audience is in general so willing to display. Considered as a first offering to the muse by a juvenile votary of Thalia, we deem it honourable to the author and creditable to the country. By the rigorous critic it should moreover be considered that it is the production of a studious youth more conversant with books than with the world, and who, a stranger to the vast expanse of European life, was in the involution of his scenes, the portraying of his character, and the construction of his fable restricted to the narrow range of American manners and society.

#### FABLE.

Mr. Lunewell, formerly in affluent circumstances but now reduced to poverty by the artifice of Bordwin, has privately retired into a secluded part of the country, and there disguised as a cottager, virtually given rise to a belief in his death, that he may avoid further prosecution from a man once his bosom friend. The spot chosen for his retreat is in the depth of a wood adjoining the fields of John Heartwell, an honest hearted, jovial farmer, to

whose daughter Maria, William Lunewell is paying his addresses. Mr. Lunewell has two sons, but William alone is acquainted with his retreat and the circumstance that occasioned it: his other son Henry, supposed by them both after an absence of eight years still to be in Europe, is thought unworthy to share their confidence in a misfortune which the depravity of his heart (as lamentably described in letters from his tutor) would not allow him to compassionate. Henry's character, however, unjustly suffers: it is enriched with humanity and honour, his feelings are strong, and grief for the supposed death of his parent often interrupts the gayety of his disposition. He has too returned to America, but, in consequence of his tutor's misrepresentations under a fictitious name; here chance leads him to the cottage of his father, whom, without a recognition taking place on the part of either, he relieves from the power of a cruel landlord, devoting to that purpose all he has left in the world. This art of unaffected generosity engenders in the bosom of Mr. Lunewell a warm interest for the welfare of his young guest, but while he is anxiously cautioning him against the danger of immoderate dissipation the sound of a horn entices him away toward the house of farmer Heartwell, where a large party have assembled to engage in the pleasures of a foxchase.

Heartwell is in all the bustle of preparation for his favourite amusement, when a stranger whose coach is broken down at the gate is seen approaching—this stranger is Bordwin—he is accompanied by his wife and daughter, and no sooner enters, than startled at the name Lunewell, he scrutinizes the person to whom it is applied, and changes his own to *Burnwell*; he then insinuates himself into the confidence of William, discovers to a certainty who he is, and resolves on the ruin of both when he hears that the father still enjoys repose. His wife and daughter wonder at his change of name; a plea is feigned to satisfy the one, and the other finding that he has seen Lunewell's son, endeavours, but in vain, to divert him from his enmity.

Henry having introduced himself to the company, becomes enamoured with Julia Bordwin, but is unfortunately recognised by her father as the object of a cautionary advertisement subscribed by a number of creditors, and exaggerating his faults into the most criminal excesses. Agreeable to Bordwin's request he repairs to an adjacent grove, where the former wholly mistaking his character, tells him that if he would secure his patronage or avoid exposure, he must seduce into all the mazes of debauchery and gaming the young man addressing farmer Heartwell's daughter. Henry although just before harshly treated by this young man (whose name accident still withholds from him) indignantly rejects the proposal. Bordwin retires with all the menaces of disappointed vengeance; and Lunewell, who having walked beyond his usual limits, and thunderstruck again to behold his inveterate enemy, has overheard the conversation, comes forward from a recess, and implores Henry not to sacrifice at the shrine of Fashion the young man whom he has so generously saved from the snares of malevolence. Henry promises to forego a contemplated challenge, and returns to the farmer's where Bordwin has already denounced him, and William gives him to understand that his presence is an alarming and unwel-

come intrusion. Irritated as he is at such unmerited rebuke, on leaving the house he collects sufficient patience to warn in general terms his unknown brother against the villain Burnwell.

Will Heartwell, John's brother and an indefatigable visionary, has in a fit of anger left the house, and about dusk is with his servant Abraham attacked by a robber, but almost immediately rescued by Henry.

On the return of the party from the chase William withdraws unperceived by all but Bordwin, who suspecting it is his intention to visit his father, cautiously follows him to the door of the cottage—here being observed heartfully pretends to have strayed from the company, and learning that Lunewell is not within, is impelled by a horrid curiosity to enter his abode. Not many moments elapse before one of his servants knocks, and asking for the cottager gives notice, that as it is a fine moonlight evening the ladies at Mr. Heartwell's have out of curiosity resolved to visit the cottage. Bordwin inquires what ladies? and the servant is inadvertently answering: "Your wife, sir, Mrs. Bordwin—Burnwell, I mean,"—when this unguarded mention of his real name, and B——'s consequent agitation betray him. Revenge takes place of courtesy in the behaviour of William, and he hastily retires into an inner apartment and returns with two swords, on whose precarious decision he chooses to rest the justice of his father's cause. Bordwin is disarmed, but saved by the sudden entrance and manly interference of Henry: so unexpected a return for wanton cruelty recalls him to himself, and he offers any retribution. Henry solicits as a gift his daughter, and he promising all his interest, hastens to meet her on her way to the cottage. John and Maria Heartwell presently enter, and the former, alarmed, at the sight of Mr. Lunewell seen passing on the outside of the window, ejaculates his name and calls him his old friend's apparition: Henry makes a few trembling inquiries, rushes out to realize his hopes, and soon discovers in the cottager a parent long be-

lieved dead, and now in raptures to receive him. Julia requires little persuasion to determine on an answer favourable to her lover's wishes, for the moment she first saw him she was willing to believe that in his pleasing person and open manners she perceived a heart worthy her affection. But he has a father and a brother, and Bordwin's friendship for them is yet to be solicited—it is cheerfully promised; for Bordwin little suspects who they are, and even makes Julia a witness of his solemn obligation. A reconciliation is the result: Lunewell is reinstated in his former fortunes, and Bordwin escapes not the punishment of remorse. The union of William and Maria, and of Henry and Julia, is sanctioned by their respective parents. John and Will Heartwell (Will having arrived at the cottage with the robber in his and his servant's custody) forget all their little differences in a brotherly embrace, and Will recognising Henry as his deliverer, presents him with a large part of his fortune; while the robber proves to be the old tutor, who acknowledges that after having endeavoured to corrupt, he, partly to avoid detection, reviled his pupil's character, and intercepted the letters committed to his care—that a prey at length, to his own wickedness, he sought to make America the scene of his crimes, and commenced the practice yet uncommon here; highway-robbery.

The three principal views in the moral are: to discourage treachery; to ridicule illusive, not rational inquiry; and to expose the misery of a malignantly vindictive temper.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE FOXCHASE.

## ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

*A night scene—A wood, on one side of which John Heartwell's house is seen at some distance by the light of the moon.*

*Enter Will. Heartwell and Abraham, the latter bearing a lantern, tools, bundles of paper, &c.*

*Abraham.* Rapid progress, rapid progress, sir—after three hours' journey about a quarter of a mile from the spot where we started—rapid progress, sir.

*Will. Heart. (aside)* Yes, there's John's house. *(sighing.)*

*Abraham.* I say, master, as we are only marching round and round your brother's house, suppose I leave this dumb heavy bundle here while we are taking the next turn—that is, if you intend to march round once more before bedtime—Though, by the way, where do you design to lodge to-night?

*W. Heart.* Lodge to-night?

*Abr.* Ay, sir, and sup too; unless you can prove, that eating, drinking, and sleeping, are not necessities of life.

*W. Heart.* Come hither, Abraham, give me my catalogue: I cannot close my eyes to-night; but some of my experiments—

*Abr.* Will put me to sleep in a minute.

*W. Heart.* Silence, sirrah, and hold the lantern. *(reads)* "An operation to be performed on any man born blind, and intended to instil into his mind a true conception of colours. Secondly, an experiment I intend practising on John in order to show, there is no such thing as personal identity"—Fortunate occurrence! this memorandum was taken before our quarrel—now, now the truth can be rendered doubly clear. Yes, tomorrow morning I will prove from John's forgetfulness of the past, that he is not the same person, either in body or mind, that he has been today. I would go this instant; but, perhaps, 'twould be too soon; so tomorrow morning—What think you, Abraham?

*Abr.* 'Twill be the first reasonable experiment you ever made in your life.

*W. Heart. (not attending to his reply.)* In the meantime, Abraham, I propose making my grand trial for the introduction of wit into the brain. I have in my pocket the gallick acid reduced to a volatile state, and hermetically sealed up in a glass phial. Now, it will be easy to rip open the suture of the *os occipitis* and *os parietalis*; or to trepan your *cranium*; or, in vulgar phraseology, to bore a hole through your skull with a gimlet.

*Abr.* No, sir, not through my skull.

*W. Heart.* Certainly through yours—where else can I find so great a vacancy?

*Abr.* I'll tell you, sir—in my stomach.

*W. Heart.* Pugh!

*Abr.* It is all true, sir; and, moreover, there is a passage to that already open *(opening his mouth)*—but as to my skull, it may be too hard for a gimlet.

*W. Heart.* Silence. I will then peel away the *dura mater*, *tunica arachnoidea*, and *pia mater*; a spacious passage will thus be opened to the *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*; and wit can be infused in a vaporifick stream without the smallest difficulty.

*Abr.* But, sir, before you empty that bottle of wit into my *cranium*, as you call it, what will you do with the common sense that—

*W. Heart.* Common sense! What do you mean? I never heard of such a term.

*Abr.* Then, sir, don't you think, that wit's

you are driving the wit into my brain there may be some little danger of your driving the breath out of my body?

*W. Heart.* That's true, I never thought of that.

*Abr.* No wonder, your thoughts were coked up in that phial.

*W. Heart.* However, if you have any apprehensions on that score, I will try your spinal marrow—crack one of the *vertebræ* of your back —

*Abr.* No, sir; I would sooner have a crooked understanding than a crooked back.

*W. Heart.* (not attending to his reply.) And suppose that death even should ensue—haven't I, in a voluminous treatise, demonstrated, that death is only a "long sleep"; and as you sometime ago complained of drowsiness, a sound repose would be a service to you.

*Enter a robber unperceived.*

*Abr.* I thank you, sir, one night's rest will be quite sufficient.

*W. Heart.* But if you have attached such dreadful notions to death, there is my resuscitator, 'twill — [robber steals between them, &c.

## SCENE II.

*A night scene—A cottage enclosed by a wood on all sides but one: this displays a mountainous country, over which the huntsmen are seen, by the light of the moon, returning from the chase. After some time they disappear; and the sound of the horn gradually dies away, when the trampling of a horse is heard approaching, and presently*

*Enters William Lunewell.*

I left them, I believe, unnoticed; for they were in a fit of jollity which seemed to engage all their mental faculties. One only among them seemed incapable of joining in the general gayety: we from the beginning instinctively sought each other's company—and I, perhaps imprudently, mentioned my father and the villain Bordwin; but there was a promise of sympathy in this Mr. Burnwell's countenance, and I could not resist it—Now to relieve my father. [*enters the cottage.*

*Enter Bordwin cautiously.*

He entered this cottage—here then Lunewell lives—here in peace! ah (revengefully), I must ruffle that, or I shall envy him this wilderness!

*Reenter William suddenly from the cottage.*

*William Lun.* He is not there—Yet now I recollect, it is his hour for walking—(perceiving Bordwin, who tries to avoid him) Who's that?

*Bordw.* (aside) Discovered!

*William.* Who's that?

*Bordw.* It is I, your friend—Burnwell.

*W. Lun.* (approaching and taking his hand.) Mr. Burnwell, this is a favour I little expected—I will attribute to a genial sentiment, that you prefer my company to the vacant yet harmless gayety you have quitted.

*Bordw.* I strayed from the party, and observing this cottage —

*W. Lun.* You were upon the point of entering—come, sir, it is a humble but an honest dwelling.

*Bordw.* Pardon me—here it is, I presume, your father lives, a stranger may disturb him.

*W. Lun.* No, he is on his evening walk.

*Bordw.* (aside.) A horrid irresistible curiosity impels me!—For a few moments I accept your offer. [*Enters the cottage.*

## SCENE III.

*A room in the cottage.*

*Enter W. Lunewell and Mr. Bordwin.*

*W. Lun.* Here, sir, you may perceive there is nothing to greet the eye that lives on splendour—no care of greatness but —

*Bordw.* (in a distracted voice) Here is peace!

*W. Lun.* You pronounced the word as if it passed for misery—Think you if Bordwin in all his gorgeous pomp—Bordwin, that self-tormenting monster!—

*Bordw.* (with increased agitation) Hush! hush!

*W. Lun.* Forgive me—your manner is mysterious! [*a knocking is heard.*

*Bordw.* Ha! is that your father!

*W. Lun.* I think not; he would enter without knocking. [*opens the door.*

*Enter a servant of Mr. Bordwin's.*

*Servant.* (to William Lunewell) Is the cottager within, sir?

*W. Lun.* No, what is your errand?

*Servt.* The ladies, sir, at Mr. Heartwell's have sent me to give notice of their approach: it being a moonlight evening; and they chancing to hear of this house buried in the wood, out of curiosity resolved to visit it—(aside on seeing Bordwin) My master here!

*Bord.* (to the servant.) What ladies! speak.

*Servt.* Your wife, sir, Mrs. Bordwin—Burnwell, I mean.

*Bordw.* Fool, tattle, away! [*exit servt.*

*W. Lun.* (at first confounded, then viewing Bordwin with horror and indignation.) And are you —

*Bordw.* (in an irreful and contemptuous manner). The villian, wretch you mentioned! Pray, sir, whence mimicked you those titles?—from your father?

*W. Lun.* No more! (retires into an inner apartment of the cottage, and immediately, returns with two swords, the one of which he hands Bordwin.) Here, sir, your choice—and if you have the power save a villain?

*Bordw.* Again, young man? Then curse

your own temerity! [*they fight and Bordwin is disarmed.*]

*Enter Henry unperceived at the door which was left on a jar by the servant.*

*W. Lun. (raising his sword.)* Let this dismiss thee to thy brother fiends! ——— (*Henry suddenly arrests his arm.*) What ruffian holds my arm—and dares to bar the sword of justice!

*Hen.* A friend to the defenceless ——— (*William, looking round, recognises the face of Henry, and struck with his greatness of soul, immediately drops the sword—for sometime viewing him with silent wonder.*) You view me with surprise.

*W. Lun.* With shame and admiration! Could I thus wreak my vengeance on this viper!

*Hen.* Make him your friend.

*W. Lun. (taking Henry's hand)* Oh, forget my insults—you now have your revenge! — [*goes into an inner apartment.*]

*Hen. (aside.)* So the wolf is at length detected in his borrowed clothing. But, not to trample on a fallen foe, I will leave him to his meditations. [*is leaving the cottage.*]

*Bordwin.* Stay, sir, your injuries I now acknowledge—Passion hurried me on—I knew not what I did—ask any retribution.

*Hen.* Retribution?

*Bordwin.* Yes, and Heaven will assist me to afford it!

*Hen.* Not as retribution; but as a favour, a gift, a treasure, I ask—your daughter.

*Bordwin.* She shall be yours—I will urge your suit with all the interest a parent can take in his daughter's welfare. She who has won your heart needs ask no other blessing. [*Goes out of the cottage.*]

*Hen.* I cannot speak—no—it is impossible! Julia mine! the barrier removed from between my love and me! Zounds, I shall go distracted! [*walks up and down the stage with all the wild gesticulation of excessive joy.*]  
*Hark, I hear footsteps* ———

*Enter John and Maria Heartwell.*

(*aside*) The farmer's family! this the cottage! It must be a dream—a dream! oh, no; for I cannot see my Julia.

*J. Heart.* Mercy on me, Mary, 'tis quite a dreary walk through this wood so late at night.

*M. Heart.* Oh, no, papa: the naked woods afford me a pleasing sight: I wonder at the general opinion that nature when lightly clothed loses all its charms.

*J. Heart.* It is by no means a general opinion, my dear: you wrong the ladies: they don't think so, I assure you— (*seeing Henry*) but bless me, there's the gentleman I was persuaded to have turned out of doors this morning! He is master of this house, no doubt: I should'n't wonder if in return for our politeness he'd show us the outside of it in the twinkling of an eye—

I declare I am ashamed to look him in the face——&c.

*J. Heart. (starting and shrieking)* Avaunt

*Hen.* What's the matter?

*J. Heart.* Don't I tremble?

*Hen.* Tremble! Miss Heartwell, is your father subject to these attacks? He is going into convulsions, I fear.

*M. Heart.* Dear papa, what has alarmed you?

*J. Heart.* An, an inhabitant of the other world! an, an apparition! th' the ghost of my old friend Mr. Lunewell! [*Henry starts.*]

*M. Heart. (aside)* This is unfortunate indeed! It must be William's father—I was in hopes he would retire at our approach.

*Hen. (in great agitation)* Lunewell, Lunewell did you call him! him who this moment passed the window?

*J. Heart* Ye, yes, I never saw two faces more alike—I, I saw Mr. Lunewell a few days before his death; and, and his apparition is the very image of him.

*Hen.* Speak, was he a friend of yours? had he a son?

*J. Heart.* Ye, yes, two sons—one is engaged to my daughter Mary.

*Hen.* Merciful spirits!

*J. Heart.* And the other broke his father's heart, I, I believe.

*Hen.* What, what became with him?

*J. Heart.* He was sent abroad for his education, under the care of one Dominique.

*Hen.* One word more—Oh, answer me! Why do you think your friend is dead?

*J. Heart.* Be, because every body else thinks so—But I could'n't swear to his death; for he died in retirement, and nobody could tell where it was.

*Hen. (aside, with solemn emotion)* Thank Heaven, I yet may have a father! [*exit.*]

*J. Heart.* Wh, why, may, the ghost seem, &c. &c.

## ACT V—SCENE I.

*A poor apartment in one end of the cottage.*

*Mr. Lunewell solus.*

Passing the window I heard an exclamation of surprise, I know not whom it came from; but now Bordwin is here I must be well on my guard—Ha! who's that?

*Enter Henry in haste and agitation.*

*Hen.* I beg your pardon, sir, for this intrusion, but ———

*Lun.* What is the matter? has any thing happened?

*Hen.* Oh yes, something that has filled my soul with hopes! — (*in a trembling anxious manner*) May I inquire your name?

*Lun.* My name! you surprise me—yet I will not withhold it. You parted with your all for my sake, you have too saved my son from ruin, and displayed a heart expanded with humanity and honour: it would be un-

generous in me to refuse my confidence—  
My real name is Lunewell.

*Hen. (still more affected.)* Your sontoo—he who has so completely won your curses!—his name?

*Lun. (with emotion.)* Henry.

*Hen. And does he merit them?*

*Lun. (much affected.)* He does, indeed!

*Hen.* Believe me, sir, he never, never did!

*Lun.* How! do you know him?

*Hen.* As well as I know myself—I am well acquainted with his soul—am sure he loves his father to distraction!

*Lun.* Mark me, he has taken advantage of your open, unsuspecting temper. No virtue can find shelter in his bosom! Take from the warmest regions of the tropicks one of its most precarious, tender plants, transfer it to the snows of Lapland: it will not sooner fall a sacrifice to the rigours of its new unfriendly soil, than any virtue implanted in his breast must waste away and perish!—Yet—can you believe it?—he once possessed a soul as warm as yours; and I loved him! I adored him!

*Hen.* But now —

*Lun.* He has lost all claim to my affection; and I can only —

*Hen.* Hold, in mercy hold! he is not the wretch you think him!

*Lun.* Why, my young friend, you are strangely interested for him! What led to your acquaintance? Where is he now?

*Hen.* In his native country.

*Lun.* What do you say? Henry in this country!

*Hen.* He is—and will you, after a separation of eight long years, refuse him the welcome of a parent's benediction?

*Lun. (after a painful hesitation.)* You have heard my opinion—Oh, mention him no more. As to you, you have gained a power over my heart that never can be effaced.

*Hen. (grasping Mr. Lunewell's hand.)* Indeed?

*Lun.* But what's the matter? what agitates you so?

*Hen.* Can you, sir, can you recall his features?

*Lun.* I remember what they once were.

*Hen.* Look at me then, (*Mr. Lunewell starts.*)—(with a deep sigh.) could eight years' absence cause so great a change?

*Lun.* Merciful Heavens!

*Hen.* Is there no trace left to tell you —

*Lun.* What? speak!

*Hen.* That I was once your son. [*falling at his feet.*]

*Lun.* My Henry! [*rushing into his arms.*]

*Hen.* My father!

*Lun.* My injured, long lost child! This mystery —

*Hen.* I would explain, sir, but I am too bewildered; joy and surprise wont let me! To find you alive and reconciled—But why, sir, why have you thus hidden yourself from the world?—Alas, you are impoverished!

*Lun.* Rich in every blessing! Henry is still my son!—Your tutor has deceived me!

*Hen.* You are right, sir,—But my brother, where is he?

*Lun.* In this very cottage—his wonder will equal mine.

*Hen.* Will you, sir, lead me to him? I long for an embrace: it is eight years since I received the last; and they have been so long that I almost forget the sensation.

[*Exeunt.*]

## PROLOGUE TO THE FOXCHASE,

*Written by the Authour,*

AND SPOKEN BY MR. M'KENZIE.

The wish inspires me, and the hope beguiles,  
For native efforts to engage your smiles,  
For them to wake your patriotick zeal,  
And, thus embolden'd, to your taste appeal;  
If not for praise, at least for mercy, sue,  
A tribute surely to the motive due.  
Will you refuse—'tis heavenly to dispense—  
The fostering aspects of benevolence;  
Which can, like solar rays, lend vital force,  
Shine forth forever and not waste their source.

He means no harm, who warns you to beware  
'Gainst men rever'd but for the names they bear,  
Men blind to truth and for no end design'd,  
But to throw cobwebs round the insect mind,  
Nor he, who'd sketch untutor'd Virtue's face,

And give to rustick life an honest grace;  
Nor, who'd prove what those mildest glances plead,  
That Fashion oft but tampers with the head,  
And spite on all her fraud and all her art  
From Nature cannot always steal the heart.  
Do not against your noble natures sin;  
All we ask is—be what you e'er have been:  
Let not the sun that greets exotick worth,  
Be overcast when native shoots put forth;  
And ah, expect not in the germe the power  
To shed a fragrance only in the flower:  
Indulgence sure the tender state demands;  
To be repaid when'er the bud expands.

## HOURS OF LEISURE,

*Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.*

(Continued from page 9.)

Reason is extremely apt to be warped by habit.

KAINE'S SKETCHES.

Reason is said to be the glory of human nature: a reasonable man is, therefore, the most excellent of all human beings; and the nearer any

man approaches to that character, the nearer he approximates happiness. It is by our false judgments and misconceptions of the true value of things, that we are deceived, and allured into error and vice.

A truly reasonable man resembles, in his steady way through life, one of the planets in the grand system of the universe, revolving in its orbit. As to a centre of gravity, he is every where attracted by Truth, through the space in which he moves; from which noble order of self-regulated harmony, no accident or example, power or temptation, can cause him to recede.

Envy may view his fine and admirable course through her treble-reflecting telescope, and scarcely detect the smallest aberration. How grand! how beautiful! how sublime is such a character! the acknowledged resemblance of the Creator.

It is much to be lamented, that men do not set a higher value upon this best gift of God to man; by which they might attain pleasure and peace, and know how to preserve themselves from evil and mischief; by which they might acquire a proper knowledge of the duties of social life, and practise them reciprocally for their true interests and happiness.

The fact is, that we usually set out in life without even a common share of that kind of knowledge, by which we are enabled to distinguish good from evil, and right from wrong.

The art of using reason constitutes no part of publick education; a youth is generally launched into the world without any fixed principles or rule of conduct; thence he adopts any example of novelty or folly that makes an impression on him, and takes a bias whichever way he is strongest bent: and thence trifling declinations from truth grow up at last into the strong and crooked shoots of prejudice, which can scarcely ever after be straightened. Happy is it, where they do not arrive at that enormous growth which destroys the fair tree of virtue itself, or encumbers it with a weight of hardened and inflexible habits of vice.

But, as the latter investigation would only lead us into a melancholy research, not exactly suited to the nature of these Essays, let us content ourselves with some observations on the many absurdities and inconsistencies daily run into and entertained by men, from want of knowing how to think aright.

Innumerable are the prejudices of men, particularly of those who mix in the world; a few wholesome rules direct the humble cottager, while a thousand ill-judged opinions and maxims mislead and distract the man of business and of pleasure.

The chief prejudice incident to our situation in the busy world springs from the false appearance of things, from which we draw hasty and rash conclusions, without waiting to estimate their true character and worth: thence we connect ideas that have no real resemblance to each other; as poverty and ignorance, wealth and happiness.

Another very strong prejudice of the mind is derived from what is called a first impression, which carries us away, as it were by force, out of the reach of judgment: hence we frequently give to a knave of winning address, what we would deny to an honest man of coarser manners; hence too, because we admire the works of an eminent painter, we are not willing to allow that he has any defects: thus we judge, not from the things themselves, but by reference to the impression that we have entertained of the character, manners or talents of the authour. This species of prejudice is the most unfair of any, as it never permits us to distinguish, or to appreciate properly, the virtues, vices, merits or imperfections of our neighbours; but either gives too little or too much.

An equally strong prejudice, and of a kin with the two former, is that which proceeds from a casual association of ideas, connected so strongly by the imagination, that reason has frequently no power to separate them: hence young people, who have been terrified by the idea of apparitions at

night, are never left in a dark room without thinking of apparitions; thence also proceeds the vulgar prejudice of avoiding a particular name in christening an infant, because some so called had been particularly unfortunate. These ideas, which accident only joins together, are mere follies of the imagination which our judgment should correct.

A fourth source of prejudice is, the different lights in which things may be placed, and the different views in which they appear to us; and, as it sometimes, and under some circumstances, requires much penetration and judgment to discover the real form and complexion of things, by viewing them on all sides, this species of prejudice is certainly most excusable.

Among the most extraordinary sophists of the former classes, was my friend Peter Bias. Mr. Bias had received the advantages of a tolerably good education; had served an apprenticeship to trade, and was become a master silverplate engraver, and a livery man of the Goldsmiths' company; he smoked his pipe constantly in the evening at the Horse and Dolphin, and was reckoned a very sensible man in the club-room. It was, however, remarked in the character of my friend Bias, that whenever he took an impression, it was as much engraven on his mind as an armorial bearing on the side of a caudle-cup, executed by his own graver. To the impression which my friend received from a flogging at school for stealing codlins, was attributed his lasting antipathy to apple-pie; and to a long fit of illness at eighteen, was ascribed his inflexible distaste to water-gruel. Having once been cheated by a Jew, he denounced vengeance against the twelve tribes, and would, like Herod, have exterminated the whole race of Israelitish babes; nor could any thing persuade him to ride again in Thomas's Kentishtown stage, because he had once been overturned in it. Yet Peter Bias was a benevolent man; that is when Prejudice set him at work; and, when once established in his favour, it was

no easy matter for one to be turned out. My friend Peter had a little dirty boy, an apprentice whom he called Bobby, and of whose talents and honesty he had formed his own opinion. Certain it is that Bobby was very clever at shining shoes; and as certain that he once brought a crown piece to his master, which he had found carelessly left by him on the shop-board. These circumstances established Bobby's reputation.

For a great many years my poor friend Peter was harrassed and tormented by the tricks that Bobby played him: his shoes were neglected, his clothes worn out before they were left off, and his loose cash pilfered: yet none of this could be done by Bobby; Bobby was still a good lad; a clean pair of shoes, and a recollection of the crown piece, set every thing to rights. It was in vain that many ventured to pronounce Bobby a rogue; he still kept his place; till one fatal day, that my friend Peter, being in his sound morning's nap, dreamt that he felt some person withdrawing certain articles of dress, in which it is usual to keep loose cash, from under his pillow, when, being awakened by the reality of the vision, he turned round, and to his utter astonishment, grasped the rough black head of hair of his favourite Bobby, who was immediately dismissed; and my friend Peter, to preserve his character for consistency, would never afterwards do a service to any one who was unlucky enough to be named Robert.

Numerous are the little anecdotes that I could relate of my friend; among the rest, how that nothing could persuade him to seek a legal remedy, because his cousin the Counsellor had told him never to go to law; under the operation of which resolution he permitted himself to be ousted of a very handsome estate:—how that one day, being introduced to a very wealthy man, who had many years before (in his recollection) been a bankrupt, and paid twenty shillings in the pound, he asked him very earnestly, *Whether he had got his certificate?*—and how, another day, happen-

ing to be in company with a gentleman whom he had once remembered ill of a cold, and his hearing a little affected, nothing could restrain him from bawling out every now and then, *what a pity it is he's so deaf!* In short, my friend Peter's prejudices remained with him to the last moment of his life; for, though Bobby was reformed, and become a remarkably sober industrious young man, nothing could persuade him to leave him a sixpence; and he gave positive directions, that no person of the name of Robert should assist at his burial.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

### POLITE LITERATURE.

American Version of certain of the Odes of ANACREON.

In the infancy, and, perhaps, during the youth of almost every nation, the efforts of the tender and struggling Muses are generally weak and abortive. Genius is feebly or wildly exercised, where Taste is scarcely formed. Judicious as well as inquisitive readers must abound, before there can arise a multitude of good writers. To this rule curious exceptions sometimes occur. In America, in the spring of 1776, at a period when noisy politics, it might seem, had totally deafened the general ear for the melodious notes of Poesy, we are surprised to find, in an ephemeral work, occasional versions from the Greek of Anacreon; versions composed in a taste of so much simplicity, sweetness and elegance, as to rival the airy sprightliness of COWLEY, or the fascinating manner of MOORE. The name of the author of the subsequent translations we have asked in vain. He would have probably filled up his outline, and perhaps have successfully wooed other Muses than the Grecian, if the violent tempest of a Revolution had not overthrown his writing desk, and driven him for shelter to solitude and obscurity. The author's introduction to his design and a specimen of his work, as far as he pursued it, we are anxious to preserve in this miscellany.

To the Publisher of the Pennsylvania Magazine.

SIR,

As the *flowery season* is approaching, I have an inclination to present you with an early nosegay for your entertaining Magazine; and as my own garden is but indifferently stocked, I will take the liberty of

transplanting from that elegant cultivator of blooming beauties, old Anacreon; happy if I could but teach his exotics to flourish in our less kindly climate; or, in other words, if I could but make the *old Grecian* speak in English with the same expressive elegance and simplicity for which his odes have been, during so many ages, the delight and admiration of every country, where polite learning has been cherished.

To confess the truth, I have so often amused myself in this way, that I have already translated most of his odes, or rather given them such a *paraphrase* as I thought would preserve his principal beauties, without retaining his blamable levities; for it must be owned that he *sometimes* indulges his playful fancy on such extravagances as would be inexcusable now, however they may have been tolerated by the morality of his age and country. This observation, however, is but seldom applicable as a charge against the odes of Anacreon. *Bacchus* and *Venus*, the *Loves* and the *Graces*, are, indeed, his deities; but, in general, he celebrates them more *chastely* and *soberly* than many of the *modern poets*; and if, at any time, I find him exhibiting those *deities* in an unexceptionable dress, I take the liberty to strip them of their *shoulder knots* and other forbidden ornaments.

It has been often remarked, that a translation ought to have the air of an original; in order to which, it is necessary that an author, who has written in Greek, for instance, when he is to be clad in an English dress, should be made to express his sentiments not by an exact version of words and phrases, which would be often impossible, and always awkward and inelegant, but in such language as we may suppose he would have used had he written in English instead of Greek. This, you may, therefore, suppose, has been my aim, and I flatter myself that I have sometimes hit the mark. I have also made the measure of my verse as nearly the same with that of the original as our English versification would admit, which,

I think, has not been done before, by any translator of Anacreon.

But I am unawares writing a preface, as if I were going to send you the whole book ready furnished, with *critical remarks*, and *learned annotations*; while I only intended a few lines by way of introducing a specimen or two of what such a book may be expected to contain. But since I have gone so far, I will further confess to you, as a bookseller, and to the publick, that if my samples (for I propose hereafter to send you some others) should meet with a favourable reception, I may, perhaps, be tempted to prepare an English edition of Anacreon for the press. But, at the same time, the gentlemen booksellers will please to observe, that, if I should thus venture abroad in the open field, I shall expect to reap something *substantial* by my labour in cultivating this beautiful spot of antiquity. For, if mere *empty fame* were to be the only *price at market*, vain as I am, my little stock of produce should continue hid in my own granary. What an unworthy sentiment! how unpoetical! how unfit for an admirer of Anacreon above all others! Why, as to that, may it please your generosity, most worthy and sentimental reader, I am not so sanguine as to imagine, that, if I had succeeded to *absolute perfection* in my translation, I should therefore be advanced to a seat upon Parnassus much higher than those which are possessed by Milton, Pope, Addison, or the Dean of St. Patrick's. These poets were indeed great imitators, and, sometimes, translators of the ancients; but, in general, they were chiefly and more immediately indebted to Nature herself for the sublime and elegant entertainment which they have furnished for their guests. But my little work is only a second-hand piece, which I have imported from a distant country; and therefore, as my expectations of *praise* can at most be but very moderate, I choose to make some *profit* by my voyage. You will say that the title of a writer to profit should be proportionable to his merit, and, therefore, the more

praise he earns, the more he is entitled to expect as the *fruits* of his labour. How comes it, then, that to this day, no one can tell where Homer himself was born? Here again, you will answer, because his exalted reputation made different countries ambitious of the honour of having given him birth. But I fancy that if he had been possessed of an estate in *Terra Firma* in any country, we should have found it easy enough to ascertain the place of his origin. The rich are not so obscure. And, after all, as I have no more *terra firma* than Homer had, even all his reputation would be of little or no service to me; for, though I have no estate, I have a wife and children, and, unless I can get something for *them* by Anacreon, I shall be apt to think I have been robbing them of what they had a right to, whenever I devote my time to this *fruitless* amusement.

One of the odes, which I now send you, has, I confess, been already published in a newspaper, by a friend of mine, some years ago; but it has been lately revised, and considerably altered, and is now, in my own opinion at least, a more faithful translation than it was at first, and in other respects, less unworthy of the original.

Besides, though some of your readers may, perhaps, remember to have seen it before, yet to most of them, I suppose, it will be new.

One use of a periodical publication is to give literary adventurers an opportunity of trying their strength, before they venture abroad by themselves; and I have taken the liberty, as you see, to make this use of your Magazine; though I must acknowledge that I am in some doubt whether I have not shamefully trespassed upon your patience, and that of your readers, by taking up so much of your room on so trifling a subject. I therefore leave it with yourself, either to publish or suppress what I have written, as you may think proper. If you conclude it worth while to insert my advertisement, I shall consider it as an invitation to send you some other samples of these odes in an English paraphrase. In the meantime, I wish

your Magazine may continue to meet with success, and that you may never be in want of better materials than what you now receive from your humble servant

HERMES.

April 6, 1776.

*37th Ode of Anacreon.*

Lo, Spring returns! the Graces  
 \* Expand the rose again!  
 And not a wave defaces  
 The bosom of the main!

See how the ducks are swimming,  
 The cranes in troops convene;  
 The sun is brightly beaming,  
 And all the sky serene!

The labourer quits his dwelling,  
 To till the smiling soil,  
 The olive buds are swelling,  
 To pay his cheerful toil.

The vine her leaf produces,  
 And, through each tender shoot,  
 The richly flowing juices,  
 Are blooming into fruit.

The ensuing passage must not pass without a note from the Editor; when but a boy it was read to him by a venerable lady of exquisite taste, who had it by heart. It was promptly preserved in the memory of no indocile pupil. At a maturer age, and after a careful comparison with the luckiest versions that French and British ingenuity have made, we have no hesitation in assigning this *American* trans-

\* Anacreon lived in a country where the rose appeared much earlier than it does among us. In this respect, and in the particulars of olive buds and blooming vines, his ode is a description of such a Spring as we can never expect to see in our climate. But let imagination transport us to the region which the poet inhabited, and we shall admire the beautiful simplicity and truth of his description, which takes in only those circumstances that were peculiar to the season which he celebrates: the early rose; ocean newly settled into a placid calm; the ducks beginning to sport upon the water; the cranes, those birds of passage, returning with the season; the bright serenity of the sky; the ploughman beginning the labours of the year; the olive buds beginning to swell, and the vine putting forth her tender leaf.

Note by the Translator.

lation a front place in poetry. We enjoin it upon Mr. Moore, when he does us the honour to peruse the present number of The Port Folio, to preserve *this* ode in a note to his *next* edition of Anacreon; and we have not a doubt that the dictates of his Taste, as well as the impulse of his Friendship, will persuade him to peruse, in particular, the seventh and eighth stanzas with an enthusiasm not colder than our own.

*The 3d Ode.*

When midnight, black and dreary,  
 Was brooding o'er the deep,  
 And, all supine and weary,  
 Mankind lay stretch'd asleep.

When *Love* alone was waking,  
 The knocker shook my gate;  
 I, starting, cry'd, What raking  
 Mad fellow, calls so late!

"Pray tarry not an instant,  
 Nor fear to let me in;  
 I am a hapless infant,  
 Wet dripping to the skin!"

The night so dark and chilly!  
 It never will be day!  
 And I, so young and silly,  
 Alas! have lost my way!"

In haste, to light a candle,  
 And let him in, I rose,  
 With pity prompt to dandle,  
 And lull him to repose.

I open'd, and admitted  
 A boy, indeed, but lo!  
 I found the urchin fitted,  
 With quiver, wings, and bow!

But what alarm of danger,  
 Could such an elf inspire?  
 I plac'd the little stranger  
 Before a blazing fire;

And, near the fairy seated,  
 With fond and tender care  
 His hands in mine I heated,  
 And wrung his dripping hair.

But soon as I had brought him  
 To genial warmth again,  
 His *armour*, he bethought him,  
 Had been bedew'd with rain.

And mincing like a baby,  
 "Let's try 'em, for you know,  
 The dismal weather, may-be,  
 Has hurt my little bow!"

He said, and from his quiver,  
A flaming arrow drew,  
Which through my burning liver,  
Like darted lightning flew !

And, like a wounded sparrow,  
I hung my drooping head ;  
For through my very marrow  
The venom quickly spread !

The *traitor*, who had acted  
So well the *harmless boy*,  
Now laugh'd like one distracted,  
And cried, "O give me joy !

My bow retains a fitness,  
An arrow still to dart ;  
You'll find the wound a witness,  
That rankles at your heart."\*

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

### POLITICKS.

The period has at length arrived  
when it must be decided, whether the  
American government is worthy of

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\* *Note.* In a recent collection of operas, published in England, we find the following, which, in the measure, resembles the text. Although the thought is ingenious and the expression sufficiently easy, yet it may not be compared with this *morceau* of our American translator.

His wings in terror clapping,  
A little bird, last May,  
Against my window flapping,  
For shelter seemed to pray.  
With pity touch'd, I granted  
The little bird's request ;  
It trembled, fluttered, panted ;  
I sooth'd it on my breast.

Well pleas'd it seemed to eye me ;  
I lov'd the pretty thing :  
To keep it ever nigh me,  
I clipp'd each little wing.  
But yet I thought sincerely,  
To go it would be griev'd :  
It seem'd to love me dearly,  
And, oh ! too well deceiv'd.

Its wings by me neglected,  
Again their feathers grew,  
And, ere I aught suspected,  
One morn away it flew,  
Crying "That yours the blame is ;  
Poor youth, too late you learn,  
So sure as Love my name is,  
I never will return !"

the support of the people, and whether the American people deserve the name of an independent nation. If the lives of our citizens may be assailed and destroyed in sight of our harbours, if the protection of Government cannot reach and cover them within ten miles of our shore, it is time for us to give up the farce of empire, and implore the protection of some power, able to afford us security against murderous outrage. Was a case like this ever before heard of? The foe slaughters our citizens, and then, in cool contempt, returns to his anchorage in our harbour.

But this event, degrading and painful as it is, may be the forerunner of the most splendid and useful consequences. It is an event which, sinking all party feuds and local divisions, will blend us together as one people and unite us in one exertion. While we deplore the loss of those citizens who have been sacrificed by this unparalleled violence, and lament with those who suffer, we should not look on the occurrence as a calamity—In a national view there is nothing to regret in it. For fourteen years we have been the football of European arrogance and injustice—Plundered, beaten, and murdered in every sea, by every power, we were rapidly plunging so deep in contempt that, in a little while, it would have been impossible to insult us. Eagerly pursuing the acquisition of wealth, enveloped in commercial enterprises and stock-jobbing speculation, money has become the god of our idolatry, and every noble passion of the soul is lost in it. That high-minded patriotism, which gives dignity to our nature, and character to our country ; that lofty honour and just jealousy of our rights, which make a people respected and admired, are almost smothered and extinguished under heaps of ill-gotten gold, and reams of fraudulent paper—Something was necessary to rouse us from this supine state of dishonour, and that something has occurred—the latent spark is awakened—the flame spreads from heart to heart, and the American people, shaking off the le-

thargy of twenty years, are rising to their just station in the world, with an immovable determination to maintain it at all hazards. Tell us not of the dangers and privations of war; of the millions afloat, which will be lost, of a crippled commerce and embarrassed revenue. These are *temporary* evils, **NATIONAL DISGRACE IS AN ETERNAL ONE**—the vigour of our youth will soon repair the one, but the other will grow and strengthen with our age. This is no time for calculations, for stating an account of profit and loss. There are periods in the existence of nations, as well as of men, when every thing must be hazarded, and every thing endured—this hour is come upon us, and we have no choice; unless we are degraded enough to hesitate between base submission and honourable resistance, even if it were ten times more perilous than it is. The eventful blow is struck—The nation's honour is stained, most foully stained—The blood of the innocent, which we had sworn to protect, has been shed, basely shed, and cries to Heaven for vengeance; and if it be not avenged may that Heaven strike us from the list of nations, and the name of an American be forever linked with infamy.

This is not a time for self-reproach: but the reflection cannot be suppressed, that if the naval establishment received by the present administration from their predecessors, with the means of extending it, had been preserved and improved, such an insult, such an injury, could not have been inflicted upon us with impunity. We have long had indications enough from the belligerent powers of the contempt, in which they hold us; and it is astonishing we have not expected and prepared for this last extremity. We must not imagine we can avoid war, by a desire, however sincere, of maintaining peace. We ought not indeed to be disturbed, while we injure none; but all theory is idle, and absurd, when opposed by the experience of ages, and that experience has shown that there is no possible mode of preserving peace, but by having it

known we are able and willing to defend our rights from every invasion.

While wealth is dearer than honour or safety; while the people are taught to believe there is nothing valuable but money, and every thing must yield to maxims of economy and avarice, the national spirit must sink into meanness, and the national ambition be directed to the single endeavour to become rich. The principles of a government act upon the manners of a people, and the love of money is but too easily taught. That high individual spirit of honour, which animated the bosom of every citizen of the ancient Republics; that ardent love of country, which was the ruling passion of every heart, and produced such prodigious efforts of courage and patriotism, cannot exist in a country, where traffick is the only employment, that commands attention, and gold the only attribute that gives rank and consequence. The man, who would expend ten thousands to embellish a country seat, which he seldom sees, but which gives him the reputation of enormous wealth; who would purchase a rare plant at a monstrous price, and ornament his table with the splendour of a prince, that his extravagance might be boasted of, would refuse, meanly refuse, a paltry sum to any publick purpose. Love of country is lost, absorbed, sunk in the love of self, and no gratification is sought or acknowledged that does not feed ostentation and pamper pride.

But the genius of our citizens has taken an unworthy course, because the tranquil state of the country required no patriotick exertion, and offered no necessity or opportunity for more noble enterprise. The spirit of honour "is not dead, but sleepeth." A rude shock has broken the slumber. Inferiour things vanish from consideration. Every danger will be manfully braved; every sacrifice cheerfully endured. The course is plain. We must have **RETRIBUTION**—ample, honourable retribution; such as will appease our angered spirit; restore us to our honour; wipe away the stain; or we must have **WAR**. It will be a

holy and a just war, and we may trust to God and our exertions for its issue. What that retribution ought to be, is the only real difficulty of the case. May our government solve this difficulty with wisdom, and meet it with firmness. The ground once taken, not a step must be receded.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will, in another number, add some observations on our practicable means of annoying the enemy, in case of war.

FOURTH OF JULY.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Lady Montague, in her best and gavest manner, describes an extraordinary medical character whom she met somewhere on the continent. In the annals of English eccentricity, we think we have found, assisted by the brilliant torch of Edmund Burke, illuminating Dodsley's Register, many examples of a similar nature. Nay, it is but just to add, that many of the American physicians are as distinguished for benevolence as the character recorded below.

Both his character and practice are so singular I cannot forbear giving some account of them. He will not permit his patients to have either surgeon or apothecary: he performs all the operations of the first with great dexterity, and whatever compounds he gives he makes in his own house; those are very few: the juice of herbs and mineral water being commonly his sole prescriptions. He has very little learning, and professes drawing all his knowledge from experience, which he possesses perhaps in a greater degree than any other mortal, being the seventh doctor of his family in a direct line. His forefathers have all of them left journals and registers solely for the eye of their posterity, none of them having published any

thing, and he has recourse to these manuscripts on every difficult case, the veracity of which, at least, is unquestionable. His vivacity is prodigious, and he is indefatigable in his industry; but what most distinguishes him is a disinterestedness I never saw in any other: he is as regular in his attendance on the poorest peasant from whom he never can receive one farthing, as on the richest of all the nobility; and whenever he is wanted, will climb three or four miles on the mountains in the hottest sun, or heaviest rain, where a horse cannot go, to arrive at a cottage, where, if their condition requires it, he does not only give them advice and medicine *gratis*, but bread, wine, and whatever is needful. There never passes a week without one or more of these expeditions. His last visit is generally to me. I often see him as dirty and tired as a footpost, having eat nothing all day but a roll or two that he carries in his pocket, yet blest with such a perpetual flow of spirits, he is always gay to a degree above cheerfulness. There is a peculiarity in this character that, I hope, will incline you to forgive my drawing it.

A modern philosopher, famous for the heat of his head and the coldness of his heart, is thus energetically attacked by Sydney Smith, the sermonizer.

Godwin, whose *humble* object seems to be to remodel the decalogue, by erasing the negative from each of its prohibitory laws, has thought fit to contend that individual friendship is criminal. To state this is enough to make it ridiculous; and, in general, any other attack upon this author, than a clear explanation of what he means, is superfluous; to repeat his propositions answers the double purpose of revenge and refutation.

He, who has observed the manners and habits of the humble bee of our pastures, will be pleased with the following description of that insect by Charlotte Smith, who always looks at nature with a painter's eye, and then

describes her emotions with a poet's pen.

Good morrow, gentle humble bee,  
You are abroad betimes I see,  
And sportive fly from tree to tree,  
To take the air ;  
And visit each gay flower that blows,  
While every bell and bud that glows,  
Quite from the daisy to the rose,

Your visits share.  
Saluting now the pied carnation,  
Now on the aster taking station,  
Murmuring your ardent admiration,  
Then off you frisk  
Where poppies hang their heavy heads,  
Or where the gorgeous sunflower spreads  
For you her luscious golden beds,  
On her broad disk.  
To live on Pleasure's painted wing,  
To feed on all the sweets of spring,  
Must be a mighty pleasant thing  
If it would last.

But you, no doubt, have wisely thought  
That joys may be too dearly bought,  
And will not unprepar'd be caught  
When summer's past.

For soon will fly the laughing hours,  
And this delightful waste of flowers  
Will shrink before the wintry showers  
And winds so keen.

Alas ! who then will lend you aid,  
If your dry cell be yet unmade,  
Nor store of wax and honey laid  
In magazine ?

Then, Lady Buzz, you will repent  
That hours for useful labour meant  
Were so unprofitably spent

And idly lost.  
By cold and hunger keen oppress'd,  
Say, will your yellow velvet vest,  
Or the fur tippet on your breast,  
Shield you from frost ?

Ah ! haste your winter stock to save,  
That, snug within your Christmas cave,  
When snows fall fast and tempests rave,  
You may remain.

And the hard season braving there,  
On spring's warm gales you will repair,  
Elate through chrystal fields of air  
To bliss again.

#### THE ANNIVERSARY.

Tho' the verdure of Spring is no more,  
Tho' the zephyr has long ceased to sigh ;  
Tho' the sunshine of Summer is o'er ;  
Nor Autumn's gay tints glad the eye ;  
Tho' Winter o'er hill and o'er plain  
His frost-spangled mantle has spread ;  
Tho' I feel him in every vein,  
While his winds loudly howl round my head :—

Yet I hail his return with delight,  
My bosom with fresh passion glows :—  
A passion, whose flame burns more bright  
And steals lustre and warmth from his  
knoes :—

For neither the zephyr of Spring,  
Nor Summer's warm breath fann'd the  
fire,

And the Robin that long ceased to sing  
Ere I felt the soft thrill of desire.  
But 'twas when the bright icicle hung,  
Where erst droop'd the heath's purple bell,  
To the oak the last leaf faintly clung,  
As e'en yet loth to take its farewell ;—  
Yes 'twas then first my Sarah I saw,  
Then first felt the beam of her eye,  
Whose brightness a hermit would thaw,  
And teach him with passion to sigh.

'Tis said that variety charms ;  
That one object can never long please ;  
But variety dwells in her arms,  
But with life her attractions can cease :  
Still, as oft as this time shall return,  
Will she round my neck fondly twine ?  
Ah yes ! that dear bosom will burn  
With a passion as deathless as mine.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

On the highly interesting topick of  
THE PRESENT STATE OF WARFARE,  
between the United States and Great  
Britian, we invite men of political  
wisdom to express their sentiments  
in the most distinct, frank, liberal, and  
SPIRITED manner.

The insult and injury we have recently experienced from a power, whose best interest is assuredly to live on the most friendly terms with us, have not escaped the attention, or failed to rouse the spirit of the Editor. But he deems it his duty to collect all the facts, before the publication of his opinion, and the narrative of the event itself. He must see distinctly the whole length of the visto. When his political sight is thus enlarged, his readers may be assured that he will not shrink from the boldest discussion.

A very fervid and animated writer has, today, furnished us with a most spirited article on topicks, which, we are confident, will meet the approbation of every genuine American.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio*

*Lines written at Niagara.*

Whate'er I've been told of thy wonders is true !  
All nature at once seems to rush on my view,  
And, lost in the trance you occasion, I cry,  
How stupendous the scene ! what an atom  
am I !

How thy waves, wildly foaming, and hurled  
around,  
Rise in volumes of mist from thy cauldron  
profound,  
And in tears, which thy fury has caused,  
brightly plays,  
The rainbow that dazzles my sight with its  
blaze!

Like the tyrant of Europe, whose merciless  
force  
Bears down ev'ry mound which opposes his  
course;  
While the halo, whose glory encircles his  
head,  
Is formed by the tears which the wretched  
have shed.

O who should not rather all glory forego,  
Than gain it by battle, and bloodshed and  
wo!

O who would not rather inhabit the vale,  
Than dwell on the Andes, the sport of each  
gale!

Near Etna I've stray'd with impressions  
most sweet,  
Through vineyards that circle with verdure  
its feet;

But felt not the least inclination to tread  
On the ashes which cover its cloud-piercing  
head.

And though with sensations I ne'er knew  
before,

I bend me enraptur'd to list to thy roar,  
And, as thy blue streams irresistibly roll,  
Feel the awe most sublime which possesses  
my soul;

Yet I would not for worlds that my life  
were like thee!

O far be each thought of such tumult from  
me!

Far, far be each wish that ambition might  
form

To delight in the horror and roar of the  
storm.

Let me, cool and clear, glide on free from  
all taint,

Dispensing relief to the weary and faint;  
No torrent that bursts to affright and amaze,  
But the smooth, gentle stream, through the  
valley that strays.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### PORTRAIT OF A FICKLE GENIUS.

Behold Mercurio, constant as the wind!  
His varying gait the picture of his mind;

By sudden starts, his steps alternate grow  
Quick as the lap-dog's, or the mastiff's slow;  
Eager he darts, some favourite end in view,  
A feather stops him which he must pursue;  
Fresh objects rising with the changeful hour,  
A fortune tempts him now, and now a flower.  
His front unstable see how far it slopes!  
In prudence young, tho' old in fleeting hopes;  
His quickly glancing eye and active lid  
Left by his eyebrow bare, then darkly hid;  
His swelling nostrils every gale draw in,  
His lips contract and forward points his chin.  
By much too sanguine to be truly blest,  
Too slow for Action, and too quick for Rest,  
Tho' twenty years a man, so wild his brain,  
With some experience, yet a boy in grain.

R. P.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following lines, the offspring  
of a youthful imagination, are offered  
for an insertion in "The Port Folio"  
by a friend and subscriber.

New-York, May 7th, 1807.

*On seeing some withered flowers offered for sale*

Poor with'ring Flowret, child of Spring,  
How strangely alter'd is thy doom,  
The fruitful soil, which gave thee birth  
No more, alas! must see thee bloom.

That fragrance thou wast wont to shed,  
As Nature's tribute to mankind,  
No longer cheers thy late abode,  
No more perfumes the passing wind.

A little while, in modest pride,  
Thy beauties flourish'd, fair to view,  
But Av'rice nipp'd them, e'er matured,  
And soon despoiled thy native hue.

Ah! well I know, for thee to feel,  
Too well I know how hard thy fate,  
An orphan youth—Misfortune's child,  
In thine I read mine own estate.

Like thee, I once saw Fortune smile,  
Like thine, my spring of life was fair,  
But ere to manhood's prime I grew  
My hopes were chang'd to cold despair.

No friend, no patron, now I know  
To ease my heart's unceasing sigh,  
To me, no joy, no hope remains,  
Unless like thee, in peace to die.

LORENZO.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

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Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 18, 1807.

[No. 3.]

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

**METHOD** is doubtless necessary in the regulation of life, and without some regard to it nothing great can ever be accomplished. But when it degenerates into idle particularity, it defeats its own object. Hence the rigidly systematick will often find, that in his careful solicitude about the *means*, he neglects and loses the *end*. The smallest interruption is sufficient to destroy his happiness, and to overthrow all his plans. He may justly be compared to a nicely constructed machine, which continues its operation as long as every part is in exact order; but let the most insignificant spring be displaced, and it can move no longer. He is forced to wait the ebbing and flowing of favourable opportunity, and will never be persuaded to undertake an object unless it be at the precise moment and exactly agreeable to the particular plan he had previously marked out. He forgets that the tide of life flows alike for all, and is favourable to those only who carefully observe and improve it as it passes.

These dull, systematick beings, leave no room for the exercise of those generous passions and feelings, which give rise to some of our noblest actions, and whose monitions are never to be disregarded, when they are

such as virtue would approve. They apply the rule and the compass, the balance and the weight, to every duty, and righteously give only what they find to be just measure. They will waste hours in weighing the benefits and consequences of actions, of which none but themselves can see the importance, and when they have at last resolved to set about it, they will exhaust themselves with considering what mode it is most expedient to adopt. "They walk through life," says Dr. Moore, "undisturbed by the misfortunes of others, and when they come to their journey's end, are decently interred in a church-yard." Such men not only excite our ridicule, but exhaust our patience; and we almost feel disposed, by a severe external application, to quicken their dormant faculties; or at least, in the irritation of feeling, to exclaim,

"Your hearts are just a standing pool,  
Your lives a dyke."

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

Lavater is unquestionably entitled to the praise of superiour genius and of lively imagination. But like most of his aërial brethren, who have lost their senses in the wildness of fancy, this ingenious enthusiast has been betrayed into a thousand absurdities. That there is a strong but secret relation between the qualities of the

mind and heart with the features of the face, cannot be doubted. Every passion of the soul may be so strongly depicted on the countenance, as not to be mistaken by the most undiscerning; and the prepossessions which we form at the first view of this great intellectual mirror, are very frequently confirmed by a familiar acquaintance. But it is absolutely diverting to find Lavater peremptorily deciding upon the moral and mental character of men by the turn of the lip, the arching of the eyebrow, or the size and form of the ear. This last, indeed, has, from time immemorial, been admitted as an unequivocal criterion, and we may safely determine whether a man be an ass or a philosopher, by only applying our measure to his ear. The curious medley of acute observation and of wild conjecture, which Lavater published, was eagerly received, and for some time gained implicit credit. "A servant could scarcely be hired till the descriptions and engravings of Lavater had been consulted in careful comparison with the lines and features of the young candidate's countenance." There was no longer any need for the difficult and complicated study of human nature; for if a man had only Lavater's rules, he could immediately decide, whether the stranger he might meet was an honest man or a rogue, whether he was a miser or a prodigal, and what he had been thinking of from the moment of his birth. But this mania has long since subsided, and sober people have by this time learnt to read and smile, without confiding in the reveries of this amiable visionary.

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*For The Port Folio.*

One of the most valuable, and certainly one of the most charming sources of pleasure and refinement, is an intimate friendship of the sexes. In the one, it inspires a purity and delicacy of sentiment, which masculine pursuits at least do not create, and the other it raises above those little follies and womanish affectations, which sometimes render female society insi-

pid to the man of literature and taste. Generally speaking, women were never intended for science; but most surely also they were never designed for the mere playthings of man. Their natures seem susceptible of so many endearing sympathies, and formed for the growth of so many amiable and sometimes commanding virtues, that nothing but brutal insensibility, or a lamentable depravity, can suffer us for a moment to be indifferent to them. Hence it is, that in the most refined state of society, woman has always held the most exalted rank.

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*For The Port Folio.*

It has repeatedly been said that *learning and love are incompatible*. If this had been the sentiment of some cold, phlegmatick being, whom nature had probably denied the power of enjoying the one, or of acquiring the other, we should perhaps have given it the same credit, which we do to the ranting of an exhausted debauchee, when he begins to preach upon the vanity of sensual pleasures; and there is no doubt, that the poet who has perverted his verse to such an end, had some solid reason for his heresy. A man in love may not at all times relish toiling through Newton's Principia, or digging after Hebrew roots; but his soul will be feelingly alive to every charm of nature, and then, if ever, it will be attuned to the melody of poesy. Burns, who was the true offspring of genius and feeling, is a much better instructor on this subject than all the dull sage philosophers that have ever lived since the time of Sanchoniathan. "There is certainly," says he, "some connexion between love, and musick, and poetry. For my own part, I never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet till I once got heartily in love; and then, rhyme and song were, in a manner, the spontaneous language of my heart."

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*For The Port Folio.*

Gibbon relates a singular anecdote of a prince having actually enjoyed

regal honours before his birth. "The wife of Houmouz, one of the successors of Artaxerxes, remained pregnant at the time of her husband's death, and the uncertainty of the event, as well as of the sex, excited the ambitious hopes of the princes of the house of Sassan. The apprehensions of a civil war, were, however, soon removed by the positive assurances of the Magi, that the queen had conceived and would safely produce a son. Obedient to the voice of superstition, the Persians prepared without delay the ceremony of the coronation. A royal bed, on which the queen lay in state, was exhibited in the midst of the palace; the diadem was placed on the spot, which might be supposed to conceal the future heir of Artaxerxes, and the prostrate satraps adored the majesty of their invisible and insensible sovereign."

*GIBBON'S Decline and Fall.*

### HOURS OF LEISURE,

*Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.*

*(Continued from page 25.)*

Opinion is the main thing which does good or harm in the world. It is our false opinions of things which ruin us.

MARC. AUREL.

There are few situations in life so exquisitely wretched, as to admit of neither comfort nor consolation, provided the heart is destitute of that self-reproach, and those inordinate affections, which can embitter or disturb the highest state of prosperity. The truth is, that in our several conditions of life, be they what they may, we have generally a large account with Pride, which we are seldom or never able to balance. Every day we live, Pride draws heavily upon us, and mostly bills at sight; while we toil, and fret, and invent, and practise almost any means to answer its unconscionable demands. We open this account as soon as we set out in life, nor is it closed till the eschutchconed hearse and funeral procession record the last instance of human infirmity.

In our commerce with the world, we purchase the paltry articles of pride and vanity, such as equipage, dress and the refined pleasures of custom at a very high price. We are debtors perhaps in abundance of wealth and happiness, and place nothing to the creditor side of the account, but empty gratifications, fears, anxieties, disease, and self-reproach; when we might have received, in exchange for the goods of fortune, the substantial advantages of peace, independence, and self-satisfaction.

But we must mend the morals before the manners can be improved. The ridiculous distinctions of appearance in dress, the living in a certain style, etiquette, and other nonsensicals of custom must be abolished, as unnecessary to happiness and true politeness, and destructive of morality; cleanliness and propriety must be substituted in the place of those unmeaning fashions, by which imperious Absurdity insolently proclaims her preeminence over Reason, with the joint assistance of some wretched coxcomb or ignorant tailor. It becomes us now to cherish the useful, and to abandon the frivolous: let us endeavour to restore, if possible, the manners of those good old times, when the man was respected for his worth, and not for his coat. It is a reflection upon the sense of the people, that the paltry auxiliaries of dress are considered as necessary to our success in the world; and that in England a fool *may*, and a man of merit *must*, puff himself into publick estimation. The judgments that we form from outward appearances are of all others the most fallacious, the most injurious to ourselves, and the most destructive of those genuine principles of truth, which preserve the order and happiness of society: let us endeavour, then, by the assistance of Good Sense, to oust the monster Fashion and the tyrant Custom from their possessions among the upper and middling classes of people; they are not harmless or insignificant, but allure, deceive, and betray their votaries to ruin.

Were we to reflect upon the vast numbers of those who daily suffer in involvement, anxiety, and distress, from the desire of making an appearance in the world above their circumstances, one would almost wish that sumptuary laws were established to spare the cruel competition.

But the endemick of Pride is a contagion that attacks all ages and constitutions; it rages indeed chiefly among the great and rich, but it is to be found also in the miserable haunts of the poor; it is the vulture that gnaws at every breast, and is the prolifick parent of every care.

As Pride is the greatest enemy, so Humility is the best friend of mankind; Humility and Happiness increase in equal ratio. If Vicissitude lowers our estate, it is only drawing upon a portion of Humility, and the account is balanced. We shall always find in the journal of life, that if we would be considerable creditors in riches, we must necessarily be debited with innumerable cares.

In one of my late perambulations in search of living characters, chance directed me to an obscure publick house in the vicinity of Fleet street, where, in a corner-box of the parlour, I discovered a man, in whose countenance care seemed to have made more ravages than age: it was a face of experience, and of experience *come too late*. I seated myself by the fire; and, taking up a newspaper, was prepared to attend to any observations on life and manners that he might be led to make, in conversation with his companion, who was listening attentively to him over a glass of brandy and water.

"Why, sir (cried the man of experience, taking the pipe from his mouth.) Pride is the cause of one half of the mischiefs in the world. We are poor, weak, infirm creatures, attracted by any bauble, pleased with any nonsense, and full of self-love and conceit. I often think of the happy time when I was an apprentice, sitting by the fire-side in the kitchen with Molly Bunce, reading Robinson Crusoe, and eating hot muffins; the pros-

pect of a rainy day on Whitsun Monday then constituted my chief care. I was nearly out of my time, when I became acquainted with Master Putty, the eldest son of an eminent glazier in the next street. Our acquaintance began at the door of his house, where I joined a party in tormenting a poor cat in the area: and to that little incident I owe all the flaws and scratches that I have since had in the world. Master Putty did me the honour to choose me for a companion. *Bill Rattle* was every thing in his opinion; for I was full of spirits and fond of mischief. Master Putty, however, informed me it was absolutely necessary that I should dress like him; that I should have a lapelled coat, and tassels in my shoes; and that I should by all means employ his tailor, Mr. Pantaloon, in Tavistock-street, who made for the first people in the town. Pride now laid hold of me, and all my thoughts were, how I should answer the taxes that it imposed: I wrote to my friends for money, I borrowed of my acquaintance, I bought tickets in the lottery, and I obtained admittance through Mr. Putty's interest, into a gaming-house. About this time my master, Mr. Peter Pruen, died, and, with the assistance of my friends, I established myself in the business of a grocer, not without some ideas of what is called *etiquette* and gentility. I knew that it was much less disgraceful to be in debt than to want an elegantly-furnished drawing-room, or a glass of port wine after dinner. I soon began to live away in great style; business was neglected; the cash debtor was more than the cash creditor; the bill book was filled with accommodation notes; and there was not a money-lender in town with whom I was not in some measure acquainted. For seven years I lived up to my chin in hot water; till at length I was completely parboiled; but still I persevered in *etiquette*; and my wife, who had been a milliner's apprentice, having the same genteel opinions with myself, we kept up appearances to the astonishment of all who knew us. At last, Mr. Congo, the wholesale tea-

dealer in Fenchurch-street, having drawn a bill upon me for goods to the amount of two hundred pounds, which I was unable to answer when it became due, struck a docket against me, and Dick Putty and myself were gazetted the same week; my only consolation was, that I had spent three thousand pounds, had lived like other people and that things had at last come to a *genteel focus*. If this little history of life can be of any service to you, you are welcome to it; but, my dear Jack, never let any body persuade you to go beyond your circumstances. If you are determined to be worth nothing, at any rate let your expenses be in exact proportion to your income; but if you would lay up for a rainy day, or bad times, let them be *something less*. Pride is not easily gratified; you will still be far behind fools more expensive than yourself. Follow the good old maxim, "Be just before you are generous." Keep out of debt, and you will always have something to be generous with. I have never been able to redeem the past; but thank God! I am not so reduced, but that I can enjoy my pipe, and give counsel to a friend." With these words the man of experience closed his discourse; and I returned home, contemplating the absurdity of man, in foolishly creating numerous idle wants and vanities, that only serve to disturb his happiness.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

Sed quid indignor! Ridere satius est, ne se aliquod magnum adeptos putent, qui huc felicitate perveniunt, ut rideantur. PLINY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

When first I emerged into life and light through The Port Folio, no lark was more blithe; Democritus was never in such a laughing humour; and so overjoyed withal was I to see myself in black and white, that I could tread on air: but now, see the change, mirth is changed to melancholy! J. S. the redoubtable, has once more taken the field, and has played the very d—l. Having of his own good pleasure, and without any solicitation on my part,

raised me to the critick's chair, he hath in evil hour changed his mind, and hurled me from that proud eminence; so that at this present writing, I, luckless wight, lie, with *partes quascunque sedendo flectimur*, upon the bare cold ground! Were it a time to moralize, I would say with the bard,

Man's but a shadow, full of woe,  
He cuts a caper, and down he goes.

Whether it be that the fall hath conquassated my brain, or that there must be an inherent characteristick inconsistency in whatever flows from the pen of J. S. must not now be examined; but certain it is, that I found some difficulty in seizing the meaning (for some meaning it must have) of his declaration. And I trust sir that you will make a proper allowance for the circumstances of my situation, unless you suppose that a man's intellects ascend in full vigour into whatever part of him may chance to be uppermost, whether his head, or peradventure his heels.

But as to the declaration. J. S., speaking of K. T. says, "He has proclaimed himself an advocate for the Northern Summer." To laugh at the review of J. S., and to be an advocate for the Northern Summer, are one and the same thing: if so, never had any work so many, nor such merry advocates. *Mais convenons du fait*, K. T. did laugh at the aforesaid review, and what was the consequence? This dainty, gauzy, gossamery review of J. S., consisting of seven columns, dwindled into the following sentence, "The fault of the Northern Summer is, that the quotations are too long and frequent; that the original poetry is *DONE* *invita Minerva*." Here let me confess that I am no judge of the manner or method of *doing* poetry. Mr. Carr's method of doing poetry may be good or bad for aught that I know. Nay, more, I am ready to allow, if the poetical *doings* of Mr. Carr be *done* on the plan of the critical *doings* of J. S. that the poetical *doings* of Mr. Carr are badly *done*.

This last groan of the hectic review of J. S. reminds us of Momus in the fable; who, unable to discover any

defect in the beauty of Venus, but still wishing to play the critick, acknowledges "that the wench was well enough, *but that she made a confounded noise with her slippers.*"

Let us be candid where we can. J. S. shows a degree of liberality here which we did not expect: Mr. Carr is dismissed with a backstroke, and the little Swede gets clear without the loss of a spoke.

Some positive persisting fops we know,  
Who if once wrong will needs be always so.

J. S. is not of this class: he relaxes a little, but still retains a menacing aspect:

As the slow beast with heavy strength  
endued,

In some wide field by troops of boys pursued,

Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,

Crops the tall harvest and lays waste the plain:

Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,  
The patient animal maintains his ground;

Scarce from the field with all their efforts chac'd,

And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.

Here we had some thoughts of retiring, and of leaving J. S. to collect spoils, and raise trophies; but bearing in mind that we have not only been overthrown, but, *horresco referens*, may, by and by, be numbered with the slain, it behoves us, while a fragment of life remains, to grace our fall, by showing that our overthrow was the achievement of no despicable foe; and, therefore, of the sublime and beautiful of J. S. we submit the following specimen: "Pointing against the pigmy race the irresistible artillery of wit and satire *whereon* they move, they will scatter defeat and dismay. *Ecce ferunt ferrumque, Ignemq., Jovemque, in Danaos classes.* Where shall we find K. T.? *Ubi nunc facundus Ulysses?* Numbered I doubt among the slain. For services more signal than those of the Roman emperours, mankind will not hesitate to encircle *their* brows with fresh laurels and celebrate *their* victories with the honours of a triumph." This is not the incoherent rant, the waking dream of a schoolboy. No, it is the true

and genuine sublime. Imagination cannot add a circumstance to heighten the grandeur, surprise, and horror of the picture. The fracas, or hurry and tumult of the action in the foreground, the solemnity at a distance; Jupiter attacking the Greek fleets with fire and sword; the able captains mounted on artillery, scattering defeat and dismay: and, lastly, the poor discomfited pigmies, with Thrale's besatcheled widow at their head, flying, lying, dying!

The sansculotte Emperour, upon whose eye-balls murderous tyranny sits in grim majesty to fright the world, never thought of mounting his captains upon artillery. This improvement upon the art of war was reserved for our own countryman J. S. for which invention I hope he will one day be made generalissimo of the able captains, and then indeed, *iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.*

To garnish the foregoing *morceau choisi* we subjoin a few fragments: they are but fragments it is true, but they will suffice to prove the chaste, correct, accurate English scholar:—"snarls of criticism"; "introduce it to the publick notice"; "*prejudiced in favour of his offspring*"; "*ebullition of levity*"; "accessory to his elevation"; "denouncing sorcery and witchcraft"; "a genius whose scintillations clude"; "this lineal representation of Bell," &c.

The knowledge of J. S. as a linguist is admirable; there indeed he shines with superiour lustre; we must therefore the less wonder at his being witty on K. T.'s deficiency in this particular; we quote his own words, "This may unravel K. T.'s extensive knowledge as a linguist, which at first blush provokes our incredulity," and then as if through charity to illumine the darkness of K. T. he throws a new light upon a passage of Horace quoted by K. T. "To show this," says J. S. did not need the authority of Horace, who (by the way) is here writing on the drama." Say you so! on the drama! upon my word this learning is a very fine thing; on the drama! ah, Mr. J. S. how thou hast unravelled the knowledge of K. T. I

know not, but verily I say unto thee, that thou hast raveled this passage of Horace; yea, thou hast made it a tangled skein. After this egregious hallucination, he exultingly proceeds, "Before we leave Horace I would ask, pray Mr. K. T. did you ever encounter a passage in that writer where he says, *ne auctor ultra crepidam?*" Can this *lincol* representative of John Dennis be serious in ascribing to Horace a cobbling proverbial phrase of Pliny? But, alas! it contains a lesson which, if rightly understood, would prove a powerful talisman against ridicule. We will give it to Mr. J. S. in the words of Horace.

*Quam scit uterque, libens censebo exerceat artem.*

J. S. tries to be smart upon K. T.'s knowledge of French also; and, who would believe it? after this, he attempts two French words, one of which he murders! this is truly piteable, *he-las*.

But the candour of J. S. outweighs his learning by some grains. "Not deigning, says he, to descend to a particular justification of Mr. Carr, our critick contents himself with avowing his general admiration!" And again, "thus K. T. *admires* the Northern Summer." J. S. knows as little of the force of English words as he does of Latin or French words, otherwise he would not twice deviate from the thing: that is, K. T. said he was *pleased* with the Northern Summer, he reserved his *admiration* for the literary powers of J. S. Again: "With an intrepidity truly admirable, he proclaims himself its champion, *throws the glove, and, denouncing sorcery*" &c. The truth is, that J. S. threw down the glove, and that K. T. laughingly *took it up*. What J. S. means by *denouncing sorcery*, his next bulletin may explain. J. S. admits that an execration of mercy is an inconsistency; strange! But the inconsistency laughed at by K. T. was an *imprecation* of mercy. Mark the apology of J. S. "Execration has crept in (not into) the room of Exclamation." To this I reply, that had this been the only word which crept or

crawled in its own place, or in the room of another, it had not been noticed; but the Review and Declaration swarm with these creeping things. Lastly, J. S. charges K. T. with having usurped the critick's chair; whereas K. T. only laughed at the airs of J. S. who fancied himself up to the elbows in the said chair. We come now to the most essential part of the Declaration, the only part indeed which merits any degree of attention. I give his own words. "The trash of literature has ever been the diet of superficial readers," &c. Here his sentiments are just; he speaks from experience, and his Review and Declaration are sufficient vouchers for his veracity. But with his usual consistency, he has lugged in Anna Matilda Della Crusca, *et id genus omne*; and doubtless many have exclaimed, in wonder, Bless us, what extensive reading! Captain O'Blunder in the farce is accosted by strangers to whom he had not been introduced: "How the D—l, says the Captain, do these people know me? Arrah, faith I'll tell you; my jewel, they saw me in the Newspapers, and they know me ever since." J. S. saw these folk in the Baviad, and he knows them ever since. But there is one of the fraternity which he does not mention. *Isthuc est sapere*. Tony Pasquin attacked a stranger; J. S. fancied that his Review was an attack upon a stranger. Gifford pounced upon Tony and K. T. laughed at J. S. Godwin too is brought in very appositely; I am glad of it, as it gives me an opportunity of prescribing a powerful remedy against the poisonous nostrums of that dangerous quack: let Godwin be prevailed upon to borrow the pen and logick of J. S. and the publick need no longer to dread any danger from him.

J. S. calls K. T. a Quixoté, and adds, that the hero of Cervantes mistook inns for castles! this is new and instructive; but he omits the adventure of the windmill. This was not right, for he might have said that R. T. did in fact encounter a windmill! who or what that windmill is he might leave

as a matter of conjecture for the curious.

Although pretty sure that the character of J. S. as a scholar and critic may be deduced from what has been already said, we cannot omit hinting, that if a vacant niche can be discovered in the temple of Fame between Mr. John Dennis, the learned, and Matthew Concanon, Esq. the profound, J. S. may, without let or molestation occupy that niche. He already possesses the solid confidence of John Dennis, and we make no doubt but that in time he may arrive at the profundity of Concanon. He sometimes quotes from the Latin faithfully, but some of his quotations prove that he is not always equally successful: the Genius of this language seems to have issued against him a *ne exeat Ovidium*, as far as Ovid shalt thou rake for quotations, but no farther.

His English style betrays too many "brave neglects," and the general cast of his compositions seems to have been borrowed from that great master Figaro, who says, *Je voudrais finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant, de scintillant, qui eut l'air d'une pensée.*

As to myself, be it known that the reverend personage who hitherto supplied me with scraps of Latin, set off a few days ago on a mission to the Osage Indians; and that the French dancing master from whom I used to borrow my shreds of French, has just sailed for the Empire of Hayti: it is therefore hoped, that J. S. will not attack me while destitute of my two potent auxiliaries, with my garrison half-manned.

And now, Mr. Oldschool, *flexis genibus*, I entreat your pardon, and assure you, that henceforth you shall not find me staving or tailing, or tilting it with John Dennis junior, nor encountering a windmill. And as to J. S. I now inform him that he must bring other talents than the knack of tagging inconsistencies, before he is again noticed by

K. T.

For The Port Folio.

## POLITE LITERATURE.

American Version of certain of the Odes of ANACREON.

(Concluded from page 27.)

In our last, in the department of POLITE LITERATURE, we presented to our readers some excellent versions of certain Odes of Anacreon, with great pleasure we now pursue this charming walk of composition and trust that our readers will gladly go with us to the bower, when they are reminded that their guide is an American, and that he is very prudent as well as poetical.

MR. AITKIN,

According to promise, Anacreon once more offers you two or three little pieces for your Magazine. His gayly sportive Muse sometimes took her flight over the *full flowing bowl*; sometimes displayed the Loves and the Graces in their various charms; and, sometimes with decent sprightliness and airy elegance, delivered sage responses from the Oracles of sound philosophy. I will, therefore, select for my present packet a bottle song, a Love Letter, and an Ode on the Miser's Folly. In my next, perhaps I may send you another ode.

May 14, 1776.

Ode—Thirty ninth.

Wine through my heart diffuses

The bloom of sprightly joy;

And then, celestial muses,

Your songs my voice employ.

Wine happily reverses

The prospects of despair,

And to the winds disperses

Ambition, grief and care.

Wine gives imagination,

Gives laughing fancy wings,

And spreads a fair creation,

Where sportive humour springs.

When, cheer'd with wine, I weave me

A garland fresh and fair,

No projects, then deceive me

No plans of life ensnare.

I court the Loves and Graces,

To Venus tune my song,

Leave Time to count his paces,

And join the youthful throng.

Content with harmless pleasure,

Whatever else befall,

I crave no hoarded treasure

For Death awaits us all.

It is proper here to observe, that it is not unusual with Anacreon:

close his very gayest songs, with some sentiments calculated to prevent an abuse of his gayety: as in the present ode he reminds us in his own sprightly way, that pleasure ought ever to be kept within certain restraints, that we ought to be contented with what we may enjoy within those restraints, and that it is folly to lay up wealth with sordid avidity—for death awaits us all.

*Note by the Translator.*

*ODE—Twenty.*

A rock mid streams of water,  
Sad Niobe was plac'd;  
Pandion's hapless daughter,  
Was in a swallow chas'd.

But I, my form forgetting,  
A looking glass would be,  
No change, dear maid, regretting,  
While gaz'd upon by thee!

I'd be a robe to fold me  
Around thy lovely waist,  
I'd be a bath to hold thee  
In circling waves embrac'd;

A box of essence, breathing  
What language ne'er express'd,  
A zone, my Daphne, wreathing  
Around thy snowy breast.

Or, round thy neck, O take me,  
In circling pearls to meet!  
Or, e'en thy slipper make me,  
That I may kiss thy feet.

*ODE—Twenty-third.*

If gold, ah thrifty neighbour!  
Could screen me from the grave,  
Body and soul should labour,  
To get it and to save.

That, when grim Death should offer  
At me to point his dart,  
I might unlock my cotter,  
And bribe him to depart.

But if, with golden mountains,  
No mortal could at last,  
Redeem life's ebbing fountain,  
Nor purchase back the past;

Then why this vain disquiet,  
This anxious labour why?  
What gain the wretches by it,  
Decreed ere long to die?

My life shall ne'er be wasted  
In search of useless ore,  
Of plenty never tasted,  
A tantalizing store!

Let fortune but supply me  
With friendship, love and wine,  
She's welcome to deny me  
The trash, that fills the mine.

MR. AITKIN,

In my last I proposed for the next samples of my paraphrase of Anacreon a couple of portraits; but having been too much engaged in business to attend to that promise, I send you instead of them, a very little ode.

HERMES.

*ODE—Nineteenth.*

The earth grows fat with drinking,  
The trees her bosom drain,  
Drink keeps the sea from sinking,  
While Phœbus drinks the main.

The moon too has her failing,  
She drinks the sun beams up;  
Then why, my friends, such railing  
Whene'er I take a sup.

*For The Port Folio.*

The following article of criticism occurs in the writings of an Irish gentleman of literary celebrity. His opinion is perfectly correct, and the tribute to his countryman, MOORE, is at once the offspring of friendship and taste. But where are the *Sonnets* of Mr. M.? We have never seen any.

That a sonnet may be a proper vehicle for description, and that it conveys the liveliest image of love in its copious and passionate interruptions, is generally admitted; but that it should always end with some witty point or melancholy conceit, is inconsistent and absurd. Such a principle degrades the sublimest species of lesser poetry to the insignificance of epigram. Antiquity, it must be confessed, holds out some authority in this respect; particularly among the expressive compositions of Carew, Daniel, and others of their time: but at that period a quibbling sermon or a metaphysical epick was not uncommon. Even Shakspeare and Spenser are not faultless on this head. The great Lope de Vega, however, has numerous sonnets—of surprising simplicity and beauty; in the large collection of Petrarch too are many of this stamp; but in his tender pieces Cervantes has displayed all his usual delicacy and natural ease. We had for many years seen no modern compositions of this nature till the refined and admirable sonnets of Mrs. Smith, and

of the Rev. Mr. Bowles, abounding with true pathos and sensibility, cast some emanations of returning light over the realms usurped by apathy and dulness. The publick have now to seek intellectual pleasure of this kind from the fanciful and refined genius of Mr. Moore, the elegant translator of Anacreon, whose mind is stored with the noblest poetical fire.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

DRYDEN, says the brilliant D'Israeli, traces the whole history of Genius in a couplet;

What, in Nature's dawn the child *admired*,  
The youth *endeavoured* and the man *ACQUIRED*.

Sometimes caresses and sometimes coercion have *made* many a child a bright genius. Sometimes Patronage and sometimes Poverty *stimulate* men to become illustrious.

Every man of common organization has the power of becoming a man of genius, if to this be added, a *solitary devotion* to art, and a *vehement passion for glory*. It is the *capacity of long attention* which, in the present day, must make one man superiour to another.

### A DIALOGUE.

From *De La Motte*.

No, Love—I ne'er will love again;  
Thy tyrant empire I abjure;  
My weary heart resolves to cure  
Its wounds, and ease the raging pain.

"Fool! canst thou fly my happy reign?  
Iris recalls thee to her arms."  
She's false—I hate her perjurd charms;  
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

"But know, for thee I've toil'd to gain  
Daphne, the bright, the reigning toast."  
Daphne but common eyes can boast;  
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

"She, who before scorn'd every swain,  
Dirce, shall for one sigh be thine."  
Age makes her rays too faintly shine;  
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

"But should I give thee charms t' obtain  
Flora, the young, the bright, the gay!  
I see thee blush—now rebel, say,  
No, Love—I ne'er will love again."

No, charming god, prepare a chain  
Eternal for that fair and me!  
Yet still know every fair but she,  
I've vow'd I ne'er will love again.

It has been brilliantly remarked, that Descartes, a slave to the theory of climate, feared that the warmth of the atmosphere in France would too much exalt his imagination and disturb that temperate state of the mind necessary for philosophical studies. He therefore took refuge from the sun in Holland. But all the frost of the northern climates could never render his burning imagination tepid; the visionary would have dreamt on a pillow of snow.

### TO A KISS.

The flowers that in yon meadow grow,  
To thee their bloom, their fragrance owe:  
The blossom'd shrubs, in gaudy dress,  
Thy genial warmth, thy power confess:  
The stream that winds along the grove,  
And courts the shore with waves of love,  
Is taught by thee the fond embrace,  
By thee is taught each rural grace—  
On gently-parted lips, say why  
Is plac'd the rose's beauteous dye?  
Because on that soft seat of bliss  
Abides the rosy-breathing kiss.

For *The Port Folio*.

### THOUGHTS.

I cannot cease to be astonished in considering in what manner the immense crowd of people who throng a great city provide for themselves. They all eat something, and sleep somewhere, but God knows how or where!

I know no occupation that seems better calculated to cut out business for itself, than that of a cryer of lost children. The bell is followed by a crowd of little ones of all sizes, and the bellman is very unlucky, indeed, if he cannot contrive to lose two or three of them.

It is very agreeable to sit at a window on Sunday and observe the passengers. Every one in his best clothes and on his best behaviour, looks smiling, clean and comfortable. How happy is the institution of the Sabbath, even apart from all religious obligation.

I saw a brood of young chickens but a few days from the shells; one of them had seized an insect; another more strong and active took it from him and devoured it.—Such is the equality of mankind.

Our talking and writing so much about happiness is a proof that no man has found where it is.

I shall not suppose that any of the very fortunate gamblers, have used those means to collect fortunes which are generally reckoned fraudulent,—but we may suppose that among a great number of careless inattentive people of fortune, a few wary, cool and shrewd men are mingled; who know how to conceal real caution under apparent inattention and gayety of manners;—who have a perfect command of themselves, push their luck when Fortune smiles, and refrain when she changes her disposition;—who have calculated the chances, and understand every game where judgment is required. If any of those fortunate people were brought to trial, and examined by what means they had accumulated such sums, they might answer in the words of the wife of Concini, Maréchal d'Ancre, when she was asked what charm she made use of to fascinate the mind of the queen?—*De l'ascendant*, she replied, *qu'un esprit supérieur a toujours sur des esprits faibles*.

At the first glance a man of genius throws around a subject, he perceives not more than one or two striking circumstances, unobserved by another. As he revolves the subject, the whole mind is gradually agitated; acquiring force by exertion, he discovers talents, that he knew not he possessed. At first, he saw every thing dimly; to the *studious* eye of Genius every thing at length, becomes orderly and distinct; the twilight gradually disperses, and every form shines in the brilliant light of imagination. Like viewing a landscape at an early hour in a summer morning, the rising sun perhaps only rests on a particular object and the scene is wrapt in mist; as the light and warmth increase, the mists fade, and the scene displays every varied beauty.

*Literary*—WASHINGTON'S Life, by the Rev. Aaron Bancroft of Worcester. Proposals for publishing this work, in one volume, octavo, were issued about 18 months past;—we learn that the authour completed his Manuscript some time since, and that it is now going to the Press. We are told by those who have seen it, that it is well written and merits publick patronage

#### MERRIMENT.

An Irishman once told his friend he had just seen a lamentable sight; six *volunteers* pressed on board the tender, one of whom had a wife and six children.

Osborne, in his memoirs of Queen Elizabeth, tells this story of her: One of her purveyors having behaved with some injustice in the county of Kent, one of the farmers of that county went to the Queen's Palace, at Greenwich; and, watching the time when the queen went to take her morning's walk, said, loud enough for her majesty to hear, "Pray, which is the queen?" She replied, very graciously, "I am the queen; what would you have with me?" "You," answered the farmer, "though one of the rarest women I

ever saw, can eat no more than my daughter Madge; but the Queen Elizabeth I look for, devours so many of my ducks, hens, and capons, that I am scarcely able to live." The queen, always auspicious to suits made through the mediation of her comely shape, inquired who was the purveyor, whom she caused to be hanged.

A minikin three foot and a half colonel, being one day at the drill, was examining a strapper of six foot four. "Come, fellow, hold up your head,—higher, fellow." "Yes, sir." "Higher, fellow—higher." "What so sir?" said the man, raising his head much above the horizontal parallel. "Yes, fellow." "And am I always to remain so, sir?" "Yes, fellow, to be sure." "Why then, good bye, colonel, for I shall never see you again."

An Irishman having sworn two oaths, the justice charged him two shillings. "How much do you charge for a curse?" said Pat. "Sixpence," replied the justice: "Then take my half-crown, as I hate change, and a curse light on you all," returned Pat.

A remarkable instance of the instinct of animals. A beautiful little spaniel bitch was permitted to range any part of her master's house. She had five puppies, which were one morning, during her absence, taken, by her master's order, and drowned in a neighbouring pond. After much apparent uneasiness, she found them in the pond, and brought them, one by one, into the parlour, and as she laid the last at her master's feet, looked stedfastly in his face and expired.

"No man," said a doctor one day, "can complain of my having used him ill." "True," said his friend, "because all you were ever called to attend died under your hands."

"Why not send for a doctor," said a man to his sick friend. "Because

though ill, I do not yet wish to die," he replied.

An officer having the misfortune to lose an eye in the wars, had a glass one which he constantly took out of the socket at night. Being at an inn, and one of the servants waiting on him, he gave her his eye, and desired her to lay it down. As she did not stir, he was angry, "and asked her what she waited for." "I wait," she replied, "for the other."

A certain gentleman took care to speak but coolly of the happiness of the married state before his daughter. "She who marries," said he "does well; but she who does not marry does better." "Well then," said she, "I will do well; let those who choose do better."

A gentleman in the islands of Barbadoes, having missed a considerable sum of money, had great reason to suspect one of his negroes was the thief, and that he might detect him, tried the following experiment. Having summoned them all, he thus harangued them: "I have been informed in a vision, by the great serpent, whom you adore, that one of you have stolen my money; and he moreover told me, that the very man, when called into my presence, should have a large parrot's-tail feather hanging at the end of his nose, by which I might discover him." He had no sooner uttered these words, than the real thief betrayed his guilt, by clapping his hand to his nose to feel for the feather.

Foote being at table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread; after he had taken a mouthful or two, Foote took up his bread, and cut a piece off. "Sir," said the gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, sir," said Foote, "I protest I took it for the loaf."

A poor man had an affair that puzzled him, and he much wished to

have the advice of a neighbouring lawyer. "Indeed, my friend," said the lawyer, (not expecting any great fee from the man's appearance) "your affair is so intricate, I cannot see where to begin;" the man took the hint, and giving him two half guineas, all he had, "there's a pair of spectacles for you, sir."

A young prince being on a journey said to his preceptor, "give me my mantle." The gentleman answered, "my lord, great princes speaking of themselves, always use the plural number;" you should therefore have said, "give us our mantle." The prince did not fail to remember his lesson, and said shortly after, "our teeth ache;" "mine I am sure," said his preceptor, with a smile, "do not ache in the least, my lord." Then, answered the prince, rather vexed, "I plainly see the mantle must be ours, but the tooth-ache mine alone."

King William III had a Frenchman who took care of his majesty's pointers, and whose place it was also to load and deliver the fowling pieces to the king. One day, however, it chanced that monsieur forgot to bring any shot with him to the field. Not daring to confess his negligence to so passionate a man, and so eager a sportsman as the king, he gave his majesty the gun, charged only with powder. The king having fired without effect, the cunning Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, turned up his eyes, folded his hands, and extolling the king's skill in shooting, declared he had never seen *sa majeste* miss his aim before in his life.

When Mr. Pye made his first appearance in the literary world, he was much *cut up* by the criticks. A gentleman, however, observed some short time after, (and just as his seat in Berkshire had undergone some repairs,) that his *style* of late was much mended; "You're very right," said a farmer overhearing him, "I saw the carpenters at work upon it yesterday."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

## COLUMBIA'S EAGLE.

Let England's Lion boast his pow'r,  
Let Gallia's Cock defiance crow;  
Columbia's Eagle ne'er shall cower  
To any foreign foe.  
With equal ease, aloft she waves  
The branch of Peace, or shafts of War,  
And wafts the fame  
Of Freedom's name  
To lands enslaved and realms afar.

Once, could the Roman eagle soar  
Beyond the reach of human eye;  
But now, she plumes her wing no more,  
No more invades the sky;  
For Freedom fled, and with her bore  
The eagle's power, the eagle's sway;  
Her wings are weak,  
And dull her beak,  
Her name no more shall strike dismay.

Not so Heaven's *fav'rite* bird, that wields  
The weapons of Columbia's ire,  
And every dear-bought interest shields  
From mad Ambition's fire:  
While Time rolls on the passing hours,  
Her flight the world shall awe,  
And widely spread  
The Olive's shade,  
To shelter Liberty and Law.

*For The Port Folio.*

## SONG.

*By the late R. B. Davis, Esqr.*

Lovely are the kindling blushes  
Of the gay exulting morn;  
Sweet the songs of rival thrushes  
Pouring from the blossom'd thorn:  
Faint and pale the morning blushes,  
Harsh the songs of warbling thrushes,  
When my Laura's charms appear,  
When her voice salutes my ear.

Welcome to the traveller weary,  
Fountains in the sandy plain;  
Welcome, after winter dreary,  
Spring with all her blooming train:  
Fountains to the traveller weary,  
Spring, that chases winter dreary,  
Cannot half so welcome be  
As my Laura's sight to me.

Give to bees ambrosial honey,  
Give to Bacchanalians wine,  
Power to knaves, to misers money,  
Love—my Laura's love me mine!  
Soft beneath the shade reclined,  
When I broke my tender mind,  
Laura—(dear consenting maid)  
Smil'd and blush'd—but nothing said.

*For The Port Folio.*

WROTE IN THE FIRST PAGE OF A COMMON-  
PLACE-BOOK, PRESENTED TO MARIA.

Go, favoured book, receive Maria's lays,  
And let thy page record her constant praise;  
Whether the graceful sense of prose in-  
spires,  
Or more harmonious charm of numbers  
fires;  
Go, and obedient ope thy fairest page,  
And when each nerve is roused at Homer's  
rage,  
Perhaps the fair may guide his warlike  
steed,  
And bound thro' fields of war where heroes  
bleed.  
And Oh! should Milton's musick thrill her  
heart,  
Or love-sick Hammond softer themes impart,  
Should Nature's darling child, sweet Shak-  
speare sing,  
And to her sight each blooming treasure  
bring—  
Should Collins charm with hope or chill  
with fear,  
Or pensive Gray invite Compassion's tear;  
Smit with the love of song, may she essay,  
To rival these, and here each record lay.

*For The Port Folio*

In climes remote, on India's shore,  
A banished lover droops and sighs,  
When to his gloomy mind once more,  
His fancy gives what fate denies.  
For sad, and hopeless, and forlorn,  
The blighted wretch who loves in vain,  
To keenest misery is born,  
Cursed with a life of careless pain.  
No sordid interest made him roam,  
Ambition vainly boasts his joys;  
'Twas love that drove him far from home;  
'Tis hopeless love his peace destroys.  
A nymph, enchanting as the morn,  
Lovely as May in blooming charms,  
Whose mind kind Nature's gifts adorn,  
And whose pure heart each virtue  
warms.  
Stole, with a Syren's spell, his heart;  
A heart alas! too warm, too true,  
No wished return could she impart,  
For hope, delusive, mocked his view.  
Now, frenzied and in deep despair,  
Headless of life, and gone his ease,  
He flies the dear obdurate fair  
And seeks the boisterous stormy seas:  
Where the loud gale's impetuous rage  
Lifts to the skies the mountain wave,  
Such kindred horrors grief assuage,  
And pleased he hears the tempest rave.  
Unconscious he of danger, fear,  
With careless eye the glare is seen  
Of livid flashes darting near  
While darkened horrors intervene.

Alas! no gleam of cheering light  
Breaks on the tempest of his mind,  
There all is gloomy as the night;  
No ray of comfort can he find.  
Condemned a wanderer far to roam,  
He seeks a savage distant shore;  
Dead to the world, a prey to love;  
And thinks of happiness no more.

*For The Port Folio.*

## A WAR SONG,

BY THE GREAT WARRIOUR AND FORT,  
WOOALUKA.

Come, ye warriors, come and join,  
Heroes fierce and heroes strong,  
Breasts, that glow with rage divine,  
Hearts, that for the battle long!

Haste and sing the *song of death*,  
Shout the yell that frights the foe:  
Soon we'll march to seek his breath,  
Soon his warmest blood shall flow.

Fill with drink this ample skull,  
Push the precious trophy round—  
Brothers, why so gravely dull!  
Let the shout of mirth resound!

Soon, from skulls of foes we'll quaff  
Draughts that sooth the heart's desire,  
Raise the dance, and, circling, laugh,  
To see their tortured chiefs expire.

Sisters! now the feast prepare,  
Give the heav'n-born heroes bread;  
Soon a richer feast we'll share,  
When our enemies are dead.

Now let each his bow receive,  
Knife and hatchet, bright and keen:  
He that nobly loves to live,  
Let him *first*, in fight be seen.

Louder sing the *song of Death*,  
Shout the yell that chills the foe;  
Soon he'll pant and gasp for breath,  
Soon his warmest blood shall flow.

*For The Port Folio.*ADDRESS TO A FAVOURITE AGED  
BEECHEN TREE.

Dear Beechen Tree, beneath whose shade  
My infant limbs I often laid,  
Or, with mates, around thee played;  
How sweet to me,  
Will ever be  
Thy aged form, my Beechen Tree.

The little birds, that flit the sky,  
To thy protection oft would fly,  
When hawks and beating storms were nigh;  
Or, full of glee,  
Would perch on thee  
And sing, to bless their Beechen Tree.

The squirrel, for his wintry store,  
Thy fruit away profusely bore,  
And hiding well, returned for more ;  
O'erjoyed to be  
Supplied by thee,  
With food and life, my Beechen Tree.

Though now thy days, almost are told,  
And sapless boughs proclaim thee old ;  
Yet Mem'ry, still, thy charms shall hold,  
And, sweet to me,  
Will ever be  
Thy aged form, my Beechen Tree !

When palsied age comes creeping on,  
To tell me my delights are gone ;  
I oft will wander o'er the lawn,  
The spot to see,  
Where once with thee  
My hours I passed ; my Beechen Tree.

And oft, the melancholy thought  
That, "once you was, but now are not ;"  
Shall warn me of my fleeting lot ;  
That, like to thee  
I soon shall be,  
And sink to dust ; my Beechen Tree !

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

The following ode was composed for the celebration of the landing of our forefathers at James Town, Virginia, on the 11th of May, being the second century of that epoch. It was recited there to a numerous and splendid assembly by a young student of Norfolk whose father composed it for the occasion. According to the freedom taken by those who indulge in that species of composition the distant recurrence and irregularity of the rhyme may appear to approach to what was called *dithyrambick*.—If in this and its length (though he has not found place to mention the celebrated Pocahontas) he should claim excuse, he has some examples to plead in justification ; especially on the latter account, Boileau's famed "*Ode sur la Prise de Namur*."

Q.

*Jubilee Ode for 13th May, 1807.*

The Power that measures space and time  
And robes the stars with light sublime,  
Thou guides with central force aright,  
Thou rapid comet's fiery flight,  
That holds each orb in strong control,  
And points the planets where to roll :  
The God who taught the Sun to blaze,

And bade it strike  
On mortal sight,  
The fire of Heaven's reflected rays :  
Sent the sons of the east  
To the sons of the west,  
Taught the *arts* with the ray of mild evening  
to shine,  
And light a new world with their radiance  
divine.

2

Warm from the wood  
With hunting tir'd,  
A savage sought the cooling flood,  
And far, far off the curling wave admir'd ;  
And as he pac'd the lonely beach,  
Far as his piercing eye could reach,  
He thought he saw the pine trees dance  
And on the wave erect advance ;  
Again he look'd, and saw the trees,  
All wing'd arriving with the breeze ;  
And as he gaz'd with wild surprise,  
Borne on the full flood tide along,  
Moving in solemn silence on,  
He sees at last the stately ship arise :  
But when from forth the bursting side,  
He saw the light'ning glide,  
And heard the deep-mouth'd canon roar :  
The rattling sounding  
Noise, rebounding  
From the rocks, the wood, the shore,  
Aghast the red man flees, and cries  
Loud as the yell of death can rise,  
To all the painted tribes around,  
That the *Great Spirit* fill'd with ire,  
Involv'd in smoke and clad in fire,  
Shook the whole earth with thundering  
sound  
And raging threw his livid lightnings round.

3

But ah, how soon the savage nations saw  
• The Sun's white offspring were but men,  
And as their mutual wants increase,  
While varying ties together draw,  
They frame a transient peace  
And harmonize in vain ;  
Nor mid the tow'ring forest's shade,  
Was the black-hair'd Indian maid  
At all afraid  
To see the graceful stranger move  
Or hear his softest song of love,  
For *Love* bewitch'd these *real* wood nymphs  
wild,  
Wav'd her wide arm and o'er the desert  
smil'd.

4

Thus when the jealous savage knew,  
And saw beside  
The mounded city rise,

---

• Throughout America the white men have been called *children of the sun*, as coming from the east.

To arms! to arms! he cry'd,  
 To arms the warriors flew,  
 And the shrill war-song sounded to the skies,  
 Whilst Horror shrieking in the woods,  
 And screaming o'er the hills and floods,  
 Warns the white warriors to prepare,  
 And brave the first rude shock of savage  
 war.

Our ancestors a small but daring band,  
 Led by a hero first in fame,  
 Cloth'd with courage, arm'd with flame,  
 Against the hideous howling throng,  
 March'd dreadful on,  
 And on many a direful day,  
 Driving far the foe away,  
 Boldly claim'd th' ensanguin'd land,  
 Their conquering valour won.

## 5

Driven from their usual haunts and floods,  
 Far to their inmost shades and woods,  
 The Indian chiefs retir'd,  
 With ruthless fury fir'd,  
 Intent the web of war to weave,  
 Secret as death and joyless as the grave.  
 The plots full time matur'd: through many  
 a year

At last drew near,  
 And the notch'd arrow mark'd the day  
 That drew the furrowing tear,  
 Which time can never wipe away.  
 Revenge! Revenge! a thousand voices cry,  
 Revenge! Revenge! the echoing hills reply,  
 Whilst the red tribes in treachery strong,  
 Relentless sweep along;  
 And when the whizzing weapons fly,  
 A thousand fathers, mothers, die,  
 Sons, sisters, children, fly in vain,  
 Their lifeless bodies strew the plain,  
 And as the infant smiles or cries,  
 It sees the lifted stroke and dies.  
 Behind the raging flames are seen,  
 Where dwellings, fields, and bodies blaze,  
 And glaring midst the horrid gleam,  
 The whooping blood-stain'd savage strays,  
 Or amid the fiend-like throng,  
 Drives the blasting ruin on,  
 Till (quite complete the bloody plan)  
 Sad Desolation sits, and mocks the works of  
 man.

## 6

Soft-voic'd Pity from above,  
 Fairest daughter of the sky,  
 Bent with looks of grief and love,  
 To the chang'd earth her tearful eye,  
 She saw the smoking ruins round,  
 And all the arts of peace destroy'd,  
 The groves and walks were ruin'd found

Which she with peaceful power en-  
 joy'd:  
 In each lov'd wood she hears faint Sorrow  
 call,  
 Whilst o'er the hapless land her tears be-  
 nignant fall.

## 7

But now see fair Succour flying,  
 O'er the wide Atlantick wave,  
 Our few remaining sires to save,  
 Every Indian foe defying,  
 Bringing comfort to the brave,  
 Ship after ship amain,  
 Men after men arrive  
 To drive

The savage to his woods again.  
 Whilst Industry of force divine  
 With Commerce, Peace, and Power combine  
 To seize the fleeting, flying hours,  
 And make them deck the fields with flow'rs,  
 And late where Desolation walk'd,  
 And late where glaring Ruin stalk'd,  
 The towns with loftier aspect rise,  
 And loftier domes salute the skies,  
 A million patriot sons are born,  
 A million fair the land adorn,  
 And here where erst the wild flowers rose  
 Alone and undesir'd,  
 See where the blushing beauty glows,  
 By ev'ry eye admir'd;  
 For you ye fair to arms we fly,  
 Or strike the sounding lyre;  
 For you the soldier dares to die,  
 And ye the bard inspire;  
 Your smiles alone can bless the strain,  
 Alone make it last  
 Till a new century shall have pass'd,  
 When friends, perhaps, may meet again,  
 And sound the high hung harp of love  
 At the great blest scraphick Jubilee above.

## EPI TAPHS.

*On Mr. Munday who hanged himself.*  
 Hallowed be the sabbath,  
 And farewell all worldly pelf,  
 The week begins on Tuesday  
 For Munday hath hang'd himself.

*On a profligate Mathematician at Man-  
 chester.*

Here lies *John Hill*,  
 A man of skill,  
 His age was five times ten:  
 He ne'er did good,  
 Nor ever would,  
 Had he liv'd as long again.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 25, 1807.

[No. 4.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### LETTER

*From Ranieri de' Calabigi to Vittorio di Alfieri da Asti, on his first four Tragedies of Philip, Polinice, Antigone, and Virginia.*

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,  
But like a shadow proves the substance true.  
*Pope's Essay on Criticism.*

I KNOW not, esteemed Count, whether I ought to congratulate myself most with you, or with our Italy, on the four beautiful Tragedies which you have at last given to the press, leaving us farther, as you have already announced by the first volume, which you have deigned to send me, the flattering hope of seeing others ushered into light.

For us, Italians, hitherto so shamefully deficient in tragick composition you have indeed amassed a treasure; you have gathered it even for the English, almost as sterile as ourselves, if we except some sublime passages of the celebrated Shakspeare; it might be useful to even the French, who, did they at present want Crebillon and Voltaire, also are fallen into a low condition, whence probably they will not quickly rise again.

If I dare assert it, revered friend,  
Dixisti insigne, recens et adhuc  
Indictum ore alio.

How many will hereafter provide themselves from you, with new and theatrick situations, with characters delineated to the life, by a bold and fiery pencil; and with expressions vigorous, energetick, laconick? How many will spin out one thought alone of yours to entire periods, and even to entire scenes? You teach us

Magnumque loqui nitique Cothurno;

Strip our tragick Muse of the rags with which, until now, she has been shamefully decked out; console us for our dramattick misery, and present us with a rich and decorous mantle, which may show us not inferiour to that nation, which has, with justice, until this day, regarded us with the eye of compassion, or of merited derision.

Could any one, esteemed friend, endowed with tranquil patience, compel himself to read the few tragedies we have, which, separated from an immense number of distorted sisters, are, nevertheless, printed with the pompous title of selected, and announced as models; if, doing violence to himself, he would dare to run over them from the beginning to the end: would he in truth find any thing to compensate his trouble? Plots confused, complicated, perplexed, impro-

bable; and arrangement of acting ill understood; useless personages; duplicity of action; improper characters; conceits either gigantick or puerile; languid verse; overstrained phrases; poetry without harmony and without nature; and the whole still further adorned with descriptions and comparisons misplaced, with idle tatters of philosophy and politicks; besprinkled with tiresome love scenes, with words full of effeminacy, and trivial tenderness, Of tragick force, of the whirl of the passions, of those theatrick revolutions which astonish, there is not even a trace; that which

Pectus inaniter angit,  
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,  
is sought in vain; that which interests, overpowers, rivets and enchants,  
Delectando, pariterque monendo,  
is no where to be found: the whole is reduced to a concatenation of often foolish verses, in which

Acer spiritus ac vis,  
Nec verbis, nec rebus in est.

Here then, Signior Count, (perhaps with a little ill humour, but yet with truth) is a free description of what we have hitherto denominated Tragedy. The greatest merit we can give it, is its being composed according to the rules prescribed by Aristotle; for Tressino having given this model in his Sofonisba, no one has dared to depart from it.

But why, it may be asked, have we shut ourselves into these limits, so distant from tragick perfection? Why has no one among us, (when otherwise at every step we meet with poets, at least who are called such) to this day, produced a Tragedy which can be confronted with those of the Greeks, or at least with those of the French that are admired? Why, almost despairing to rival them, have we returned to that kind of musical drama, which, ridiculous as it was in the last age, has yet been rendered more supportable by Zeno, and perfected by Metastasio; leaving in the possession of our neighbours, the buskin and

the tragick laurel, without a last effort to dispute it with them? I will answer separately these questions, figuring to myself that I have found their solution.

After the Sofonisba of Tressino abovementioned, which was first represented in Rome; after some other Tragedies (our first tragick throes) represented in Florence and Ferrara; it is true, there were not wanting poets to write new ones, and to obtain their performance on the stage.

But at this time, what was our stage? In some few cases belonging to the court, but mostly erected by noblemen either in their palaces or their villas. In these temporary scenes demanded by the prince from the courtiers, or from the voluntary association of gentlemen and ladies, acquaintances, those Tragedies which were chosen, were once, or a few times oftener, recited in private. Thus Italy, never possessing a permanent Theatre nor actors by profession these exhibitions could with propriety be only called transitory attempts, and of little or no profit to the art.

It was yet worse when the troops of strolling players, who, alone, have always lorded it on the Italian boards, became possessed of those more or less imperfect Tragedies made common through the press. It is notorious of what species of foolish and miserable buffoons these vagabond bands have mostly been composed. It is known to every one, that the greater part of these barbarous actors, drawn from the uncultivated and least learned part of the common people, are mostly natives of provinces, in which our language is neither spoken nor pronounced in its purity; who, yet stammering out a Tragedy, produce in the audience that repugnant sensation which the Tragedies of even Racine or Voltaire would call forth at Paris, were they recited by actors in the provincial jargons of Gascony or Picardy. We all know to what ridiculous, ungraceful, disgusting, and often deformed women, the sublime parts of Phedra, of Andromache, of Semiramis, of Zaire, have been gene-

rally allotted, as it were in plunder; to lacerate them in the bastard language of Bologna, of Lombardy, or of Genoa, and to recite and gesticulate them without sense or grace, as they would be done by the idle women of the publick squares; and in such guise, the absolute deficiency of a noble, a lasting, and a decent Theatre, and that yet more important want of capable actors, have deterred our poets from applying themselves to the composition of true Tragedy; our publick from assembling at the Theatre in crowds of studious and distinguished characters; and the whole of us from attaching to it importance, and making it an object of national glory.

Further, Italy divided into so many small states, never had a great and central point, where to create a general and lively spur to Italian ambition. The Roman, the Lombard, the Tuscan, the Piedmontese, the Venetian, the Neapolitan, regarded each other as separate in interests, and as enemies or at least rivals in the Sciences and Fine Arts. So were they in Painting: the different schools hooted at each other, tore each other to pieces; the Roman painter sought to depreciate that of Bologna, the latter those of Florence, and these in their turn the Venetian and Neapolitan. Each established a separate sect, to the general detriment of the nation.

The same precisely fell out with Poetry. There remain in proof of the feeble criticisms of the foolish Infarinati on the divine poem of Tasso. The trifling books of those gentlemen of the veil, (who may well be called Mountebanks) would fill a library. They all endeavoured to prove, under the banner of Signor Lionardo, not Leonardo Salviati, (for greater pretended elegance of language) that the *Jerusalem Delivered* was a heap of tiresome absurdity. They drove the too irritable authour to madness, discomposed and saddened as he then was by unsuccessful passion, they seduced the miserable praters who envied the laurel of the sublime crown obtained by Tasso; like troublesome and noxi-

ous insects, they had but a short existence, and sunk into merited oblivion.

Yet from that pedantick genius did the ridiculous parallels between the *Orlando Furioso* and *Jerusalem Delivered*, take their rise; ridiculous, because they confronted the *Iliad* with the *Arabian Knights*; the *Aeneid* with the *Romance of the Paladins of France*. Thence arose the puerile predilection for speaking and writing in the style of Petrarch, and the senseless pretension of judging the already adult language of the seventeenth century, by the grammar of the fourteenth, scarcely risen from its cradle.

The Italians, separated, as I have observed, by interest and ambition, in Science and Belles Lettres; and (taking each part of Italy by itself) not sufficiently influential to establish and continue through the year a national tragick Theatre; they continued, it is true, to write Tragedies from time to time, but always on the model of the first; they also printed them, but could never expose them to the publick on the stage, the most essential situation to observe their effect. And could a Tragedy thus composed at hazard, be ever any thing without the practice of tragick effect? The poet, left to divine it, finds himself involved in that doubt wherein a painter or sculptor would be, from whom a large painting or a group of statues was required, without knowing whether it was destined to be placed on the ground, in a gallery, in a square, or as the frontispiece of a triumphal arch or temple. Thus deprived of the observation of that which might make the greatest impression on the mind of the spectator, interest or astonish him; the poet will still compose a Tragedy according to the rules prescribed, and even in cultivated style; but he will probably come forth without life, languid, weak, cold, and tedious.

Nor can this indispensable tragick effect be acquired without frequenting and studying the Theatre, without a foresight premeditatedly made of all the other combinations necessary in the dramattick art. This experience

wanting, (and it can be attained though possessed of foreign languages, without difficulty, if the Theatres of other nations best provided with actors, cannot be seen nor studied with just and critical discernment) no great progress can be made in this noble part of poetry. That genius is rare, that, almost inspired, forms of itself and soars beyond obscurity; and, that, unassisted, cannot at once bring the art to perfection, but only open the road to others. Corneille, to whom Mairet, Rotrou, and other imperfect tragick writers served as guides, formed Racine: they two formed Voltaire and Crebillon. Thus among the Greeks, Sophocles was formed from Eschylus, and from him Euripides, but with the guidance of a permanent Theatre. Destitute of the practice of stage effect, a poet can strike no blow in his Tragedies, except what may be momentary in some scenes derived from his heated enthusiasm; or in some bursting forth of tender passion, which sometimes insinuates itself into the mind with greater facility, moving, and agitating it.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

The lover either of song or sentiment, doubtless, remembers the spirited and pathetick ballad of Campbell,

Alone on the banks of the dark rolling Danube.

Walter Scott, Esquire, a genuine bard of Caledonia, who has immortalized himself by "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and by certain original and translated ballads of uncommon beauty, has, in the following stanzas, caught the cadence of Campbell and displayed the noblest affections of the heart and many of the highest powers of poesy. Perhaps, with the exception of a passage in Goldsmith, the fidelity of the canine race was never more feelingly described. I compassionate the insensibility of that vulgar mortal, blind to nature, dead to feeling, and deaf to poetry, who can peruse the third stanza without keen sensations.

## HELLVELLYN.

### THE ARGUMENT.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,

Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;

All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,

And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Striden edge round the red Tarn was bending,

And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,

One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,

When I mark'd the sad spot, where the wanderer had died!

Dark green was that spot mid the brown mountain heather,

Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in decay,

Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather,

Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,

For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,

The much-lov'd remains of her master defended,

And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber;

When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start;

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

And, oh! was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,

And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,

Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of a peasant has yielded,  
 The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;  
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,  
 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:  
 Through the courts, at dim midnight, the torches are gleaming;  
 In the proudly arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,  
 Far adown the long aisle sacred musick is streaming  
 Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
 To lay down thy head, like the meek mountain lamb,  
 When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,  
 And draws his last breath by the side of his dam.

And more stately thy couch, by this desert lake lying,  
 Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,  
 With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,  
 In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchediam.

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For The Port Folio.

### CRITICISM.

JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Esq.

John Gilbert Cooper, Esquire, who has been honoured with the title of *The English Anacreon*, was the son of Gilbert Cooper, Esq. of Thugarton Priory, in Northamptonshire, and was born in 1723. The family estate which he inherited was granted at the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII, to William Cooper, one of his ancestors. He received his education at Westminster School, and in 1743, became a fellow commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he resided two or three years, at the end of which he married Susanna, daughter of William Wright, Esq. son of the lord keeper Wright, and some time recorder of Leicester, and settled at his family seat. In the year 1763, he served the office of high sheriff of the county of Nottingham, as his father had done in 1749. He was in the commission of the peace, and

about this time constantly attended and frequently spoke at the meetings of the Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, and was for a short time one of the Committee of Polite Arts. It was an ambition with him to be chosen a vice president of that most respectable and useful society, but, not being elected, his dissatisfaction induced him to discontinue his attendance. He died at his father's house, in Mayfair, London, after a long and excruciating illness, arising from the stone, April 14th, 1769, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Cooper was a man of an agreeable appearance, polite address, and elegant manners; an active and useful magistrate; and a genteel and ingenious writer. He has left compositions both in prose and verse, of which the following is a catalogue:

1. The Life of Socrates, collected from the Memorabilia of Xenophon and the Dialogues of Plato, and illustrated further Aristotle, Diodorus Siculus, Cicero, Proclus, Apuleius, Maximus Tyrius, Boethius, Diogenes, Laertius, Aulus Gellius, and others. 1745.
2. The Power of Harmony, a poem, in two books.
3. Cursory Remarks on Mr. Warburton's new edition of Pope's Works, in a letter to a friend. 1751.
4. Letters on Taste. 1754.
5. The Tomb of Shakspeare, a Vision. 1755.
6. The Genius of Great Britain. 1756.
7. Epistles to the Great, from Aristippus in Retirement. 1758.
8. The Call of Aristippus, Epistle, &c. to Mark Akenside, M. D. 1758.
9. A Father's Advice to his Son.
10. Ver-Vert, or the Nunnery Parrot, an heroick poem, in two cantos, inscribed to the Abbess of D——. Translated from the French of M. Gresset.

Besides the above, he wrote several fugitive pieces; among which are essays and poems under the signature of Philaethes, in Dodsley's Museum; a few of the numbers of The

World, and a Translation of the King of Prussia's Epistle to Voltaire, which last was printed in the Annual Register for 1758.

In reviewing his Letters on Taste, a small volume which appears to contribute more peculiarly to his reputation, Dr. Johnson has drawn a picture of his powers: "Mr. Cooper's genius appears to shine more in description than in definition; he has more of imagery than of speculation; his imagination is the strongest talent of his mind; and if he have not attempted to offer any thing new on the subject of Taste, he is always so entertaining, spirited, and splendid in his diction, that the reader who is not instructed by him cannot fail of being pleased and diverted."

The Power of Harmony is the poem which demands our first attention, both on account of its earlier date of publication, and superiour pretensions to fame; but its merit is far from considerable. It is more satisfactory to read *The Design*, than the poem: It is observable that whatever is true, just, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an instantaneous pleasure to the mind, exclusive of reflection. For the Great Creator of all things, infinitely wise and good, ordained a perpetual agreement between the faculties of moral perfection, the powers of fancy, and the organs of bodily sensation, when they are free and undistempered. Hence is deducible the most comfortable as well as the most true philosophy that ever adorned the world; namely, a constant admiration of the beauty of the creation, terminating in the adoration of the First Cause, which naturally leads mankind cheerfully to cooperate with his grand design for the promotion of universal happiness.

"Hence our authour was led to draw that analogy between natural and moral beauty; since the same faculties which render us susceptible of pleasure from the perfection of the creation, and the excellence of the Arts, afford us delight in the contemplation of dignity and justice in characters and manners. For what is vir-

tue but a just regulation of our affections and appetites, to make them correspond to the peace and welfare of society? so that good and beauty are inseparable.

"From this true relish of the soul, this harmonious association of ideas, the ancient philosophers, and their disciples among the moderns, have enlivened their imaginations and writings in this amicable intercourse of adding moral epithets to natural objects, and illustrating their observations upon the conduct of life by metaphors drawn from the external scenes of the world: So we know, that by a beautiful action, a consonant behaviour, is meant the generous resignation of private advantage by some individual, to submit and adapt his single being to the whole community or some part of it. And, in like manner, when we read of a solemn grave, where horror and melancholy reign, we entertain an idea of a place that creates such thoughts in the mind, by reason of its solitary situation, want of light, or any other circumstance analogous to those dispositions, so termed in human nature."

This then is the design of the poem, To show that a constant attention to what is perfect and beautiful in nature will by degrees harmonize the soul to responsive regularity and sympathetic order.

The same feebleness of touch which is manifest in the conception and language of this sketch, prevails throughout the poem, where, however, it is still more offensive. It is a very indifferent imitation of a great original, *The Pleasures of Imagination*. Its most poetical passage occurs in the description of the influence of painting, of which it is the poet's object to show, that, in common with the other Arts, it may be made subservient to the cause of virtue or to that of vice:

Is love the object of thy glowing thoughts?  
Or dreamst thou of a bliss exceeding far  
Elysian pleasures. Wouldst thou taste again  
The heart-enslaving transports, when the  
soul,  
Big with celestial triumph, through the vales  
Of am'rous fancy led the sportive hours,  
To soft Idalian airs, whilst wanton loves

Strew'd round the roses of eternal bloom,  
And fann'd the sultry breeze with golden  
plumes?

See, where beneath a myrtle bow'r reclin'd,  
Which on the canvas casts its cooling shade,  
Encircled in each other's arms, yon beaute-  
ous pair

In dulcet dalliance lie; the rigid frown  
Of care ne'er low'rs, but ever cheerful  
smiles

Effuse, like vernal suns, their genial beams,  
To warm their mutual hearts; whilst rapt'-  
rous sighs

Sweeter than aromack winds which blow  
O'er spicy groves in intermingled gales,  
Are wafted to th' impending queen of love.

But, burns thy heart with more refin'd de-  
light?

And wouldst thou through the faithful co-  
lours view

Calm Chastity and Justice blend their  
charms

Like gleams from op'ning heav'n? Yon ra-  
diant throne

Presents great Cyrus, as the Magi fam'd  
The snowy-vested Mythras, from the east  
Descending, in effulgent rays of light,  
To guide the virtuous to th' ethereal plains  
Where joy forever dwells. Before him  
stands

A trembling captive, with dejected looks,  
As conscious of her form: upon her cheeks  
The rose of beauty fades, with paler hue  
The lily sickens, and each flow'r declines  
Its drooping head. But see! how he re-  
vives,

With unexpected hopes her tortur'd breast,  
And Joy's soft blush appears! So the blest  
wings

Of western zephyrs, o'er the Arabian coast  
Sprinkle their heavenly dew; the wither'd  
Plants

Incline their sun-parch'd bosoms to imbibe  
The renovating moisture, till anon  
The pristine bloom, through vegetative pores  
Returning, smiles in ev'ry flow'ry vale,  
And decks the neighb'ring hills with ver-  
dant pride.

In this passage, besides a general  
langour, in spite of the ornamental  
diction, we may observe the unclassi-  
cal expression of *WESTERN zephyrs*,  
and the poverty of invention which  
suffers a repetition of the same simile  
within so short a number of lines. But  
to do the utmost justice to the authour,  
let us make an extract from his se-  
cond book:

The fields and woods, and silver-winding  
streams,

Ye lilied vallies and resounding rocks,  
Where faithful echo dwells; ye mansions  
blest

Where Nature reigns throughout the wide  
expanse,

In majesty serene of op'ning heav'n;  
Or, humbler seated, in the blushing rose;  
The virgin vi'let, or the creeping moss,  
Or winding round the mouldering ruin's top,  
With no unpleasing horror sits array'd,  
In venerable ivy: hail, thrice hail,  
Ye solitary seats! where wisdom seeks  
Beauty and good, th' inseparable pair,  
Sweet offspring of the sky, those emblems  
fair

Of the Celestial Cause, whose tuneful word  
From discord and from chaos rais'd this  
globe,

And all the wide effulgence of the day.

From Him begins this beam of gay delight,  
When aught harmonious strikes th' attentive  
mind;

In Him shall end: for He attun'd the frame  
Of passive organs with internal sense,  
To feel an instantaneous glow of joy,  
When Beauty, from her native seat of  
heav'n,

Cloth'd in ethereal mildness, on our plains  
Descends, e'er Reason, with her tardy eye,  
Can view the form divine; and through the  
world

The heav'nly boon to every being flows.

Why, when the genial Spring, with chap-  
let's crown'd,

Of daisies, pinks, and vi'lets wakes the  
Morn

With placid whispers, do the turtles coo,  
And call their consorts from the neighb'-  
ring groves

With softer musick? Why exalts the lark  
His matin warbling with redoubled lays?  
Why stands th' admiring herds with joyful  
gaze

Facing the dawn of day, or frisking bound  
O'er the soft surface of the verdant meads  
With unaccustom'd transport? 'Tis the ray  
Of beauty, beaming its benignant warmth  
Through all the brute creation! hence arise  
Spontaneous off'rings of unfeigned love  
In silent praises. And shall man alone,  
Shall man with blind ingratitude neglect  
His Maker's bounty? Shall the lap of Sloth  
With soft insensibility, compose  
His useless soul, whilst unregarded blooms  
The renovated lustre of the world?

See! how eternal Hebe onward leads  
The blushing Morn, and o'er the smiling  
globe,

With Flora join'd, flies gladsome to the  
bow'r:

Where, with the Graces, and Italian Loves,  
Her sister, Beauty, dwells. The glades ex-  
pand

The blossom'd fragrance of their new-blown  
pride

With gay profusion; and the flow'ry lawns  
Breathe forth ambrosial odours; whilst, be-  
hind,

The Muse, in never-dying hymns of praise  
Pursues the triumph, and responsive airs.  
Symphonious, warble through the vocal  
groves,  
Till playful Echo, in each hill and dale  
Joins the glad chorus, and improves the lay.

It were endless to point out all the defects observable in these verses; and yet, upon the whole, they possess a share of beauty. *CELESTIAL Cause*, is not very happy; but, *eternal Hebe*, resembling Milton's *universal Pan*, is a pleasing image. The whole passage displays no great portion of taste. Groves, lays, echo, flowers, warble, warbling, and all the words that have a hold upon the fancy, are heaped together. We have *Echo* and the *Morn* twice over. *Blushing morn*, *brute creation*, are tamely employed; and *beauty clothed in ethereal mildness*, and *pursue the triumph*, are mean and injudicious transcriptions. In concluding the second paragraph, the poet draws an inference truly common place, when his argument requires, and his examples inculcate, a valuable and less obvious truth. He means, or ought to mean, that if the sight of physical beauty fill the brutes with emotion, if it in reality ennoble their character, it is reasonable to suppose it capable of producing similar and more than equal effects upon man.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

We are not too partial to sonnets. Of Milton's we relish but few, and more than one third of Petrarch's are more tiresome to us than an August afternoon. Even Bowles himself is sometimes drawling, and as for Capel Loft his sonnets are satires upon the muse. In this walk of poetical composition, however mazy and difficult in the opinion of some, or dull and sterile in the estimation of others, there occasionally appears a brilliant flower, like the rose of Damascus. A better proof can scarcely be found than in the following, which we have culled from the garden of Charlotte Smith.

If on some balmy breathing night of spring,  
The happy child, to whom the world is new,

Pursues the evening moth with mealy wing,  
Or from the heath flower beats the sparkling dew,  
He sees before his *inexperienced* eyes  
The brilliant glow worm, like a meteor shine  
On the turf bank; amazed and pleased, he cries,  
"Star of the dewy grass I make thee mine!"  
Then ere he sleeps, collects the moistened flower,  
And bids soft leaves his glittering prize unfold,  
And dreams that *fairy lamps* illumine his bow-  
er,  
Yet, with the morning, *shudders* to behold  
His lucid treasure *rayless as the dust*.  
So turn the world's bright joys to cold and blank disgust.

### HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(Continued from page 37.)

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

ARCH. TILLOTSON.

The being distinguished by the title of a Man of the World, differs very much from a truly wise man. The first has a general extensive knowledge, it is true; but the acquirement is but a dangerous experience, since he selects only, from the observations that he makes, a poison which he spreads among his fellow-creatures wherever he goes, and of which he sips largely himself whenever he presents the cup to others. Such a man, to obtain the advantages of fortune, abandons every noble sentiment of his youth, and treats as romantick every pure principle of virtue; like the intriguing Statesman, he studies all the maxims of crooked policy, and maintains that it is necessary to his success in life, that he should cheat and deceive his neighbours; the arts of flattery, hypocrisy, and dissimulation, constitute his stock in trade; and he builds his future hopes in proportion to the extent of his capital.

The experience of a truly wise man, on the other hand, is a talisman.

or magick ring, which preserves him from the enchantments of Errour and Temptation, but is never used to impose upon others: he is "wise as a serpent, and harmless as a dove."

Were it easy to detect the man of the world, his power of doing mischief would be at an end; but, as he constantly wears the vizor best suited to his purpose, he still passes in the crowd, with other dominos, in the great masquerade of life.

It is, indeed, extremely difficult to discover the true sentiments and character of a man of the world: the lines of his face, blended and moulded to every circumstance and occasion, placid under vexation, and wearing even a smile under contempt or reproach, disturb the rules of physiognomy; modest, complacent, apparently ingenuous, and unstudied in every thing; flattering with the language of sincerity, and deceiving with all the eloquence of truth.

How much more difficult it is to guard against the insidious views of the man of the world, when we meet him possessed of the advantage of figure, education, and of all the agreeable accomplishments of a gentleman! Such a man is a first-rate actor in life; he is well acquainted with the stage, and makes his appearance accordingly; he studies the part; he even dresses for the scene, and is an adept at what is called *by-play*; he needs no prompter, but makes his *debut* with confidence of success: but he always appears to play second to the man he would deceive; he approaches him with courtesy; he listens to him with polite attention: he submits to his judgment with deference; and, conscious of his own powers, flatters, proposes, suggests, and flatters again and again, till he gains his point: Such a man misses no opportunity that he thinks he can improve; he turns the most trifling incident to advantage, and is constantly upon the look-out for something that may tend to his particular interest; he views every man as valuable to him, and the moment he is introduced to a stranger, makes it his whole study to consider

how he may *make use* of him; he never quarrels with any one, because he says they may be wanted some day or other; and is always ready and willing, as it is vulgarly said, to hold a candle to the devil, or if a candle will not do, to hold a flambeau.

Mr. Plausible was a man of the most winning address, of a handsome figure, easy manners, a great deal of wit, and a thorough knowledge of life; but he was dissipated, extravagant, fond of play, and a courtier. Happening to pay a visit one morning to my friend Mr. Plausible, I was shown into his study; when, taking up an old masquerade ticket, I accidentally observed my own name among some memorandums on the back of it; which naturally enough excited my curiosity to read the contents: they were as follow, and pretty well express the sentiments of a man of the world:

*Mem.—My Wife*—keep her in the country—a bit of a scold.

*Mem.—My Grandmother*—5 per cent. annuities—aged 87—what's the odds for next winter?

*Mem.—Mr. Deputy Mushroom*—gives good dinners—at five precisely.

*Mem.—Jack Ready*—merchant—good natured fellow—do occasionally to discount a bill, or borrow cash—call pretty often.

*Mem.—Bill Greenhorn*—has a cottage near town—do in summer—good cake house.

*Mem.—The authour of the Essays*—get orders—Mrs. Plausible loves a play—amuses wife and children.

*Mem.—Bob Useful*—a good-natured fellow—rather soft—a good errand-boy.

*Mem.—Mr. Broadcloth*—the tailor—gives long credit—shall employ him—good bail upon an occasion.

*Mem.—Peter Punster*—ask him to dinner with the next party.

*Mem.—Bob Chorus*—sings a good song—will do when he's wanted.

*Mem.—Sam Quibble*—a lawyer—as little to do with him as possible.

*Mem.—Abram Spintext*—the parson—likes good living—not much use to any body.

*Mem.*—*Peter Gallipot*—employ him as seldom as possible, and always throw away his physick.

I had scarcely finished these entertaining and liberal memorandums, when the man of the world entered, as I was putting the card out of my hand: he did not appear at all confused at what he beheld, but very kindly relieved me from my embarrassment by taking up the tablet of *Mems.* that now lay on the table, and, putting it into my hand, "There," cried he, "look at this, 'twill amuse ye infinitely; you see I'm a bit of an authour; most of them family likenesses. My dear fellow, what would I give for your talents, that I might distinguish and honour the good, and ridicule and satirise the bad. I think you could write a most excellent lampoon. I venerate a man of letters. Will you dine with us?" This torrent of flattery and falsehood almost overcame me; and it was with some difficulty that I rose up to take my leave; which I managed to do, but not without the following reproof on my lips: "Sir, we are placed here, children of the same parent, tenants of the same soil, united by the same principles of society. Let our lot be cast where it may, high or low, rich or poor, we have certain duties to exercise and fulfil in life, which should be perfectly reciprocal. Nature and Reason enforce this reciprocity for the benefit of all; and it is only the bad man who attempts to make an undue or unfair use of the property of others, be it in talents or riches: the man who only makes use of his neighbour for his own advantage, convenience, or pleasure, is no better than a pickpocket, who amuses you in conversation while he steals your purse. You are at liberty, Sir, (continued I) to make use of these observations when and where you please."—"That I will, my dear fellow, (replied Mr. Plausible, with an audacious smile) the very first opportunity. Good morning, my dear Scribble; upon my soul I'm much obliged to you."

Such was the character of Mr. Plausible; and it will not, perhaps, be

amiss to point out in this place, for the service of the inexperienced, the best means of guarding against the specious appearances and pretensions of a man so well qualified to deceive.

The only safe rule by which we may detect the impostor is, to appreciate his moral and religious character; not as he represents it himself, nor even as he is represented by others; but to watch carefully the tenor of his conduct, his every-day appearance, when he throws down the mask in moments of inadvertence, pride or passion; these accidental surprises will sometimes betray him, and lay open the true sentiments of his heart. Thus much is certain, that if no moral principles or precepts of religion direct his conduct to his neighbours, he is dangerous to society, and in no wise to be trusted.

Sir Roger L'Estrange observes, that there never was a hypocrite so disguised, but he had some mark or other yet to be known by: but it is not easy to discover the heart of a man who has power to suppress every feeling, and govern every passion.

Let, however, the accomplished hypocrite have the full powers of fascination, we have one sure method of avoiding the danger of his conversation; and that is, in all our dealings to separate the man, his manners, his talents, his persuasion, entirely from the argument, and consider the facts simply as they are, without reference to any thing incidental. Strip his discourse of the dress that it wears, and truth will come forward in an unquestionable shape.

Let us now take a view of the condition of the man of the world, and we shall find him in a state of the most wretched uneasiness, labouring under the painful task of continued restraint and caution, and subjected to repeated apprehensions and fears from the badness of his title to respect and esteem. If his expedients fail he is without consolation; if his true character be discovered, he is without a friend.

How different is the situation of the man of integrity! honest and sincere in his views and intentions, his countenance is the index of his heart, and his language a declaration of its dictates: he knows that truth has the strongest claims to regard, and trusts, for support, to the justness of his cause: such a man seldom suffers from the want of success, because he seldom raises his expectations, to undue heights. But, as he is unambitious, is seldom disappointed: ingenuous, and unreserved, he readily associates with his fellow-creatures without interested designs; and, like the good man described by the psalmist, performs his promise though to his loss. This man doubts not, hesitates not, what he ought to do: convinced that honesty is the best policy, he comes forward in open day-light; and, let him meet what obstacles he may, ultimately gains the victory over fraud and imposition; enjoying in this world the blessing of a self-approving heart, and looking forward with humble confidence to a better.

(To be continued)

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIED with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy!

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Lady Montague relates, in her sprightly manner, one mode of passing her time in the decline of life. The result of her literary labour, we believe, is almost unprecedented. To write historical pages, to be conscious that they were composed elegantly and accurately, and then to throw them habitually into the fire, is what the self-complacency of an authour would rarely permit.

You will confess my employment much more trifling than yours, when I own to you that my chief amusement is writing the history of my own time: It has been my fortune to have

a more exact knowledge both of the persons and facts that have made the greatest figure in England in this age, than is common; and I take pleasure in putting together what I know, with an impartiality that is altogether unusual: distance of time and place has totally blotted from my mind all traces either of resentment or prejudice: and I speak with the same indifference of the Court of Great Britain as I should do of that of Augustus Cæsar. I hope you have not so ill opinion of me to think I am turning authour in my old age. I can assure you I regularly burn every quire, as soon as it is finished, and mean nothing more than to divert my solitary hours. I know mankind too well to think they are capable of receiving truth, much less of applauding it; or, were it otherwise, applause to me is as insignificant as garlands on the dead.

### WOMAN.

The bashful lover sues in vain  
The favours of the fair to gain;  
He, that would feast upon the bliss  
Of his mistress' honied kiss,  
Must dare to hope, and cease to languish  
With dull despair, the nurse of anguish;  
Must bid adieu to bashfulness  
And boldly learn his suit to press;  
And if in vain his oft-urg'd pray'r  
Impetuous clasp the struggling fair,  
And gently force the joy denied,—  
Nor think that she will ever chide.  
For oh! how soft is woman framed!  
How soon with Love's fierce fires enflamed!

She flies, yet flying hopes the swain  
Quickly her footsteps will detain!  
Denies, yet hopes while she denies  
That he will boldly snatch the prize;  
Struggles, yet struggling lets him see  
She hopes to lose the victory.

### TO LOVE.

Scarce can the sweets of love repay,  
Though gathered in their freshest bloom,  
His toil, who sighs the live-long day  
Nor ceases with the midnight gloom.

And though more pleasing after pain  
The long-expected bliss may be,  
No wish have I, O Love, to gain  
Such hardly-earn'd felicity.

Let others in delay find charms—

But may the nymph, whose chains I wear,  
After short service bless my arms,  
Nor doom me to a length of prayer.

And if with am'rous toil oppress'd—

Our glutt'd appetites shall cloy,  
To give our loves a higher zest  
Not in fierce storms we'll seek alloy;

But with feign'd coyness, sweet disdain,  
And playful wars we'll mix our blisses,  
And then unite our hearts again  
In a long truce of melting kisses.

—

Dr. JOHNSON has been blamed by all the snivelling retainers of the *faction*, for the spirit of the ensuing observations on the character of certain of the British Princes. No matter. To be blamed by the weak and malevolent, and hypocritical, is the highest praise. We subscribe fully to the truth of the following opinions, which are not less justly than forcibly expressed.

Charles II was licentious in his practice; but he always had a *reverence for what was good*. Charles II knew his people and rewarded merit. The Church was at no time better filled than in his reign. He was the best King we have had from his time till the reign of his present Majesty, except James II, who was a *very good King*, but unhappily believed that it was necessary for the salvation of his subjects that they should be Roman Catholics. He had the merit of endeavouring to do what he thought was for the salvation of his subjects, till he lost a great empire. We, who thought that we should not be saved, if we were Roman Catholics, had the merit of maintaining our religion at the expense of submitting ourselves to the government of King William, to the government of one of the most worthless scoundrels that ever existed. No, Charles II was not such a man as George I. He did not destroy his father's will. He did not betray those over whom he ruled. He did not let the French fleet pass ours. George I knew nothing, and desired to know nothing; did nothing and desired to do nothing; and the only good thing that is told of him is that "he wished to restore the crown to its hereditary successor."

He then roared with prodigious violence against George II.

### TO IOLA.

Oh! let us love, my charming fair,  
Oh, let us love! time hastes away—  
Less swift the dart through liquid air  
To pierce the panther cleaves its way.

Too soon, alas! that bloom will fade!  
Soon droops the rose of youth and dies!  
Soon will rude age those charms invade  
And dim the lustre of those eyes!

Lovely at eve the sun declines,  
While streaks of gold his vest adorn;  
Yet lovelier in the East he shines,  
With brighter radiance hails the morn:

The wintry storms' resistless power  
Of spring's gay verdure robs the trees,  
But soon returns the vernal hour,  
And mid fresh foliage strays the breeze:

Not so returns our youthful bloom;  
Beauty ne'er greets a second May;  
Nor e'er to Death's cold cheerless gloom  
Succeeds the blissful warmth of day.

Below in Pluto's dreary reign,  
Oblivion quenches Love's bright fires;  
And wanton Cupid's smiling train  
From Stygian caverns far retires.

Oh! then while storms are far away;  
Or e'er 'tis nipp'd by wintry sleets,  
Oh! let us pluck, while yet we may,  
The rose of love, and taste its sweets.

While Cupid's gentle wars we wage,  
Our hearts with mutual warmth shall glow,  
We'll scorn the tales of babbling Age,  
That envies joys it cannot know.

Oh! let us love, my charming fair,  
Oh, let us love! time hastes away—  
Less swift the dart through liquid air  
To pierce the panther cleaves its way.

—

The editors of the London Monthly Magazine, a work conducted in general upon principles opposed to those of a loyal university, thus speak of the Oxford Review: "The plan of the new Oxford Review is so far matured that its appearance was announced for the first of January last. At a time when Reviews have become the mere engines of personal calumny, and the ordinary vehicles for the most impudent libels, we cannot too emphatically congratulate the literary world on the publication of a new Cri-

tical Journal, which from *its locality* must be distinguished by independence, good manners, integrity, and sound learning. In justification of our eulogy on this Journal, we shall cite the sketch of its plan, as published by those concerned in its management. It will be orthodox and loyal.

The contents of the first number will best bespeak the *variety*, the *completeness*, the *novelty*, and the *promptitude* which it is intended shall supereminently characterize this new critical Journal.

#### Contents of No. I.

**Theology.** Van Mildert's Boleian Lectures; Vaughan's Address; Chateaubriand's Demonstration; Cambridge's Charge; Burgess's Posthumous Sermons; Proud's Unitarian Doctrine refuted; Cox's Address to Dissenters.

**Jurisprudence.** Lawes on Civil Actions; Abridgment of Nisi Prius; Plowden's Law of Tythings.

**Medicine.** Willan on Vaccine Inoculation; Arnold on Insanity.

**Philology.** Salmon's Evenings at Southill. **Biography.** Life of Washington; Memoirs of Hutchinson; Napoleon and the French People.

**Archæology.** The Archæologia, Vol. XV. **Voyages and Travels.** Helm's Travels.

**Trade and Commerce.** Young's West-India Common Place Book.

**The Drama.** The Vindictive Man; Diamond's Adrian and Orrila; Hook's Tekeli.

**Novels and Romances.** Lewis's Feudal Tyrants; Armstrong's Anglo-Saxons.

**Poetry.** Scott's Ballads; Herbert's Miscellaneous Poetry.

**Political Economy.** Jarrold's Dissertations on Man.

**Rural Economy.** Loudon's Treatise on Country Residences, &c.

**Miscellanies.** Maddocks's Letter; Waddington's Letter to Tierney; Styles's Essay on the Stage; The Farmer's Account Book; Coad's Plan of Taxation.

#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

**Turkey.** Ahmed Vassiff Effendi on the Monuments and Truths of Historical Memoirs.

**Spain.** Curso di Quimaca general applicada a las Artes.

**Germany.** Statistischen Umriß der Sämmtlichen Europäischen Staaten.

**Holland.** Verhandeling over den Inloed, &c.; Bibliotheca Critica.

**France.** Lettres inédites de Mirabeau; Histoire des Guerres des Gaulois et des François en Italie; Lettres sur le Valais, &c.; La Columbe Messagère; Tableau

Synoptique des Minéraux; Des Rapports de la Médecine avec la Politique; Voyage en Italie et en Sicile, &c.

#### THE POST CAPTAIN.

When Steerwell heard the first impart  
Our brave commander's story,  
With ardent zeal his youthful heart  
Swell'd high for naval glory,  
Resolv'd to gain a valiant name,  
For bold adventures eager,  
When first a little cabin boy, on board the  
Fame,  
He would hold on the jigger,  
When ten jolly tars, with musical Joe,  
Hove the anchor a-peak, singing, yeo! heave,  
yeo! yeo!

To hand top-gallant sails next he learn'd  
With quickness, care, and spirit,  
Whose generous master then discern'd,  
And priz'd his dawning merit.  
He taught him soon to reef and steer,  
When storms convuls'd the ocean:  
Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,  
Which mark'd him for promotion.

As none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,  
When he gave the command, Hard a port!  
helm a lee!

Luff, boy, luff! keep her near!  
Clear the buoy, make the pier!  
None to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,  
When he gave the command in the port, or  
at sea! Hard a port! helm a lee!

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,  
The foe he oft defeated;  
And now, with fame and fortune crown'd,  
Post Captain he is rated.

Who, should our injur'd country bleed,  
Still bravely would defend her;  
Now blest with peace, if beauty plead,  
He'll prove his heart as tender.

Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,  
To poor and wealthy, friend or foe;  
Wounded tars share his wealth—  
All the fleet drink his health—

Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they will go,  
Which always are ready compassion to show  
To a brave conquered foe.

Homer, as dressed out by Madame Dacier, has more of the Frenchman in his appearance than of the old Grecian. His beard is close shaved, his hair is powdered, and there is even a little *rouge* on his cheek. To speak more intelligibly, his simple and nervous diction is often wire-drawn into a feeble and flashy paraphrase, and his imagery as well as harmony sometimes annihilated by abbreviation: nay to make him the more modish.

good lady is at pains to patch up his style with unnecessary phrases, and flourishes in the French taste, which have just such an effect in a translation of Homer as a bag-wig and snuff-box would have in a picture of Achilles.

A celebrated French translator of Demosthenes makes the orator address his countrymen not with the manly simplicity of *Ye men of Athens*, but by the Gothick title of *Gentlemen*, which is as real burlesque and almost as great an anachronism as that passage of Prior, where *Protagenes's* maid invites *Aphelles* to drink tea.

#### MERRIMENT.

A gentleman, who was well known to be fond of his bottle or two, said, one day, after having drank pretty freely, "the wine is very thick."—"No, no," said a friend, "it is *you* are too thick with the wine."

As a pressgang, during last winter, were patrolling round Smithfield, they laid hold of a man tolerably well dressed, who pleaded that being a gentleman, he was not liable to be impressed. "Haul him along!" cried one of the tars, "he is the very man we want. We press a great many blackguards, and we are much at a loss for some one to teach them good manners."

A certain smatterer in letters being one day at a coffee-house, took it into his head to abuse all the modern literati, observing, that there was very little wit, humour, or learning, in the present age. Some time after, Dr. Hays came into the room, when a gentleman told him how his neighbour had been abusing the *moderns*. "I have not the least doubt but he would have likewise abused the *ancients*," said he, "had he known their names."

A facetious canon of Windsor taking his evening's walk, as usual, into the town, met one of his vicars at the castle gate, returning home rather

elevated by a glass too much of his neighbour's port. "So, sir, whence came you?" said the canon. "Why," said the vicar, "I have indeed been *spinning* it out with my friend." "Aye," returned the canon; "and now you are *reeling* it home, I see."

A nobleman, coming down in the summer to his country-seat, was talking familiarly with his butler: "And how have you been," said he, "since we left you?" "Why, my lord," replied he, "I have been pretty well lately; but, for near two months in the winter, I had a very dreadful ague at your lordship's service."

An Irishman having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeating the method, and holding the purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it, and ran away. "Now, my dear joy," said the Irishman, "what a fool you make of yourself! What use will it be to you, as you dont know how it is to be dressed?"

A poor labourer, having been obliged to undergo the operation of having his leg cut off, was charged sixteen-pence by the sexton for burying it. The poor fellow applied to the rector for redress, who told him, he could not relieve him at that time; but that he should certainly consider it in his fees, when the rest of his body came to be buried.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are perfectly well pleased with the politicks of S—c. His scope is utility, his reasoning candid and his objects generous, liberal and manly. The plan he has adopted will unquestionably terminate in the publick weal. In pursuing so laudable a design, the sole means he employs are those of argument and persuasion, the only lawful means TO ROUSE AN INDOLENT, TO INFORM A DECEIVED, TO RECLAIM A CORRUPT, OR TO RECONCILE A DIVIDED PEOPLE.

Any information will be gratefully received, respecting the authour of the

*American* versions from Anacreon, recently published in this paper.

We have often been so fortunate by obtaining, in this manner, for *ourselves*, curious books or pamphlets that we are confident we shall not be less successful, in thus soliciting literary aid for *others*. A liberal scholar, on the front list of our friends, who is dedicating his talents, a portion of his time, and all his zeal to the advancement of eloquence, in this country, is anxious to obtain the pleadings and speeches in the famous Ely and Anglesey causes. The gentlemen of the Bar, who are never tardy to oblige the Editor, will gratify him, and benefit his friend, by imparting the desired information.

Gentlemen, who are careful to preserve political papers and pamphlets, will confer an obligation on the Editor, by indicating or addressing to him such of the speeches of the late Earl of Sandwich as are copiously reported, together with the Younger Lyttleton's famous speech on the Quebec bill. This, it is believed, is extremely scarce, though the editor well remembers to have read it with vast delight many years ago. It is a quarto pamphlet, and we found it, by a sort of miracle, in the state of New-Hampshire! This accomplished nobleman, of *hereditary abilities*, delivered, with his wonted grace and energy, several speeches on the affairs of Ireland and America. In the decline of life, and, indeed, only two days before his death, Lord Lyttleton, though his body was afflicted and his mind depressed by one of the most excruciating maladies, that overpower the fortitude of man, pronounced in full Parliament one of the most brilliant, energetick, animated, and argumentative orations, that was ever hearkened to, with conviction and delight, in any deliberative assembly. All these speeches it is extremely desirable to obtain, as speedily as possible; and we anticipate that we shall be successful in the pursuit of them, by the aid of the literary virtuoso, the remembering politician, or the curious collector.

From a gentleman not a thousand miles from Boston, we were promised many moons ago, with communications for this paper. As we are fully conscious of the vigour of the bow, we hope the *archer* will take his *effectual aim* speedily.

Our correspondent "N," of the South, is thanked most cordially for the highly interesting and elegant letter from Dr. Beattie. This valuable *original* we shall be very careful to preserve in The Port Folio. Nothing can be more correct than the sentiments, nothing more curious than the character, and nothing more pure and perspicuous than the style.

Our new correspondent, whose initial is P, and who, in our third speculation, had the post of honour assigned him, is thanked for his proffer, and solicited to proceed. We were particularly pleased with his remarks on a Swiss visionary, and on the *supposed* warfare between Love and Literature.

Hours of Leisure are very agreeable hours to the lovers of GOLDSMITH.

"J. S." and "K. T." fight like literary gladiators. With them every sentence is "either to ward, or to strike." Our *arena* is open to them, and the publick must adjust the merits of the controversy. No preference or partiality must be felt by the editor. He must regard with an equal eye Mendoza and Humphries, Big Ben or the Chicken.

A war song by an Indian poet and warrior, published in No. 3, together with an Address to an aged Beechen Tree, are derived from a collection of poems just published by Mr. Crosswell at Hudson in the state of New-York. The authour is the late Mr. William Lake, a native of Pennsylvania, who died at the early age of eighteen. Many of the articles in the poetical legacy he has bequeathed us are proofs of his genius and sensibility. We shall from time to time make further extracts from the posthumous writings of

"This youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

The Jubilee Ode for the 13th of May contains some striking images of sylvan life, and some faithful pictures of Indian manners. Like most dithyrambicks, it is sometimes too abrupt, and sometimes obscure.

The authour of the Pains of Memory, and of many minor poems, which have already appeared, or which shall appear in this Journal, is respectfully thanked for his confidence in the editor, who thinks favourably of the Muse of memory. The best poem that the late Mr. Merry ever published, was unquestionably that of a similar title to our correspondent's. But although a foreigner has preoccupied the ground, he does not exclusively maintain it, and Talent and Industry still find new spots for cultivation and improvement, for ornament and use.

From the caterers of SALMAGUNDI we have the promise of some choice viands for our ordinary. We shall be careful to serve them up punctually to the literary epicure, and we expect to have our reward in hearing each guest at the banquet exclaim "This Oldschool *now* gives us no mock Turtle on Saturdays."

"Y" has nicely adjusted the claims of criticism; but a royal Academician and admirable poet, as well as a most accomplished painter, has unfolded the whole doctrine :

Give me the critick bred in *Nature's* school,  
Who neither talks by rote, nor thinks by rule;  
Who Feeling's honest dictates still obeys,  
And dares, without a precedent, to praise;  
Whose hardy taste the bigot crowd disclaims,  
That chorus catalogues, and worshipnames;  
Unbiass'd still, to Merit fondly turns,  
Regardless *where* the FLAME of GENIUS  
burns,

Whether through Time's long gloom transmitted bright,  
Or pours a later lustre on the sight,  
From Rome's proud dome it darts a beam divine  
Or bursts spontaneous from a Cornish mine.

"Annius" is invited to write with frequency. The ladies are of opinion that his verses are soft, melodious, and pleasing, and the Editor, on this occasion, is not disposed to dissent from the ladies.

The slattern style of "Phebe" induces us to believe that she is a sister to

Corinna, pride of Drurylane,  
*For whom no shepherd sighs in vain.*

The translation of a letter, written in the Italian language, and addressed to the celebrated Alfieri, who is described very favourably by Henry Mackenzie, will interest all who are partial to the genius of the first tragic writer of his country. Among our friends several read Italian with fluency and ease. We should be happy to obtain from B. in particular, a biographical memoir of this dramatic writer.

The authour of the elegant and instructive article of criticism published in this day's paper, in which certain productions of the late J. G. Cooper, Esq. are minutely analysed, is an English gentleman of good taste and various literature, to whom we have often been indebted for ingenious speculations. Our occasional violation of the laws of rigid method, and periodical punctuality in bringing forward his essays, is not voluntary, but is occasioned by the very nature of a work like *The Port Folio*. We have various claims of precedence to settle and numerous claimants to satisfy. Our foreign correspondent however may be assured, that however the publication of his works may be delayed, we always peruse them with pleasure, and whether he directs his attention to the Muses of the east or the west, whether he gives his days to politicks or his nights to sonnets and songs, we shall always accompany him with cheerfulness in his literary excursions.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, August 1, 1807.

[No. 5.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### EDUCATION.

With the most salutary effects, the Principal of the Philadelphia Academy annually pronounces a classical exhortation, which is highly honourable to himself, and signally serviceable to others. As in the plan and objects of this institution there is nothing narrow or local, and as the topicks of Knowledge and Piety, on which this judicious Instructor insists, are accommodated to all places and to all times, we have remarked, in former years, that his liberal sentiments and wholesome advice have been, by various editors in different parts of the country, thought worthy of a wide and general dissemination. The following elegant, instructive, and animated charge, the most elaborate of say with which we have been favoured, will convince every reader of taste and sensibility that the cause of sound learning and pure morals is much indebted to the indefatigable exertions of Dr. ABERCROMBIE; and we doubt not that an article of so much importance, both to parents and pupils, will gain that currency and celebrity to which moral and intellectual worth is always entitled.

#### A CHARGE

Delivered after a Publick Examination, on Thursday, July 30, 1807, to the Senior Class of the Philadelphia Academy: upon their having completed the Course of Study prescribed by that Institution. By JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D. one of the Assistant Ministers of Christ

Church and St. Peter's, and Director of the Academy.

*Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam  
Multa tulit fecitque puer.*

HOR.

*Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter artes  
Emolliſt mores nec ſinit eſſe feros.*

OV. EP. 9, LIB. 2.

#### YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

The rapid, though silent, current of time, which hath hitherto borne you on its placid bosom, free from care, and apprehension of danger, is now about to commit you to the wide extended, perilous, and turbulent ocean of the world; where you will assuredly be sometimes assailed by tempests, and sometimes lulled into security by treacherous calms, while, surrounded on all sides by rocks, and shoals, you will be perpetually exposed to difficulty, to danger, and alarm. Before, therefore, the tie which hath so long connected you with me, as your instructor and guide, is loosened; and you lanch into this boisterous, this hazardous profound, receive my parting benediction, and with it, a few cautionary precepts, inspired by an affectionate solicitude for your welfare, and an ardent desire that you should accomplish the voyage of Human Life, with safety, with reputation, and consequently with merited reward.

Though you are just going to embark on a wide and untried expanse, you embark under happier auspices, and are provided with more solid and substantial aid, than the generality of young adventurers, who are committed to the same ocean, though they enter it by different channels.

The principles of *Religion* which have here been inculcated, will, if cherished, inspire you with fortitude to encounter difficulty, and with resignation to sustain disaster: while the rudiments of *Science* which you have also here acquired, will enable you to direct your course with considerable skill; and thus by rendering yourselves not only conspicuous for your attainments, but thereby singularly useful to others, you will naturally command that attention, respect, and esteem, which will ultimately lead to wealth, to honour, and to happiness.

I will not, however, any longer amuse your imaginations with metaphor; but, with an earnestness and gravity suited to the dignity of the subject, and the importance of the occasion, suggest to you a few sentiments which result from experience, and an attentive observation of men and manners.

In former addresses of this nature, I have either descanted upon and recommended the cultivation and expansion of that system of English education, which is peculiar to this Seminary, or, I have pointed out to your predecessors the path of moral and religious conduct which they ought to pursue.

As those addresses have been published, and probably have been perused by you, I shall in the present, in order to give variety to the form, chiefly confine myself to the recommendation of those branches of English literature which should most particularly engage your attention upon leaving this Institution; and also to the no less important subject of manners or external deportment.

The elementary principles of a complete English education, which you have here acquired, form the most solid foundation for the establishment of useful and estimable character.

Though some of you may continue to pursue scholastick studies, and, in the cultivation of the languages, and the various scientifick branches of a University education, prepare yourselves for one of the learned professions, yet the majority of you will, in all probability, immediately engage in the active scenes of life, by endeavouring to make yourselves acquainted with the operations of commerce, or the exercise of those professions which admit not of studious retirement, and allow but little leisure for attention to scientifick or Belles Lettres subjects. Some portion, however, though small, will always be found, and by an inquisitive and laudably ambitious mind eagerly embraced; under which circumstances, you cannot I think more agreeably or advantageously employ those golden moments of mental indulgence than by an alternate attention to the following subjects, which the knowledge you have now obtained of *Grammar*, of the principles of correct *Composition*, of *Elocution*, *Geography*, *Natural History*, and *Logick*, has particularly qualified you readily to investigate and ardently to admire. Let it however always be remembered by you, that though the elementary principles of the branches just mentioned, are now actively alive in your minds, yet that a collision with other subjects, and a short period of inaction, will, without some care and attention, soon enfeeble and finally perhaps extinguish them. I therefore earnestly recommend it to you frequently to review the course of study you have just completed, and accustom yourselves to apply the rules and principles of the various subjects, as often as opportunities occur. Examine, for instance, every sentence which you write, and when time will permit, every one you hear or read, by the laws of *Syntax*, with respect to its government, of *Orthography* with respect to its spelling, and division of syllables, of *Etymology* with respect to its formation and of *Prosody* with regard to its accentuation, emphasis, quantity, pause, and tone; and if it be poetry, by the established laws of versification. Let every species of *composition*, every

*geographical description, every production of nature*, according to its proper classification in the kingdom to which it belongs, *every act of reasoning*, every effort of *Elocution*, be respectively brought to the test of such rules, as you have been here taught to consider the criterion of perfection in those several branches of science. In fine, consider the elementary principles you have now acquired, as the seeds of their respective sciences, sown in your minds, which, without the most vigorous attention, and assiduous cultivation, will be choaked, and rendered abortive by the various avocations of the world: the deceitfulness of its pleasures, the corrosive anxieties awakened by its disappointments, and the flattering expectations excited by its promises, all tending to stimulate the operation of the passions, and thereby to retard the progress of scientific or literary pursuits, by interrupting that composure and serenity of mind, and disturbing that leisure and retirement, which are indispensably necessary for their promotion. The first and most rational source, both of entertainment and improvement, during the hours of leisure, or relaxation from the peculiar avocations of that profession which you may be preparing yourselves to exercise, is *reading*. And of the various subjects which will offer themselves to your attention that of **HISTORY** is unquestionably the most useful, and therefore the most important. In that you see, as in a mirror, a correct delineation of the human mind, the operation of its most active principles, and the natural effects of that operation.

Hence you are taught and encouraged to improve and to imitate virtuous, and justly to detest and guard against the errors of unprincipled and vicious characters. You will be convinced of the indispensable necessity of strong and energetick *government* to restrain, and of pure and undefiled *religion* to regulate the passions of men, and to produce that real liberty which is calculated to promote and secure the peace, the prosperity and happiness, both of individuals and of

society. And the unavoidable evils and misery resulting from that romantic and licentious species of political association, which would depend upon the strength and voluntary exertion of human virtue, without those powerful checks and obligations which always have and ever will be found necessary to enforce obedience to the dictates of right reason, securely to curb the frenzy of faction, and effectually to restrain the "madness of the people."

Rollin, Millot, Hume, Robertson, Ferguson, Rapin, Smollet, and Lord Clarendon, are among the most celebrated of our historians for importance of subject, perspicuity of narration, and elegance of diction.

"It is not, however," says Plutarch, "in the most distinguished achievements that men's virtues or vices may be best discerned, but very often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, will distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest sieges or the most important battles."\* Your attention, therefore, should often be directed to *Biography*, in which the minute details of private life, and the daily occurrences and familiar conversations of individuals, more justly portray the natural operations of the human mind, and mark with clearer discrimination the diversity of the human character, than that studied regulation of conduct which is to be expected in those transactions which are recorded by the pen of the historian.

Another species of composition to which I would recommend you frequently to direct your attention, is the *Epistolary*. Letters being substitutes for conversation, ease, simplicity, and colloquial gracefulness, are in them essential characters of excellence: and the perusal of such writings promotes facility of expression and rapidity of thought. By the reading of well-written letters, you will insensibly acquire a freedom of style both in writing and conversation, which will render your communications agreeable

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\* Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

and satisfactory to yourselves, and pleasing and interesting to others.

"The writing of letters," says the celebrated Mr. Locke, "enters so much into all the occasions of life, that no gentleman can avoid showing himself in compositions of this kind. Occurrences will daily force him to make use of his pen, which lays open his breeding, his sense, and his abilities, to a severer examination than any oral discourse." The most perfect models of a correct and elegant epistolary style are those of Cicero, Pliny, the celebrated Howell, Lady Rachel Russel, of Pope, Gray, Sterne, Swift, Addison, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Mr. Cowper, and though last, not least, the attick and highly polished epistles of the late learned and accomplished Dr. Beattie. As these effusions of genius and good sense cannot fail to improve your taste, they will at the same time preserve and strengthen your morals, an assertion which cannot be applied to every production of this kind which has received the sanction of publick approbation.

*Poetry* forms a third branch of composition which will naturally claim, and ought certainly to obtain, a considerable share of your literary leisure; but here the field is so extensive, and its productions so various, that within the limits which propriety prescribes to this address, I cannot possibly descant upon the peculiar merits and defects of each species.

The *Epic Poem* constitutes the most dignified and consequently the most interesting. Such are the *Iliad* of Homer, the *Æneid* of Virgil, and the *Paradise Lost* of Milton. To which I may add a modern production of this kind, which has in no degree adequate to its merits, received the tribute of publick attention and applause. I mean the *Calvary of Cumberland*. In this finished performance, the essential properties of the epick poem are well preserved, and forcibly exemplified.

Of *Didactic Poetry*, the *Georgicks* of Virgil; Dr. Armstrong's *Art*

of *Preserving Health*; Pope's *Essay on Man*; Akenside's *Pleasures of the Imagination*; and that servid effusion of genius and science, Dr. Darwin's *Botanick Garden*, are the most conspicuous. The beautiful and interesting episodes which ornament this latter work, and of which this species of poetry is peculiarly susceptible, are introduced and supported with singular propriety and elegance.

The simplicity and delicacy of *Pastoral Poetry* has been most successfully expressed by Pope, Addison, Phillips, and Shenstone who certainly bear the palm among the writers of English Pastoral. To these may be added the *Idylls* of Gesner, who, in this region of the Muses, "soared with no middle flight," and who is justly styled the German Theocritus.

Of *Lyrick Poetry*, Dryden, Collins, Gray, and Warton, afford the most polished specimens. In the elegiack department, Hammond, Gray, Collins, Lyttleton, and Mason, are conspicuous. To these I must add, with peculiar eulogy, the pious, the sententious, the energetick Dr. Young, whose *Night Thoughts*, are in my opinion, the next best book to the Bible to be found in any language; teaching in the most pathetick and impressive strains, the great art of living, and which is of infinitely more importance, the greater art of *dying* well. In them is depicted, though with a sombre pencil, an exact view of human life; and notwithstanding the loose, unconnected assemblage of ideas may afford to the fastidious critick some ground for censure and for cavil, yet they will ever communicate the highest degree of pleasure to a mind susceptible of devotional feelings, and possessed of genuine sensibility.

Dr. Young's *Night Thoughts* are an invaluable treasure, and so long as truth and undefiled religion are held in estimation, will be the inseparable companion of the serious and refined sentimentalist, the correct moralist, and the real Christian.

Of *Descriptive* and *Allegorical Poetry*, Thomson's *Seasons*, Denham's

Cooper's Hill, Pope's Windsor Forest, Cowper's Task, Goldsmith's Deserted Village, and the Allegro and Il Penseroso of Milton, form examples inferior to none in our language.

Fontaine, Gray, Moore, and Langhorne, have given to the world the best *Poetical Fables*.

The fables as well as the vices of mankind, are the proper objects of *Satire*; and in this department, Swift, Pope, Young, Dryden, Butler, Churchill, and Gifford, lead the van.

*Essays* are a species of composition particularly adapted to short and occasional intervals of leisure. They are written upon all subjects, and can always be selected to suit the humour of the moment, whether gayety calls for amusement, contemplation for moral reflection, literary observation for criticism, or chagrin and vexation for ridicule and satire. "Thus," says Vicecinus Knox, a celebrated modern essayist, when speaking on this subject, "thus is Idleness rendered attentive, and the listless moments of leisure improved with the advantage of study, unmixed with the toil of formal application. The saunterer is deceived into employment, and the vicious, the dissipated, the busy, are insensibly allured to the indulgence of literary and philosophical contemplation."

Beattie, Knox, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Mackenzie, Hawkesworth, and Aikin, are among the best essayists in our language.

While upon this topick, I recommend certain subjects and authors to your attention, I think it also my duty to caution you against those which may prove injurious. Beware of *modern novels*. Though some of them may afford innocent and refined entertainment, they are in general "full of deadly poison," intended to insinuate into the mind, under the mask of amusement, such principles as are utterly subversive of sound government, correct morals, and true religion; and at best, are but trifling apologies for the murder of time.

In this occupation of *reading*, as well as in every species of employment, let it be your constant endeavour to observe as much *method* as possible. This wonderfully facilitates and promotes both our progress and success in any pursuit, while it cherishes a lively consciousness of the rapid flight of time. In the course of your biographical reading, you will find, that some of the greatest men, and most eminent literary characters, were strict adherents to method, in the arrangement both of their studies and avocations of business, of whom Dr. Samuel Johnson and Sir William Jones, two of the brightest literary ornaments of modern days, exhibit exemplary proof in their diaries.

Let your *amusements* be regulated by the dictates of sound reason, inspired by just sensibility of the value of time, the importance of knowledge, and the dangerous influence of relaxation in the pursuit of it. The mind cannot indeed endure uninterrupted application to serious and important subjects; it becomes fatigued by action as well as the body; and like it, must be soothed and invigorated by occasional repose. Objects, therefore, of a lighter nature, and such as tend to please the imagination and exhilarate the fancy, must be resorted to for that purpose: in doing which, the greatest danger is, that as amusements are generally calculated to operate upon the passions, they may be suffered to acquire undue influence, and divert the mind from such a degree of attention to the claims of duty, as is essentially necessary to give stability to resolution, efficacy to operation, and dignity to character. Let, therefore, all your amusements be of the most innocent and temperate kind. Avoid excessive indulgence in any pleasure, and vigilantly, firmly, guard against and reject all that may have the smallest tendency to levity or licentiousness. Remember that youth is the most favourable season for the acquisition of knowledge, for the obtrusive cares and corrosive anxieties awakened by an intercourse with society, will damp the ardour of pur-

suit, and paralyze the energies of thought.

With respect to your *External deportment* let ease, gracefulness, politeness, and affability, be carefully studied and supported by you towards all; uniformly observing towards your parents and superiours, the most affectionate and respectful demeanour; by which you will render yourselves admired and beloved. To the former your debt of gratitude can never be cancelled, even by your most active solicitude and attention. To them you are indebted for preservation, nourishment, and protection, during the helpless years of infancy, and childhood; and will ever in them find the truest friends and most disinterested counsellors: you are bound therefore to make every possible exertion for the promotion of their comfort, the gratification, nay, the anticipation, of their wishes.

To *Inferiours* let your behaviour be always mild, condescending, and amiable, that they may neither be discouraged by superciliousness, nor disgusted by austerity; and particularly endeavour by the gentleness of your manners, to conciliate the respect and attention of *servants*; always remembering, that the condition of servitude is, in its best estate, severe, and humiliating; and should therefore be alleviated as much as possible by the exercise of kindness, and all the "small sweet courtesies of life;" regulating your conduct by the golden rule of Christianity, to act towards them in the same manner, as under a change of circumstances you would wish them to observe towards you.

IN YOUR DRESS, study to avoid the extremes of foppery and slovenliness. Neatness of attire, and cleanliness of person, always designating the true gentleman, while the former are the invariable indications of a weak and frivolous mind. In all your communications, whether oral or written, OBSERVE THE MOST SCRUPULOUS AND INVIOLEABLE ATTACHMENT TO TRUTH. The propensity to embellish and exaggerate every representation, or to amuse by fictitious narrative, particu-

larly where the narrator himself is introduced, is a contemptible ebullition of vanity, which the moralist, the scholar, and the gentleman, will ever despise and avoid. "Truth," says Dr. Johnson, "is the basis of all excellence; it has an intrinsick and unalterable value, and constitutes that intellectual gold which defies destruction." "Accustom your children," said that illustrious moralist one day to his friend Mrs. Thrale, "accustom your children invariably to observe the strictest attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars: if a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; for when once, though in an apparently trivial instance, truth is violated, it is impossible to know where deviation from truth will end." Let nothing, therefore, young gentlemen, ever tempt you to swerve from it in the smallest degree.

This scrupulous adherence to truth in narration, will induce, as intimately allied to that branch of moral honesty, an equal delicacy of attention with regard to the *fulfilment of engagements*, and the *keeping of appointments*. PUNCTUALITY should be ranked by moralists among the virtues. Its observance upon all occasions, prevents the prodigal waste of that inestimable talent time, and wonderfully facilitates and promotes the execution of business in every department of life. The celebrated Melancthon, one of the wisest and most amiable men of his age, informs us, that when he made an appointment, he insisted, "not only that the hour, but that the minute should be fixed"; that the day might not run out in the idleness of suspense, or be wasted in the criminal insipidity of doing nothing. To this scrupulous regard for truth, and this strict observance of punctuality, add the most rigid and uninterrupted vigilance against indulgence in the use of profane or indecent expressions, or allusions, for, independently of the impiety and immorality attached to them, they are the most unequivocal

indications of a vulgar and depraved mind, delicacy of sentiment and purity of expression being indispensable qualifications in a *gentleman*, and the natural effusions of a correct and well informed understanding. To a mind justly impressed with a sense of the immaculate purity and transcendent greatness of the Deity, and of the imperfection and responsibility of man, nothing can be more disgusting than the use of oaths and execrations in familiar discourse. It is recorded of the Hon. Mr. Boyle, a distinguished philosopher and exemplary Christian, that he never mentioned the name of God, without a solemn pause, indicative of the most profound and reverential awe.

Another principle which I am particularly anxious to awaken and establish in you, is, *tenderness to animals*. It is a proof of a cowardly and ignoble disposition, when, from a sense of superiority, we tyrannize over inferior animals; more particularly when we exercise cruelty towards them by inflicting pain. True magnanimity and greatness of mind are shown in protecting and cherishing those who are subjected to our control. He who is possessed of sensibility of heart, without which no character can be truly amiable, will always consider that

“The poor insect which we tread upon,  
In corp’ral suff’rance feels a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“I would not,” says Mr. Cowper,  
“I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polished manners and  
fine sense

Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
That crawls at evening in the publick path,  
But he that has humanity, forewarned,  
Will turn aside and let the reptile live.”

TASK, B. 6.

Of similar excellence is the thought expressed by a late celebrated Sentimentalist, who represents a benevolent character as gently putting away and thus addressing a fly, which buzzed about and disturbed him: “Go, poor insect, why should I hurt thee,

this world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me.”—*Sterne*.

These are the dictates of genuine benevolence, and that fundamental precept of the christian religion, given to regulate our conduct towards each other, applies with equal force to animals of an inferior order.

As you value the correct formation of your character, and the acquisition of that knowledge which it will be necessary for you to obtain, in order to exercise with honour and advantage the profession you may wish to adopt, cherish I entreat you, a *spirit of subordination and patience of control*. You have now attained that period of life, and have acquired that degree of information, which will qualify you to commence the study of any profession you may have a predilection for, provided it does not require a previous knowledge of the learned languages. When therefore, you enter the counting-house, or the office of any professional character, remember that you are yet young, and must submit to be guided in order to learn how to govern. It was a spirit of pride and insubordination; a pestiferous idea of *equality*, which instigated the rebellion of the great seducer of our species; and has since, in human society, proved the bane of social and political happiness. None are better qualified to govern well, than those who have previously learned the nature of subordination, and a reluctance to comply with its peculiar duties, in those who are called upon to fulfil them, is an unequivocal indication of a weak and narrow mind, but a cheerful, assiduous, and even an anticipating performance of the wishes of those to whose care you are intrusted, will assuredly conciliate their esteem and affection, and by thus rendering yourselves useful to them, engage their *interest* on your side, which is one of the most powerful motives of operation, which exists in the human breast. As it is probable that many of you will attach yourselves to mercantile pursuits, I advise you to become *theoretical*, as well as *practical* merchants, that is, read judicious treatises upon commerce, and those subjects

which are immediately connected with it, that you may have correct and expanded views of the various branches of your profession, and not degrade, as it is too generally the case, the dignified character of a real merchant, into the merely mechanical one of a *trader*, or *pedler*, which is but another name for a merchant, without a mind.

Whatever your situation in society may be, *resolve never to be idle*, when not engaged in active pursuits, suffer not your attention to sleep, but direct the energies of your mind to intellectual improvement. "A taste for polite literature, and the works of nature and of art," says a sensible modern writer,\* "is essentially necessary to form the gentleman, and will always distinguish him more completely from the vulgar than any advantage he can derive from wealth, dress, or titles. Those external decorations without those refined manners, which proceed from a proper study of books and men, serve only to render his ignorance more conspicuous." Let no hour, therefore, pass unimproved, consider the value of the passing hours, the uncertainty of life, and the consequent importance of activity and zeal. For

"What moment's granted man without account?"

Every thing around us, and in which we are engaged, gives striking intimation of our mortality. The ordinary course of nature, both in the animal and vegetable world, loudly proclaims it. Each rising and each setting sun calls on us to prepare for a descent into, and a resurrection from the tomb.

"Each night we die,  
"Each morn are born again! each day a life!  
"And shall we kill each day? if trifling kills,  
"Sure vice must butcher! Oh! what heaps of slain  
"Cry out for vengeance!"

Night 2nd, 286.

A due degree of reflection on these points will not only render you atten-

tive to the duties attached to that state of life in which it hath pleased God to place you, but will always lead you to see and consider the value of *religion*. And here, my beloved youths, I am inclined to wish for more than mortal powers, that I might convince you of its importance, and compel you to cherish it.

The occurrences of each succeeding day, must forcibly remind you of the rapid flight of time, and of the uncertainty of human life. The dictates of reason and the assurances of divine revelation teach you that there is a future and eternal state of existence, into which you *must* enter, after the present short period of trial is finished; and that the nature and condition of that existence will be happy or miserable, according to the tenour of your conduct here: or, in the language of Holy Writ "according to the deeds done in the body." What infinite importance does this reflection give to the span of human life? and how does every other object shrink into insignificance when compared with that one thing needful—a preparation for Eternity! Surely the great, the uninterrupted business of life should be, to qualify ourselves for death and judgment. Surely the pleasures, the interests of this world are "trifles light as air,"—are nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity, when compared with those awfully interesting and inevitable events.

"One eye on Death and one full fixed on Heaven,  
Becomes a mortal and immortal man."  
Night 5th, 838.

Be not deceived, then, by the delusive calls, which will assail you on every side, but, resolutely and wisely determine to pursue that course of conduct which will recommend you to Almighty God, and induce his blessing here, and his favourable reception of you hereafter. Let not the goading impulses of *Sensuality*, the seducing smiles and flattering blandishments of *Prosperity*, or the "iron scourge and torturing hour" of *Adversity* ever induce you to forget, for a moment, or relax in the pursuit

\* Mr. Thomas Henry, F. R. S.

of your real and eternal interests, but  
 "With wisdom mark the moment as it flies,  
 "Think, what a moment is to him who dies."

And, by a frequent perusal of the precepts contained in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, by a daily intercourse with your Heavenly Father, through the medium of prayer, by a constant and regular attendance upon publick worship, and an observance of the ordinances of that Church to which you belong, endeavour to establish those habits of Piety, and that uniform correctness and solidity of conduct, which will unquestionably procure the favour both of God and Man. Avail yourselves of the privileges of the Gospel Covenant. Be Christians, not in name only, but in deed and in truth.

Accustom yourselves daily to reflect upon your past conduct, and compare it with those fixt and eternal principles of rectitude, which Reason and Religion enjoin. Remember that

"Tis greatly wise to talk with our past  
 hours,  
 "To ask them what report they bore to  
 Heaven,  
 "And how they might have borne more  
 welcome news."

*Night Thoughts, B. 1.*

Let a conviction of the omnipresence and omnipotence of the Deity be unceasingly active in your minds, and also that you are rational, and, consequently accountable beings: that your thoughts, words and actions are registered in Heaven; and, awful reflection! that the issues of *Eternity* depend upon the actions of *Time*.

With the expression of these sentiments, I offer you my most ardent wishes for your prosperity and usefulness, accompanied with that publick attestation of your diligence, while students in this Institution, to which the exercises of this day have, I trust, sufficiently substantiated your claim.

*The following is a copy of the  
 Certificate given:*

In TESTIMONY of the zeal  
 and industry with which A. B.

has pursued, and the honourable proficiency which he has attained in the studies of Grammar, Writing, Arithmetick, Composition, Elocution, Natural History, Geography, and Logick, in the Philadelphia Academy, under my tuition, of which he has given proof by a publick examination this day:

And also in testimony of my affectionate regard and sincere wishes for his future prosperity and usefulness, I have granted him these presents.

Dated at Philadelphia, the  
 thirtieth day of July, A. D.  
 1807.

JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D.  
*Director of the Philadelphia Academy.*

Each of the following young gentlemen received a certificate, viz.

JONAS BARNETT  
 CHRISTOPHER HARPER  
 THOMAS HOCKLEY  
 MICHAEL ISRAEL  
 EDWARD KING  
 WILLIAM KIRKHAM  
 JAMES LINEHAN  
 MAURICE LINEHAN  
 GEORGE RICHARDS  
 CHARLES TAWS  
 SAMUEL THOMAS  
 WILLIAM WAGER.

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*For The Port Folio.*

### CRITICISM.

JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Esq.

Mr. Cooper's reputation as a poet arises from his translation of the *Vert* of Gresset, and his original poems conceived in the spirit of that and some of the elegant poets of France. This part of his works shall form the subject of a separate paper. In concluding the present, the principal

poem that deserves our attention is his *Father's Advice to his Son*. In the *Tomb of Shakspeare*, &c. there appears nothing above mediocrity: Of two songs one is vulgar and the other vapid; but the *Father's Advice*, though the sentiments are sufficiently commonplace, deserves to stand in the highest reputation for the extraordinary sweetness of its numbers, and that tender cadence which is consistent with the design of the poem. This elegy is an imitation of the old song to Winifreda, with which Mr. Cooper brought the publick acquainted in his *Letters on Taste*:

Deep in a grove by cypress shaded,  
Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,  
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,  
Save some afflicted Muse's moan,  
A swain, tow'rd full-aged manhood wending,

Sat sorrowing at the close of day;  
At whose fond side a boy attending  
Lisp'd half his father's cares away:

The father's eyes no object wrested,  
But on the smiling prattler hung,  
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,  
These accents trembled from his tongue:

My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,

My prattling innocent, attend!  
Nor fear rebuke, nor sour displeasure!  
A father's loveliest name is friend.

Some truths, from long experience flowing,  
Worth more than royal grants receive:  
For truths are wealth of heav'n's bestowing,  
Which kings have seldom power to give.

Since from an ancient race descended,  
You boast an unattainted blood,  
By yours be their fair fame attended,  
And claim by birthright to be good.

In love for ev'ry fellow creature,  
Superiour rise above the crowd;  
What most ennobles human nature  
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

Be thine the generous heart that borrows  
From others' joys a friendly glow,  
And from each hapless neighbour's sorrows  
Throbs with a sympathetic wo.

This is the temper most endearing,  
Tho' wide proud pomp her banners spreads,  
An heav'nlier pow'r good nature bearing,  
Each part in willing thralldom leads.

Taste not from Fame's uncertain fountain  
The peace-destroying streams that flow;  
Nor from Ambition's dang'rous mountain  
Look down upon the world below:

The princely pine, on hills exalted,  
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,

By winds, long brav'd, at last assaulted,  
Is headlong whirl'd, in dust to lie.

Whilst the mild rose, more safely growing  
Low in its unaspiring vale,  
Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,  
Exchanges sweets with ev'ry gale.

Wish not for Beauty's darling features,  
Moulded by Nature's fondling pow'r;  
For fairest forms 'mong human creatures  
Shine but the pageants of an hour:

I saw the pride of all the meadow,  
At noon, a gay Narcissus blow  
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow  
Bloom'd in the silver waves below:

By noontide's heat its youth was wasted;  
The waters, as they past, complain'd;  
At eve, its glories all were wasted,  
And not one former tint remain'd.

Nor let vain Wit's deceitful glory  
Lead you from Wisdom's path astray;  
What genius lives renown'd in story  
To happiness who found the way.

In yonder mead behold that vapour  
Whose vivid beams illusive play,  
Far off, it seems a friendly taper,  
To guide the traveller on his way;

But should some hapless wretch pursuing  
Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,  
He'd find, too late his rashness rueing,  
That fatal quicksands lurk below.

In life, such bubbles nought admiring,  
Gilt with false light, and fill'd with air,  
Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,  
To Peace, in Virtue's cot, repair;

There seek the never-wasted treasure  
Which mutual love and friendship give:  
Domestick comfort, spotless pleasure,  
And bless'd and blessing you shall live.

If Heav'n with children crown your dwelling,

As mine its bounty does with you,  
In fondness fatherly excelling,  
Th' example you have felt pursue.

He paused—for, tenderly caressing  
The darling of his wounded heart,  
Looks had means only of expressing  
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now, Night her sable mantle spreading,  
Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,  
And, dank dews from her tresses shedding,  
With genial moisture bath'd the ground,

When back to city follies flying,  
Midst Custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd;  
His face, array'd in smiles, denying  
The true complexion of his mind;

For seriously around surveying  
Each character, in youth and age,  
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,  
That play'd upon this human stage,  
(Peaceful himself, and undesigning)  
He loath'd the scenes of guile and strife,

And felt each secret wish inclining  
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet, to whate'er above was fated,  
Obediently he bow'd his soul;  
For what all-bounteous Heav'n created,  
He thought Heav'n only should control.

This poem will not bear the ordeal of verbal criticism, which is what, however, every poem should. Its appeal is to the heart, and there it will always find a favourable judge. The construction of the sentences is sometimes awkward; as that beginning *Now, Night*; and there is one serious contempt of syntax:

I saw the pride of all the meadow,  
At noon, a gay Narcissus blow  
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow  
Bloom'd in the silver waves below.

The poet means, that the shadow of the *Narcissus* bloomed in the silver waves below; but he says, that it was the shadow of the *river's bank*.

From the Boston Repertory we lately copied, with applause, an extract which we thought pertinently applied to the character of the man, whose pacifick polity has involved us in disgrace, and may occasion still more dishonour. In the works of my Lord BOLINGBROKE, we have just perused the following remarks on the private and publick character of James I. We think that he is revived in America.

While he neglected the affection and sought the reverence of the publick, he lost one, and was disappointed of the other. His private and his publick character both fell into contempt. *Learning* was the part on which he valued himself. This he affected more than became a king, and *broached in such a manner as would have misbecome a schoolmaster*. His pedantry was too much even for the age in which he lived. It would be tedious to quote the part he took in the conference at Hampton Court, and in the theological wrangles between the Gomarists and the Arminians; or to attempt to prove, by some instances, what appeared in all his words and actions. Let us only observe that the ridicule which he excited was just; because *the merit of a chief governour is wisely to superintend*

*the whole and not to shine in any inferior class*; because different, and in some cases, perhaps, opposite talents, both natural and acquired, are necessary to move, and to regulate the movements of the machine of government; in short, because as a good adjutant may make a very bad general, so a very great reader and writer too may be a very ignorant chief magistrate.

This monarch, moreover, was so fond of peace, or rather so afraid of war, that he disarmed his subjects before he had provided for their security. He stopt them in the course of doing themselves justice, before he was sure of obtaining reparation for their past losses. The impressions which such a proceeding must make on the minds of a trading people, are easily felt. What protection, therefore, and much less what encouragement to trade could be expected from a prince, who began his reign by sacrificing the mercantile interests of his people to hostile nations, to the mean arts of false politics, and even to his fears. But he was always afraid where no fear was, and bore dishonourably what he might have resented safely. We are not to wonder if conduct, pusillanimous like this, soon brought the king into contempt, mingled with indignation, among a people, eagerly bent on commerce, and in whom high notions of national honour and a gallant spirit had been infused and encouraged.

When we consider the multitude of his proclamations, the nature of some, the object of others, and the style of all, we must of course conclude that he meant to cajole the nation. He was deceived. The spirit of liberty baffled all his designs. This spirit was not only alive, but vigorous and active. But the salutary exercise of this spirit, he, virtually, was always counteracting. By foolish embassies and ridiculous negotiations, he gave time and furnished advantages to his enemies. In short, not only the principles of his conduct were wrong, but the measures of his government composed such a series of blunders as we seldom find in history.

## ELOQUENCE.

*For The Port Folio.*

Oration on the character of General Hamilton, delivered by Mr. Benjamin J. Bostock, at the late commencement in the University of Pennsylvania.

*The Oration is here given as originally written, a few alterations were made in the delivery.*

In reviewing the events of the times that have gone before us, and tracing o'er the pages of history, the revolutions of empires, the eye is wearied with a vast expanse of misery and depravity. The amiable and social qualities of man glide silently in sequestered streams, and, as they excite no wonder, and produce no important results, they attract no attention from the annalist. It has therefore, perhaps, been truly said that history is a narrative of the crimes and follies of mankind: not that man is really as destitute of virtue as he is there represented, but that he is only exhibited in his worst estate. Tales abound in every page, of bloody ambition, cruel oppression, corrupt faction, and base treachery; but the millions, who have enjoyed the noiseless blessings of domestic tranquillity and social benevolence, as they lived not for the world, were to the world unknown, and are, by the world, forgotten. But even in the boundless scene of human depravity presented by history, we here and there catch an object on which we may delight to rest. Thinly scattered indeed, but highly prominent, we behold men who shine the fair ornaments of our nature, the bright examples of intellect and virtue. Thus the sun-beaten traveller, as he wanders, exhausted, over a dreary desert of cheerless sands, where no blooming shrub relieves his burning eye-balls, no stream is found to cool his parched lips, suddenly beholds the stately columns of Palmyra rising in solemn magnificence "amidst the solitary waste." They remind him of the power and art of man, and give him a generous pride in his species. So stands an Aristides, a Socrates, a Caesar.

As we have received from antiquity such excellent lessons of virtue, such stimulating proofs of the astonishing powers of the human faculties, it is our glory too, that we shall transmit to posterity names which find no superiour in ancient, no overbearing rivals in modern days. In the first rank, and matched only by our WASHINGTON, stands the name of HAMILTON. The commencement of the American Revolution found him little more than seventeen years of age. But it found him full of that generous sensibility and manly energy which are the sure presages of greatness, and peculiarly fitted him to act an important part in the approaching scene. When the liberty

of a people was at stake, the genius and virtue of Hamilton could not slumber. His powers were quickened to an unusual growth by the ardour of his zeal, and his penetrating intuitive judgment gave him all the benefits of experience without the tardiness of its progress. Before the controversy had come to its extremity; before it was resolved to make the awful appeal to arms, and decide the conflict in blood, the talents of our patriots were amply employed in political argument, defending the principles of American resistance, and exposing the tyrannick pretensions of the parent country. Here Hamilton, stripling as he was, but born always to lead whenever he acted, shone most conspicuously. The experience of age wondered at his wisdom, and the ardour of youth was outstripped by his vigour. He was soon to be seen in a new character; to dismiss the pen for the sword, and to assert in fields of carnage the principles he had so ably taught. Here, while the warrior shone in the unblemished armour of dauntless courage, the man forgot not the tenderness of his nature, the sweet benevolence of his heart. Every danger was braved that he might conquer; but he was a protecting shield to the fallen foe. When at Yorktown he was foremost to leap into the intrenchments of the enemy, he was foremost too to stop the work of death and preserve the vanquished. Such rare endowments could not escape the immortal leader of the destinies of our country. *Spirit of Washington!* Can we pass thy sacred name without a tribute of heartfelt gratitude? A flourishing nation is the monument of thy glory, and Heaven the reward of thy virtue. The purity of thy fame turns aside the breath of calumny, and its firmness defies the tooth of time. The waters of oblivion cannot reach its summit or undermine its base.

In the variegated and important life of Hamilton never was he placed in a situation in which he did not surpass all competition, and leave it only to be questioned whether the splendid power of his genius or the amiable excellence of his heart, was most to be admired. To detail the various excellence of this extraordinary man; to enumerate the different stations he occupied, supreme in each; to paint the scenes of mighty moment which were directed by his powers, and ever happy in their issue; to relate the endless tale of his publick usefulness and private worth, would be but to speak of things familiar to the bosom of every American. When they are forgotten, when our hearts shall cease to swell at the recollection of them, justice and gratitude will be banished from the land, and the name of an American be detested by the good of every nation. Behold him at the head of your armies, and you believe he was made only to be a war-

riour. See him in the cabinet; he is the first of Statesmen. Listen to his eloquence, it is the soul of Cicero, warmed and purified with the virtue of Cato. Follow him to the desk of the Financier, amidst the difficulties of that intricate science; he makes the crooked way straight, and turns its darkness into light, combining the labour of Sully, with the genius of Chatham. At the bar, who was his equal in developing the mysteries of the Law, and displaying the dignity of Justice?

If in the bright assemblage of virtues which were collected in the character of Hamilton, any one could be distinguished, it was, perhaps, his Disinterestedness. This pervaded his whole life and gave a loftiness to every situation in which he was placed. No mean or sordid view ever visited that noble heart; no selfish attention to his own interest ever dictated a sentiment or influenced an act. His bosom was the mansion of purity and the channels which flowed from it, however they might wander and err in their course, were never tainted with corruption or poisoned at their source. The unfeigned belief he had in the Christian Religion, not from thoughtless habit, but from a sincere conviction, produced by a candid and laborious search into the evidences of its truth, is at once a testimony of his intelligence and purity, and of the excellence of our faith. He is a bold man who will call that false, which Hamilton pronounced true.

At the successful conclusion of the American Revolution, in every stage of which he had an important agency, when the fever of contest had subsided, we were found to be—an exhausted, distracted, and divided people. It seemed impossible to collect the resources of the country, to bring them into timely action or direct them into productive channels. Jealousies, rancorous jealousies, kept individuals asunder, and fearful rivalships separated the states, each part was afraid of the whole, and no common exertion could be excited for the common good. The eye of Hamilton surveyed this fermenting chaos of ruinous confusion, and he spoke it into energy and order. He raised the voice of wisdom, he dictated in the tones of superiority. He forced the American people to know that their safety was in union; and dispelled the misty doubts, the mean suspicions, which had brought them to the brink of ruin. Sometimes cutting out error by the root, and sometimes yielding a little to prejudice, his magical influence conciliated interests that had seemed wholly incompatible; assuaged passions that had raged with fury; and brought hostile states into one great design of mutual aggrandizement. How instantly we rose, under his creative hand to a giant's size, the world has witnessed with astonishment.

But where is this man of wonder, this light of the world? Does he live the fairest

example of virtue, the resistless teacher of wisdom? No. He has fallen in his course, in the mid-day of his glory has he fallen. Unwasted by the decay of years, untouched by the hand of disease, he has fallen the victim of misguided honour, of ruthless revenge.

Oh! what a rent the envious Casca made.

Seasons return, but not to him returns  
Day or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine.

Seldom has the loss of an individual made such a chasm in a nation. The shock of his death was felt at every extremity of the Union. An awful gloom hung on the public brow, and men looked fearfully on each other. The wrath of Heaven was seen in this calamity. Cease not, Americans, to mourn over the ashes of your Hamilton; cease not to deplore, in profound affliction, the sad hour that took him from you. God grant that the time may not come upon us, which the spirit of Hamilton foresaw, when his loss will be more justly appreciated, more deeply felt. When threatening storms shall rise in the distant horizon, and domestic whirlwinds sweep us as with "the besom of destruction," then we shall look for our protecting angel, and cry, in anguish, for the lost Hamilton. This commanding genius, which could have controlled the fury of maddening factions, and repelled the invading foe, will be sought in vain. A lifeless mouldering form is all that remains of the mighty man. But even this is no mean relict. Youth of America! visit his sacred tomb: it will speak lessons of instruction. Repair to his hallowed ashes: their presence will inspire your hearts with the noblest sentiments. There learn, that virtue, pure, exalted, disinterested virtue, makes the truly great man; and when aided by the powers of genius, places him on the summit of human perfection.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

It is impossible exactly to point out the commencement of such a period as that of the revival of literature. Several gradual steps led in success-

sion to this desirable event; and the proportional advance towards it was much greater in some countries than in others. In Italy there existed elegant writers formed on the best models of the ancients, at a time when all the rest of Europe was sunk in barbarism. If any one circumstance however, may be pointed out as peculiarly instrumental in propagating liberal and useful learning throughout the western world, it is, perhaps, that of the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, in the year 1453, which occasioned the dispersion of learned men, skilled in the Greek language, who carried their knowledge and their books to the places of refuge. Accordingly, we find, soon after this period, a number of translations of the Greek authours as well medical as others, undertaken by the literati of various countries. Medicine gained by this very essentially, as it was freed from the mischiefs of Arabian folly and extravagance by a direct application to the pure sources of the Greeks, and its professors were not less benefited by the acquisition of those ornamental parts of literature, which dispelled the barbarism of their language and formed that union of the character of the polite scholar with that of the physician, which they have ever since, so much to their credit, maintained.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are happy to find that in the opinion of an elegant and judicious critick, Dr. ARKIN, the inferiority of modern poetry to that of what has been commonly called the Augustan age of letters in England is merely the gratuitous assumption of certain dabblers in literature. After the perusal of GOLDSMITH, Sotheby, Bowles, and many other recent poets, we have ever deemed it a stupid charge, which ought to be drowned by all the clarions of criticism. The basis being rotten, the whole superstructure of "X" tumbles to the ground.

All young men, who are disposed to indulge the editor, and treat the town with their ingenious essays, are most solemnly warned against the hackneyed topicks of envy, avarice, duelling, and seduction. All juvenile writers may be assured that no

creature ever peruses speculations of this stamp. The passions of envy and avarice, with their adjuncts and consequences, have been so copiously, as well as beautifully described, by the ancient moralists, that even the learning and genius of Dr. JOHNSON were rebuked, when they superfluously expatiated over this exhausted field. As for duelling, all the wit, reasoning, and eloquence of man will never banish this custom from the creed of the cavalier and the camps of the valiant; and for a boy, a young man, or an old man, to write a single line on the subject of seduction, is a useless labour, nay, an impertinent task, when every day produces such a multitude of volunteers from the female world, who take infinite delight in describing the horrors, terrors, and errors of this vice. As love, in their truly accurate and judicious estimation, constitutes the whole business of life, whatever emanates from this passion makes a mighty figure in their lively imaginations; and it is a curious circumstance in the history of human nature, that it has always been next to impossible for a woman to write a book, unless a love story, assignations, elopements, the insidious arts of a libertine, or the brutal violence of a ravisher, constituted the important theme. From the immodest Afra Behn to the modest Mrs. Opie, from Lady Mary Montague to the last Lady Betty of the bedchamber, this is their inveterate habit. With them gallantry is a most imposing and showy figure. It is first and last and midst in their minds. While, therefore, they take so lively an interest in guarding themselves and their sisters against the consequences of illicit passion, both young boys and writers of a certain age, may leave seduction to be handled by the ladies.

Is "Peregrine" still a wanderer, or so much of a *Pickle* that frolic and fun will not give him time to write?

O P. Q. has a talent for the quizzical, and is most potent in parody. He diverts the lounge; and in these yawning days of the dogstar, he who laughs is more welcome than he who prosos, ever so wisely.

The oriental poets have not ceased to charm us. After the stimulants we have found in the works of Sir William Jones, we should be ashamed not to relish the productions of Hafiz. We have recently had access to many other Persian bards, by the aid of a Poetry Professor at Oxford, and have the promise of a new glimpse of scenery in Asia Minor. Whatever contributes to enlarge our acquaintance with that quarter of the globe, contributes essentially to use and pleasure.

A very near relation of the late regretted Dr. Nisbet, has afforded us some reason to hope that we shall obtain for publication in this paper a course of lectures on Rhetoric

and the Belles Lettres. Though Blair and Barron have written very copiously on these themes, yet we are perfectly well satisfied that Dr. Nisbet's performance will not prove a work of supererogation. No man understood better than he whatever the ancients have invented, or the moderns have compiled on the subject of eloquence, none was more conversant with every part of the Belles Lettres, and none could impart knowledge with more depth and originality of thinking.

Zimmermann on the tranquillizing effect of Tobacco, writes like one who knows the situation of the *King's stores* at the Havanna, and who can point out with connoisseurship the mighty difference between James's River and Brazil. We doubt not that he consumes at least four boxes of cigars within twelve calendar months, and is a sort of high priest at the burning altars of the goddess *Fumosa*.

From K. we shall be happy to hear often. In his tour to the east has he seen the wise men? At this season, though he may not be gratified with the society of N. E. yet its solitude is sure to please. A description either of the peculiarities of man, or the beauties of nature, will be interesting to us and our readers.

We wish that the English gentleman, who some time since favoured us with his remarks on the manners and habits of the Robin-red-breast of his native country, will write habitually for *The Port Folio*. We think well of him and his associates. Communications from such sources may be certain of a favourable reception.

We have just received the last number of *Salmagundi*. We hope we shall find room for *The Stranger at Home*. This same stranger in his ramble through Broadway sees many strange sights, and very facetiously describes his emotions.

FAULKLAND from professional and private engagements has been obliged to suspend his speculations on the causes which have retarded the progress of literature in the United States. This interesting disquisition will be resumed as soon as possible.

Our friend D. has faithfully observed his engagement. We regularly receive the papers, and shall take occasion to comment upon their contents in due season.

Mr. BREWER, the sprightly authour of the periodical paper which he calls *Hours of Leisure*, is very respectfully thanked for the entertainment he affords our readers and ourselves.

During these midsummer days, when people can scarcely keep themselves awake with Rabelais, Sterne, Fielding, and Smollet, we hope that all juvenile scribblers will be mindful not to send us any trash. An

essay, at this time, must be very witty and very elegant, to gain even the chance of perusal.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

We send you a few fragments, which are entirely at your disposal. It is probable that those who wrote them, thought them good: and that they were interesting to those whom they celebrate—whether they may be pleasing to the readers of *The Port Folio*, is for you to determine.

DACTYLE & COMMA.

*Exeter, N. H. June 8, 1807.*

### IMPROMPTU,

*On hearing that a young lady painted.*

Eliza paints you say?—That fine complexion,  
Those cherry lips, those cheeks, that charm  
the rose,  
Were not by Nature form'd so fair and  
blooming?  
The symmetry we see in every feature  
In such perfection, even those eyes, that  
beam  
Such melting glances, are improv'd by art?  
That fleeting blush, perhaps, that lights her  
face  
With such expression, is but painted there?

But should you hint that those were borrowed charms,  
The blush, that rose to tell you of your error,  
Would prove her beauties needed no improvement.  
True, she is painted, but "the red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid  
on."  
She's painted by the hand that paints the  
rose,  
And gives its melting colours to the rainbow.  
By Heavens! 'twould be a compliment to say  
That she could imitate a face so lovely,  
But it would be impiety, to think  
Herself a better artist than her Maker,  
And strive to mend what he has made so  
perfect.  
Eliza paints! 'twould be "to paint the lily,  
To add fresh perfume to the violet."

C.

*For The Port Folio.*

TO MISS MARY G.

*An apology for a Birthday Ode.*

You claim a promised ode, your natal day  
Deserves from abler pens their noblest lay.

Could I believe you serious, to require  
From feeble hands, that seldom strike the  
lyre,

A task, which abler hands would strive in  
vain

To execute in a deserving strain?

Should I attempt our happy lot to show,  
Should I presume to tell how much we owe,  
Who share your sweet society on earth,  
To that propitious day which gave you birth?  
Though by your smiles inspired, my hand  
would fail,

To paint the charms that o'er our hearts pre-  
vail.

In rural walks, by every charm endear'd,  
In social circles too, you oft have cheer'd  
With sprightly conversation, or a song,  
The happy few, who will remember long  
Their present joys, and oft these scenes re-  
view,

Where midst the charming, they've been  
charm'd by you.

Could I bestow the praise your virtues claim,  
I'd gladly be your laureat, and the name  
Of Mary should awake the trembling lyre,  
In concert with the lays her charms inspire.  
How far inferior were the task, to sing  
The purchas'd birthday honours of a king!  
Compell'd, when noise and pomp announce  
the day,

The labour'd strain of eulogy to pay,  
Repeat the former flattery, newly dress'd,  
And still to praise for virtues not posses'd.  
How different here! your laureat would im-  
part

The warm congratulations of his heart;  
And every charm conspires the strain to  
raise,

And every virtue justifies the praise.  
To tell you this, would be to say no more,  
Than you have heard a thousand times be-  
fore—

For who, while sensibility endures,  
Can be insensible to worth like yours—  
But should I strive, while inspiration glow'd,  
To tell your merit in a birthday ode,  
Even those who knew your excellence be-  
fore,

Would call it flattery from the dress it wore.

Forgive me then that I the task decline,  
Which would require an abler pen than  
mine.

'Tis true I promis'd; who can e'er refuse,  
When you demand a tribute from the muse?  
But oft a promise bids us hope for joys,  
Which the performance instantly destroys;  
From expectation often we receive  
The pleasure which fruition fails to give.  
Since then to promises so much we owe,

I would not by performance overthrow  
Anticipated joys, but leave you still  
To cherish hopes my strains can ne'er fulfil.  
In fancy you this merit may commend,  
But once possess'd, their value has an end.  
C.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

### PORTRAIT OF THE MISER.

Buried within their sockets' safe retreat;  
Two glimmering orbs maintain their ancient  
seat;

Long watchful nights, suspicion, care and  
dread,

Compress'd their size and curtain'd them  
with red:

Large guardian brows, in aged tufts descend  
And o'er the cumbrous, watery eyelids bend:  
The bony bulwark front, projected hence,  
Short, narrow, wrinkled—emblem of his  
sense!

Swell'd by no culture ere it harden'd thro',  
Now binds the shriveling brain as narrow  
too:

From the deep brow the crooked nose takes  
birth,

Pointing with plodding love tow'rd mother  
earth;

While the small nostrils take an upward  
course,

By avarice urg'd with unresisted force.  
Deep cunning marks this never-failing trait,  
Companion of the miser's sordid fate—  
O hateful feature in an infant face!

The type of future misery and disgrace;  
For with thy growth the subjugated soul  
None of the milder virtues can control,  
A firmness (had it but a better cause!)

Projects one lip and both compactly draws;  
Yet silent habits force the corners down.

To aid the expression of a kindred frown:  
Small, pointed, narrow, and projecting thin,

A skin-clad bone completes the feeble chin—  
How far remov'd from that enormous jaw

Whose sensual pleasure is the only law!  
His plodding head, which oft to fortune  
stoop'd,

Submissive still, beyond his shoulders  
droop'd

And, tho' with age it nodded o'er the grave,  
Still urg'd its plans some farthings more to  
save.

Behold the miser's portrait, which at best  
Is but a feeble copy and undrest! R. P.

### *Epitaph on John Flint.*

Beneath this stone lies *John Flint*,  
If he gets up the devil's in't.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, August 8, 1807.

[No. 6.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Should you be of opinion that the following remarks on *Travel* merit a place in your instructive and interesting repertory, the authour will be sensible of the honour; if the contrary, he can feel no mortification at their refusal.

Your constant reader and admirer,

POUSSIN.

### TRAVEL.

THE ancient Stoicks had an idea which has been revived and beautifully illustrated by the virtuous Fenelon, that mankind, in the eye of their creator, form one republick, in which the various nations are by him esteemed as so many families, differing in happiness as they have cultivated or neglected those talents which he has given them. Viewing us, therefore, as one grand republick, how evidently is it the duty of nations to preserve an amicable and social intercourse; and the individuals of every state to consider one another in the light of friends and citizens of the world?

An acquaintance with the various modifications assumed by the human character in different nations, and under different governments, tends in a greater degree to inspire a liberality of sentiment and generosity of dispo-

sition, than perhaps any other species of human knowledge. The bigoted and illiberal prejudices of nations or individuals who have had but little or no intercourse with the world, are such as almost to draw a tear from the eye of Philanthropy, and strongly to prompt us to lend our vigorous endeavours to the dispersion of that mist of prejudice which still hovers over a large portion of the human race. The partial intercourse of the Chinese with the world, is the only ascribable cause of the little progress which they have made in refinement, literature, and science; so entirely abstracted and insulated have these people been from the rest of the world, that superstition, ignorance, and the most illiberal prejudices, characterize them both nationally and individually. Hence it is an apothegm with them, that "the Chinese themselves *only* have two eyes, the Europeans one, and all the rest of the world are stone blind." Such opinions are the offspring of ignorance, and prevail in every country which has had little or no intercourse with the rest of the globe.

To avoid such contracted notions, and in order to cultivate a proper estimation for the human character, we should visit foreign countries, make ourselves acquainted with their laws, polity, customs, their institutions, *civil*

and *military*, mark the different traits of character, the proportion of talent and genius displayed under the different governments, and the physical operation of climate, customs, and manners, on the constitution and mind of the people we visit. These are subjects, which, to an intelligent traveller are highly interesting, both as they afford information and pleasure.

We find that travelling, as a method of acquiring valuable and ornamental knowledge, was considerably practised by the ancients. Many of the philosophers and statesmen of Greece travelled into Egypt, Persia, and other countries, with a view of gaining a knowledge of their institutions, policy, and literature. The sage Pythagoras, the philosopher Thales, the amiable Solon, and many other great men of antiquity, though they possessed all the Grecian patriotism, were too liberal to think Grecian products *alone* valuable. They sensibly thought that if foreign laws and customs were really better than their own, it would be absurd to despise them, and to reject them, because foreign, would be preposterous. The conquest of Greece gave the Romans a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the science and literature of that country. From this period, we may establish the era of Roman refinement: Athens and Rhodes became the fashionable schools for the Roman youth of fortune; and philosophy and eloquence, laws and manners, in time, almost entirely suppressed that military ardour and enthusiasm which for so many centuries had so strongly characterized them.

One of the strongest duties of humanity among the Grecians was the kind and hospitable reception of travellers. The peculiar care of Jupiter, says Homer, *are the poor and strangers*, and so far was this idea extended, that the inhospitable treatment of strangers is enumerated as one of the crimes which induced Deucalion's flood. To be sure we find by a law of the great Spartan legislator, all intercourse with foreign nations was absolutely inhibited, but the

very nature and constitution of that policy, which aimed at the formation of the physical rather than the moral character, was such as to require the adoption of such an inhospitable measure. The Achian decree which prohibited the Macedonians from a free egress and ingress into their territories, was so unpopular among the rest of the Grecians, that it was called "*execrabilis, velut desertio juris humani*," a detestable dereliction of the laws of humanity.

This courteous entertainment to strangers tended in no small degree to humanize and meliorate the mind. A fellow feeling and philanthropy were induced as nations became better acquainted with each other, and science and learning were diffused as national jealousies and prejudices were dissipated.

As a branch of education, travel has one grand object in view, viz. the refining and correcting our store of ideas gained at home, by an actual inspection of those things which were the objects of our investigation through the medium of books. It may be considered impossible to perfect ourselves in various branches of science, unless we unite our observation with study; from books we may acquire the theory, from travel the practice. "I am fully convinced," says Rousseau, "that with regard to observation of every kind, it is not enough to read those of others, but we must make observations of our own." Rousseau was a faithful observer of nature, he possessed a soul delicately formed, and a sensibility which intuitively felt the impressions of beauty both natural and artificial; he was fully persuaded that though books afford materials for a strong and permanent superstructure, yet the "*monumentum ere perennius*" is only to be raised by a vigorous exercise of our judgment, by a diligent observance of men and things, and a constant application of rules and principles, to subjects as they present themselves.

This can only be effectually done by travel. The great volume of nature is then opened to our view: men,

manners, customs, laws, nature, art, are all displayed, under the most happy circumstances, for our investigation. We may then learn, not only to apply the principles of taste and science, but in time may so far accomplish ourselves as even

To snatch a grace beyond the rules of art, and, ascending on the wings of genius and imagination, feel a triumphant independence over our books, the instruction of preceptors, or the dogmatical rules of the schools. A useful and pleasurable end of travel, is the satisfaction and improvement which are received from the *picturesque* beauties of nature. This species of travel, to a mind naturally fond of contemplating nature, and one richly cultivated with a knowledge of this species of beauty, affords a perennial source of delight and satisfaction, whilst it expands the mind and accustoms it to view things through a philosophical medium, which amplifies all their beauties, and shows them to the greatest possible advantage.

A mind insensible to the picturesque beauties of nature is devoid of one of the grandest sources of pleasure. The blind man has presented to him the happiest colouring of Titian, the air resounds with the harmonious notes of the most able musicians, but the blind is insensible to the finest tints, the most exquisite *chiaro scuro*, and the deaf is perfectly unconscious of the melody of sound. How great their privations! for they Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself

Hold converse; grow familiar day by day,  
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,  
And form to his the relish of their souls.

But this insensibility proceeding from organick defect, excites our most tender commiseration; but when this is not the case, it ought to raise our lively indignation, since it very generally proceeds from a want of that intellectual melioration which tunes the cords of sensibility, and makes them vibrate in the sweetest unison at the contemplation of what is beautiful or grand in nature.

The *object* of picturesque travel is that species of beauty which is mostly confined to the works of nature, and consists rather of the grotesque than the simplicity and regularity so constantly to be found in the works of art. A craggy rock covered with moss and shrubs, a ruffled lake, a massy oak extending its rough herculean limbs over the rolling waters of a river, a distant view of mountains, contrasted with those immediately under the eye, are objects peculiarly attractive to the picturesque observer. So also are the works of art in *certain positions*; and provided they be grand and massy, and the polish of the artist be worn off by the keen edge of time. But artificial objects become particularly picturesque, when in a ruinous and shattered state; the cities of Rome or Paris cannot be said to present picturesque beauty, but the ruined relics of Balbeck or Palmyra afford, no doubt, the finest specimens of the picturesque, that the world produces. The *objects* of picturesque travel are not more numerous than the sources of *amusement* which it affords us.

In viewing objects from a distance, a pleasing anticipation accompanies us as we gradually approximate to them. Those gained, new ones are constantly rising, as we change our horizon: so that we are always in the pleasing state of actual fruition, and delightful anticipation.

But the effect is inexpressibly fine, when a grand and beautiful scene *unexpectedly* opens to our view. I remember once to have been particularly gratified in this way. The effect was so strong as still to leave on my mind the most sensible impressions of my feelings. The road over the Green Mountain is rough and through a wood almost impervious to the sun. The road was entirely intercepted and the eye confined within a narrow passage formed by the trees on each side. Suddenly, an extensive and beautiful valley, where

"Fair handed Spring unbosoms ev'ry grace,  
"The Seasons lead in sprightly dance  
"Harmonious knit, the rosy fingered hours,"

burst upon the view. The meadows were luxuriantly green, its fertile plains are watered by bounteous streams, which issue from the surrounding mountains. The yellow harvest, the bounteous orchard, the rich tufts of trees, the neat cottages, the browsing cattle, all united to form the most pleasing variety: the sun was occasionally obscured by dark passing clouds, which cast a gloomy, but sublime shade on the distant mountains: a general tranquillity prevailed, and the very trees and air seemed to say, that this is the vale of content, in which its happy children "wander in the gardens of fragrance, and sleep in the fortresses of security." The sudden transition from a narrow and confined view, to one presenting such united beauties filled my soul with enthusiastick sensations of delight, the pleasures of retirement crowded upon my mind; solitude with all her charms were before me, and, in the language of the great Shakspeare, I could scarce refrain from exclaiming

"Has not old Custom made this life more sweet

"Than painted Pomp? are not these woods  
"More free from peril than the anxious court,

"And this our life exempt from publick haunt

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

"Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

These are by no means the only sources of amusement derived from picturesque travel. By the aid of memory we can clearly delineate to the "mind's eye" the beautiful and sublime scenes of nature, with such additions and combinations as a fertile imagination may form. So we may also derive considerable pleasure from embodying on canvas such ideas and impressions as nature has inspired. This species of travel also frequently affords us scenes peculiarly calculated to raise in our minds a useful train of moral reflections as to the wisdom and perfection displayed in their formation, so also, forcibly to point out the mutations effected by time on the face of nature, and strongly to prompt us to reflect that we ourselves are

mortal and must inevitably submit to that monarch, to whom the proudest works of nature and art will at one day yield. What is better suited to the inspiration of serious thoughts than the contemplation of the mouldering battlements of an ancient castle, the ivy-covered colonnade, musty and black with age, tottering on its once solid base, a vast expanse of country once the scene of busy action, now desolate and forsaken, the venerable walls of a richly decorated temple, now the haunt of savage beasts and reptiles. These are the scenes which fill the soul with awful, sublime, and useful reflections. Viewing these we naturally ask after those busy beings who once inhabited them. Where are the great and mighty nations—the Persian, the Grecian, Roman, and Carthaginian? Where is the irresistible fire of Grecian, the mellifluous strains of Roman eloquence? Where are the lordly cities of Rome, Athens, Thebes, and Palmyra? swallowed up in the vast ocean of time, scarcely leaving a vestige of their former existence. The same train of reflections leads us to inquire, what has become of the fine spun theories, the proud philosophy, and subtle opinions of Aristotle, Plato, Ocellus Lucarnus, Diogenes of Appolonia, and even the sage Pythagoras! they have met with that destiny to which all human systems are liable. These are the pleasures and these the advantages which present themselves to the intelligent and reflecting picturesque traveller. But the beauties of nature are far from being the sole object of travel. The *Virtuoso*, another species of traveller, finds innumerable objects to improve and delight, which, perhaps, to the picturesque traveller would afford but few charms. The museums, galleries, and libraries of different nations are the *Lysia* of the *Virtuoso*.

The musty piles of ancient manuscripts, the curious productions of nature and art, the valuable specimens of modern and ancient painting successively claim his attention. The rusty coins and medals of former times both agreeably and usefully em-

ploy him in decyphering their obscure inscriptions. But a painter secures the most of his attention. The master pieces of the celebrated painters, both of ancient and modern times, the wretched imitations of which he had so frequently contemplated with great satisfaction, are now before his raptured eye. That which he has learnt in theory, may now be reduced to practice, and he may then, with pleasure, judge of those distinguishing characteristic sticks of the schools, which, before, he was under the necessity of taking for granted from those who before had contemplated these with the same degree of pleasure. The sublimity of conception which marks the pieces of Michael Angelo, the pathos, character, and design which point out Raphael, the richness of colouring which peculiarly belongs to Titian, and the grace and harmony which dwell on the pencil of Corregio, are all at one view presented to his delighted eye; he now judges and thinks for himself, and is enabled to correct those mistaken ideas which necessarily result from mere reading or the contemplation of such copies as are in general circulation. From the Gallery of Paintings our virtuoso may proceed to admire those exquisite specimens of statuary left us by Agathias, Polydorus, Agesander, &c. The Venus, the Apollo, the Borghese Gladiator, the group of Laocoon, the Germanicus, are all before him; not the miserable imitations which we find anywhere and everywhere, but the originals themselves, conceived and executed by those *Atlantean* geniuses of antiquity.

We may consume the midnight oil in studying the best works in sculpture, we may with the most inquisitive eye, examine the most celebrated copies of the productions of the ancient statuary, yet a refined and correct taste for the exquisiteness of the originals, cannot, in this way, be acquired. The only way of correcting our mistaken ideas, of improving our taste, and giving us a true relish for the genuine beauties of sculpture is, to examine the originals, and atten-

tively to observe, how far our ideas, gained from books, &c. approximate to those which arise from the contemplation of these valuable relics of ancient genius.

Another subject which solicits the attention of the traveller is the admirable specimens of civil architecture both ancient and modern, to be found in the different cities of Europe. By the assistance of books and proper plates, there can be no doubt but that a considerable progress can be made in this pleasing and useful science. The antique, ancient, gothick, and modern architecture, are all handsomely illustrated by the various authours who have treated on this subject. But yet no one will pretend to deny, but that a survey of these fine specimens of architecture, from which the plates are drawn, would give us many ideas which never could have been gained from books. It is with architecture as painting; the only way of becoming a correct judge is by studying the originals: for though the conception of the Roman, the colouring of the Venetian, and the harmony of the Lombard schools, be as correctly copied as the nature of a copy, by an inferior artist, will admit, yet there is beyond question, a certain something which the *tout ensemble* of the original expresses which cannot be transfused into a copy: so with Architecture, the admirable proportions and harmony of the originals can never be delineated on paper. Scamozzi and Vitruvius may expatiate on the firmness and strength which characterize the *Dorick*, the beauty and delicacy of the *Ionick*, and the magnificence and exquisite proportions of the *Corinthian* and *Composite*, but these authours can never give us that *correctness* of taste, which, with an eagle eye discovers every minor fault, and gives us a true sensibility to all the beauties of proportion and design. This correctness of taste is only to be acquired by studying most of the finest specimens both ancient and modern: therefore such as are desirous of being more than mere amateurs of the fine arts, must travel, for books

will never accomplish them any more than *theory* will make a great chymist or physician. A foundation is to be laid by reading; the superstructure, ornaments, and polish, can only be the result of travelling.

Among the different species of travellers, none perhaps are more conspicuous than the *incurious*. These insensible beings, led at first by an ephemeral curiosity, to visit foreign countries, or sent by their too fond parents with a view of acquiring those graces which Nature had denied them, find themselves in one of the large cities of Europe as much at a loss and as completely out of their element as if they were among a class of beings essentially differing in nature from themselves. The *curiosities* of the city afford them no pleasure; they occasionally excite their amazement, but the impression is so slight as to offer them no inducement to seek for others. This state of listlessness, this *tedium vite*, leads them on to other cities. The same unhappy disposition accompanies them; for wanting resources in their own minds, and incapable of affording pleasure or instruction to the people through whose country they pass, they meet with that neglect which mortifies self love, humbles their pride, (an offspring of their ignorance) and is a constant source of the most unpleasant inquietude; for we find that foreigners but seldom extend their hospitality to others than such as can benefit them in some pecuniary way, or such as having accumulated a rich store of diversified knowledge, can render themselves interesting and instructive companions. Thus it is, that in the space of a couple of years, many of our young gentlemen who ought to have been employed in the solution of Euclid's Problems at home, or making themselves acquainted with the geography of their own country, visit foreign ones, pass through their *post roads*, and *principal* cities, and return as great dunces as they went. Others, inclined to dissolute company, become soon initiated into the destructive but fascinating

gayety of Paris and London. Every species of dissipation is courted with avidity, and having wasted their constitution, debased their minds, and disqualified themselves for every generous and noble sentiment, they return to their country, most unworthy citizens of it, and to their father's house useless members. It is certainly a gloomy reflection that parents too generally, instead of considering travel as a mean of acquiring the ornament and polish of a valuable education, send their sons abroad with a bare smattering of knowledge, and sometimes scarcely this, ignorant of their own country, and still more so of the laws and polity of others. They are then only fit to learn the vices and fopperies of Europe, while every valuable end of travel is sure to be neglected, and instead of deriving benefit, they are often completely disqualified for any future occupation.

The impropriety of sending a youth upon his travels till he be well acquainted with his own country is obvious. A curious anecdote is related of Lord Burlington, who, if a man of sensibility and ingenuousness, would, no doubt, after this occurrence, have willingly acknowledged the impolicy of sending young men abroad before their minds are well stored with useful ideas which they may give in exchange for those received from foreigners. My Lord, upon his travels in Italy, was in company with a gentleman to whom he had recommended letters. Examining the architecture of a church, he warmly expressed his admiration of the beauty and elegance of the structure, and was desirous of taking a sketch of it. His friend informed him that this trouble would be unnecessary, since the model from which it was taken was in London. My Lord not a little surprised at this information, was still more so on being informed that it was St. Stephen's Church, near the Royal Exchange, and the acknowledged master-piece of Sir Christopher Wren. My Lord no doubt had passed this Church a thousand times, but unaccustomed to observation, the ele-

gant proportions of this structure had never excited his attention. Thus it is that

Abroad to see wonders the traveller goes  
And neglects the fine things which lie under his nose.

Lest our young men in their travels, should meet with a similar mortifying evolution of their real ignorance, I would strongly urge them to become acquainted with the geography of their own country, its laws and constitution, its population, manners, customs, &c. This, together with a rich fund of other valuable ideas, will be their best recommendation to polite and refined society; and though they should not meet with those imaginary Princes, Dukes, and Lords with whom many of our travelled foplings boast of associating, though perhaps they had seldom been out of Grub-street or St. Giles, yet they will be sure to be courted by such sensible, virtuous, and polished society, as the nature and genius of our government point out to us as more suitable than that of Princes, Lords, or Dukes.

#### HOURS OF LEISURE,

*Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.*

*(Continued from page 59.)*

The man who joins to the happy talent of observation the art of drawing useful inferences and deductions from what passes before him, derives instruction from every circumstance, and information from every incident: he resembles a skilful navigator, who becomes able, from the experience that he acquires, to construct a chart of the bearings and distances of the land, the rocks and shoals, tides and currents, in the channel of human life.

This experience is, however, valuable only as it serves to direct us in our pursuits, and guard us against the mischiefs and dangers of error and vice; it will, properly employed, point out to us wherein our true interests consist, and establish in our minds the beautiful consistency and perfect harmony of truth; a principle that

pervades all creation, and is to be traced through all the various modifications of nature; the true talisman of Oromanes, that bestows the only real happiness; an effect constantly perceived, and acknowledged, when truth directs, and which instantly abates when we become slaves to error; a test of its existence and excellence established in every page of the changeful history of man.

The knowledge of truth is not confined to any description or condition of men; it is alike open to the peasant and to the scholar; it has so plain and simple a character, that it is tacitly understood and assented to by all. The philosopher will find the same rules of moral conduct apply in every diversity of situation, and the same parity of reasoning established: he may trace an analogy in all the appearances of nature, and in the works of art: he will everywhere find truth, the great principle of the universe, like the glorious sun, darting its rays into obscurity, and filling every space with its benign influence.

In humble life the happy peasant draws his morality from nature, and finds a few simple rules sufficient to instruct him in his duty, and to preserve his contentment.

But in the busy and complicated scenes of life a more enlarged experience is required; we must call in to our assistance the judgment of those who have safely gone the same passage before us, and from their observations shape our intended course.

Let our lot in life be cast where it may, we shall still find certain principles that will not fail, and that will guide us safely through all the changes of circumstance, climate, and country.

If we take a view of the great scale wherein Kings, Princes, Statesmen, and Warriours, are in action, we shall find, that truth alone is estimable; and that, after all the blazon of victory, the parade of pomp, and the intrigue of courts, the happiness of man is the best philosophy, and to give and continue that happiness to society the truest policy.

In the less exalted walks of life, nothing more is wanting to create a degree of rational happiness than the establishment of those truths which, by their value, keep man to man, family to family, and country to country, till the whole become united in a general and beautiful harmony, which little interests and designs could scarcely disturb, and would never be able to destroy.

Every man has an opportunity to establish right principles in his mind; neither profession nor accident can exclude him; he cannot be shut out from the truth. Chuse our metaphor where we may, we shall find a lesson to profit by. Truth and falsehood are so distinctly marked by the gracious Creator, that we cannot easily, though we may wilfully, mistake one for the other.

The inimitable Gay makes his shepherd moralist derive his knowledge from simple nature; but I am about to introduce two moralists of a different description, who each of them derived their experience of life from its analogy to their particular professions; and as I was much entertained by the arguments they used, I shall present them at once to the reader.

They were seated in the parlour of a country ale-house, near a sea-port town, into which I had accidentally entered to take a glass of ale. The principal of these philosophers was in a jacket and trowsers, and named, as I afterwards found, Tom Binnacle: the other was a scene-painter, scene-shifter, and candle-snuffer, to a strolling company. I found each of these philosophers warmly contending for a superiority of what is called a knowledge of life. "As for the matter of that," cried the sailor (as I entered the room), I believe as how I knows as much of life as any lubber on shore. Why, an't life like a trip to sea? and an't a man just for all the world like a ship? an't we lunched into the world, and an't the Doctor the Master Attendant, as you may say? and then larning, what is't but so much ballast? When the masts are in, and the rigging's over head, and the sails bent, don't we

get ready for sea, without knowing whether we should east to port or to starboard? All hands up anchor a-hoy. Fresh breezes and fair, away we go before the wind, eleven knots an hour; To be sure, not knowing how to steer, we yaw about now and then. Steady as ye go now! Port a little! Starboard. Then an't we fond of spreading too much canvas? Stand by the top-gallant-haul-yards and jib-sheet; ruh! let go. What of that? we'll carry sail till all's blue again: hand the top-gallant sails, my boys; now the wind comes right a-head, and a rough sea; come my hearts, never mind, 'tis only working to windward a little; tack and half tack; helm's a-lee; fore-sheet, fore-top-bow-line, jib, and stay-sail-sheets let go; to be sure, sometimes, in light winds, we miss stays, and then away we go to leeward, like a bag of sand against tide; or mayhap we may work well up, weather the point of Distress, and get into smooth water. Many hard gales we must encounter; but if we know how to hand, reef, and steer, we needn't care a jeffy about the matter. The chief thing, you see, is to keep the vessel in trim, that she mayn't be too crank, and upset, or carry too much ballast, and turn out a heavy sailer. Then we should know how to take in a reef, when occasion requires it, and even lay-to under a balance mizen. What's the rudder, but Truth? and Reason's the compass; and happy's the honest tar who knows the true course to Happiness, and lays as near it as he can. To be sure, there will always be a little variation and lee-way. For my part, I don't see any great difference between your sea-matters and land-matters. Who has not been aground in his life-time? Who is it that has not mistook the channel? and how many have got into the straits of Poverty and could not warp out? There was poor Jack Stunsail was working off a lee shore all his days, and at last got land-locked in a spunging-house, where he went all to pieces; but you see as how he didn't know the soundings, and the rocks were close under his lee before he saw the breakers; so you know

the world was a stage, and all the men that was for want of a good look out."

—I don't know how long the honest seaman would have continued his strain of metaphor if the scene-shifter hadn't interrupted him. "I'll allow," cried he, "all you say to be just; but the great Shakspeare"—I can't say I know him," returned the sailor; "but I'll venture to lay a dollar, he don't tell me the main-sheet from the fore-top bow-line." "Ay," cried the stroller, "if you was but to hear his description of a sailor's sleeping at the tip-top of the mast in a storm, you'd be delighted."—"Sleeping where?" (cried the sailor, starting up)—"I'll repeat the lines, with your permission," returned the scene-shifter; which he did with a degree of theatrical effect of voice and action that showed he had occasionally filled higher parts than his modesty had presumed to mention:

"Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his  
brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging  
them

In deafening clamours on the slippery  
shrouls,

That with the hurly death itself awakes."

"It may be all very fine, (cried the sailor, opening his eyes and mouth as wide as he could) but I can't say I understand a syllable of the lingo, though to be sure it puts me in mind of a Master Jemmy of a Midshipman we had on board the *Arethusa*, who once called out in his watch, "Maintop there, extinguish that nocturnal illumination!" (meaning the top-light); but the devil a Jack understood him, till Bill Clewline hallooed out in our way, "Douse the glim." As for sleeping upon the top of the mast, I can't say; though I have laid my head many a watch upon a dry swab on the fore-castle, and slept like a porpoise. But I suppose he meant the fore-top, of which I have been captain many a time."—"Well," cried the scene-shifter, "let's return to our argument. I was only going to remark, that Shakspeare said, that "all

and women in it merely players;" for the truth of which I will vouch: for I leave you to judge, Mr. Binnacle, whether, having filled the different situations of call-boy, property-man, scene-painter, scene-shifter, candle-snuffer, &c. &c. I ought not to know a good deal of the machinery of life; enough at least to convince me, that the world is nothing but a grand pantomime, or a farce, at best; where every one has a trial-part, and but few get a good engagement, though all aim at being in the *front* of the stage, and to *under-study* each other, to come into their places when occasion offers. Malice, Envy, Detraction, are always at the *wings*, and many side-speeches are made without the help of the prompter. Your great statesmen, don't they understand stage-trick as well as we do? though to be sure they are out sometimes as to the *effect*; and an't there always plenty ready to do *all sorts of business* to get in with the manager? There, too, a great deal is done behind the curtain, and pieces got up at great expense, to amuse the publick. Who would succeed in the world, if they didn't *dress* for the part they are to act? and what would merit avail, without scenery and decorations? How many gags do your tradesman publish in their bills, to bring full houses? and what is not done in all situations, to get the approbation of the publick?"—"Mayhap (cried the sailor) all this may be very true, but plain-sailing's best after all. You see, your knowledge of life is nothing but to curry favour with the officers, and to turn honesty and merit before the mast. Now give me the knowledge that teaches a man the right course, as our chaplain says, who is a devilish good fellow for a parson, to be sure. But come, the grog's out; here, landlord!"—I took this opportunity to retire, impressed with the most lively ideas of the honest seaman's just and proper notions of life, and convinced, that entire ignorance, as to this great article of human happiness, is rarely found in any situation.

(To be continued.)

## ELOQUENCE.

*For The Port Folio.*

## WIT AND HUMOUR.

The following Ironical Oration will be perused with delight, by that correct description of scholars and gentlemen, who are the disciples of experience and practical wisdom, and who deride the absurdities of licentious innovation. The ingenious authour, it will be perceived, is an ardent friend to that system of education, so successfully taught in all the great schools of England, and which has made her Oxford and Cambridge famous among the nations. That truly classical mode of teaching youth, which prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth, "produced," says Dr. Knox, "a MANLINESS OF MIND which caused the English character more nearly to resemble the Roman than at any subsequent period of British history."

For this useful and witty sarcasm, which has none of the vulgar features of most of our American harangues, particularly those of the *July* stamp, we are indebted to the politeness and friendship of Dr. Andrews, the learned and liberal vice provost of the University of Pennsylvania, whom we mention with honour, because *we know* that he is a most judicious instructor of the youth who are entrusted to his parental care, and because to the judgment of a logician, he adds the correct taste of a classical scholar, the sound principles of an orthodox clergyman, and the urbanity and social qualities of a man of the world.

Having incidently mentioned the University of Pennsylvania, we should be indifferent to the charms of profound and polite literature, if we did not commend this seminary. We have not the honour of an acquaintance with Dr. McDowell the provost, but "report speaks goldenly of his profit" and we believe him to be "a scholar, and a ripe and good one." As far as we can learn he is a very accomplished instructor. Some of the junior preceptors, we understand, are excellent classical scholars, and while the guardians of this temple of learn-

ing persevere in directing much of the attention of their youthful wards to the brilliant models of ancient Perfection we shall cordially wish that such judicious preceptors may have all that Fame and Liberality can bestow.

*The Natural History of a Bachelor of Arts, an Ironical Oration, delivered at the Commencement, by John Somers.*

It has been frequently lamented, that men who have made the greatest noise and figure in the world, have seldom left any memorial of their early years; whence it has happened that we can scarcely tell who were their fathers or mothers, to the great detriment of literature and honest fame. As it is impossible to foresee in what sphere I may hereafter distinguish myself, it has been thought proper that I should embrace the present favourable opportunity of communicating to the publick as much of my past life as they are interested to know. In doing this, I hope to escape the odious imputation of *egotism*; for you must have observed that egotism is disgusting only when it occurs in small quantities and on improper occasions, while a work from end to end egotistical, may be innocent and amusing. Expecting, therefore, your kind indulgence, I proceed with my history. The happiness of being born towards the close of the 18th century, so celebrated for illustrious and learned men, I enjoyed in common with thousands. But I had the additional advantage of being the son of a very great philosopher, who bent the whole force of his genius to render my education as complete as possible. The plan of my studies was projected by himself, and filled up under his inspection.

In the 6th year of my age I was sent to school to a famous Abecedarian, who had acquired great celebrity by a new method of teaching the Alphabet, the secret of which was this, that he made his pupils great scholars, without once exciting in their minds a suspicion of his purpose. As the merits of his plan was beyond the comprehension of ordinary minds, his pupils were all the children of the better sort of people. On going to school I found them divided into several classes according to their respective talents. One class were learning the Alphabet by casting dice; another by playing cards; a third by lottery. Whether it was in compliment to my father's philosophy or my own genius, he instituted a new class for my sake, and taught us the letter through the delightful medium of natural history. I cannot recount the whole of his system; but *B* was the ox's letter and introduced me to the natural history of that quadruped; *R* was the dog's

letter; and *S* the snake's, which it exactly resembled in shape and sound. Our whole school came on surprisingly, and I am persuaded that for cards, dice, lottery, and natural history, few scholars would compare with us; even at a time when, had we clubbed our literature, we could not have made the twenty-four letters among us. In about six months we had learned the alphabet, and although several others had learned it in less time, none had ever learned it more perfectly.

As soon as I had learned to read, my father and my teacher seemed to vie in their care that nothing but the most sublime sentiments and eloquent language should meet my eye. The *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, and such books were never out of my hand. Yet to whatever cause it was owing, I could neither relish nor understand these works. There happened to be in the neighbourhood a school of a lower gradation, I mean the scholars were not the children of wealthy parents, and this master had not distinguished himself by any extraordinary discovery in the art of teaching. Yet as the lads were excellent playmates, I frequently mingled in their sports, and soon found that their school was a magazine of curious literature. From them I borrowed successively and read the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and several other books of similar character.

And from the moment I began to read them, I improved surprisingly, while the honour of my progress was ascribed to the genius of my teacher, and my father's judgment in selecting suitable books for me.

Having mastered prose, I entered on a regular course of poetical reading. Young's *Night Thoughts*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Addison's *Cato*, and Shakspeare's *Plays*, books which all who visited our family declared to be standards of style and sentiment, were now furnished to me. The reading of them, however, proved the most irksome of all our literary drudgeries, and created in my mind a nauseating disgust of poetry and poets, for I was too young to be charmed with what I did not understand.

One evening in our sports, a playmate from the other school asked me what I was reading. Something said I they call poetry. O that is fine, cried he! Fine! it is all nonsense, exclaimed I, and they threaten to set me to something they call heroic poetry. I am sure it will kill me. Ho! cried he, with rapture, if you had my little hero Jack Horner, you would never tire of him. Darling fellow, (plunging his hand into his pocket and pulling out a little tattered volume). Here he is.—I opened it at a venture, and the first lines that struck me were these: I shall never forget them:

Jack Horner, he a giant killed, one Gyllitantes stout,  
As great as ever man beheld in all the world through-  
out,  
His lips they opened like two gates, his beard hung  
down like wire,  
His eyes were like two pewter plates, he breathed  
like smoke and fire.

Never did poetry so inflame my fancy. I begged and prayed and obtained the book for the night, and read it over and over. Gay's *Fables*, and whole bundles of tales and ballads I in like manner borrowed and read, and in a short time was not only able to read any poetry which came in my way, but had begun to write verses myself.

It was some time after this, as my father was reading the newspaper at breakfast, that he fell upon an advertisement of a new school by a teacher from some place far away, who engaged to communicate the knowledge of arithmetick to young lads of genius in six weeks. Six weeks! exclaimed my father aloud, I spent a year at arithmetick, but I always thought that there must be some more compendious road to science. This is certainly a man of genius. So prepare yourself, said he, turning to me, for a new school. If you learn arithmetick in six weeks, you may be as great a philosopher as Newton before twenty.—To school I went; and must this day declare, that arithmetick was, if not the most difficult, at least the most absurd study I was ever engaged in; for I learned to do every thing, but knew nothing. Of the thousand perplexities I got involved in, I shall mention only two, because they were the first that occurred. One day having summed up a column in addition it amounted to 109. What shall I do master? said I. Set down the 9, said he, beneath the column. And what shall I do with the 100? Carry 10 to the next column. And what shall I do with the 90 that are left. Give yourself no trouble about them. But I cannot afford to lose 90 out of 109. Go on sir, said he; Sir Isaac Newton would have done just so; I warrant the question will prove. The next case was in subtraction, where I was directed to borrow 10 and pay but 1. But master, said I, is that honest, to borrow 10 and pay only 1? Every merchant does so, said he. (Not all, I hope, replied I; bankrupts may do so). It is done in every counting-house; and the banks keep their accounts in that way. But is it honest? cried I, a little warm. Go on sir, was the reply: if you must be satisfied on such points, your six weeks will become more than as many months.—You may be sure I was glad to be done with arithmetick. I rode post, and was well content to be done with the jolting.

A new era now commenced in my life, which involved a deeper interest than any preceding period. I therefore bespeak your indulgence, at least your pardon, for treating it more in detail. The case is simply

this: My father, who was determined that I should be a scholar at all points, was engaged most profoundly in projecting the plan of a classical education for me: Not, said he, that I think it of any real use; but when every gentleman struts with a sword by his side, it is necessary that one who would keep their company should at least show a good hilt; for if he be prudent enough never to draw, it is no great matter whether the blade be lath or steel. There was a singularly unfortunate fatality that attended all my father's projects, and I verily believe, had a comet been necessary to ripen his cabbages, he would scarcely have sowed the seed till it had appeared. Just at this conjuncture there hove into our horizon a most prodigious classical professor, who advertised to teach active young men as much Latin and Greek as was necessary, in 12 months, and should they continue six months longer, a great deal more. This was just what we wanted. For why, (my father would say, why should not a brave genius scale Parnassus like a fortification, right forward. I hate your saps and slow approaches. The teacher was accordingly sent for, that my father might examine his plan, when the following dialogue took place:

You profess, sir, to teach as much Latin and Greek as is necessary, in 12 months: Now I wish to know how much you really think is necessary; for, to tell the truth, I do not imagine it can be a great deal. Why sir, replied the teacher, it depends entirely on the future station of your son. I will, therefore, with your permission, run over all the learned professions, and show what is necessary for each. Should your son pursue literature as a scientific gentleman, it is necessary that he should be able to translate a Latin motto. Should he become a physician, he must be able to read or write a Latin recipe. Make him a lawyer, and he must know the Latin names of certain legal instruments, such for instance as *fi. fa.* and *capias*. But should you devote him to the church, I cannot exactly say how much he will need. I presume, however, less will do.—I have another question, said my father, What is the new system of education of which you profess to have the secret? It is, said the professor, and I wonder it should be reserved for my discovery at this late age of the world, I teach the languages on Nature's plan, without the incubance of grammar. Nature, sir, (continued he, raising his voice) Nature has taught all her children all that they need. She has taught the lion to roar, the ass to bray, the nightingale to sing, and to man she has taught articulate speech. But when did he ever teach a grammar school? Your son has learned English without grammar: I propose to teach him Latin and Greek in the same way. He will thus escape that

mass of subtleties and rules which break the back of Memory, blind Judgment, cople Fancy, and throw all the nicer veins and springs of the brain into such inextricable confusion.—I am satisfied, cried my father, hastily. The perfection of language consists in speaking fluently without attention to grammar rules. So you propose to begin where others end, and when people must meet in one point, the shortest road is unquestionably the best.

To the new classical school, therefore, I went, and commencing with Virgil for the purpose of securing a pure and elegant Latin style. For six months I laboured away; but Nature had cast me in an unhappy mould; for every plan laid for my education was, in proportion to its wisdom and profundity, unsuited to my genius. I absolutely despaired of ever learning the Latin; and all from the revolutionary state in which I found the words, and the disorderly manner in which they were sowed up and down in sentences; for if I found my knife at one end of the table, I was almost sure to be sent to the other to search for my fork; and so mutable were the words, that you might meet them twenty times a day in as many different dresses: they had no less than 36 ways of calling a thing, white or black, or good or bad.

I perceived that all this arose from certain mutable tails which they set on and took off at pleasure, and like a clown in a country dance at every step and turn I was fowl of somebody's train. Master, said I, I have found it out at last; if you will give me some rules by which I may manage those tails, I will soon learn the language. Rules, cried the master, amazed, rules! would you have me to teach you grammar? that is not my plan, sir. Then, cried I, despondingly, I know as much Latin this day as I shall ever do in my life. Oh! cried, he, if you find it so difficult to learn the language on the simple plan of Nature, what would you do in schools where your memory would be burdened by a thousand rules of grammar.—Fortune, they say, is blind, but she always directed me better than Philosophy. Playing one day in the streets (of Philadelphia), before a large bow window, in which stood a great many bottles filled with red and green liquors, I picked up a little square bit of paper, which seemed to have been perforated through the middle with a rusty nail. The oddity of the characters excited my curiosity to read it. It ran thus:

Recip. Poly. Sal. Rad.  
Mann. Opt.  
Aq. Font. quant. lib.

Instantly saw it must be Latin; but I dared not to risk a conjecture farther, but carried it to my father.—He read it over and over—At length, lifting up his eyes, my son, he ex-

claimed, what is this? Had this manuscript been dug up out of Herculaneum, or found among the ruins of Palmyra or Persepolis, had it been found at Egypt or in a Catacomb at Rome, it would have been adored as one of the most precious relics of antiquity. It is nothing less than a manuscript written in the true original Latin, without the more modern terminations. And I have no doubt that this discovery will constitute a new era in literature. I hope the day will come when nothing but this original Latin shall be taught in the schools: when those sonorous terminations, the clumsy contrivance of vain and noisy orators, will be forgotten—Grammar will then be as unknown as it is useless—An author will write Latin as easily as English; and should any one fancy to dress up his productions in the costume of the Augustan age, he will only have to send them to a workshop, one of which may be kept for the purpose in each of the principal cities, and have the proper terminations, or, as you call them, tails set on by paying for them by the dozen: One advantage accrued from this discourse, that by learning to venerate the Augustan Latin less than I had done, I soon acquired as much skill in it as I judged requisite.

The old outline of education was, in several important points, abridged in my favour. My father would never hear of logick. If you want man to reason, he would say, let him alone: the worst pair of legs ever Nature formed are better than wooden ones. Of moral philosophy he held an equally diminutive sentiment; if to do unto others as we would they should do unto us, be sufficient in practice, he contended that it must be sufficient in speculation. Metaphysics provoked his contempt; the whole system will become obsolete, he would cry, as soon as chymistry shall have convinced the world that man has no soul. But of all subjects the laws of nations put him mad. Laws of nations! he would exclaim; nations, no doubt, will have laws as soon as they shall love themselves well enough to be just to others. Nations will have laws when they cease to have fleets and armies. Till that day comes, let the student of the laws of nations enter a military academy. There my clue runs out. After all the expense of thought laid out on my private education it was determined to send me to some famous college or university. He must have a degree, said my father. It is the fashion. Besides the truth and modesty of the title is exemplary—For bachelor, implies courtship, but by no means infers marriage. I therefore entered the University of Pennsylvania: here I found every advantage I could wish. A superb edifice, spacious and airy rooms; learned professors, and a board of trustees to superintend my progress. Of my literary proficiency the best evidence is my present appearance before you.

But I must bid you adieu—Farewell Trustees, farewell Professors, farewell fellow-students, farewell friends and well-wishers: As soon as dubbed I must go forth in quest of adventures. Should splendid achievements, or virtuous endurance emblazon my future name, the historian will find in this speech the first chapter of my history. But should unpropitious circumstances refuse to make me the man of future ages, your love and favour will console me while I live; and at death I shall repose in silence among those mute and inglorious sons of Genius whose situations did not correspond with their intentions—Adieu.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

There is room to fear, that the race of those perfect beings incapable of weakness and invulnerable to vice, who are armed at all points, and cased in virtues, as the knights of chivalry were in mail, has entirely failed, as well as that of those tremendous giants, void of every virtue, and replete with every vice, who lived in the same ages;—till these opposite extremes, men entirely good or completely wicked, appear again, we must be contented with that mediocrity of character which prevails, and draw mankind as we find them, the best subject to weaknesses, the worst imbued with some good quality.

Nothing is more unfeeling than a fop, nor any animal more selfish. A ball, a horserace, a new dancer, the latest fashion, interests him more than any thing of real importance. The mind of a fop, regardless of what is valuable, attaches itself to those trifling objects only which the vortex of fashion whirls within its reach. Nothing of moment can adhere to what is so essentially flimsy. Like rubbed amber, the fop without attracting any

substance of weight, attracts all the straws and chaffs that are near it.

—  
Andrew Borde, a physician who flourished at the beginning of the sixteenth century, published, in 1547. a medical work, entitled *The Breviary of Health*. It has a prologue addressed to physicians, which begins in this curious style: "Egregious doctors and masters of the eximious and arcane science of physick, of your urbanity exasperate not yourselves against me for making this little volume."

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot resolve the doubts of P. The object is dimly seen through the shade. It is a question which has long divided the wise and perplexed the good.

"Poussin" paints with a lucky pencil. He and "Apelles," who, by the by, has not the industry of his namesake, might if they please, furnish many pleasing sketches for The Port Folio.

The Oration, in which the lamented Hamilton has been so pathetically and so elegantly apostrophized, is another proof of the genius of its authour. We regret that we could not assign it a more conspicuous place, and print it with a bolder character. But the elegant eulogist of such a person as HAMILTON need be under no apprehension of neglect. Our friend will be always listened to with pleasure when he raises his forensick voice, and his compositions will be perused with attention whether the type be minute or large.

We have perused the manuscript of CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq. and declare distinctly that it is strongly indicative of the literary talents and ambition of its authour. It exhibits more proofs of learning and research than one could reasonably expect to discover in a young man whose mind is frequently distracted by worldly care. We advise him to hearken very attentively to the suggestion of his foreign friend, and for the present restrain at home the impatience of an authour. The time is out of joint; and it imports both his love of profit and applause to wait for halcyon days.

The authour of the poetical article entitled the Oath, the ladies will pronounce an affectionate lover, and we pronounce him a bard of promise. Unless we be greatly deceived, he belongs to a family of genius.

To our great joy we have at length obtained what we have long anxiously desired, when casting a longing eye at the rich hoards of literature. By the kindness of one of the executors, we have been favoured with some of the precious manuscripts of the late Dr. CHARLES NESBIT, formerly a clergyman of Montrose in Scotland, and for many years Principal of Carlisle College, Pennsylvania. With this most amiable man, and excellent scholar, we were in habits of intimacy, and the Editor never found a more instructive and entertaining companion, or a more faithful and judicious counsellor. In the various departments of the Belles Lettres, he was not less skilled than Dr. BEATTIE, and in wit and humour, might challenge a comparison with ARBUTHNOT. He was an excellent classical scholar, and to his retentive memory all the brilliant passages of the finished writers of Greece and Rome were safely entrusted. His political principles were admirable. He revered the laws, literature, and constitution of England. He most cordially detested the revolution and the philosophy of France, and he cherished a sovereign contempt for the sovereign people. In all the agreeable arts of conversation he was a great proficient, and he could narrate elegantly, argue strenuously, or rally jocosely, as the occasion required. Nor was his Piety inferior to his learning or his wit. Though he was a Dissenter, there was not one drop of the sourness of a sectary in his whole composition. He was not an enemy to the Episcopal Faith; and such was the benignity of his heart, the frankness of his manners, and the catholicism of his candour, that when the editor has exclaimed "*u inum: noster es!*," the liberality of Dr. Nesbit met the wish with no disdainful smile.

Among the valuable papers with which, in a very obliging manner we have been favoured, are, a course of admirable Lectures on the *Grada of the Ancient Languages*, and the UTILITY OF CLASSICAL LEARNING. These

elegant speculations on topicks so vital to the improvement of that liberal portion of the juvenile scholars and gentlemen of the country, who are aspirants at a nobler distinction than vulgar literature can confer, we shall publish regularly in *The Port Folio*; and it is almost unnecessary for the editor to add that, in the whole range of polite learning nothing, in his opinion, can be found which ministers more to Delight and Utility, than such classical disquisitions. Much of *science* is vain, and much is mutable. But classical taste is eternal, like the languages with which it is delighted. The Greek and Latin languages are by Prejudice, Ignorance, and Absurdity, called the *dead* languages, but they are not dead in the law of literature, nor buried in the tombs of the monks. They *live* in the memory of every judicious student, and they will *flourish* in IMMORTAL YOUTH, when many modern dialects, and half of the sciences are covered with all the cobwebs of oblivion. An astronomer peering at remote stars, a mathematician buried among the dry bones of diagrams, and a metaphysician engaged in the fantastick chace of things unsearchable, are all insulated beings, with nothing of Splendour, and little of Use: but a CLASSICAL SCHOLAR is a publick, a shining, and a conspicuous character. To him belong, exclusively, the tongue of an eloquent orator, and the pen of a ready writer. He alone is read with rapture, he alone is listened to with attention and applause. By classical discipline, Pitt and Bolingbroke, Murray and Burke, Lyttleton and Windham, attained their glorious preeminence, and at the desk or at the toilet, in conversation, or in council, were able to convince, to persuade, to dazzle and to delight.

We insist with the more earnestness on this topick, because, though the ancients, those tutelary powers of learning, are reverently worshipped at Oxford and Cambridge, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, they have been considered as so many false gods in more than one vast

country. The neglect of them has been the sure portent of a degenerate and declining state. In France, many years before the Revolution, and during the whole of that execrable epoch, the study of Greek was openly derided by a swarm of sciolists, who infested the schools and poisoned the people; and in those sections of America, where the most savage manners, the most licentious theories, and the most infamous principles are prevalent, men speak nothing but a barbarous dialect of their mother tongue. But the rising geniuses of Columbia, the gentlemen and the cavaliers, all the ambitious, all the aspiring, will *unfold Plato* and Tully by the bright reflection of the CLASSICAL LAMP; and, leaving the vile trash of literature to be devoured by the *swinish multitude*, will fervently echo our wish that the enchanting writers of antiquity may be studied in every age by the side of the gentle Thames and the romantick Schuylkill, on the banks of the Neva and the shores of the Propontis.

To "P," who is anxious to be instructed in the discipline of poetry, we cannot give better advice than what was long since offered by one who was himself a poet of eminence: Let him range mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and picture upon his mind every tree of the forest and every flower of the valley. Let him observe, with equal care, the crags of the rock and the pinnacles of the palace. Let him wander along the mazes of the rivulet, and mark the vicissitude of summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind.

The beauty to which "D." alludes is not much to the taste of our readers.

It is an ignoble beauty which may subsist without sprightliness, or sublimity, without energy of thought, or dignity of virtue.

"SALADIN" has again made his appearance among the choir of essayists. They receive him as a brother; and it is the general wish that he visit them frequently.

That portion of history, to which "R" proposes to devote his attention, demands a comprehension vast, a memory capacious and retentive, and an expression fluent and clear.

The "Ode to Drought" is the offspring of genuine inspiration. The invalid authour, who seems to suffer under our *Syrian* sky, must implore that Power, which governs both worlds, to cause the clouds to pour their waters "to restrain the rage of the dogstar, and mitigate the fervours of noon."

The Ironical Oration, which our readers will peruse today not without glee and approbation, is very honourable to the genius of the authour, and is a fine satire upon those visionary systems of instruction, which are taught in the *new* school. Let the presumption of France and of the *worst* portion of Great Britain and America arrogate to itself ever so much, in consequence of the promulgation of pernicious novelty, it is most certain and fully confirmed by that Sage, Experience, that in education, as in politicks and morals the *innovators* have made neither a discovery nor an improvement. The mode of instructing and disciplining boys was better understood in the reign of Queen Elizabeth than it is now. Of that system we want no alterations. It formed wise, gallant, generous, and great men. It formed Sir Philip Sydney.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

### THE OATH.

By the charms of Eliza—her red pouting lip,  
Where bees sweeter juice than from rose-  
buds might sip;  
By the Cupids that sport round that dwelling of bliss,  
Where you hazard your heart if you dare  
steal a kiss;

By her blooming red cheek, by her heart-  
piercing eye,  
Which no gem of Golconda can ever outvie:  
By the ringlets of silk o'er her bosom that  
flow  
Luxuriantly shading that bosom of snow;

By the blush that vermilion'd her soft dim-  
pled cheek,  
When first of my passion I ventured to  
speak;  
By the rapture I felt, when I saw 'twas ap-  
prov'd,  
And in accents of musick, she whisper'd  
she lov'd!

By the first kiss of love, when enraptur'd I  
prest  
Her half-yielding, angelick form to my  
breast;  
By the frown of resentment, which then  
cross'd her brow;  
By the blushes which then ting'd her bosom  
of snow;

By the pardon she gave, when she saw me  
in pain,  
(And so sweetly she pardon'd I trespass'd  
again;)  
By each emblem of love—by the sigh, by  
the tear,  
By the smile, by the languishing look, let  
me swear,

I love my Eliza!

### NUPTIAL.

Married, on Monday the 3d inst., by  
the Right Rev. Dr. White. Mr. JOHN  
ANDREWS, Merchant, to Miss MARY  
GARET ABERCROMBIE, daughter of  
the Rev. James Abercrombie, D. D.  
one of the Assistant Ministers of  
Christ Church and St. Peter's.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

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Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, August 15, 1807.

[No. 7.]

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

ALTHOUGH perhaps it would be too bold to assert that nothing is arduous to mortals, yet reason and experience evince that there are few objects which labour and assiduity may not attain. There are indeed impossibilities to intelligences the most exalted; but among the undertakings that appear at first view beyond the reach of human effort, and yet that do not bear in their essence the character of absurdity, none exist whose iron bars the force of man may not burst asunder. It is true he cannot "loose the bands of Orion," nor "control the influence of Pleiades," but he may improve, and direct, and expand his faculties to a degree that will almost rival supernatural power.

Men are too apt, says Montaigne, to be ignorant of their own abilities. Not that we are deficient in vanity nor that in a general estimate, we underrate our powers; but we perpetually shrink from their application to particular objects, and, lost in the immensity of our desires, we forget that our efforts are enfeebled by their want of concentration. Never has a single mind arrived at its acmé of perfection: on the contrary, the rapidity of its improvement increases in proportion with its advance towards

excellence. It is endowed with talents of immeasurable extent, whose efforts nothing in the universe can resist.

Let the lights of history or tradition conduct the view back to the earliest periods of the world, and they will faintly display the first feeble attempts of industry in ignorant and savage ages. Let them advance towards the present era, and everywhere they discover monuments of genius and labour that would once have been considered without the scope of mortal power. They will exhibit those immense fabricks from whose summit the modern Ammon contemplated his glory through the darkness of fourteen centuries; they will show the hero of Macedon bestriding the world and embracing in his gigantick arms the east and the west at the same time; they will display the philosopher of Syracuse defying the feeble efforts of a mighty enemy, and holding in his hands the lightning and the thunders of Olympus; and they will illumine the path of Newton, dividing and directing the Heavens with his magick *lunus*, and pursuing the comet through its eccentric maze.

If such have been the powers of the human soul, if they have already soared through every limit of creation, and dared to rend the veil that

once obscured their ambitious view, how far may they not extend? What can circumscribe their desires, or arrest their rapid course? Who does not wish to penetrate the inmost recesses of Nature, and explore the treasures she conceals? Who would not acquire knowledge if it were only necessary to move the body or to raise the eye? and yet little greater are the difficulties when familiarized by use. It is but to remember that the wisest and the brightest of mankind have acquired their eminence only by their own efforts, to inspire us with a spirit of emulation, and to convince us that labour justly directed was never lost. In the moral, as well as in the physical world, industry can level the mountain, or force the river from its native bed; but without industry the smallest obstacle forms an insuperable bar. The Travels of Anacharsis were the offspring of twenty years' perpetual care, and the immortal effusions that commemorate the genius and the learning of Gibbon, derived their excellence from the unwearied toils, the lengthened labours, and the unconquerable assiduity of their elegant authour. Even the works of fancy that must appear to flow spontaneously from their inspired writers, require the calm correction of time, and the revision of after study.

— Si quid tamen olim

Scripseris, in Macti descendat judicis aures,  
Et patris, et nostras; nonumque prematur  
in annum,

Membris intus positis: delere licebit,  
Quod non edideris; nescit vox missa reverti.

It has been often questioned whether, to enrich the mind, it were better to improve its native faculties by close and continued meditation, or by taking advantage of the labour of others, and building chiefly on the basis they have laid. Rousseau approves of little reading and constant thought;\* but the mind unstored with borrowed wealth is not a never-failing source, and is soon exhausted

if not replenished with perpetual aids. Air-built castles seduce the attention from its proper objects, and visionary dreams usurp the place of calm reflection, until the imagination falls into pursuits ridiculous as those of Leonardo, who wasted his hours in decorating lizards with artificial wings; while, by a neglect of thought, the breast becomes like the mountains of Heloctia, the depositary of treasures, which their owners dare not explore. Genius is an emanation from the Divinity that will be idolized wherever it may be found; but genius is of little avail unless seconded by the advantages of learning and the honourable fruits of unwearied study.

There is no period of life at which we are not capable of great undertakings. The flexibility and ardour of youth enables it to acquire, the maturity and vigour of manhood are calculated for action, and solid judgment and experience characterize the hours of declining age. We are never too young to commence our career, nor can the hand of time alone arrest the progress of the mind: for infancy will often exhibit the energy of manhood, and years prolonged nearly to their utmost extent afford frequent instances of the pliancy of youth. Every period then is adapted to exertion, and the hour to begin is always the present hour.

SALADIN.

==  
For The Port Folio.

The votaries of gaping Credulity, old women, fanatics, *et id genus omne*, propagated at the time of the demise of the younger Lyttleton, a ridiculous story about a *warning* and a *ghost*, a lady *all in white*, and a fluttering bird with the raven croak of Death and Despair. The legitimate facts were, that this dissipated Nobleman, whose ardent impulses hurried him to every excess, whose fervid genius incited him to a *debauch* with Literature in the morn, and whose violent passions goaded him to a *debauch* with *Lais* at eve, had, many years before his death, greatly impaired the vigour of his constitution, and deeply clouded the serenity of his mind. He was harassed with hypochondria, he was tormented by the stings of conscience, and his overlaboured and exhausted day was succeeded

\* *Peu lire et penser beaucoup à nos lectures est le moyen de les bien digérer.*

by a night of horrible dreams. In such circumstances his moody melancholy would be but too conspicuous, and he would himself sometimes talk of his sufferings in the tone of Superstition. The ignorance and impertinence of footmen, the cackle of chambermaids, and the gossiping of old crones and nurses, would magnify his lordship's dreams into ghosts and demons of the most tremendous size. But the man of the world and the medical philosopher know that the laborious mornings of an ambitious statesman, and the jovial evening of a mad rake, debilitated by the caresses of half the courtizans of Italy, are sufficiently operative upon the Imagination, at those hours, when volition is suspended. Such an Imagination will see "more devils than vast hell can hold." But the return of Morn and of Reason will convince the dreamer that the phantoms of the nocturnal hour are merely the mockeries of the mind.

As publick Curiosity is always eager to peruse stories of this class; and as in that respectable Journal, *The Gentleman's Magazine*, the tale of terrour is succeeded by a very philosophical refutation, we copy the article, which was the town talk of the day.

*Anecdotes and Remarks respecting the Sudden Death of the late Lord Lyttleton.*

The very extraordinary circumstances that preceded the dissolution of the young, the gay, the dissipated Lord Lyttleton, when they first appeared in print, soon after his death, were generally considered as the productions of some enthusiastick brain, ever ready to construe all striking impressions on the minds of men, who have led a life of vice or folly, into extraordinary interpositions of Providence to promote the reformation of the hardened sinner; and to alarm a volatile, unthinking, giddy race of people, who, following the tide of luxury and sensuality, are easily seduced into a denial of the existence of a superintending Providence, or, if not so far advanced on the road of infidelity, at least forget that there is a God. Considered in this point of view, it is no wonder, in an age like this, when Philosophy, instead of being the handmaid to Truth, is the prostituted mistress of Atheism and Impiety, that every report concerning the previous warning, given to his lordship in a dream, of his approach-

ing end, was received by the publick as an idle tale, and made the standing jest of all the polite assemblies in town.

At length, however, the following anecdote, so well attested that not a shadow of doubt remains of its authenticity, has given birth to a variety of speculative opinions on the nature of that impression on his lordship's mind, which, from the time of his communicating his dream to within an hour of his death, certainly was too strong to be subdued either by the strength of a fine natural genius, the force of reason improved by a liberal education, or the surrounding pleasures which affluence and elevated rank can always command, when their aid is wanting to dispel the gloom of melancholy reflections.

Having given the fact, as it now stands confirmed by the evidence of persons of character, we shall submit to our readers some free thoughts upon the subject, and shall esteem it as a favour if our correspondents will take up this interesting theme, and communicate their opinions, illustrated by any similar anecdotes within the compass of their own knowledge.

On Thursday morning, the 25th November last, his lordship mentioned at breakfast to Mrs. Flood (a widow lady who lived with him as companion to the Miss Amphlets, his nieces,) that he had passed a very restless night; that he thought he had heard a fluttering noise in the room; and that immediately after he fancied he saw a beautiful lady, dressed in white, with a bird on her hand, who desired he would settle his affairs, for that he had but a short time to live. On his inquiring how long, the vision answered, "*Not three days.*" His lordship mentioned this dream frequently, but with an affected air of careless indifference, which only showed that it had made a stronger impression on his mind, than he chose to acknowledge. On Saturday evening he pulled out his watch, observed that it was half past ten, and that he had still an hour and a half longer to live, and jocosely chucking under the chin

one of the young ladies, (his nieces) danced about the room, and asked her if she did not think he should get over it, and live beyond the time predicted for his death. Soon afterwards, however, he went to bed, complained of an uneasiness in his stomach, and while his servant was mixing a cup of rhubarb and peppermint-water, a medicine which he frequently took, expired. It was remarkable, likewise, that his lordship endeavoured to account for his having dreamed of the bird, by saying that a few days before, being in his greenhouse, at Pitt place, with Mrs. D—, he had taken some pains to catch a robin, which had been shut in, and which he had set at liberty.

The Methodists and the Quakers look upon the dream in this case, together with its effect on his lordship's mind and the accomplishment of the prediction, as one of those singular manifestations of his power over men, which God is pleased to make from time to time, in order to strike conviction home to the hearts of infidels and voluptuaries. Proper subjects, say they, are likewise chosen for these supernatural exertions of Providence; persons whose exalted station in life, universal acquaintance, and known dissipation make the example more awful and alarming to the gay world. Sermons have been already preached to enforce this doctrine on the strength of this recent instance, and the celebrated female speaker, Mrs. K—, is expected to deliver an excellent oration to the brethren and sisterhood in Gracechurch-street, upon this subject, wherein she will take occasion to demonstrate the divine intercourse between the Supreme Being and the spirit of man, from which will be deduced the favourite doctrine of the operations of the spirit, the chief tenet of the Quakers.

Others, who are inclined to think seriously upon the subject, but at the same time cannot subscribe to the opinion that there is any thing miraculous in the circumstance of the dream, or of his lordship's subse-

quent death, account for the whole from physical causes. They maintain, that his lordship having been in a bad state of health for nine months past, and labouring under an inward complaint which weakened his nerves, it is no wonder that he was subject to restless nights and uneasy dreams. His general complaint was a pain in his stomach, and his usual medicine, a dose of rhubarb in mint-water. His real disorder was a *polyphus* on the heart, described to be a quantity of coagulated blood, contained in a *cyst* or bag, on the bursting of which, immediate death, the natural consequence, ensued.

Let us now reason candidly upon all these circumstances: is it not well known that frequent return of pains in the stomach bring on great dejection of mind, or what is called low spirits? It is natural to suppose, that the gayest man upon earth, in such a situation, will turn his thoughts upon the past disagreeable events of his life, and that if any *crisis*, of which he is conscious, occurs to his recollection, it will serve only to increase the melancholy frame of his mind; the generous design of making retribution, the impossibility of doing this, in some cases, reflections upon death, which break in upon every valetudinarian, (whatever may be his religious opinions) all contribute to stir up the war within. Thus distempered in mind and body, accustomed to palliative relief, the voluptuary, upon the first interval of pain, repairs to the banquet, and indulges to excess. Repetition causes a return of the disorder, perhaps in a lesser degree, permitting exhausted nature to seek for recruiting strength from that universal restorative, balmy sleep; but this relief being interrupted by indigestion, perturbing dreams are the consequence—dreadful struggles between the active spirit, imagination, mind, or whatever you are pleased to call it, and the encumbered body, prevail—more horrid to sensation than words can describe: few there are, young or old, who have not laboured under these horrors, vulgarly called

the *night-mare*, after eating hearty suppers. What are the subjects that distract the man in these dreadful conflicts? Are they not familiar occurrences of his life? The horse-man is flung from his seat, dashed on the pavement, the blood gushes from every vein, the struggle to recover awakens the terrified dreamer: he doubts for a few minutes whether the scene was not real, and dreads to close his eyes again, lest the imaginary vision should return. Another is attacked by a favourite dog or cat, and seems to feel the teeth or talons of these furious animals. In short, not to dwell upon the variety of shapes which this midnight disorder assumes, let us only add, that the seducer of women will in his turn be visited by the imaginary appearance of the injured female: the agitated mind and the diseased body may work this up, in one of these nocturnal phrenzies, into confused combinations of occurrences. Mrs. D —, representing the green-house occurrence, and the bird, the confined fluttering robin—with these might be intermixed (for the person in these dreams often changes in the instant, sometimes we fancy it one, and then another) some other female form, unhappily ruined, which assails the dreamer, and intimates what is most likely to strike the seducer with terror, at his speedy dissolution. Awakened at this scene of terror, the idea of some fixed time easily intrudes itself on the disturbed imagination, and leaves a lasting impression; just the same, and no more than that which has urged a man to give a premium for a particular lottery-ticket which he has dreamed of so perfect as to remember the number, and that it was drawn a capital prize.

The very evening after the dream, Lord Lyttleton in his weak state exerted himself in two speeches in the House of Lords, and returned home quite exhausted: what other fatiguing voluntary exertions he imposed upon himself the next day we know not; but it is a fact, that he ate a very hearty supper on the Saturday eve-

ning, that the impression upon his mind of his approaching death still affected him, that in this situation the pain in his stomach returned, too violent to permit him to take his usual medicine, or to go off in a confused dream. The pressure of the burthened stomach bore too heavy on the *polyphus*, and the discharge killed him almost instantaneously.

We see nothing supernatural in all this, and could we possibly admit that the Supreme Being occasionally steps out of the line of the ordinary operations of his providence in the regular course of nature, we should suppose it would be to furnish more general examples of his omnipotence and mercy, which must inevitably have an effect on whole bodies of people; on the conduct of nations; and produce general, not particular changes.

Montezuma and his subjects, by such an interposition, would have avoided those horrid cruelties under which they slowly expired, when the Christian Spaniards conquered Mexico: or the innocent victims of a bloody inquisition would have been saved, while the pretended holy inquisitors had been destroyed by fire from heaven. But as we have no right to expect miracles of this nature, it is miserable superstition to believe that they exist for less important purposes.

Finally, let it be remembered that men of apparently vigorous constitutions and sound judgments have been killed by the force of imagination; and in Lord Lyttleton's case, if imagination had any force, disease of body cooperated at the same time to hasten his dissolution.

In an obituary for 1779, written by Edmund Burke, is the following brief notice of the titles, family connexions, and death of this nobleman.

Died in November, 1779, the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Lyttleton, Baron of Frankley; a Privy Counsellor; Chief Justice in Eyre of His Majesty's forests north of Trent, and High Steward of Bowdley in Worcestershire. His Lordship was born January 30, 1714, and succeeded his

father George Lord Lyttleton, August 22, 1773. He took his seat in Parliament the succeeding session, and *has been distinguished as a very eloquent speaker.* He married June 24, 1772, Apphia, daughter of Broome Witts, Esq. of Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, and widow of Joseph Peach, Esq. late Governour of Calcutta in the East-Indies, but, dying without issue, the title is extinct.

For The Port Folio.

#### COMMUNICATION.

Augusta, Georgia, July 6, 1807.

Saturday last, the anniversary of American Independence, and era of our national existence, was ushered in by a discharge of canon from the Augusta Volunteer Artillery. The company of Rangers paraded at an early hour, and marched to the house of Isaac Herbert, Esq. where they drew up, and under presented arms received from the hands of his amiable daughter, an elegant stand of colours, with a suitable address. This, with the answer of Captain Neilson, is annexed. The field is of white lustring, with the accustomed devices; the stripes formed alternately of green and white afford a charming contrast; the letters composing the words, "*E Pluribus Unum*," above, and "*Augusta Volunteer Rangers*" below the Eagle, which is incomparably finished, as well as the Stars, emblematic of the number of States in the Union, are admirably executed. In short, the whole does as much honour to the taste and talents, as the gift itself declares the patriotism of the fair donors. The company, after receiving them, countermarched under carried arms, the officers saluting the ladies as they passed. They proceeded with the other volunteer companies, whom they joined on their respective parades, to St. Paul's Church, where an appropriate prayer expressive of our gratitude to the Author of all good for the blessings this day once conferred on us, and for the happiness which we enjoy under a virtuous, wise, and prudent ad-

ministration, was most feelingly delivered by the Revd. Mr. Thompson, after which the Declaration of Independence (that eloquent and admirable production of our revered President) was distinctly read by Edmund Bacon, Esq. An oration, breathing the sentiments of genuine liberty, such as animated our forefathers in their arduous, but glorious, struggle for Independence, was then delivered, in a manner impassioned, energetick, and graceful, by Doctor Casey. Several gentlemen contributed more than a little by their musical talents, and judicious selection of appropriate pieces, to this "feast of reason and flow of soul." When "Hail Columbia, happy land" was played, every person stood up, and some gentlemen then sang; the chorus was joined by every person present, and had a charming effect. After the oration, the Rev. Mr. Thompson, consecrated the colours of the Rangers, and delivered on the occasion a short, but feeling, and pathetick address. The Church was uncommonly crowded, and many were disappointed of places.

On presenting the Stand of Colours to the Augusta Volunteer Rangers, Miss Sarah Herbert thus addressed Captain Neilson:

SIR,

Having prepared a set of colours with suitable emblems for a military company, permit us to offer them to your acceptance, as a testimony of our respect for the Augusta Volunteer Rangers.

Though the female part of the community are but little concerned in the civil or military arrangements of their country, yet we trust that *all our sex* hold in just estimation and respect, those characters, on whose wisdom and prudence they can rely for security, and on whose honour and bravery they could at all times depend for protection.

While doing ourselves the pleasure to present this standard, you will permit us to express our earnest hope, that you may never have occasion to unfurl it, but in a time of

peace; but should the situation of our country require your exertions in the "tented field," we are confident that it will be defended with a bravery becoming yourselves, and worthy the cause in which you engage.

For the prosperity and the happiness of yourself and of the company you command, please to accept our best wishes.

At the close of the address, a band of musick played a short and pleasing air, after which Captain Neilson replied in the following words:

LADIES,

Allow me, in behalf of the Augusta Volunteer Rangers, to thank you for the colours you have done them the honour to present: this elegant and patriotick gift, bearing the arms of our country, the watchful bird of liberty, so admirably wrought, we receive with sentiments of the most perfect esteem, the highest respect. It will add, if possible, to that glow of patriotism with which our breasts are animated. The estimation and respect in which you hold those on whom you can rely for security and protection, with whom, through your partiality, we are ranked, shall never be forfeited.

Should the amiable female wish which accompanies these Colours, that the peaceful olive may ever render it unnecessary to display them in the hostile field, prove vain, and should we at the call of our country be summoned thereto, we will endeavour by rallying round them unfurled, as they shall ever be in the cause of liberty, to defend her rights, and to justify the confidence you are pleased to repose in us. I pray you to accept of the ardent wishes of the Augusta Volunteer Rangers for your happiness and welfare, and to receive the assurances of my high respect and esteem.

For The Port Folio

The following old ballad from an uncertain authour was probably written at that fortunate era, when the House of Lords was voted useless.

when human learning was decried as dross, when an Archbishop was but another name for antichrist, and when a King was buffeted, spit upon, and murdered. The sentiments in the following ditty of Dissenters, are so entirely to the taste of the majority of our loving countrymen, that we cannot render a more acceptable service to the republican faction than to favour them with a copy. The exulting burden of this precious ballad is the honest triumph of gross Ignorance and stupid Malignity over Genius, Virtue, Rank, and Consideration. It is the exultation of a Pym over Laud, of Vane over Strafford, of a fanatick Cromwell over the churchman CHARLES.

#### SONG OF ANARCHUS.

Know then, my brethren, Heaven is clear,  
And all the clouds are gone;  
The *righteous* now shall flourish, and  
Good days are coming on:  
Come then, my brethren, and be glad,  
And eke rejoice with me;  
*Lawn sleeves and rockets shall go down,*  
And hey! then up go we.

We'll down with all the *'Varsites*  
Where *learning* is profess'd,  
Because they practice and maintain  
The language of the beast.  
We'll drive the *doctors out of doors,*  
And *arts*, whatever they be;  
We'll cry both *arts and learning down,*  
And hey! then up go we.

If once that antichristian creed  
Be crush'd and overthrown,  
We'll teach the *Nobles how to crouch*  
And keep the gentry down.  
Good manners have an ill report,  
And turn to pride we see,  
We'll therefore cry *good manners down,*  
And hey! then up go we.

The name of Lord shall be abhor'd,  
For every man's a brother,\*

\* Why this is admirable. This, as a modern philosopher might say, is the very germ of the French Revolution. The same principle is fully laid down and vigorously enforced in that admirable production, the American Bill of Rights, a production which, whether we regard its sublime morality, its spotless justice, and its consummate wisdom, can never be sufficiently admired.

No reason why in church or state  
 One man should rule another ;  
 But when the change of government  
 Shall set our fingers free,  
 We'll make the wanton sisters stoop,  
 And hey! then up go we.

Our cobblers shall translate their souls  
 From caves obscure and shady ;  
 We'll make Tom J—— as good as my Lord,  
 And Joan as good as my Lady.  
 We'll crush and fling the marriage ring  
 Into the Roman See.  
 We'll ask no bands, but e'en clap hands,  
 And hey! then up go we.

*For The Port Folio.*

Mrs. C. Smith, who, to the grief of every lover of moral and intellectual worth, has lately deceased, amused the tedious hours of her last sickness by composing what she modestly termed poetry for young persons. We know not exactly her standard for poetical maturity, but these verses, written under circumstances thus unpropitious, will please manhood and age as much as youth.

*To a Geranium which flowered during the Winter, written in Autumn.*

Native of Afric's arid lands,  
 Thou, and thy many-tinctur'd bands,  
 Unheeded and unvalued grew,  
 While Caffres crush'd beneath the sands  
 Thy pencil'd flowers of roseate hue.

But our old northern sky beneath  
 For thee attemper'd zephyrs breathe,  
 And art supplies the tepid dew,  
 That feeds in many a glowing wreath,  
 Thy lovely flowers of roseate hue.

Thy race that spring uncultur'd here,  
 Decline with the declining year,  
 While in successive beauty new,  
 Thine own light bouquets fresh appear  
 And marbled leaves of cheerful hue.

Now buds and bells of every shade  
 By Summer's ardent eye survey'd,  
 No more their gorgeous colours show ;  
 And e'en the lingering asters fade,  
 With drooping heads of purple hue.

But naturaliz'd in foreign earth,  
 'Tis thine, with many a beauteous birth  
 As if in gratitude they blew,  
 To hang like blushing trophies forth,  
 Thy pencil'd flowers of roseate hue.

Oh then, amidst the wintry gloom,  
 Those flowers shall dress my cottage room  
 Like friends in adverse fortune true,  
 And sooth me with their roseate bloom,  
 And downy leaves of vernal hue.

**HOURS OF LEISURE,**

*Or Essays, in the manner of Goldenith.*

*(Continued from page 89.)*

Imagination is another fruitful spring of false judgments. Dr. WATTS.

A stranger, well mounted, and attended by a servant in a rich livery, one morning in the month of July, entered a market-town in Somersetshire, where the assizes were then held ; and having put up at one of the principal inns, inquired of the landlord as to the curiosities and amusements of the place. Boniface, who was extremely well qualified to answer these inquiries, assured him, with a low bow, that there was no want of entertainment, as the players were in the town, and moreover that it was *sizetime* ; accompanying his remarks with a recommendation, that the gentleman should by all means go to hear the trials that morning, as a highwayman was to be brought up. The stranger made some objections to this invitation, upon the ground of his being unknown, and the little chance he stood of meeting with proper accommodation. This difficulty was, however, removed, by the loquacious landlord assuring him, that a gentleman of his appearance would be readily admitted. Indeed, to make it more certain, he attended him to the Court-house, and represented him in such a way to his friends, the judge's clerks, that he obtained a seat at a little distance from the judge, just as the poor highwayman was about to make his defence. The appearance of the stranger, who was of elegant person and polished manners, arrested, for a moment, the attention of the court, till the prisoner was asked, if he had any thing to say. The poor culprit assured the judge, that he was not guilty of the robbery, and that, if he knew where to find them, there

were people who could prove a clear alibi. At this moment the poor wretch happened to catch sight of the stranger, when he exclaimed, with a degree of frantick joy, "Can it be possible!" and fell backwards on the floor. He was, however, with some difficulty, recovered. When the judge humanely inquired into the cause of his extravagant behaviour, the poor wretch answered, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, my lord, how providential! that gentleman, on your left hand, can prove my alibi." "How!" replied the judge; "is this true? or is it merely a vain pretext to procrastinate the just sentence of the law? pray, sir, let me ask you (continued his lordship, addressing himself to the stranger), do you know any thing of this man?" Upon this the traveller surveyed the criminal with the most scrupulous attention; and then said, "I am sorry to assure your lordship, that I do not know the prisoner."—"I thought as much," replied the judge; "it is mere trifling with justice." The prisoner, however, still insisted, that the stranger knew him; and the stranger again as positively denied the assertion; till the judge, displeased at his presumption, was about to receive the verdict of the jury. The culprit now, on his knees, entreated permission to say one word. "Indeed, my lord," cried he "the gentleman does know me, though he may have forgotten my person. Only give me leave to ask him three questions, and it will save my life." The judge humanely consented, and the curiosity of the whole court was excited. "Pray, sir," cried the prisoner, addressing himself to the stranger, "did you not land at Dover about a twelvemonth since?" "I believe I might," replied the gentleman. "And pray, sir, do you not recollect that a man, in a sailor's jacket, carried your trunk from the beach to the tavern?" "I can't say that I remember it," returned the stranger, "but it might possibly be so." At these words the prisoner, not disheartened at the difficulties he had met with, pulled off his wig, and again interrogated the stranger:—Do you not, sir, remember,

that the man who carried your trunk on that day, showed you a scar he had got on his head in fighting for his King and country; and that he related the particulars of the action in which he was wounded? This is the same scar; look at it." "Good God!" exclaimed the stranger; "I do, indeed, perfectly remember the circumstance, and have every reason to believe this to be the man, though I had entirely forgotten his face: but, my lord," added the stranger, "I can put it to a certainty, for I have a memorandum of the day I arrived at Dover from Calais." The date was compared with the day laid in the indictment, and found to be the same. The whole court felt the impression, and joy was visible in every face; when, after swearing and examining the gentleman as to his name and place of abode, the foreman of the jury pronounced, Not Guilty.

A few evenings only had elapsed, when the prisoner, the stranger, and his livery-servant, were taken upon the road in their original capacities of experienced highwaymen.

The above story may serve as a useful lesson, to show the power of deception, when it presents to the imagination a natural association of ideas, and connects a probable chain of circumstances together.

Thus much, however, is certain, that a man has never so much reason to be satisfied with the deception practised upon him, as when humanity has misled his judgment. Though rigid justice may frown at the fraud, mercy will rejoice at the event of the life of a fellow-creature being saved.

Credulity is seldom unamiable, though frequently imprudent: and perhaps, after all, there is as much danger in being incredulous, as in credulity: the dogmatist and the skeptic are alike wide from the truth. A reasonable man views a thing on all sides before he determines, and searches for truth with care and attention, separating from the consideration the prejudices of sense and passion.

It not unfrequently happens, that the credulous and incredulous man

change characters. Without any established principle of true reason they fly off from one prejudice to another; the enthusiast becomes a free-thinker, and the infidel a superstitious bigot.

These extraordinary changes of opinion are generally produced by a new and casual association of ideas, connected strongly by the imagination, and in which reason has little share.

Thus we become dupes to fancy, and slaves to nonsense.

Another of the strongest sources of false judgment proceeds from the melancholy impression of fear. Thus the belief of supernatural appearances, engendered by some old nurse, and fostered by fancy, becomes a fruitful spring of misery.

Though the narratives of ghosts and apparitions, spirits and supernatural appearances, all want proof, yet frequently the circumstances attending them are so wrapped up in mystery, that the yet-unravelled story is sufficient evidence to a weak mind.

Perhaps a more remarkable instance cannot be easily produced than the following, authenticated by several respectable persons now alive.

Some few years since, before ghosts and spectres were properly introduced among us by means of the pantomimes and novels of the day, a gentleman of a philosophical turn of mind, who was hardy enough to deny the existence of any thing supernatural, happened to pay a visit to an old house in Gloucestershire, whose unfortunate owner had just become a bankrupt, with a view to offer such assistance and consolation as he could bestow; when, on one rainy dull evening in the month of March, the family being seated by the kitchen fireside, the conversation turned on supernatural appearances. The philosopher was endeavouring to convince his auditors of the folly and absurdity of such opinions, with rather an unbecoming levity, when the wife left the party and went up stairs; but had hardly quitted the kitchen three minutes, before a dreadful noise was heard mingled

with the most horrid screams. The poor maid changed countenance, and her red hair stood erect in every direction; the husband trembled in his chair, and the philosopher began to look serious. At last the husband rose from his seat, and ascended the stairs in search of his wife, when a second dreadful scream was heard; the maid mustered resolution to follow her master, and a third scream ensued. The philosopher, who was not quite at ease, now thought it high time for him to set out in search of a cause; when, arriving at the landing place, he found the maid in a fit; the master lying flat with his face upon the floor, which was stained with blood; and, on advancing a little further, the mistress in nearly the same condition. To her the philosopher paid immediate attention; and, finding she had only swooned away, brought her in his arms down stairs, and placed her on the floor of the kitchen; the pump was at hand, and he had the presence of mind to run to it, to get some water in a glass; but what was his astonishment when he found that he pumped only copious streams of blood! which extraordinary appearance, joined to the other circumstances, made the unbeliever tremble in every limb; a sudden perspiration overspread the surface of his skin; and the supernatural possessed his imagination in all its true colours of dread and horror. Again and again he repeated his efforts, and again and again threw away the loathsome contents of the glass.

Had the story stopped here, what would not superstition have made of it! But the philosopher, who was still pumping, now found the colour grow paler, and at last pure water filled the vessel. Overjoyed at this observation, he threw the limpid stream in the face of the mistress, whose recovery was assisted by the appearance of her husband and Betty.

The mystery, when explained, turned out to be simply this: the good housewife, when she knew that a docket had been struck against her husband, had taken care to conceal

some of her choice cherry-brandy from the rapacious gripe of the messenger to the commissioners of bankrupts, on some shelves in a closet up stairs; which also contained, agreeable to the ancient architecture of the building, the trunk of the pump below; and, in trying to move the jars to get a drop for the party at the kitchen fire, the shelf gave way with a tremendous crash, the jars were broken into a hundred pieces, the rich juice descended in torrents down the trunk of the pump, and filled, with its ruby current, the sucker beneath; and this was the self-same fluid which the philosopher, in his fright, had so madly thrown away. The wife had swooned at the accident; the husband in his haste had fallen on his nose, which ran with blood; and the maid's legs, in her hurry, coming in contact with her fallen master's ribs, she, like "vaulting ambition," overleapt herself, and fell on the other side.

Often has the story been told, by one who knew the philosopher, with great effect, till the last act, or *dénouement*; when disappointment was mostly visible in the looks of his auditors, at finding that there was actually nothing supernatural in the affair, and no ghost.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

## LEVITY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

You have, doubtless, seen a Digest of the Laws of Pennsylvania, by C. Read, Esq. and I know you are acquainted with the authour and his waggery. But would you have supposed that, in so grave a work as the abridgment of a code of laws, he would, or could have introduced his love of sarcasm and fun? Yet such is the fact; and the mode he has chosen to gratify his mischievous disposition, is in the construction of the index to his work; from which I give you a few literal extracts:

Administration, see *Frauds and Perjuries*.  
Age, see *Vice and Immorality*.

Aldermen, see *Poor*.  
Assault, see *Justices*.  
Attorney Gen. see *Fees*.  
Bail, see *Horse Stealing*.  
Battery, see *Justice*.  
Biscuit, see *Beef and Pork*.  
Bribery, see *Elections*.  
Children, see *Negroes and Mulattoes*.  
Commissioners, see *Insolvent Debtors*.  
Common Pleas, see *Lunatics*.  
Compounding of Felony, see *Administration of Justice*, alluding to the frequent pardons.  
Contempt, see *Courts*.  
Crimes, see *Administration of Justice*.  
Debtors, see *Publick Accounts*, Randolph, Livingston, &c. &c.  
Disobedience of Orders, see *Militia*.  
Drunkenness, see *Militia*.  
Error, see *Courts and Publick Accounts*.  
Fraud, see *Elections*.  
Gaming, see *Publick Houses*.  
Importer, see *Convicts*.  
Leaden Spouts, see *Administration of Justice*, a hit at the Judges.  
Married Women, see *Adultery*.  
Merchants, see *Convicts, Negroes, and Mulattoes*.  
Notes, see *Vice and Immorality*, a touch at the shavers.  
Overscers of the Poor, see *Rock fish and oysters*.  
Relations, see *Negroes and Mulattoes*.  
Security, see *Militia, a quiz*.  
Subornation of Perjury, see *Administration of Justice*.

CUM MULTIS ALIIS.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

RICHARD PETERS, Junr. Esq. of this city, has recently published a very valuable professional work, entitled, *Admiralty Decisions in the District Court of the United States, for the Pennsylvania District, by the Honourable Richard Peters, comprising also some Decisions in the same Court, by the late Francis Hopkinson, Esqr. to which are added Cases determined in other Districts of the United States, with an Appendix, containing the Laws of Oleron—the Laws of Wisbuy—the*

*Laws of the Hanse Towns—the Marine Ordinances of Louis XIV—a Treatise on the Rights and Duties of Owners, Freighters, and Masters of Ships, and of Mariners: and the Laws of the United States relative to Mariners, In Two Volumes.*

In all our great towns that numerous description of persons interested in maritime and mercantile transactions, will find their account in perusing these Decisions. The great body of city lawyers will add these volumes to their library of course; and law students who are destined for commercial practice will be guilty of culpable neglect, if they omit the perusal of this publication.

We think the plan and arrangement of this work very creditable to Mr. Peters. This gentleman who is the son of the learned Judge to whom we are indebted for these useful reports, observes, in a very modest and well-written preface

The following Cases are considered worthy of publication as additions to the limited stock of knowledge, on the important subjects of them, to be found in the library of the lawyer. The Decisions in the District Court of Pennsylvania, will, it is hoped, be highly useful to the Bar, and to the members of the commercial community. In a Court of extensive and multifarious business, many Cases of the same kind have been decided; but the Editor has included none in this work save those which are considered necessary to establish, impress, or elucidate general principles. Many of the Cases are taken from the Records of the Court, and others are copied verbatim from the Judge's notes, to which he has added annotations. Originally intended only to refresh his memory, and to preserve uniformity of decision, and not for publication, in these notes the names of the Counsel engaged in the Causes, as well as many of the authorities on which part of the decisions are founded, and the periods when they were given, have been omitted; but every circumstance necessary in the statement of each Case is detailed with careful attention.

The Decisions are confined to the admiralty side of the Court with few exceptions. Those in the *exchequer* or *revenue*, *criminal* and *common law* sides are omitted, as not comprised in the objects of this publication. The Cases of *Salvage* and *Mariners' Contracts* will be found particularly useful as containing more extended views of the principles which regulate and expound them,

than will be found in any work in our possession. To the Counsel who practice in the Court they are essentially necessary, as they are the established law of the Court, and will so continue until altered on appeal. From some of them, and the most important, appeals have been entered, and the Decrees appealed from have been confirmed by the superiour Court. The greater part of the others have been acquiesced in through a course of fifteen years, during which the present District Judge has presided in the Court. To merchants they will be useful guides to conduct them in many intricate, and too often vexatious, parts of their daily business and general affairs. From them they will receive information on points which have been passed over in silence by the laws of the United States for the regulation of seamen, and which consequently have been left for their determination to the usages of commercial nations, and to the principles of general maritime law. Inferiour magistrates, in whom, in the absence of the District Judge, authority by the laws of the United States is vested, to examine into the complaints of seamen, will find in this selection the information necessary to assist them in these preliminary inquiries.

Throughout the United States the Editor trusts this work will be held in some estimation. The Courts of the different Districts, deriving their authority from the same sources and subjected in their determinations to the same laws, should preserve if possible, a uniformity of decision. It has afforded to him much satisfaction to find from the few Cases decided in other States, which have come into his possession, that this uniformity does in a great measure prevail, and he hopes the present publication will increase it.

He confidently trusts that the Cases from the notes of the late Judge Hopkinson will be highly estimated by all who read them; and he thus publicly tenders his acknowledgments to Mr. J. Hopkinson for these valuable additions to his collections. The principles on which these Cases were decided, are those which have been uniformly adopted by the present Judge of the Pennsylvania District, and which claim as authority the best writers on civil and admiralty law.

While the Editor does an act of justice to his much respected parent, by acknowledging that to him he is indebted for almost every one of the notes on the Admiralty Decisions, he also claims the right to express his gratitude for the frequent and useful assistance he has received from him in other parts of his undertaking. Indeed for himself he expects no other merit from the work, than that which he may derive from the labour of collecting the materials and preparing them for the press.

In the appendix to each volume, the Editor has judiciously introduced most of the maritime code, and has collected and arranged so much useful matter that the legislator, the lawyer, the magistrate, the merchant, and the mariner will thank Mr. Peters for so laudable a service. My Lord COKE asserts, that a lawyer constantly owes something to his profession, and seems to think that he is bound to some task which will enlarge the bounds of Jurisprudence. The Editor of this work, though a young man, has wisely abstracted himself from minor cares or pleasures, and usefully devoted his leisure to the construction of a book which acquits him of the above obligation.

### LITERARY NOTICE.

A translation of Pothier's celebrated Treatises on Insurance, on Bottomry and Respondentia, and on the Hiring of Sailors is now preparing for the press, and will be speedily published. Each Treatise will be accompanied by Notes from the pen of a professional Gentleman, referring to English and American cases on the different points, treated by Pothier. An appendix of useful forms will be subjoined, and the whole adapted to the use of the COUNTING HOUSE, as well as to the LIBRARY OF THE LAWYER.

A Translation of the Treatises of the same Authour on Averages and Charter Parties is in a state of forwardness.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay,  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

### PLAINTIVE.

He is a stout, healthy man, of a robust complexion. But his mind is not so vigorous as his body. His chief, indeed his only care, is that of

his health; and according to his own account, no man ever bestowed his care to less purpose: for he always declares himself to be in bad health, and nothing provokes him so much as hinting that he is in good health, or likely ever to be so.

As he keeps much within doors, he is obliged sometimes, to have recourse to books as an amusement, and takes some delight in reading history and romance. Yet the narrative of no battle however obstinate, or no adventure, however surprising, delights him so much as that of some severe distemper, in which the symptoms are faithfully delineated, and the sufferings of the patient forcibly recorded.

Mr. Plaintive, continually consults practitioners in physick of every denomination, though he never admits that any of them hath ever done him any permanent service. Those of the profession, who advise him to give over swallowing drugs, and to look for a cure in exercise, amusement, and temperance, he dismisses as theorists, and men unacquainted with the common practice of medicine.

Mr. Plaintive is fond of telling long stories; he is generally the hero of his own tale; and being of the opinion of those who think that great men shine most in adversity, his hero was always as miserable as he could make him. His heroism being of a passive nature, however, and his sufferings always in the superlative degree, which admits of little variation of phrasology the incidents of the narrative are seldom entertaining.

His complaints, no doubt, are often imaginary; but it is equally certain that he seldom imagined them to be so bad as he wishes his friend to imagine them. For though no man ever had less sympathy to bestow, none was ever more fond of receiving it.

### ENNUI.

Of all the contrivances to exclude this intruding demon from the mind of man, the most debasing and destructive is the use of intoxicating liquors: that pernicious habit blunts all desire of improvement, deadens

emulation, obscures the understanding, sinks the soul into sluggishness, renders men insensible to the love of reputation, familiarizes them with the idea of contempt, and extinguishes every enjoyment but that maudlin delirium, excited by spirituous liquors, which soon carries them to their graves.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are decidedly of opinion that "E" is fully competent to the historical task he alludes to. He has acted abroad nobly; let him now usefully speculate at home. Let him now exchange the soldier for the historian. In the eloquent words of my Lord Bolingbroke—Let him imitate Thucydides in Thracia, or Xenophon at his farm in Scillus. In such a retreat, he may sit down, like one of the inhabitants of Elis, who judged of the Olympick games without taking any part in them. Far from the hurry of the world, and almost an unconcerned spectator of what passes in it, having paid in a publick life what he owed to the present age, let him pay in a private life what he owes to posterity.

The "Communication" from the young ladies of Augusta, we may not refuse to insert, without violating the *sweet courtesies of life*, and forfeiting all character for gallantry. If, in the opinion of certain grumblers, the President and his administration are too lavishly commended, let it be remembered, that the Fancy and Invention of the Fair are naturally warm and romantick. Hence, the charming girls of Augusta, who, with equal skill, can embroider the American standard, and embellish paragraphs of patriotism, have an *unalienable right* to decorate the Fourth of July, the divine Declaration and its immortal authour with the beautiful Iris of Imagination, and the captivating colours of *Poetry*.

R. P. resembles the academician he celebrates. He is a poet as well as a painter. We hope that he will always maintain an alliance between the pencil and the lyre.

The Essay from the pen of Mr. Brewer will be read with great interest.

We greet the ingenious Essayists who have just furnished us with three speculations, written in a very sprightly strain. We wish them to prepare a series and pursue a regular plan, like the Spectator. With respect to the title of a periodical paper, we are not very fastidious. But we do not altogether approve of that which our correspondents have chosen.

We cordially agree with our friend M, respecting the merits of the UNITED STATES' GAZETTE. It is undoubtedly a judicious Journal. The editor is a very correct politician, and since the commencement of the present unhappy dispute between Great Britain and the United States, he has not dictated a paragraph but what is perfectly pertinent to the issue. This paper has been, from the first, consecrated to the information of the Americans; and it is believed it may justly boast of the merit of never speaking to the passions, without appealing to the reason of the country.

The article entitled *Levity* will provoke laughter during the dull dog-days. The authour is a wag, and we hope he will furnish us with many articles of this description.

In the publick library of this city, no species of literary inquisitiveness need be ungratified. Learning exclaims, "*Ho! every one that thirsteth.*" Let X obey the call, and hasten to the spring. Let him drink at all the fountains of knowledge, and quench his thirst of curiosity.

The picture which S has drawn of the President's proclamation is an admirable likeness. There is a passage somewhere in my Lord Bolingbroke's Works, which happily describes that sort of elevation which grows out of vulgar popularity: It fares with his ambition as with a lofty tree, which cannot shoot its branches into the clouds, unless its root *work* into the

*dirt, from which it rose, on which it stands, and by which it is nourished.*

The political essays and paragraphs of S, in the Boston Gazette, remind us of a passage in a favourite authour: His reasons are sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, bold without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy.

The prudent secrecy of V is very commendable.

To himself so secret and so close  
So far from sounding and discovery  
As is the bud, bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the  
air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.

The character and writings of C may be described in a couplet which POPE applies to the most brilliant nobleman of his time :

Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,  
Intent to reason, or polite to please.

We wish that our fair correspondent would turn to a beautiful song of honest MATTHEW PRIOR, and meditate on the following stanzas :

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I  
write, shows  
The difference there is between nature and  
art;  
I court others in verse, but I love thee in  
prose,  
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast  
my heart.

The god of us verse men, you know, child,  
the Sun,  
How after his journey he sets up his rest,  
If at morn over earth 'tis his fancy to run,  
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So, when I am wearied with wandering all  
day,  
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come,  
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,  
They were but my visits, but THOU ART MY  
HOME.

The sentiments of "Saladin" are very salutary. They will invigorate the industry of aspiring youth. But let him pay no attention to the paradoxes of Rousseau. They are a mad-

man's dreams. The Swiss is eloquent, but we must never expect to find in his works either morality or truth. He was a foolish politician and a corrupt teacher.

The theme which B has suggested is so copious that it would demand an everlasting pen, and an inexhaustible inkstand.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

### MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the first productions of an infant muse can so far meet your approbation as to secure them a place in your valuable Repository of Literature, they may certainly boast of possessing some degree of merit.

### ODE

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Oh, thou whose power to sooth the heart,  
When bleeding in distress,  
To pour in Sorrow's wounds a balm,  
The grief-worn troubled breast to calm,  
And dull the point of Care's corroding dart,  
With rapture all confess;  
Hail lovely Friendship, source of social joy,  
A youthful Muse this tribute pays  
To thee, in humble, artless lays,  
Daughter of Heav'n, whose pleasures never  
cloy!

Blest with thy smiles to soften Misery's  
frown,  
The rustick tenant of the lowly shed,  
At eve with thee, to chase fatigue away,  
And in thy joys forget the busy day,  
Lies far more happy in his rush-strew'd  
bed  
Than scepter'd majesty who rests on  
down,  
Whose flattered will obsequious wait  
The sycophants of pomp and state,  
But not one faithful friend!  
For on the crown and purple robe  
alone  
And not on brilliant pain that fills the  
throne  
The venal crowd of parasites attend:

If doomed the stings of adverse fate to  
feel,  
And all the pangs of each concordant ill,  
Which they who tread the vale of life must  
bear;  
If Health affrighted flies my bed of care,  
Give one sweet maid, I ask no more,

A friend to cheer life's dreary hour,  
And when oppressed with poignant grief,  
To give my woes a sweet relief

And soothe my anguished breast;  
Give me to whom I can impart  
The smiles and sorrows of my heart;  
Let others be more blest.

And when no power my fleeting life can  
save,  
Give me one friend to mourn me in the  
grave.

S.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

*On reading Shee's Rhymes on Art.*

When KNELLER had portrayed the fair,  
With Gothick taste, yet noble air,  
Pope wove a garland round his head,  
And crowned him with th' illustrious dead;  
And he to whom ten monarchs sat,  
Rose less in fame by this than that.  
JERVAS, from Friendship's partial heart,  
Received the meed unwon by art;  
Yet shall his praise remain as long  
As matchless Pope's immortal song!  
More justly valued REYNOLDS knew  
Mason, a friend and poet too;  
Yet he, whose polished numbers, fraught  
With Fresnoy's close instructive thought,  
Borrowed new glory from his track,  
And every ray came coloured back.

What painters now their poet's fire?  
The colours glow, but wake no lyre;  
Alas! no kindred bards rehearse  
The pencil's praise, in raptured verse—  
Dull may the painter plod, nor hear  
Soft musick's soothing cadence near;  
'Till rapt, inspired, he seize the lyre,  
And painting, breathe poetick fire!  
Then, mounting on congenial wing,  
Thus taught to feel, he dares to sing—  
Hence Fresnoy gained from willing Fame,  
A double wreath—another name.

Whence swells that strain sublime on art,  
That guides the mind and fills the heart?  
Yon sky-light room the Echo flings—  
'Tis SHEE so well that paints and sings!  
Ye fond, which shall we most admire,  
His pencils, harmony or lyre?  
In which discover more of grace,  
The polished verse or magic face?  
The air of elegance that reigns  
'Mid social hues or feeling strains;  
The soul transfused in verse, or, warm  
With mimic life, fair Nature's form?  
The sister arts more fond unite,  
Grew brighter in their mutual light,

And Beauty with new charms invest;  
So well he sings who paints her best.

R. P.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

*REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.*

This is a summer's eve—the mellow wind  
Sighs o'er the bosom of the dewy rose,  
As if to woo it from the sweet repose  
In which it slumbers—while it bears along  
Upon its fragrant pinions, lover-like,  
The perfume of its tributary flowers—  
The restless humming-bird has ceased his  
flight,

And on the honeysuckle's velvet breast,  
His nightly couch, amid the trembling dews  
Awaits the breaking of the morning dawn—  
The quiet brook, whose polished surface  
bears

The clear impress of over-arching oaks,  
Steals by the meadow, fearful, as it were,  
To break upon the stillness of the night!  
The breath of love is everywhere abroad!  
The yellow moonlight sleeps upon the grass  
And softens all the scene, while all around  
The gaudy fire-fly streams its meteor light,  
And now evanishes—now gleams again!—  
Poor idle insect, canst not thou discern  
The wanton schoolboy, with extended arms,  
Breathless, and wand'ring eye, on tip-toe  
fixed,

Tracing thy devious flight, 'till on the leaf  
In some unguarded moment, resting there,  
Thou gleam'st, and findst his hand thy  
grave!—

Alas! the feverish dream of passion's hour  
Is often thus, and when repose is sought  
The light returns,—but oh the heart is  
wrecked!—

JACQUES.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*  
*ACROSTICK.*

Saw ye yonder nymph so gay,  
As she wander'd o'er the plain;  
Love and Beauty led the way,  
Love, bewitching every swain:  
Youth and Innocence delighted,  
(Fancy's fairest angel forms,)  
On the maiden blushing waited,  
Unconscious of their heavenly charms.  
Love at that moment seized my throbbing  
breast,  
Kindling affection not to be expressed,  
Endearing, ardent,—ne'er to be suppress-  
ed.

E. S.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, August 22, 1807.

[No. 8.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### *For The Port Folio.* BIOGRAPHY.

*Sketch of the Life and writings of Abraham Tucker, Esq. author of "The Light of Nature Pursued."*

The life of a scholar, says Goldsmith, seldom abounds with adventure. His fame is acquired in solitude. The Historian, who only views him at a distance, must be content with a dry detail of actions, by which he is scarcely distinguished from the rest of mankind. But we are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure; not that we have any thing important to say, but because the subject is pleasing. In the following narrative of the life of a *self-sequestered man*, though the reader can discern no martial achievements, or cabinet policy, yet may be seen the rise, progress, and completion of one of the most original, ingenious, instructive, and entertaining works that ever was composed on topics of Knicks, Metaphysicks, and Theology. This admirable system of Morality and Religion, which has furnished Archdeacon PALEY with almost the whole of his materials for his Treatise on Moral Philosophy, was first published in 1768, and very favourably received by the critics and the philosophers. In the year 1777 it was completed; and although, from the abstruseness of some parts, the prolixity of others, and the liberality of all, it was not for many years a popular work, in the vulgar sense of the expression, yet it was always a favourite with the contemplative and sacred few.

At present it is rising fast into celebrity. The splendid authorities of Sir James Maitland, Dr. Parr, and Dr. Knox have been successfully quoted in its favour. The author's grandson, the Honourable Sir Henry

Paullet, † St. John Mildmay, M. P. has just published a new and beautiful edition, carefully revised and corrected. This is now lying before us, enriched by the Biography which we have transcribed for The Port Folio, and ornamented by a spirited engraving of the author. This fine print is labelled ABRAHAM TUCKER, Esq. of Butchworth Castle. It is engraved by Say, and characteristically represents the author of the Light of Nature, in his library surrounded with books. He is richly dressed in the style of an *ancient and independent English gentleman*; and his highly interesting countenance exhibits all the genius of an accomplished scholar, all the penetration of an acute philosopher, and all the benevolence of a good man.

By an advertisement in one of our latest London papers, we perceive, with pleasure, that some friend to the memory of the writer, and to the dissemination of his original opinions, has just published, in one volume, large octavo, an abridgment of this great work. This is rendering a truly valuable service to the cause of Religion and Literature. For, it must be confessed, that though Mr. Tucker never drates *on the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument*, yet that his work is very voluminous, and from the abstractions with which he is obliged to be conversant, is not a little terrifying to the mere literary loungeur, whose vagrant attention will wander even from the page of CERVANTES himself. It is therefore fortunate for letters that the more popular

† We presume, from one of the christian names of this Baronet that the family of Tucker, by descent or marriage, is connected with the house of Bellinghams, one of the oldest and noblest families in the kingdom.

parts of this curious treatise are presented in a *tangible form* to the bulk of readers. Hence, perhaps, many will be induced to study the original, and become intimately acquainted with the speculations and character of the **PROFONDEST PHILOSOPHER OF HIS AGE**. Nor is he a mere metaphysician. His literary character was as various as that of Aristippus. What Dr. Rush, the Bishop of Dromore, said in his funeral sermon upon Jeremy Taylor, may be applied without a particle of exaggeration to **ABRAHAM TUCKER**. He has the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint.

Not only a sincere admiration of the works of this great genius has dictated this encomium, but gratitude to a dear and venerable friend, who, at a very early period of the Editor's life, directed his attention to the playful sallies of this authour's imagination, and to those golden rules of practical science which even a boy might comprehend. At a maturer age, as it is the settled habit of the writer of this article to shun vulgar people and vulgar books, and to study diligently *original* characters and *original* writers, he has, to use Gibbon's strong phrase, *meditated* this original work, and we are at a loss which most to admire, the fertility of the authour's imagination, the correctness of his sentiments, or the profoundness of his views. Though he was often careless of polishing his periods to perfection, and though a fastidious critic will sometimes be offended at a harsh construction or a prolix sentence, yet the work abounds with examples of very beautiful composition; and we have acquired the right to say, that in many a page, the orator might discover all the charm of eloquence, the poet all the brightness of fancy, and the wit all the varieties of ludicrous combination.

To support this very favourable opinion of a favourite authour, we will refer to the authority of three of the best scholars of the age.

The Lectures of Sir JAMES M'INTOSH are, at present, not at our command. We, therefore, can only rely upon memory for his testimonial of Mr. Tucker's merit. But the reader may be assured that the learned Ba-

† The gentleman alluded to, who is a *very near* relation of the Editor, found time and inclination amid the cares of business not only for the study of Polite Literature, but the most laborious and successful researches in abstruse science. To metaphysical and philosophical investigations, in particular, he bent the whole force of his ardent mind, and conversed on these topics with great clearness, acuteness, and ability.

ronet speaks in the highest terms of the profound metaphysician.

Dr. Parr, in his celebrated Spital Sermon, after fortifying with the authority of Mr. Tucker many of the positions in that admirable discourse, observes "I hear with concern that the works of this *admirable* writer are *scarce*, and therefore, I shall not apologize for ample and frequent quotations. In another place the Dr. says "Philosophy is brought within the reach of common sense, and is more skilfully applied to the duties of common life by this authour, than by any of the writers on universal benevolence with whom it has been my fortune to meet.

The three or four last volumes of *Search's* Light of Nature, says Dr. Vicesimus Knox, certainly abound in excellent thoughts and *original illustrations*. The whole work abounds with new ideas and valuable doctrine.

I HAVE often heard it lamented by admirers of Mr. Tucker's writings, that no account has been hitherto given to the world of his private life: and it has been suggested to me that in offering a new edition of "The Light of Nature" to the publick, some biographical sketch would be expected at my hands.

I regret my inability to comply with these suggestions so fully as my inclination and the unfeigned respect, veneration, and gratitude which I feel towards the memory of Mr. Tucker, would dispose me to do.

The life of a man, devoted to study and retirement, to the investigation of metaphysical truth, and the practice of religious duties, can indeed hardly be expected to afford much in the detail to amuse or interest the publick. And the uniform regularity of the life of the authour of "The Light of Nature," was certainly interrupted by few extraordinary occurrences. But instruction might possibly be afforded, and example held out to future excellence, by tracing the several incidents which may be supposed to have influenced the mind and genius of such an authour, to have given the original bent to his course of study, and turned his thoughts into that channel in which they continued to flow. I am, however, enabled to add nothing upon these points to the short history which Mr. Tucker has given of the disposi-

tion and progress of his own mind in the following words:

"My thoughts," he says, "have taken a turn from my earliest youth towards searching into the foundations and measures of right and wrong; my love for retirement has furnished me with continual leisure, and the exercise of my reason has been my daily employment."

The account which I am about to give of the most important events of his life, (if any events can be said to be important of a life so retired and undiversified) is necessarily rendered more imperfect by the loss of a near relation, Mrs. Judith Tucker, by whom alone I could have been furnished with materials for a fuller statement.

All that I now offer to the publick is collected from what I can remember to have heard from her when alive, from some biographical notes, which she left behind her, and from some scattered hints and notices which Mr. Tucker's own papers supply; and, however otherwise unimportant or uninteresting the narrative may be, I have preferred to leave it so rather than to embellish it with any thing for which I had not the most indisputable authority, and am contented that it should pretend to no other merit than that which would have been esteemed its greatest recommendation by him whose life it is intended to commemorate, a strict and faithful adherence to the truth.

The family of Mr. Tucker is of Somersetshire extraction, but he was himself born in London on the 2d of September, 1705. His father, who appears to have been a merchant of some eminence in the city, married Judith, daughter of Abraham Tillard, Esq. and died in his son's infancy, leaving him to the guardianship of his uncle, Sir Isaac Tillard, a man remarkable for the purity of his morals and the austere integrity of his character. Of the memory of this relation, Mr. Tucker, to the latest hour of his life, never failed to speak with extreme affection and gratitude, frequently observing, that he was indebted for every principle of honour, be-

nevolence, and liberality, which he possessed, to the indefatigable pains and bright example of his uncle. It appears, however, that although Mr. Tucker might be greatly obliged to Sir Isaac Tillard for the early seeds of those moral principles with which his conduct and writings were afterwards so eminently tinged; he did not probably receive much assistance from him in the usual accomplishments of modern education: I have frequently heard him say, that when called on, as a boy, to pay a periodical compliment to some distant relations, he was invariably referred by his guardian to St. Paul's Epistles, as the most complete model of epistolary correspondence.

Mr. Tucker was educated in a school at Bishop's Stortford, which he quitted in 1721, and, at the age of sixteen, was entered a gentleman commoner at Merton College, where it appears that he devoted the principal part of his time to metaphysical and mathematical pursuits. During his residence in the University, he found means in the intervals of leisure from more serious application, to make himself complete master of the French and Italian languages, and to acquire a considerable proficiency in musick, for which he possessed great natural talents.

About the year 1724, he went into chambers in the Inner Temple, where, for some time, he applied very closely to the law, in which he acquired such a degree of knowledge as enabled him to conduct with advantage the management of his own affairs, and frequently to render very essential service to his friends and neighbours; but his fortune not requiring the aid of a profession, to the pursuit of which neither his constitution nor his inclination were adapted, he was never called to the bar. While he continued at the Temple, he commonly passed the vacation in tours through different parts of England or Scotland, and once made a Summer excursion into France and Flanders.

In 1727, he purchased Betchworth Castle, near Dorking, an ancient seat

of the Browns', and formerly part of the extensive possessions of the Earl of Arundel. As this purchase was considerable, and included a large tract of landed property, Mr. Tucker immediately set about acquiring every sort of information that is generally thought necessary to the advantageous management of land. With his usual industry he committed to paper a great variety of remarks, which he either had made himself, collected from his neighbours and tenants, or selected from different authors, both ancient and modern, who have treated on rural economy.

In 1736, Mr. Tucker married Dorothy, daughter of Edward Barker, of East Betchworth, Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer, and receiver of the Tenth. By this lady, who died in 1754, he had two daughters: Judith, who survived him, inherited his estates, and died unmarried in 1795, and Dorothea Maria, who, in 1763, married Sir Henry Paulet St. John, Baron of Dogmersfield Park, in Hampshire, and died in 1768, leaving no issue but the writer of these remarks.

As my grandfather had always lived with his wife on terms of the tenderest harmony and affection, he was severely afflicted by her death. As soon as the first excess of his grief was somewhat mitigated, he occupied himself in collecting together all the letters that had passed between them, at periods when they were accidentally separated from each other, which he transcribed twice over, under the title of "The Picture of Artless Love." One copy he gave to Mr. Barker, his father-in-law, and the other he kept, and frequently read over to his daughters.

His active mind after this event became engaged in the education of his children, to whom he himself taught French and Italian. He also instructed them in many other branches of science, which he thought might in future contribute to their advantage or amusement; but he was, above all, careful to instil into their minds the purest principles of morality, benevolence, and religion.

In the year 1755, at the request of a friend, he worked up some materials that were sent him, into the form of a pamphlet, under the title of "The Country Gentleman's advice to his son on the subject of party Clubs." This little tract I have seen, though it has long since been out of print. It seems to have been dictated by no party feelings, even in the person by whom the materials were compiled, but generally cautions young men against engaging in political societies in which their passions are liable to be inflamed, and, from the zeal and enthusiasm of the moment, their honour often pledged to support measures which their cooler reason and reflection disapprove.

Mr. Tucker had no turn for politics: he was very strongly solicited, on several occasions, to offer himself as a representative for the county in which he resided; to which situation both his landed property and his private character gave him the best pretensions. This he uniformly refused. He was once, only, prevailed on to attend a county meeting at Epsom, where party ran very high, and though he took no active part in the proceedings there, he was introduced into a ludicrous ballad, where he is described with several other gentlemen of respectability and talents, as confounded by the superiour powers and eloquence of the *wings* of that day, Sir Joseph Mawbey and Humphrey Cotes. This circumstance afforded to Mr. Tucker abundant matter for humorous animadversion, and whenever politics were the subject of conversation, he seldom failed to advert to the ill success of his only essay in public life; and was so much amused with the figure he made in verse, that he set the ballad to music.

From the papers which Mr. Tucker left behind him, it does not appear that, previous to the year 1755, he had any thoughts of the work, which he afterwards completed; nor has the former Editor, nor have I, been able to ascertain from what circumstance he was first induced to undertake it. About the year 1736, how

ever, he begun "The Light of Nature Pursued."

He made several sketches of the plan of his work (one of which he afterwards printed in the shape of a dialogue) before he finally decided on the method he should pursue. And after he had ultimately arranged and digested his materials, he twice transcribed the copy in his own hand. Conscious of the defects in his style, he had it in contemplation, as he says himself, to have revised and corrected, in some degree, the most inharmonious and inelegant passages in the work, before he sent it to the press, though for various reasons assigned in his Introduction, he never accomplished his design.

To qualify himself, however, for appearing before the publick as an authour, he had employed a considerable portion of his time, previous to his great undertaking, in studying, with the utmost accuracy, the most elegant Greek and Latin Classics, in order (as far as it is possible, in the more advanced periods of life) to supply the defects of early education; and he actually took the pains of translating the most admired pieces of Demosthenes, Cicero, Pliny, &c. several times over.

Of these studies, many have been thrown aside and destroyed; but I am still in possession of such a collection as is sufficient to show that Mr. Tucker's industry and perseverance have been very rarely surpassed.

He published the first specimen of his work in 1763, under the title of "Freewill," which seems to have been a selection from four octavo volumes, which he afterwards printed in 1765, under the fictitious name of "Edward Search!" Why he assumed a feigned name, I am ignorant, but I am disposed to ascribe it altogether to his disinclination to attract publick notice. The remainder of the work was edited by his daughter, from a manuscript, and published with the real name of the authour, some time after his decease.

At a late period of life, he printed, but did not publish, a little tract

on vocal sounds, wherein he attempts very ingeniously, with the aid of a few additional letters, to fix the pronunciation of the whole alphabet in such a manner, that the sound of any word may be conveyed on paper, as easily as by the voice. This little treatise was composed in support of certain positions which he had advanced at a literary meeting of some of his friends, and on which a difference of opinion had arisen. Having occasion, in the course of this work, to speak of the hexameter metre, he expresses his "conviction, that the English is as capable of that mode of versification, as the Greek or Latin languages." To exemplify this opinion, he subjoins a hasty attempt of his own, from which it may not be thought foreign to my present purpose to insert a very short extract. The classical reader will immediately perceive, that it is a literal translation of part of Virgil's account of the Pythagorean doctrine.

A Spirit eternal penetrates through earth,  
sky, and ocean,  
Mounts to the moon's lucid orb and stars in  
countless abundance,  
One soul all matter invigorates, gives life  
to the system,  
O'er each particular member diffuses alert-  
ness,  
Thence men and animals sprung forth, beast,  
and feathered fowl,  
And whatever monsters swim through the  
watery kingdom, &c.

Mr. Tucker also published, probably at an earlier period, a pamphlet, entitled "Man in quest of himself, by Cuthbert Comment," in reply to some strictures that appeared in a note on Search's Freewill, in the Monthly Review of July, 1763. In the latter end of it he explains his view in the publication; namely, "in reply to a doctrine advanced, that the mind and material elements fluctuate and change into one another; which seems a revival of the old atheistical notion, that a perceptive and active being may be formed of senseless and inert principles."

Mr. Tucker, though by no means of an athletic form, or a robust constitution, possessed great bodily acti-

vity. He always rose early in the morning to pursue his literary labours. During the winter months, he commonly burnt a lamp in his chamber, for the purpose of lighting his own fire. After breakfast he returned again to his studies, for two or three hours, and passed the remainder of the morning in walking, or some rural exercise. As he was remarkably abstemious, he lost but little time at the table, but usually spent part of the evening, in summer, in walking over his estate, collecting information on all agricultural subjects, from his tenants, and committing the result of their practical experience to paper. In winter, he completed the regular measure of his exercise, by traversing his own apartment, and after accomplishing the distance he had allotted to himself, he employed the remainder of the afternoon in reading to his daughters. In London, where he resided some months every year, his time was apportioned in the same manner, between study and relaxation: and he commonly devoted much of his evenings to the society of his friends, relations, and fellow collegians, among whom he was particularly distinguished for his dexterity in the Socratick method of disputation. His walks were chiefly directed to the transaction of any incidental business, always choosing rather to execute his own commissions, even of the most trivial nature, than to entrust them to a third person. This singularity arose from the construction of his mind, which was rarely satisfied without some object in view; and when no object presented itself, he would sometimes walk from Great James street, where he resided, to St. Paul's, or to the Bank, to see, as he would good humouredly observe, what it was o'clock.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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*For The Port Folio.*

In a new work, ascribed to Mrs. H. More, and entitled "Hints for the education of a young Princess," we find much moral instruction and much fine writing. In the following stricture upon Hume's

History of England, we are at a loss which most to admire, the justness of the sentiments, or the energy and beauty of the style.

His political prejudices do not strikingly appear till the establishment of the House of Stuart, nor his religious antipathies till about the dawn of the Reformation, under Henry V. From that period to its full establishment, he is, perhaps, more dangerous, because less ostensibly daring than some other infidel historians. He is a serpent under a bed of roses. He does not so much ridicule religion himself, as invite others to ridicule it. There is in his manner a sedateness, which imposes; in his skepticism a sly gravity which puts the reader more off his guard, than the vehemence of censure or the levity of wit: for we are always less disposed to suspect a man who is too wise to appear angry. That same wisdom makes him too correct to invent calumnies, but it does not preserve him from doing what is scarcely less disingenuous; he implicitly adopts the injurious relations of those annalists who were most hostile to the reformed Faith; though he must have known their accounts to be aggravated and discoloured, if not absolutely invented. He thus makes others responsible for the worst things he asserts, and spreads the mischief, without avowing the malignity. When he speaks from himself, the sneer is so cool, the irony so sober, the contempt so discreet, the moderation so insidious, the difference between Popish bigotry and Protestant firmness, between the fury of the persecutor, and the resolution of the martyr so little marked; the distinctions between intolerant frenzy and heroic zeal so melted into each other, that though he contrives to make the reader feel some indignation at the tyrant, he never leads him to feel any reverence for the sufferer. He ascribes such a slender superiority to one religious system above another, that the young reader who does not come to the perusal, with his principles formed, will be in danger of thinking that the reformation was really not worth contending for.

But in nothing is the skill of this accomplished sophist more apparent than in the artful way in which he piques his readers into a conformity with his own views concerning religion. Human pride, he knew, naturally likes to range itself on the side of ability. He, therefore, skilfully, works on this passion, by treating, with a sort of contemptuous superiority (as weak and credulous men) all whom he represents as being under the religious delusion.

To the shameful practice of confounding fanaticism with real religion, he adds the disingenuous habit of accounting for the best actions of the best men by referring them to some low motive; and affects to confound the designs of the religious and the corrupt, so artfully, that no radical difference appears to subsist between them.

In a crisis, portentous like the present, when we are threatened on every side; when *without are dangers, and within are fears*, it is infinitely desirable that some great Genius, like a giant refreshed with wine, should arise and snatch us from political perdition. Would to God that some American Burke could be found, who would both *exclaim and act* in the spirit of the following passage, which occurs in one of the last pamphlets EDMUND BURKE ever wrote, and which combines all the warmth of youth and all the wisdom of age. Nothing can be more just than the closing sentence of this energetick extract.

How often has publick calamity been arrested on the very brink of ruin by the seasonable energy of a single man. Have we no such man among us? I am as sure as I am of my being, that one vigorous mind, without office, without situation, or publick functions of any kind, one such man, confiding in the aid of God, and full of just reliance in his own fortitude, vigour, and perseverance, would first draw to him some few like himself, and then, that multitudes hardly thought to be in existence, would appear and troop about him.

If I saw this auspicious beginning, baffled and frustrated as I am, yet on the very verge of a timely grave,

abandoned abroad and desolate at home, stripped of my boast, my hope, my consolation, my helper, my counsellor, and my guide, yet thus, even *thus, I would rake up the fire under all the ashes that oppress it*. I am no longer patient of the publick eye; nor am I of force to win my way, and to jostle and elbow in a crowd. But *even in solitude something may be done for society. The meditations of the closet have infected Senates with a subtle frenzy, AND INFLAMED ARMIES WITH THE BRANDS OF THE FURIES*.

The following is a very concise character of Mr. PITT, but it contains much in little. It is drawn with elegance, accuracy, and discrimination. The intrepidity of his character is strikingly displayed in the concluding sentence. To oppose and to despise the majority is always glorious.

As a financier, no man who ever presided at the board of Exchequer has obtained more praise. His plans were laid with so much judgment, and the objects of his taxation so correctly chosen, that the produce, in general, was coeval with the calculation.

As a speaker, he was, perhaps, unrivalled. Notwithstanding his person was unprepossessing, his action tame, and his features so unimportant that no painter, sculptor, or medalist could ever contrive to obtain a likeness; yet, such was the happy choice of his words, the judicious arrangement of his subject, and the FASCINATING EFFECT of a PERENNIAL ELOQUENCE, that his wonderful powers were acknowledged, even by those who happened to be prepossessed against his person and arguments. When employed in a good cause, he was irresistible, in a bad one, he would dazzle the judgment, lead the imagination captive, and seduce the heart, even while the mind remained firm.

Nor ought his GENEROUS SCORN OF WEALTH to be omitted. Amid a corrupt circle, and at a time when some men appear to have attained the heroick age of pecuniary baseness, he was *wholly exempt from this mark of modern degeneracy*.

All his failings appear to have arisen out of one master passion—that Ambition which soared above every other consideration, but its own immediate gratification. While out of office, he exercised the *Tribunitian* powers with such a degree of vehemence, that it was supposed he had given hostages to his country, and sworn eternal war against abuses of every kind. When in power, no

minister was ever more *Dictatorial*; his arrogance extended even beyond the pale of the empire, and became proverbial in foreign courts. Before his time, a formidable minority in the House of Commons was viewed with despair, by a minister. HE WAS THE FIRST WHO BRAVED A MAJORITY.

Almost fifty years ago, an eccentric writer published a whimsical jumble of romantick adventures, with the title of "*The Life of John Buncke, Esq.*" This work, which is by no means vacant of wild absurdity and dangerous doctrine, is, unquestionably, the offspring of a scholar and a man of genius. By way of satire upon the uncertainty of the medical art, and the clashing theory of its professors, he tells a droll story, which the *Infidels* in Physick will read with rapture.

I will now relate the extraordinary case of my wife, Miss Spence, and the four physicians I had to attend her. It is a very curious thing.

This young lady was seized with that fatal distemper, called a malignant fever. Something foreign to nature got into the blood, by a cold, and other accidents, it may be, and the *luctus*, or strife, to get clear thereof became very great. The thirst, the dry tongue, the coming *causis* were terrible, and gave me too much reason to apprehend this charming woman would sink under the conflict. To save her, if possible, I sent immediately for a great physician, Dr. Sharp; a man who talked with great fluency of medicine and diseases.

This gentleman told me, that *alkaline* was the root of all fevers, as well as of other distempers, and, therefore, to take off the effervescence of the blood, in the ebullitions of it, to incide the viscous humour, to drain the tartarous salts from the kidneys, to allay the preternatural ferment, and to brace up the relaxed tones, he ordered orange and vinegar in whey, and prescribed spirit of sulphur, and vitriol, the cream, chrystals, and vitriolate tartar in other vehicles. If any thing can relieve, it must be plenty of acid. *In aculis posita est omni curatis*. But these things gave no relief to the sufferer.

I sent then, in all haste, to Dr. Hough, a man of great reputation, and he differed so much, in opinion, from Sharp, that he called an acid the chief enemy. It keeps up the *luctus* or struggle, and, if not expelled very quickly, will certainly prove fatal. Our sheet anchor then must be the *testacea* in vehicles of mineral water. Accordingly, he ordered the absorbent powders, to conflict with this acidi-

ty, the principal cause of all diseases. *Pearl, and coral, crabs' eyes and crabs' claws* he prescribed, in divers forms: but they were of no use to the sick woman. She became worse every hour.

Dr. Pym was next called in, a great practitioner and a learned man. His notion of a fever was quite different from the opinions of Sharp and Hough. He maintained that a fever was a *poisonous ferment or venom*, which seized on the animal spirits: it breaks and smites them, and, unless by alexipharmicks, the spirits can be enabled to gain a victory in a day or two this ferment will bring on what the Greeks call a *synochus*, that is, a *continued fever*. In that state, the venom holds fast the animal spirits, will not let them expand or disengage themselves, and then they grow enraged, and tumultuating, are hurried into a state of explosion, and blow up the fabrick. Hence, the inflammatory fever, according to the diverse indoles of the venom; and when the contagious miasms arrive at their highest degree, the malignant fever ariseth. The spirits are then knocked down, and, the marks of the enemy's weapons, the spots, appear. This, the doctor continued, is the case of your lady, and, therefore, the thing to be done, is, to make the malignant tack about to the mild, and produce an extinction of the ferment and relief of the symptoms. This I endeavour to do by alexipharmicks and *resicatories*, and by subduing the poison by the bark, and the warmer antidotes. Thus did my doctor marshal his animal spirits and fight them against the enemy, but to great disadvantage. It was plain, his spirits were routed, and that venom was getting the day. His alexipharmicks and warm antidotes were good for nothing. THE MALADY INCREASED.

This being the case, I sent in great haste for a fourth doctor, a man of greater learning than the other three, and, therefore, opposite to their opinion and against their management of the fever. This great man was Dr. Frost. He was a *mechanician*, and affirmed, that the solid parts of the human body are subjected to the rules of geometry, and the fluids to the hydrostatics, and, therefore, to keep the machine in right order, that is, in a state of health, an equilibrium must be maintained or restored, if destroyed. The balance must not turn to one side or to the other. To restore sanity, in acute cases and in chronick too, our business is to prevent the vessel's being elevated or depressed beyond the standard of nature: when either happens, the division of the blood is increased, the motion is augmented, and so beget a fever. There cannot be an *indixate elevation of the solid parts of the blood* but the vessels *rise* above the standard of nature.

In a slight fever, the blood increases but little above the balance, but if more

than one day, it turns to a *synchus*, which is but the same fever augmented beyond the balance of nature. This terminates in a *causa*. This is the case of your lady. From an elevated contraction, (the doctor continued, to my amazement,) her blood obtains a greater force and motion; hence, greater division, hence, an increase of quantity and fluidity: and thus, from greater division, motion and quantity increased, arise that heat and thirst, with the other concomitant symptoms of her fever; for the blood dividing faster than it can be detached through the perspiratory emunctories of the skin, is the immediate cause of the heart's preternatural beating. And this preternatural division of the blood arises from the additional quantity of obstructed, perspirable matter, added to the natural quantity of the blood.

Things being so, the doctor went on, and the fever rising by the blood's dividing faster than it can be detached by the several emunctories; and this from an elevation of the solids above the balance, we must then strive to take off the tension of the solids and subtract the cause. This makes me begin in a manner quite contrary to the other physicians, and, I doubt not but I shall soon get the better of the fury and orgasm, make an alteration in the scabrous tongue, and by according with the *modus* of nature, throw forth the matter of the disease. I will enable Nature to extricate herself. I hope to disentangle herself.

Thus did this very learned man enlarge; and, while he talked of doing wonders, the dry and parched skin, the black and brushy tongue, the crusty fur upon the teeth, and all the signals of an *incendium* within, declared her dissolution very near. As the serum diminished fast, all the intestine motion of the crassamentum increased. Nature was brought to her last struggles. All the dismal harbingers of a general wreck appeared, to give the bystanders notice of approaching death. She died, the ninth day, by the ignorance of four learned physicians.

Our friend ASMODEO has discovered, in the works of one of the French Epigrammatists, a lampoon to the same effect as the above narrative by the facetious Mr. Buncle.

*From the French.*

A lady being ill, though apparently not dangerously so, had four physicians to attend her. The lady died.

Can you imagine, Joe,

So slight a fever, a mere melancholy, in five short days could to the shades below

Send the fair Amaranthe, in all her folly?  
Tut, man, I'm sure that on a mind  
Like yours, acute, refined,  
A single doubt cannot remain,  
That she of health, 'till then so justly vain,  
Could ne'er accuse the FATES of their  
decisions,  
Did you but know, that she, intent,  
As one might think, to quit us, rashly sent  
For four Physicians!

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. SELFRIDGE.

Of the honourable acquittal of this persecuted gentleman from a charge of manslaughter of the younger Austin, the public are long since informed. The course of the prosecution, dictated by a political foe, who was stimulated by the violence of a faction to which he looked for elevation to the highest office in the state, was, as might have been expected, neither softened by lenity nor sweetened by mercy. The law in this case was not only adhered to in form, but it was satisfied in substance. Mr. Selfridge underwent every hardship and experienced every rigour to which such a charge could have subjected the most vulgar and degraded offender. He was kept a close prisoner at the imminent risk of a life, rendered precarious by long continued sickness and bodily infirmity; he suffered privations and made sacrifices far greater than those which usually attend the objects of criminal prosecutions.

After an imprisonment of more than four months (during which his enemies\* were industriously occupied in forestalling and prejudicing public opinion, and exciting popular and party resentment against him, all of which was met, on his part, by the most calm and patient submission to the laws and justice of his country)

\* It has been suspected, that during the imprisonment of Mr. Selfridge, the attorney general permitted or was engaged in this cruel and dishonourable occupation. The grounds of this suspicion are unknown, and it is to be hoped, for the honour of the government of Massachusetts, that it is unfounded.

the Court which was to decide on his fate began its session. When the case was submitted to the Grand Jury, no advantage was left unimproved by the officers of the government, to procure an indictment for murder. The Attorney General, contrary to English practice,† the practice of other States, and *the eternal principles of justice*, appeared before them and tasked his influence and his eloquence for that purpose. They, however, to use his own language, “usurped the authority of deciding in a private room, such a question, (whether murder or manslaughter) in the first instance”; in other words, the Grand Jury, regarding their oaths, their consciences, and their duty, and finding no sufficient cause to call upon Mr. Selfridge to answer an indictment for **MURDER**, indicted him for **MANSLAUGHTER** only‡. This being a bailable offence, Mr. Selfridge then, for the first time, demanded to be liberated on bail.

During the trial in chief, neither he nor his counsel asked or received favour. If there were any leaning in the Judge, who tried the cause, IT WAS NOT TO THE SIDE OF THE ACCUSED.§

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† Probably the last instance of such a procedure in England was on the trial of the Earl of Shaftesbury, for treason, in 1681. In the case of Col. Barr, now depending before the Chief Justice of the United States, in the Circuit Court of Virginia, the attorney of the district was not permitted to go before the Grand Jury.

‡ The Grand Jury, it is said, insisted on their right to examine the witnesses to the transaction generally, without confining themselves to those whom the attorney might think it expedient to select. The result was the finding a bill for manslaughter only. In Pennsylvania (and so it ought to be wherever public justice is the only motive to a prosecution), all the witnesses, as well favourable as unfavourable to the prisoner, who were present at the transaction, are sent to the Grand Jury by the prosecuting officer.

§ In one instance where testimony was offered, and objected to by the counsel of the defendant, and the court appeared to doubt, the attorney general suggesting that “a verdict for the defendant would be **FATAL** against the government,” the judge re-

After the defendant’s counsel had summed up, the counsel for the State, contrary to all rule, was permitted to introduce new evidence. Neither zeal nor ability was wanting, on the part of the Government, to support the prosecution: no topic which was calculated to rouse the passions or excite unworthy prejudices, was omitted. The Jury were addressed by the Attorney General as being “all of the same way of thinking with himself, he touched upon the little, ignoble string of domestick politicks, and condescended to talk of the ‘would be noble,’ with his gold-headed cane, or his elegantly mounted pistol.”

At length, the Jury was charged by the Judge, in a manner which bids defiance to any insinuation of partiality for the accused. They retired, and, after a deliberation of four hours, returned, with a verdict of “Not guilty.”

It might have been hoped that, after all this, the law having rigorously “taken its course,” his bitterest foes would have ceased to persecute, and that those who had before thirsted for his blood, would have felt some yearnings of compassion for an innocent man, who had been made to suffer so much. But the same diabolical spirit, which in more instances than this has endeavoured to sacrifice its victim, by poisoning the very fountains of justice, sought to destroy the possibility of a fair and impartial trial, by raising popular clamour, and diffusing universal prejudice against the accused, is yet busy, and at work, with respect to Mr. Selfridge.

In the Independent Chronicle, of Boston, of the 3d instant, the vehicle of the falsehood and poison which were disgorged before the trial and acquittal, a publication appears which claims the sober and earnest attention of all who wish to support the laws,

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plied: “I am aware of that; and, THEREFORE, SHOULD BE FOR ADMITTING THE TESTIMONY, because the defendant cannot be injured by it, but the government is concluded;” and the evidence was accordingly admitted!

and preserve real liberty. This production (supposed to come from the very man whose falsehood and baseness gave rise to those circumstances which subjected Mr. Selfridge to the hard necessity of defending his own life by taking that of his antagonist), does not deserve a particular examination. It is the SPIRIT it breathes, which requires animadversion and the severest reprobation. The writer, and those who are leagued with him, disappointed of the success of their savage projects against Mr. Selfridge, by his acquittal and deliverance from their power, are now trying what can be effected by persecution in another way. They still hope, that he, whose innocence has been manifested by the strictest legal scrutiny, who has answered at the bar of his country, and stands acquitted of the crime they have alleged against him, may be driven to the sad alternative of making himself a voluntary exile, or of leading a life of constant apprehension, lest the dagger of the assassin should terminate his sufferings and his existence! *Some late change may favour their hopes, but they will be disappointed.* In the furtherance of their main design, it becomes necessary, in the first instance, to destroy all respect for the Court and the Jurors before whom the trial was had, by impeaching their integrity, and insinuating suspicions of partiality against them: therefore, they have commenced their operations. Citizens of Massachusetts, pause and reflect! For what are courts instituted, if their decrees are to be over-haled and their justice rejudged

by factions or mobs, deceived and misled by the falsehoods and misrepresentations of those, who, actuated by private and base motives, make their appeals to them! How can you hope to find integrity and independence on the judgment-seat, or in the jury-box, if they are to be rewarded by democratic denunciation? The judiciary is the very fortress of civil liberty: when *that* is attacked, *this* must be in peril. When it ceases to defend and protect the citizen, or when this defence and protection are assailed with impunity, no man ought to talk of his rights, unless he means to maintain them by force, by intrigue, or by corruption. "*Invalido legum auxilio, quæ vi, ambitu, postremo pecunia turbabantur*" may be the future record of the history of your times.

The writer of this "Chronicle" paragraph complains loudly that, after the Inquest returned a verdict of "Murder," the Grand Jury should only find a Bill for "Manslaughter." Now, supposing, for an instant, that it was the duty of the Grand Jury to respect the finding of the Inquest, yet surely, if the latter were not permitted, by law, to distinguish between murder, and manslaughter, but were obliged to return a verdict for the former or for neither, this complaint must be silenced. By a reference to the law of Massachusetts, on the subject of Coroners' Inquests, it appears, that there are three forms of verdict prescribed for the Inquest, one of which they must, in every case, pursue, and, that neither of these speaks of manslaughter. The Legislature, doubtless, did not conceive it necessary that the Inquest who do not sit to try the question of crime, but merely to ascertain the manner of the death, should distinguish between murder and manslaughter, and hence their finding in both cases, must be precisely the same. But are we prepared to submit our lives, our liberty, and property to a secret inquisition, summoned by a constable, acting upon an *ex parte* hearing, unassisted by the advice of a judge? If we are, let us at once abolish Grand Juries and Petit Juries, as useless and unmeaning

|| When Benjamin Austin, the father, was informed of the death of his son, his first exclamation was "Good God! is this the work of federalism?" Hatred to federalism, and the malignant hope that the death of a son might be perverted to the benefit of party purposes, seem to have been the uppermost thoughts in his mind. Parental sorrow generally commands our sympathy, without permitting us to inquire, whether the parent himself may not have occasioned it: but when we see personal and political rancour awkwardly disguising itself in the garb of parental grief, our sympathy gives place to scorn and abhorrence.

institutions. The ignorance of our forefathers did not permit them to discover their folly; that is left to the penetrating discernment of the Chroniclers. In truth, however, the finding of the Coroner's Inquest is never to be regarded by a Grand Jury, or on the trial in chief, and monstrous would it be, if it were.

Some consolation is attempted to be drawn from the demand of a "new trial," which would afford another chance to the Chronicler, and his friends of PERPETRATING their intentions. The present season is more auspicious, and they would be unworthy of themselves, were they ever to abandon an object which is to be obtained by fraud and popular delusion. It will answer no purpose to tell them of a pretty old maxim of the "COMMON LAW," that "no man shall be twice put in jeopardy of his life for the same offence," but they will hardly presume to resist the authority of the Attorney General himself. In the 28th page of the printed report of the trial of Mr. Selfridge, Mr. Sullivan will be found to say thus: "It is clear, that this indictment must be a bar, whether found guilty or not, to any other Indictment for the same offence;" and again, in the 29th page: "It is clear, the verdict for the defendant, though on improper testimony, would be final against the Government," which is immediately assented to by the presiding Judge.

In these hasty remarks, nothing has been said as to the MERITS of Mr. Selfridge's case. If any doubt, let them read the report of the trial; it is all that he need ask, to secure the approbation of any honest, unprejudiced man. On this occasion, the trial and acquittal of the accused, before a Court of competent jurisdiction, are relied on, as the pledge of his innocence, to his friends and his fellow citizens. While the relentless outcry, which is still kept up against him, must excite indignation and abhorrence, let it be listened to by all who value the blessings of civil government, as a voice warning them to rally for its protection.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

For The Port Folio.

Extract of a letter addressed to the Editor by Charles Sedley, Esq. the author of *Memoirs of Anacreon*, a curious and entertaining work, which the ingenious Biographer proposes soon to publish.

A democratick Journalist here stoutly swears that no true born American should subscribe to the *Memoirs of Anacreon*, because, forsooth, it includes Moore's Translation, and Moore is an ungrateful man. "Patience herself doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do." But I confess I shrink when I see not more than — patrons to a book written in a country where there is so much talk about the *encouragement of domestick manufactures*. My Pride for a long time refused her assent to the vile republican mode of publishing a book by the eleemosynary aid of a subscription. But since I have submitted to it, I am doubly mortified at the cool reception it has met with. To convince you that I have the entire approbation of Mr. Moore in this behalf, I will copy a paragraph from his last letter to me, dated Donnington Park, Leicestershire, April 23, 1807, where he is now enjoying *otium cum dignitate* with my Lord Moira, the modern Mæcenas.

"The plan of your book is excellent. Something like it has been done by a writer of the name of Gacow, whom I think I have quoted somewhere in my notes; and, indeed, there are many works in France upon the same model, which I dare say you have seen. *Les Amours d'Horace, de Catulle, &c. &c.* There is, likewise, in German, (though without poetry, yet of similar fabrication) the *Life of Alcibiades* by Reisher, and of *Aristippus* by Wieland, the latter of which, though betraying a little the weakness of the author's age, appears to me very elegant. I own there is nothing I have ever admired so much as these skilful tissues of fact and fiction, particularly when they are laid on a Grecian frame. Such works are a kind of *waking dreams* which mingle *Fancy and Reality* so pleasantly together, that we have all the *satisfaction*

of the latter for all the eccentricities of the former." You will observe, if you look again, that my loom stands on the firm bases of Plutarch and other Grecians; while the web, by which the curiosity of the reader is to be fastened down, is composed of the silken threads of Anacreon, tinged with the Tyrian dye of our friend.

For The Port Folio.

Among the innumerable fooleries of the philosophers and physicians of the new school is a fantastick belief that nothing is more pernicious than tobacco and wine, and all the other stimulants, to which social, or care-worn man flies to procure the delights of exhilaration, or the refreshment of sleep. If we believe Dr. Beddoes and the rest of that tribe, the most fragrant portion of the Indian weed, the weakest wine and water, the purest alcohol, even the *huswife's friend*, Tea itself, are all so many vindictive foes to human life. To preserve health and secure longevity, we must, according to the doctrine of the modern medical visionary, renounce almost all those enjoyments, which make life tolerable. We may not eat fruit, we may not eat spice, though we must swallow water with the throat of a Sangrado. But Beddoes himself is obliged to confess that this Pythagorean mode of management may injure and offend the stomach, and that we do require stimulus of some kind; and pray what does he substitute for alcohol? why forsooth, we must break every bottle of Burgundy and every flask of Champaign and drink vitriolic and marine acid, not forgetting aqua fortis, diluted with water! The universal practice of mankind in all ages, and EXPERIENCE, the mistress of life, decide directly against this uncomfortable and unfounded doctrine. It is the same in the state of nature as in the height of luxury. It is the same in Africa the torrid, or America the temperate. The savage chews his betel and his arca nut, and the Turk solaces himself with the poppy.

The naked negro panting at the line,  
Breasts of his golden sands and palmy wine.

The Frenchman loves Bordeaux, the Englishman Porter and Port, and even an innocent republican, on this side of the Atlantick, drinks with an air of independence. The rich citizen reddens his cheek with Madéira and the mountain boor fuddles in whiskey. Let us now listen to Edmund Burke.

As to what is said in a *physical and moral* view against the consumption of spirits, EXPERIENCE has long since

taught me very little to respect the declamations on that subject—whether the thunder of the laws, or the thunder of eloquence "is hurled on gin," ALWAYS I AM THUNDER PROOF. The alembick in my mind, has furnished to the world a far greater benefit and blessing, than if the *opus maximum* had been really found by chymistry, and, like Midas, we could turn every thing into gold.

Undoubtedly there may be a dangerous abuse in the excess of spirits, but ardent spirits is a great medicine, often to remove distempers—much more frequently to prevent them, or to chase them away in their beginnings. It is not nutritive in any great degree. But if not food, it greatly alleviates the want of it. *It invigorates the stomach for the digestion of poor meagre diet not easily alliable to the human constitution.*—Let me add that it is a MEDICINE FOR THE MIND. Under the pressure of the cares and sorrows of our mortal condition, men have at all times, and in all countries, called in some physical aid to their moral consolations, wine, beer, opium, brandy, or tobacco.

I consider therefore the stopping of the distillery economically, medically, and in some degree morally too, as a measure rather well meant, than well considered. *It is too precious a sacrifice to Prejudice.*

For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

At the suggestion of a friend, who loves fun, we published in one of the former volumes of The Port Folio, a brace of ballads in that species of jargon well known in London by the descriptive name of *St. Giles's Greek*. The following is of the same stamp, and if the good-natured reader can penetrate the meaning of this slang he will be diverted with its characteristick drollery.

THE ROLLING BLOSSOM.

I'm saucy, rolling, leering Bet,  
A noted brisk young blowing;  
I'm up to all your Chickane flash.  
And ev'ry rig that's knowing.  
At the new drop I nab'd my bib,

† Waller.

‡ See Beddoes's Hygeia, passim.

While Will, my man, was swinging,  
At the gin ken I took a swig,  
Reel'd home, blind drunk, a singing.

Then black legg'd George I dearly lov'd,  
He was my flash man long, sir,  
Could palm an ace or ring the tats,  
Or sing a rolling song, sir.  
But, caught at marking cards, was kick'd,  
And bundled from the ken too,  
Then being for shop-lifting cast,  
He Botany Bay was sent to.

When Phil the flat possessed my charms,  
He swore none else could please him,  
He flew like lightning to my arms,  
And begg'd I would not tease him.  
I waited till the fruit was ripe,  
Then thinking to be thrifty,  
I left the youth to stretch his pipe,  
I had nabb'd a bill for fifty.

To nimming Ned I went to bed,  
Who look'd but queer and glumly,  
Yet every hit, he brought the bit,  
And then we spent it rumly.  
But, happening to kill his man,  
When nabb'd, to jail they haul'd him,  
When cast and scragg'd, then at their Hall  
The slashing surgeons mawl'd him.

To scamping Sam I gave my hand,  
Who mill'd the blunt and tatters,  
He was the man to stop and stand,  
And work among the ratlers.  
But once the guard let fly the pop,  
And Sam became receiver.  
The claret ran, it would not stop,  
He died of the leaden fever.

While fat Sal at a tick did tug,  
I help'd as was my duty,  
I tipp'd the cull so close a hug,  
She safely nabb'd the booty.  
The cobweb and the robbing rigs,  
I practice every day, sir,  
And find a fence for all young prigs,  
Whene'er they bring their prey, sir.

Now if by chance I should be had,  
And brought to sad repentance,  
And grieve to leave my dear town pall,  
When Wigsby has passed sentence,  
With court'sy low I'll leave the court  
New rigg'd, I'll cut a dash, man,  
Then sail away to Botany Bay,  
To black legg'd George, my flash man.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

On Feb. 1, 1807, was published,  
(*Price two shillings and sixpence*),  
No. 1, of a new series, (to be continued Monthly) of

### CENSURA LITERARIA;

Containing, Opinions, Extracts and Titles of old English books, especially those which are scarce, with meditations on literature and life: to which will now be regularly added, Memoirs of deceased Authours.

By *Samuel Egerton Brydges, Esq.*

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster Row; and J. White, Fleet-Street.

### PROSPECTUS.

Although the original title of this work is sufficiently extensive to embrace opinions and discussions upon all literary topicks, yet the work itself having been hitherto principally confined to an account of old English books, it becomes necessary to inform the publick, that it is now intended, by a *monthly publication*, to enlarge the plan. Bibliography will not in future, therefore, occupy more than half of every number. Literary Memoirs, especially of authours lately deceased, for which there has yet been but a small space, will, hereafter, form a principal department. The charms of Biography are almost universally acknowledged; as it convers the most valuable information, in the most attractive and embodied shape. For this purpose, the lives will not be confined to mere dates, and lists of publications: they will contain, as far as the space will allow, such passages as lay open the workings of the human heart, and such remarks as tend to exhibit the intellectual portrait, and the moral habits. This will give a value to such sketches, even where no new facts can be furnished.

But the *Censura Literaria* will also be open to every discussion connected with the *Belles Lettres*; among which it is intended to insert a series of Critical and Moral essays.

By such an arrangement it is hoped that this work will in future be calculated to gain the attention not only of the Bibliographer and the Antiquary, but of the general reader; and that by such an intermixture, some proportion even of popular interest

may be drawn to the learning and language of past ages.

A pure and disinterested love of literature alone has urged the Editor to so laborious a task; he has been encouraged to proceed both by praise, and by assistance, in which he feels a high, and, he trusts, an honest pride, and therefore nothing that his humble talents can effect, or his acquaintance with literary men can excite, shall be wanting to render this publication either useful or amusing. There is, at least, an obvious characteristick which entitles it to stand above *anonymous* magazines and reviews, from all of which it totally varies in its plan and objects.

We have seen specimens of this work, and highly approve of the plan and execution. The editor is a man of genius and a poet.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The gentlemen of the bar, who constitute a large and very leading portion of our readers, and who still reverence the admirable usages of their ancestors in a country where Jurisprudence has her most magnificent temples, will be pleased to learn, from a very recent source of information, that a *Writ of Right*, which is the last that can be brought for the recovery of an estate, and is in rare use in modern days, being one of the *Feudal* actions, is now pending in the county of Hertfordshire, England, in a cause of *Desson v. Sheppard*. The mode of trial is what is called the *Grand Assize*, which was devised by Glanville, Jusiciar to Henry the Third, in lieu of the Norman mode of deciding it by single combat; but the tenant still has the right of waging battle, by champion with his antagonist, if he choose it: the last of which judicial combats was in the reign of Elizabeth. By the trial, by the *Grand Assize*, *Four Knights*, girded with their swords, appear in Court, and return the *Grand Assize*, that is, the Jury who try the cause. In the present case, the King's writ to the Sheriff was read, by which the Sheriff was commanded to summon by good sum-

moners, *Four Knights*, who were to appear before the King's Justice, girded with their swords, to make election for the *Grand Assize*, to determine, whether the demandant had the greater right to demand, or the tenant the greater right to hold, a messuage and 400 acres of land at Offley, in this county. To which writ the sheriff returned, that he had summoned William Baker, Robert Dimsdale, John Baron Dickinson, and Michael Hankin, *Esquires*. These *Gentlemen* accordingly appeared in Court, each with a sword, and returned the names of the *Grand Assize*. This curious cause, of course, stands for trial at the next Assizes.

A respectable paper has, for many years, been conducted by Mr. John Russel, with the local title of *The Boston Gazette*. We believe, it was at first, principally devoted to the interest and information of the merchants there. Sometimes, in a dearth of news, or of advertisements, the Editor found a place for a clever political paragraph, or a well written literary essay: and whenever articles of this description appeared, they were selected with judgment, and perused with approbation, but in general, the paper had a mercantile complexion. Of late, though, we are afraid the Editor does not augment his property by the alteration of his plan, yet we are pleased to see him devote to Politics so liberal a share of his widely extended Journal. The sacrifice of private interest to the general good, is always noble, and, we wish, on this account, to mention *The Gazette* with emphasis. But there is another reason. Since the affair of the Chesapeake, a conspicuous writer in that paper, taking the same ground assumed by the editor of the *UNITED STATES' GAZETTE*, by the *Repertory*, and by Mr. Fessenden, in his *Weekly Inspector*, (the politics of which are perfectly sound, steadfast, and immovable) has distinguished himself by a train of remarks and reasonings, perfectly to the taste of all the judicious and the prescient.

In some recent numbers of Major Jackson's Register, published in this city, a writer whose signature is HAMMILTON, has likewise taken VERY LOFTY, COMMANDING, and TENABLE GROUND. It is a subject of great regret that we cannot copy his essays, in this paper, but they are so copious and appear so frequently that we cannot follow this fluent writer without entirely destroying the plan of our Miscellany. But nothing shall be omitted, on our part to call the attention of the Publick to a series of speculations, which, in our DELIBERATE and UNBIASSED opinion exhibit a statesman's sagacity, an orator's eloquence, and an authour's skill. We trust that those of the daily papers which are devoted to the only system of politicks, which can save us from destruction and infamy will not fail to give the above essays a very wide circulation.

In the last number of The New-York WEEKLY INSPECTOR, a very original, spirited, and valuable miscellany, mostly devoted to politicks, there is an Essay, which from its characteristic excellence, we attribute to the Editor, Mr. FESSENDEN. This speculation, like those referred to in the above articles, vigorously and correctly enforces political Truth. If to such writers the American nation does not attentively listen, then, indeed, it may be reproachfully said that, like the deaf and despicable adder, in the gospel, we will not hear the voice of the charmer, charming ever so wisely.

A REVIEW of Judge PETERS's Admiralty Decisions will be commenced in our next number.

We have received, of late, a more than usual mass of *valuable* MSS. These shall be noticed as soon as possible.

The story of *The Four Physicians*, from the diverting Life of John Bun- cle, though we presume it is a mere fancy piece, is a good satire upon the strange theories in medicine which prevailed more than a century ago. Our acquaintance with many liberal, classical, and rational physicians, fully justifies our remarking that they have both the inclination and the *ability* to repel disease. In general, good sense has succeeded to the jargon of the schools, and the pretensions of the charlatan. Some wild notions are still afloat, but physicians, however they may write, or talk, *practise* in general very rationally.

BURKE's defence of a moderate use of wine coincides with Saint Paul's advice to Timothy. The remarks of the orator upon the *universality* of the practice of stimulating the system and of seeking, as for hidden treasure, for the *balm of hurt minds*, are unquestionably true. Mr. Burke was sincere, for he was not a water drinker, and his argument to Mr. Pitt, to whom he addressed himself on this occasion, is not only invincible but was probably listened to *with conviction*, for the Premier himself would sometimes exchange politicks for port, and it is memorable that the medical gentlemen themselves *advised* this sort of barter.

*The following curious epitaph is, or was, in  
Hadleigh Church, Suffolk.*

The charnel mounted on the w	} all
Sets to be seen, in funer	
A matron, plain, domestic	
In pain and care continu	
Not slow, nor gay, not prodig	
Yet neighbourly and hospit	
Her children yet living	
Her 67th year hence did c	
To rest her body natur	
In hopes to rise spiritu	

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, August 29, 1807.

[No. 9.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### BIOGRAPHY.

*Sketch of the Life and Writings of Abraham Tucker, Esq. authour of "The Light of Nature Pursued."*

(Concluded from page 118.)

THE enumeration of these little peculiarities, may, I am aware, have the effect of casting something like ridicule on Mr. Tucker's biographer; but I must entreat the indulgent reader to carry in his mind, through the whole of this humble sketch, the notice with which I introduced it to the publick, that few important incidents were to be expected in tracing the life of Mr. Tucker; and I trust that men who admire the original genius displayed in the annexed work, will not find their time wholly misemployed in perusing those little indications of character, which in the failure of more weighty incidents may serve to give some idea of the nature and formation of the authour's mind.

Mr. Tucker lived in habits of considerable intimacy, when in town with a near relation who had a house in the same street. This was Mr. James Tillard, a gentleman highly distinguished by his classical attainments and general knowledge; and who was one of the numerous authours of that time who opposed, by

their writings, the opinions of Bishop Warburton.

It does not appear, that his intimacy with Mr. Tillard, during the progress of this controversy, led Mr. Tucker to take any part in the dispute, though I am disposed to believe that he thought lightly of some opinions of the learned Prelate, from an admirable specimen of sarcastick humour which I meet with in one of his private letters, in evident reference to a passage in the Bishop's work on the divine legislation of Moses.

Besides Mr. Tucker's attainments in literature and the sciences, he was perfectly skilled in merchant's accounts, and kept the books relating to his private affairs, and to some charitable institutions, of which he was a member, with all the regularity of an accounting-house. He acted as a magistrate with great assiduity in the division of the populous county in which he resided, though, from a dislike to publick meetings, he rarely attended the quarter-sessions.

His incessant application gradually weakened his eyes, and, at length, brought on cataracts, which increased so much, in consequence of a fever in 1771, that he could no longer amuse himself by reading, and soon afterwards became totally blind.

This affliction, the greatest that could befall a man of his pursuits, he not only bore with composure, and resignation, but with the utmost cheerfulness, being frequently much diverted with the mistakes into which his infirmity betrayed him.

His favourite object, however, was not abandoned in consequence of this calamity; his mechanical ingenuity enabling him to direct the construction of a machine which guided his hand, and helped him to write so legibly that his productions were easily transcribed by an amanuensis.

It was at this period, that the amiable character of his daughter had occasion to display itself. It would be as impossible to do justice to the filial affection, to the nice and unwearied attentions, by which she contrived to mitigate the weight of her father's misfortunes, as any attempt would be hopeless, to express the obligations for which the Editor of this work has, in succeeding years, been indebted to her tenderness and attention, to her precept and example. She transcribed the whole of this voluminous work for the press: and so entirely did she devote her time, like Milton's daughter, to those pursuits which would make her most useful to her father, that she applied herself to the study of the Greek language, in which she made such a proficiency as enabled her to preserve to her father, during the remainder of his life, an intercourse with his favourite authours, of which his misfortune otherwise must have deprived him.

During Mr. Tucker's blindness, he completed the latter volumes of "The Light of Nature," but before the necessary arrangements of their publication were concluded, he was seized, in 1774, with an illness, which proved fatal: and he died, as he had lived—with perfect calmness and resignation.

Having thus stated the few particulars I have been enabled to select from the manuscripts in my possession, relative to the life of the authour of "The Light of Nature,"

I shall venture to offer a very few observations on the edition which I have thought it my duty to publish.

To attempt any commentary on the work itself would be presumptuous on my part: the most ample testimony has already been given to the original genius, the moral excellence, the benevolence, and the perspicuity of the authour, by many of the most enlightened men of the present age. Some of them with that spirit of liberality which accompanies preeminent talents, have openly acknowledged the assistance which they derived from Mr. Tucker's researches.\*

I have thought it incumbent on me, as his sole surviving representative, to reprint his work, in consequence of the various applications to me for it, and the scarcity of the remaining copies.

It has indeed been suggested to me, that an abridgment of the whole of these volumes might have been more acceptable to the world at large, or, that the bulk might have been conveniently reduced by the omission of the most abstruse and metaphysical parts, without injury to the general argument and essential object of the work.

Feeling, however, the great difficulty that must attend such an abridg-

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\* In his preface to "Moral and Political Philosophy," Dr. Paley says, "There is one work to which I owe so much, that it would be ungrateful not to confess the obligation; I mean the writings of the late Abraham Tucker, Esq. part of which were published by himself, and the remainder, since his death, under the title of "The Light of Nature Pursued," by Edward Search, Esq. I have found in this writer, more *original thinking*, and observation upon the several subjects that he has taken in hand, than in many other, not to say, in *all others put together*. His *talent*, also, for *illustration is unrivalled*. But his thoughts are diffused through a long, various, and irregular work. I shall account it no mean praise, if I have sometimes been able to dispose into method, to collect into heads and articles, or to exhibit in more complete and tangible masses, what, in that otherwise *excellent performance*, is spread over too much surface.

ment or selection, and conscious of my own insufficiency, for the undertaking, and entertaining, moreover, some scruples as to the right of an editor to compress or curtail the work of his authour according to his own notions of convenience or improvement, I have judged it most expedient, on mature consideration, to republish it as it came from the pen of Mr. Tucker.

I am aware, that the immediate connexion between the various subjects treated on in the work, may not appear obvious to many of Mr. Tucker's readers, and that something in the nature of an analysis of the general scheme of the authour would have been extremely desirable. I was, indeed, in hopes to have offered some observations on this head to the publick, from the pen of Sir James McIntosh, had not the pressure of professional engagements interfered, and the high situation to which he has been called in a distant country, finally defeated the plan he had in contemplation.

It will be observed, that I have ventured to restore a chapter,† which treats on a point that has been thought by the most able commentators on The New Testament, to be involved in much doubt and obscurity. I am aware, that in this instance, I expose myself to the censure of many of Mr. Tucker's warmest admirers, by whom I may be accused of something more than indiscretion, in submitting opinions to the publick eye, which the prudence and good sense of his immediate successor had thought it wise to suppress, in the former edition. I must, however, observe, with the most sincere veneration for the memory of the person to whom I have had frequent occasion to allude, that the circumstances under which the work is now sent to the press, are widely different from those under which it made its first appearance.

Whether the authour, when he published the fragment on Freewill, had it in contemplation to extend

his materials to the present length of the work, or whether he found himself gradually led on, as he pursued his subject, must remain a doubt. His earliest production is unquestionably the most abstruse of all his works. Nor did the four volumes he published before his death, meet with that encouragement from the publick, which they have since been thought to deserve. Their title was unfortunate and contributed to raise prejudices against them. At the time of the publication many fanciful theories were afloat on subjects of religious controversy: these had disgusted the publick, and a work, professing in its title page, to pursue *The Light of Nature*, might be reasonably suspected as unfavourable to the doctrines of Revelation. On this ground, therefore, it was thought advisable, by the respectable authorities with whom the late editor consulted, when she printed the posthumous works of her father, to suppress a part of them which did not appear essential to the general scheme of the authour and might tend to confirm the prejudice raised by the title. But the motive which operated most strongly on the mind of the late Mrs. Tucker, on this occasion was, her conviction that her father was strictly and conscientiously attached to the doctrines of the Church of England, and she was cautious of hazarding any thing which might expose his principles to an opposite construction, and which, she was aware, would be eagerly caught at by those who differed from the established persuasion.

Such were the motives which influenced the conduct of the former Editor, in suppressing a chapter which treats on the construction of the four first verses in the Gospel, according to St. John. Her objections, to its publication, however judicious at that moment, have now lost much of their weight. The prejudices excited by the title have vanished, on the world becoming acquainted with the contents. The religious and moral principles of the authour have stood the test of publick investiga-

† Chap. xxii "Word, or Logos" Vol. III.

tion, and no longer remain open to misapprehension. The sentiments, the doctrines, the arguments, and the illustrations in every part of the work are equally those of Mr. Tucker: and the particular chapter of which I am speaking, was prepared in his own hand writing for the Press. The great and benevolent object of the authour was the establishment and promulgation of truth: his conjectures (for they are no more) on this abstruse point, should they prove satisfactory, may tend to that desirable end by their publication: should they be thought otherwise, it can reflect no discredit on his memory to have hazarded an unsuccessful opinion on a subject which the most learned and enlightened men have acknowledged themselves unequal to explain.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*For The Port Folio.*

There are generous passions in the soul of man that only want to be roused into action. A well written amiable life has prompted numbers to live well. From Plutarch's Lives to the Pocket Biographical Dictionary all writings of this kind are highly valuable, as setting examples to imitate, or erecting beacons to avoid. In the following life of the late Mr. William Lake, a native of Pennsylvania, so much of the blameless will be discerned that there is nothing which virtue would shun, and so much of genius and industry conspicuous that youthful emulation will do wisely to imitate.

## LIFE OF WILLIAM LAKE,

*A native of Pennsylvania.*

Few duties are more grateful, and not unfrequently, few more difficult than those, which friendship calls upon us to perform. An interchange, not only of affection and esteem, but of real and even laborious acts of kindness, is what friends mutually expect from each other, and what, indeed, is a necessary proof of the sincerity of their attachment. They are not only to wander hand in hand through the fields of enjoyment, and pluck together the rose-buds of delight, but to soften the cares, relieve the necessi-

ties, and gratify the wishes of each other. Feeling this so sacred obligation, I have entered upon a task, which no other motives could ever have induced me to undertake.

The little tale of a friend's short and sorrowing pilgrimage through this vale of tears, and the effusions of a lyre, which might in time have breathed a nobler strain, are presented, not to the askance eye of Criticism, but to the observation and patronage of those, whose bosoms, like his, have glowed with the desire of fame, and who dread nothing, more than the midnight of oblivion. If he had a failing, it was his wish to live in remembrance. With a kind of mysterious prediction, he used to declare that his journey to the tomb would be short, but though short, Time should hasten it, without a murmur, could his name but be written on the pages of immortality. His Sun set before this wish was realized. Perhaps it was the offspring of vanity, and yet it is one characteristic of a noble mind. To me he bequeathed his little volume of manuscripts, with a wish that it might merit publication, but at the same time with a strict injunction to hazard it. "Should it perish," said he, "so will its authour have perished before it."

In compliance with this last request of my friend, a short sketch of his life, collected partly from his journal, and partly from my personal knowledge, is submitted, together with his "*disjecta membra poetæ*," to the publick.

WILLIAM LAKE was born in the County of Luzerne, (Penn.) on the twentieth day of September, 1787. His father, Joseph Lake, though condemned by misfortune to tread the lower walks of life, had once enjoyed the smiles of affluence, and received an education which, had his inclination prompted him to improve it, might justly have entitled him to a high rank among the sons of science. He was born and educated at Eton in England; but fond of roving, and a warm enthusiast for liberty, he left it at an early age, for what he termed the "western wilds of freedom," and crossing the Atlantic, settled, after various removes, at Kingston, the place of my friend's nativity.

And here, did I need the aid of fiction to embellish my narrative, and render it almost a "tale of wonder," my friend might be represented as "lisp[ing] in numbers," and as singing even in the cradle; but he like other bards, overstepped not the order of nature. The morning of childhood dawned upon him as upon other men—his meridian of manhood and evening of age never arrived. After a common school education, under a man at whose lash even genius trembled, he was removed from the threshold of science upon which he was just entering, to assist his father in the pursuits of husbandry. This task, though dissonant to his feelings, and at which he sometimes even raised a

murmur, was perhaps the cause of that glow of imagination and plaintive tenderness of feeling, which ever after characterized him. A mind like his, ever on the wing, found in the scenes of Nature, with which he was daily conversant, a thousand objects to arrest attention, and a thousand sources, from which to derive the flowers of fancy. In such a school, Shakspeare was educated. Here, too, that melancholy, which shades so frequently the pictures of the poet, was interwoven, as it were, with his very constitution. He felt his situation to be a hard one, and scorned the vale of retirement, when so many were climbing the steep of fame. Like the "Minstrel," he preferred the stillness of solitude to the "haunts of men," and spent most of his leisure hours alone, in forming plans of future greatness, a greatness which he scarce hoped life enough to enjoy. At the age of thirteen, a happy reverse in his father's fortune, enabled him to place my friend in a situation, where every literary advantage was afforded him. Removed from the plough, to the school at Bethlehem, his prospects began to brighten, and the "morn" of his days to be, for a short time, to use his own words, "merry indeed."

He now entered upon that course of studies, which were preparatory to his admission at some publick seminary, and pursued it with all the avidity of a mind eager for the acquisition of science, as the sure means of celebrity. But even here, though bending under severer studies, his soul was alive to those feelings, which are at once "the torment and delight of life." He felt an attachment, the circumstances of which, by his own request, are buried in oblivion. It was for him a most unfortunate attachment, as it entangled him in difficulty, unfitted him for serious, energetick exertion, and above all, drew upon him a father's displeasure. Though young, he scorned to gainsay professions he had again and again made, and persisted in the resolution of preserving that affection, which he well knew must be the cause of obscuring many a sunbeam of happiness. For this reason, his little bark was turned adrift on the ocean of life, and "swung from the peaceful moorings" of classical retirement, to be buffeted by the waves of adversity. He left his paternal mansion, with a determination never again to see it, and, at the tender age of fifteen, wandered without a friend or protector. It was his intention, if possible, to gain subsistence, by doing the duties of an apprentice in a store, in some populous city. With this view he bent his course to Philadelphia, and after many fruitless exertions, accomplished his object. It was in this situation, I first became acquainted with him, and it was there that most of the following productions were composed. The incidents which afterwards checked his life were such as would neither amuse nor interest the reader. Be-

tween fifteen and eighteen his business led him in different parts of the Union, and even to Europe, returning from which he paid the debt of nature on the morning of the fifteenth of December, eighteen hundred and five.

## MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

Mr. FELLOWES, the authour of an instructive and elegant work, entitled *Christian Philosophy*, which, however, is not perfectly *orthodox*, is thus candidly described by Dr. Parr: "Mr. F. has written several books both upon political and religious subjects, but, in my opinion, the ablest of them is *'The Picture of Christian Philosophy.'*" He is curate of Harbury in Warwickshire, where I have often seen him employed among a well chosen collection of books, and have been much pleased with his conversation upon many interesting points of *Ethicks, Literature, and Divinity*. I am bound to say that I am acquainted with no clergyman in this or any neighbouring county, who is more respectable than Mr. F. for diligence in his studies, for acuteness in his understanding, for purity in his principles, for regularity and earnestness in the discharge of his clerical duties, or integrity in the whole tenour of his life. He possesses only a scanty income, and has no prospect, I believe, of ecclesiastical preferment. But he administers medicine to the sick, he gives alms to the needy, he offers instruction to the ignorant, he visits the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and keeps himself in no common degree "unsponsored from the world." I know him to be a determined enemy to real impiety; to be a sincere believer in the gospel; to be a laborious student, sound scholar, masterly writer, and honest man. He professes Christianity from conviction, he explains it with perspicuity, he defends it with ardour, and he comments upon the temper and actions of its Blessed Authour with reverence the most profound and eloquence the most impressive.

Upon two or three points of controversial Divinity, I differ from Mr. F., but the general merits of his work are *very great indeed*; and, if I am not strangely mistaken, few persons, however extensive may be their knowledge, however rooted their faith, however exalted their piety, have perused it without increase of that knowledge, without confirmation of that faith, or without the most active and delightful exercise of that piety. Many of the observations are judicious, and some of them profound. The style is clear, animated, and elegant. The spirit of the writer is, as it ought to be, tolerant towards Christians of every sect, but indignant against those wretches who would undermine the principles of morality, or who scoff at the evidences of religion natural and revealed. I have lately conversed with some intelligent persons, whose sentiments about Mr. F.'s book are similar to mine; and in the honour of their impartial suffrages as well as the consciousness of his own meritorious exertions, he will find ample compensation for the injustice which has been done to them by an unknown accuser."

Walter Scott, Esq. whose honoured name is now perfectly familiar to every lover of poetical description, has lately published a ballad which we are solicitous to preserve in this paper. The gayety of the beginning, contrasted with the solemnity of the conclusion of this terrific ballad cannot fail to strike all who relish *The Castle of Otranto*, or *The Romance of the Forest*.

#### FREDERICK AND ALICE.

This tale is imitated rather than translated from a fragment introduced in Goethe's "Claudina von Villa Bella," where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr. Lewis, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his "Tales of Wonder."

Frederick leaves the land of France,  
Homeward hastes his steps to measure;  
Careless casts the parting glance  
On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed,  
Keen to prove his untry'd blade,  
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead  
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,  
Lovely Alice wept alone,  
Mourn'd on Love's fond contract torn,  
Hope, and Peace, and Honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!  
See the tear of anguish flows!  
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,  
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she curs'd and wild she pray'd,  
Seven long days and nights are o'er,  
Death in pity brought his aid,  
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her and far from France,  
Faithless Frederick onward rides,  
Marking blithe, the morning's glance,  
Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,  
As the tongue of yonder tower,  
Slowly to the hills around  
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed and snuffs the air,  
Yet no cause of dread appears,  
Bristles high the rider's hair,  
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise,  
In the steed the spur he hides,  
From himself, in vain, he flies,  
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days and seven long nights,  
Wild he wandered, woe the while,  
Ceaseless care and ceaseless fright  
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends,  
Rivers swell and rain streams pour,  
While the deafening thunder lends  
All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,  
Where his head shall Frederick hide?  
Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle,  
By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal dark and low,  
Fast his steed the wanderer bound;  
Down a ruin'd staircase, slow,  
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie,  
Glimmering lights are seen to glide !  
"Blessed Mary, hear my cry !  
Deign a sinner's steps to guide !"

Often lost their quivering beam,  
Still the lights move slow before,  
Till they rest the ghastly gleam  
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,  
Mixed with peals of laughter, rose ;  
As they fell, a solemn strain  
Lent its wild and wondrous close.

Midst the din, he seemed to hear  
Voice of friends, by Death removed ;  
Well he knew that solemn air,  
'Twas the lay that Alice lov'd.

Hark ! for now a solemn knell,  
Four times on the night still broke ;  
Four times at its deadened swell  
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangours die,  
Slowly opes the iron door,  
Straight a banquet met his eye,  
But a funeral's form it wore.

Coffins for the seats extend ;  
All with black the board was spread,  
Girt by parent, brother, friend,  
Long since numbered with the dead.

Alice in the grave clothes bound,  
Ghastly smiling, points a seat :  
All arose with thundering sound,  
All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,  
Wild their notes of welcome swell ;  
"Welcome, traitor, to the grave !  
Perjur'd, bid the light farewell !"

## HOURS OF LEISURE.

*Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.*

*(Continued from page 107.)*

*Call upon the Almighty, he will help thee ;  
thou needest not perplex thyself about any thing  
else ; shut thine eyes ; and whilst thou art asleep,  
he shall change thy bad fortune into good.*

*Arabian Nights Entertainments.*

It is a favourite doctrine of what is called Modern Philosophy, to enlarge on the wonderful energies of the human mind, as if they alone were capable of establishing our moral conduct through life, and of supporting us under every trial of vicissitude and adversity ; but if we fairly examine those energies, we must necessarily discover and admit a first cause whence they flow,

and to which at times we must ultimately resort, when those capacities are imperfect or unavailing. It is therefore an absurd and dangerous argument, that would attempt to separate so invaluable a blessing from its divine source, and by such means weaken its current, and abate its strength, in the human mind ; for our energies are never truly strong, but when they are supplied from the same fountain of eternal goodness, which, by a watchful and merciful Providence, helps us with unexpected aid when we are about to fall, and directs us, when we are going wrong, by the checks of adversity or disappointment ; but the extraordinary powers of the human mind every where tacitly acknowledge their origin in the Deity, and thence religion became established as the immediate way from the creature to the Creator ; and prayer, as the proper intercourse between God and man.

The philosopher, therefore, who fancies he has this strength in himself, will find, some time or other, that he is wofully mistaken. Common occurrences and events may pass over without notice, and the regulations of human wisdom and prudence have their accustomed success : but this is owing to the very nature of wisdom and prudence, they being emanations of the divine attributes ; and good as naturally flows from them as mischief and sorrow from evil. The philosopher may also triumph over adverse fortune, pain, and sickness ; but it is merely a strenuous and constant effort with calamity : whilst, on the other hand, religion teaches us to bend to the stroke, and to submit with cheerful resignation, with the additional comfort of looking forward to a better world. The philosopher of the present day is a poor forlorn being, who inquires after demonstration, till he wastes away a whole life without hope, and dies after all in fear and doubt.

There are however, it is hoped, but few in the world who absolutely deny the existence of a ruling Providence ; but numerous, indeed, are those who allow its power, and yet have but little faith or dependence upon it ; they even speak, at times, of a particular Providence ; but are altogether insensible of its interferences : by them every event is ascribed to its next immediate cause ; they search no further ; they would rather trust in Princes, and in the abundance of wealth, than to the power of an unseen Providence, because their narrow comprehensions only look to what the world calls probability of success, though disappointment is so often at hand to remind them, that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." They do not consider, that wisdom and prudence are the engines of Providence, placed in the mind of man for his preservation and happiness, and are derived from the first law of nature to serve his generous purposes ; but

in the great events of life the superiour management of Providence becomes visible, clearing away difficulty, turning disappointment to success, and making all things possible. The modern philosopher, however, is as ignorant of this intervention as the sailor, who, when his messmate returned thanks to God, after the hearty meal they had just made, replied, "Thank God! for what? Isn't it our allowance?" It is the same species of insensibility that makes us so often cry out in adversity, what shall I do? I am ruined forever! nothing can save me! and, in prosperity, exclaim, how lucky! how fortunate! how well contrived! till, perhaps, a few days' experience convinces us of the kindness of Providence in having sent adversity, and the folly of our conclusions on what appeared like prosperity.

The benign influence of piety on the human mind is a sufficient proof of its truth and excellence; for devotion never fails to alleviate the sufferings of adversity, and is invaluable for the peace and serenity that it bestows. The belief in a ruling Providence is both agreeable to natural reason, and is established by religion; its effects on the human mind are described in a Persian Tale, that may not be unappropriate in this place; it is called,

*The story of ESAMDI and ESOMDI, the two Indian Merchants.*

The Sun had scarcely begun to gild the pagodas of Balsora with its rays, when Esamdi wandered from his home, toward the fruitful vallies of Doulat, to taste the pure pleasures of retirement. The soft air from the south met him on his way, and birds of various and beautiful plumage conducted him, as it were, to their retreat; the fragrance of the melon and the pine-apple was abroad, and delighted his senses with the sweetest of odours; he was surrounded by the enchantments of nature, and for a moment was a stranger to the complaints of his heart. Esamdi sought the cool shade of the cedar, and extended himself on the herbage beneath its branches, near a cool and refreshing stream, which silently crept through the verdure. Here the unhappy Esamdi gave way to his sorrows: he deplored the loss of Ali Boccus, his father, who was once a wealthy merchant, but, from an ill-timed generosity and unlooked-for misfortune, had become poor and insolvent. The humble Esamdi had not retired from the house of mourning, but from the reproaches he had heard, and the looks he had seen; the effects of his father were seized on to satisfy his debts, and he was left in poverty and distress. "Oh, Alla!" cried he, "I have no friend now; the companions of my youth desert me, and the objects of my former bounty come not; they have forgot Esamdi;

none offer to help me; many have refused; I am utterly ruined; what can happen to save me from beggary, or the most abject want?" Esamdi was interrupted in these reflections by a beautiful little bird, which flew several times near the spot where he lay, chirping some of the sweetest notes he had ever heard; his attention became engaged to observe the event, when he saw another of a smaller size fly from a tree beyond him, accompanied by the one he had observed before, which he found to be his mother, instructing it in its first flight from the nest. "How gracious, oh, Alla!" cried Esamdi, "is thy providence, thus to discover to thy creatures the capacities suited to their necessities! the bird, when it is able, is taught to fly away for food; it feels the strength of its wings, and stretches them abroad. If the poor bird is then under the care of Providence, shall Esamdi, the servant of Alla, despair? no; I will return to my house; I will do all that wisdom and prudence dictate, for wisdom and prudence are the gifts of Alla; and I will then trust to his providence for the rest." With these words Esamdi arose, and when he came home, he found that the effects of his father had been distributed among the creditors; not even a sequin was left for Esamdi; his heart sunk within him; and he was on the point of offering himself as a slave to one of the merchants, when Burco Tula, a chief creditor, addressed him as follows, "Esamdi," cried he, "your father was my friend. I am not rich, but what I have I owe to him. My share for a debt that he owed me at his death is a camel and three pieces of silk; take them; and may Alla prosper your endeavours. If you succeed, you will repay me; if you do not, remember that I will take nothing from the unfortunate." Esamdi was so astonished at the generosity of the merchant, that he was for sometime speechless; but the language of gratitude at last found vent, he thanked him sincerely for his liberality, and no sooner left him, than he went to the mosque to pay adoration to that Being who had raised him a friend where he could not have expected to have met one. Esamdi led forth his camel, and with a joyous heart looked over his riches, which consisted only of three bales of rich Persian silk; and then prepared himself for a journey across the desert of Eyrac Arabia to Bagdad.

Esamdi set out at the new moon, with his single camel, but had not proceeded far before he fell in with the caravan of Esomdi, the rich merchant of Balsora, which consisted of three elephants and twelve camels, each laden with ten pieces of silk, twelve jars of oil, ten pots of honey, twelve bags of the finest coffee, twelve jars of figs, besides almonds, dates, olives, citrons, and the richest perfumes, myrrh, frankincense, and a variety of precious stones, such as emeralds.

sapphires, and amethysts. Esomdi was elegant in his person, and sumptuous in his apparel, of uncommon strength of body and mind, penetrating, skilful, prudent, and exact, and master of twelve camels and twenty elephants;—but he was a stranger to Alla.

Esamdi was wise, humble, complaisant, and just; he was master of only one camel and three pieces of silk; but he was the servant of Alla.

Esamdi was overjoyed to see at a distance the caravan of Esomdi, and made haste to overtake it, that he might make himself known to his friend; for they were companions in the days of their youth.

Esomdi was seated on his elephant when the camel-driver approached; but he remembered not his countenance. Esamdi ventured to make himself known; but the rich merchant scarcely deigned to listen to him; he therefore pressed him no further, but, turning aside with a heavy heart, drove his camel into another part of the desert: and happy it was for him that he did so, for in the night a party of Arabs surrounded the caravan of Esomdi, and stripped it of all the valuable merchandize they could find. At the next city, Esamdi was informed of the accident, and blessed the goodness of Alla, who had made the unkindness of his friend the means of his preservation. The three pieces of silk were exposed to sale in the Bazar, and owing to the failure of the arrival of the caravan of Esomdi, fetched a good price. The young merchant received a quantity of gold-dust in exchange, with which he bought other merchandize, and loaded his camel home.

The merchant Esomdi had also returned to Balsora; but his loss was soon retrieved, for immense were the treasures of Esomdi; and he treated his misfortune as the mere effect of chance. Love now occupied his thoughts: he became enamoured with Lestina, the daughter of the Cadi of Bagdad: she was tall and fair, but the merchant looked only to the valuable present he was to receive at the day of her marriage.

Esamdi married too, in the same month, Boxu, the daughter of Surac, an honest fisherman who had saved some money by industry; and the wife of Esamdi was humble, frugal, and of a mild and sweet temper.

The house of Esomdi was now the mansion of pleasure; feast succeeded feast, and nothing but musick and singing was heard, till at length, the beautiful Lestina was brought to bed of a lovely female infant, which was named Turab, or the Star of the Morning.

The wife of Esamdi was also blessed with a male child, whom they called Jeruff, or the Happy.

Esamdi, moderate in his desires, and careful in his expenses, grew richer every day; and for every day's prosperity he returned thanks to the goodness of Alla. His wife Boxu joined in the morning and evening prayer, and their young infant already lisped the language of devotion.

It was not so with Esomdi: he grew wealthy, but peace was far from his dwelling; he forever felt languor and discontent, and was continually weary and fatigued without labour, except when dissipation called him away to some new excess; nor was he happy in the wife he had chosen, who teased him with her pride and ill-temper, and perplexed him with her extravagancies.

Esomdi was not sensible of his unhappiness, till one day, when he went abroad to taste the pure air in the delightful vallies of Doulat. Twenty palanquins preceded that of the fair Lestina, which had a beautiful covering of silk of a silver colour. The palanquin of Esomdi followed, on which he lay, tortured with domestick jars and infelicity.

It was here that he met the wife of Esamdi in her palanquin, instructing her beautiful boy, who was seated next her, in the precepts of the Vedam; filial affection sparkled in his eyes, and her lovely countenance betrayed no inquietude. Esamdi was in his palanquin at her side; and their discourse was of friendship and love.

"Alas!" cried Esomdi, "a few months past this man was but a poor camel-driver, and even now his riches exceed not the twentieth part of mine, yet he is happier than I."

Esamdi was by this time able to discharge his debt to his friend Burco Tula, together with his father's. Thus the merchant enriched himself by his humanity, and made a fellow creature happy.

The rich merchant was, however, possessed of one blessing which alleviated the discontent of his heart: it was his lovely Turab, who grew more beautiful every day, and displayed a mind putting forth all the perfections of human nature: she was gentle, tender, sensible, and engaging. Esomdi became enraptured with his child, and thought of nothing else but of what he conceived to be her happiness.

For a while the sun of prosperity shone full upon the house of Esomdi; but its rays were now intercepted by a black and tremendous cloud. The infant Turab was missed from her cradle one morning, and all search was in vain; the distracted Esomdi caused inquiries to be made throughout Balsora; and a large reward was offered to any who could give information of the child; even the Caliph published an edict to that effect. But fruitless are human endeavours when Providence forbids their success.

This misfortune of Esomdi's was but the prelude to others. A rapid fire destroyed the warehouses wherein his merchandize was stored; and a fatal distemper carried off his vast herds and flocks. The proud Lestina, with the grief of having lost her child, and incapable of bearing a change of fortune, died with disappointment and vexation, and left the unhappy Esomdi alone to withstand the storm of adversity: but he was ill able for the task; he began already to find that his wisdom and fortitude availed him little; he sought a shelter from the tempest, but knew not where to fly for it. Abased by poverty, and depressed by his misfortune, the wretched Esomdi applied for assistance to the gay partners of his festive moments, but in vain; every attempt failed, till he saw himself reduced to the same situation which was once the lot of the humble Esamdi; one camel was all that remained to him, and three jars of oil. With this small stock of merchandize, the once rich Esomdi set out to cross the plains of Arabia; and Providence so ordered it, that he fell in with the rich caravan of Esamdi at the self-same spot where he had passed by him in the hour of exultation and pride. Shame prevented the distressed Esomdi from approaching near, but Esamdi knew the companion of his youth afar off, and called to him; bid him welcome with a face of satisfaction, and made him join his caravan. The unhappy Esomdi now felt his former fault with all the keenness of anguish: and asked his friend how he could so cordially receive the man who had at one time cruelly left him to cross the desert alone. "Alas!" replied Esamdi, "how mistaken is the pride of man! Know, Esomdi, that it was thou that was left alone to cross the desert; for the great Alla was not with the caravan of the rich merchant of Balsora. Mark the ways of Providence: if thou hadst not slighted the companion of thy youth, the little all he had would have been lost with thine."—"Unhappy that I am," replied Esomdi; "but I am punished for my pride and ingratitude."—"Thou must not call that punishment," cried Esamdi, "which is meant as mercy. Thou hast estranged thyself from the only truly powerful, rich, and faithful friend of man, his Creator. Alas! it is much better to have only one camel and three jars of oil, with the love of Alla, than the riches of the East without it."—"I perceive that I have been wrong," cried Esomdi, "and find that I have received numerous blessings at the hand of Providence, without returning thanks for even one of them."—"Let us then," answered the good Esamdi, "do it now. We will alight: yonder is a mosque: Esomdi must thank the gracious Providence of Alla, that

he has left him only one camel, and three jars of oil; for his adversity hath enriched his mind with wisdom."

After the merchants had paid their adorations to the Authour of all good, they proceeded to Bagdad; and having found a market for their merchandize, returned to Balsora. "Farewell!" cried Esamdi to his friend; "return home; good luck awaits you, for you no longer are left alone; God is with you."

When the merchant Esomdi arrived at his house, he found a lack of pagodas which a stranger had just left, and which, it may easily be conceived, were sent him by the generous Esamdi, and a beautiful female walking in the garden, accompanied by another of whose face he thought he had some recollection. He was however, seeing them strangers, unwilling to accost them, lest they should quit the gardens; and therefore inquired among the servants if they knew who they were, but none of them could give any account whatever. His curiosity, however, was such, that he could not refrain from going into the walk, when the elder of the two approached, and presented to him his lovely daughter Turab, grown to the full perfection of a woman, and adorned with every grace. "See," cried the stranger, "the goodness of Alla! Behold your daughter: You may, perhaps, remember, when she was quite an infant, that her nurse Shira was dismissed from her delightful employ, by the lady Lestina, without any real cause of complaint. I am that Shira. My father is one of the Sages who reside on the borders of the Ganges; and from his knowledge of futurity, he assured me, that unless the infant Turab was taken from her parents, she would become depraved and wicked, and be subject to shame and misery at an early part of her life. My love for the infant, and the visible neglect of its education, induced me to steal it away, and convey it to my father's habitation. I dreaded the consequence of its being brought up without piety, and foresaw the probability of the events taking place which my father had foretold, unless prevented in time. It was in that peaceful shelter that I made her acquainted with the delightful precepts of our religion; and I now present her to you with a sweet disposition, and an innocent uncorrupted heart. May it be a full recompense for what you have suffered by her absence." The lovely Turab knelt at her father's feet, and he embraced her with an ecstasy of joy; nor did he ever cease to thank the good Shira for her care and prudence.

The wonderful story of the beautiful Turab's being found was soon spread over Balsora: hundreds came to see the lovely daughter of Esomdi, and among the rest was the son of Esamdi, who was so much

struck with the charms of her person, and the excellence of her mind, that he asked her of her father, whose consent was easily obtained. Thus Esomdi's riches were renewed in his daughter Turab; and he felt that full share of contentment which a dependence on the Almighty never fails to produce. Esamdi became the constant friend and companion of Esomdi; and the happy Jeruff led the lovely Turab to the altar, where two hearts became united which were prepared for happiness by a virtuous education, and guarded from the pains of adversity by a lively trust and dependence upon the providence of the Deity they adored.

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### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay,  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

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### THE COMPLAINT.

FROM ROLLI.

Grant to a heart with anguish breaking,  
Ye woods and wilds, some short repose,  
Amid your silent horrors seeking  
Scenes congenial to its woes.

The sportive dance, the spritely measure  
Please no more my jaundic'd eye,  
I sicken at the sight of pleasure,  
I loath the light and wish to die.

Tell me, ye shades, if here retiring  
My Laura's angel form you see?—  
Alas! how vain for her inquiring!  
For her, who wanders far from me.

How oft, beneath yon bower of roses,  
On the bank of violets blue,  
Where the fairy train reposes,  
And sips the cowslip's honied dew,

Her snowy breast with rapture heaving  
Has to my glowing heart been prest!  
While to my lips her soft lips cleaving  
In murmuring sounds her love exprest.

But swiftly fly the hours of pleasure,  
Swift as the rainbow's fleeting form,  
Ere you can seize the lovely treasure  
Vanishing amid the storm!

O, tell me, then, dear shades, if ever  
Our fond hearts again shall meet!—

Echo seems to answer, "never!"  
Shrouded in her cool retreat.

I hear a gentle murmur dying  
On the woodbine-scented gale—  
Is it Laura softly sighing,  
"Haste my quick return to hail!"

No, 'twas yon rill o'er pebbles straying,  
Murm'ring in pity of my pain,  
On whose breast the moonbeam playing  
Points where it steals across the plain.

May love, sweet maid, thy breast inspiring,  
Lead thee to these shades once more,  
Ere my heart with madness firing  
Cease thy absence to deplore.

But haste, or vain were thy returning,  
Unless to view my early doom,  
Or drop a tear with anguish burning  
Upon thy faithful lover's tomb.

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I have known a Scotch servant who, being young, thoughtless, and of a canty turn of mind, lived for some time, out of place very idly. When any of the other servants, his acquaintances, were allowed a day of pleasuring, Andrew was sure to be of the party. At this rate all the money he had received from his last master, would soon have been *cast to the cocks*: but, in the midst of this, he received a letter from his mother, at Selkirk, informing him of his father's death, by which she and his sister were reduced to great poverty and distress. This news made a most laudable alteration in the conduct of Andrew; he shunned all those parties of which he had been formerly so fond. And when other servants pressed him very much, saying, "you used to be as fond of mirth and good wine as your neighbours," Andrew shook his head, and replied, "if I drink wine, my mother and sister must drink water;" and the very next day, he called on me with *ten pounds* he had amassed, which he desired me to pay to a banker, for an order on a house at Edinburgh, to remit the value to his mother. *Moore.*

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### THE FAITHFUL CAMP BUTCHER.

Sam Steel is my name, and a man of some  
fame,  
For where the boys march, there am I:

Yet pray take me right, I mean not to fight,  
 No—mine is their wants to supply:  
 For go where I will, I knock down and kill,  
 And prove, if you'll give me belief,  
 By night and by day, a friend as you'll say,  
 And find them old English roast-beef,  
   Brave boys!  
 And find them old English roast-beef.

Like Britons they beat, and like Britons  
       they eat,  
 And while I can handle a knife,  
 I'll cut up and carve, a soldier to serve,  
 E'en though at the risk of my life.  
 And since in the battle though cannons may  
       rattle,  
 A soldier's a stranger to grief,  
 I'll prove very clear, to my heart they are  
       dear,  
 And find them old English roast-beef, &c.  
 Then, this too I'll boast, old England's my  
       toast,  
 And her champions for ever, say I;  
 May they fight in her cause, nor e'er make  
       a pause,  
 Till they see all her enemies fly.  
 And if I turn tail in my duty, or fail,  
 Why, may I be hang'd like a thief;  
 No, no, while I live, my assistance I'll give,  
 And find them old English roast-beef, &c.

Angry friendship is sometimes as  
 bad as calm enmity. For this reason  
 the cold neutrality of abstract justice,  
 is, to a good and clear cause, a more  
 desirable thing than an affection liable  
 to be any way disturbed. When the  
 trial is by friends, if the decision  
 should happen to be favourable, the  
 honour of the acquittal is lessened; if  
 adverse, the condemnation is exceed-  
 ingly embittered. It is aggravated by  
 coming from lips professing friend-  
 ship, and pronouncing judgment with  
 sorrow and reluctance. Taking in  
 the whole view of life, it is more safe  
 to live under the jurisdiction of severe  
 but steady reason, than under the em-  
 pire of indulgent, but capricious pas-  
 sion.

#### SUMMER EVENING.

*By the late R. B. Davis Esqr.*

Eliza, view this placid scene,  
 Where evening sheds her silver smile;  
 Calm, solitary, and serene,  
 Here let us rove and muse awhile.

Behold the gentle waving trees  
 That turn to zephyr's last embrace;  
 While on the slowly passing breeze  
 Mild musick swims with soften'd grace.

Sweetly repeated through the grove,  
 Responsive, hark, the night birds call,  
 Chiming their sylvan notes of love,  
 To the low murmuring waterfall.  
 How lovely is the gentle rill  
 By the fond, sportive moonbeams kist;  
 The mead, the wood, the distant hill  
 High crown'd with evening's dewy mist!  
 Here Meditation loves to tread,  
 And Fancy here delights to stray;  
 And leaving oft the slothful bed,  
 Here Genius waits the rising day.  
 Though charming the romantick scene,  
 Whether at morning's radiant hour,  
 Or when the evening star serene  
 Sheds on the earth its dewy power:  
 In vain the landscape, gay and bright,  
 Extends its varying beauties far;  
 In vain the amorous birds of night  
 Salute the evening's twinkling star.  
 Unless, Eliza, thou art there,  
 These pleasures bring no joy to me;  
 And when the purest bliss I share,  
 I love to boast, 'twas shared with thee.

#### ICE AND FIRE.

Naked Love did to thine eye,  
 Chloris, once, to warm him fly:  
 But its subtle flame and light  
 Scorch'd his wings, and spoil'd his sight.  
 Forced from thence, he went to rest  
 In the soft couch of thy breast:  
 But there met a frost so great  
 As his torch extinguish'd straight.  
 When poor Cupid thus (constrain'd  
 His cold bed to leave) complain'd,  
 "Alas! what lodging's here for me,  
 "If all ice and fire she be!"

The following is a curious picture of  
 French frivolity.

The inhabitants of Paris spend the  
 greater part of their time in *dancing*.  
 However extraordinary the fact may  
 appear, it is no less true, that when  
 the Prussians were at Chatons, the  
 Austrians at Valenciennes, and Ro-  
 bespierre in the Convention—they  
*danced*. When the young conscripts  
 were in momentary expectation of  
 quitting their parents, their friends,  
 and their mistresses, to join the army  
 —they danced. *Vive la danse* seems  
 almost to prevail over *vive l'amour*!  
 In summer, Frenchmen dance in ru-  
 ral gardens, in winter they caper in  
 magnificent apartments. The walls  
 of the metropolis are covered with  
 advertisements, announcing balls, and  
 the silence of solitary streets is inter-

rupted by the shrill scraping of the itinerant fiddler.

Young clerks in office go to publick balls, where the gallants pay 30 *sous* for admission. Thither they escort milliners and mantua makers of the elegant class, and, in general, the first rate order of those engaging belles known in Paris by the generick name of *grisettes*.

Jewellers' apprentices, ladies' hair dressers, journeyen tailors, dance at 20 *sous* a head, with sempstresses and ladies' maids.

Journeyen shoemakers, and workmen of other trades assemble in *guinguettes*, where they dance at 3 *sous* a ticket, with *grisettes* of an inferiour order.

Locksmiths, carpenters, and joiners dance, at 2 *sous* a ticket, with a species of dancing girls whom the tavern-keepers hire for the day, as they do the fiddlers.

Water carriers and porters have their private balls, where they dance with fruit girls and stocking menders.

Porters of the corn market dance with buxom wenches who keep their countenance, either in dancing, fighting, or drinking brandy.

Coal hewers dance with plain spoken market women and nosegay girls.

Lastly, one more link completes the chain of this nomenclature of *capereers*. Beggars, sturdy or decrepit dance. The mendicant, who was apparently lame in the day, at night lays aside his crutch and resumes his natural activity.

Southey has distinguished himself by prose, as well as poetical composition. His letters from Spain and Portugal are remarkable for ease and vivacity. The following description of Night and Sleep in Spain, will divert the reader.

Oh, the misery of the night! I have been so *scared* that a painter would find me an excellent subject for the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew. Jacob's pillar of stone was a down cushion compared to that which bruised my head last night, and my bed had all possible varieties of hill and dale, in whose recesses the fleas lay safe;

for otherwise, I should have inevitably broken their bones by rolling over them. Add to this catalogue of comforts, that the cats were saying soft things in very vile Spanish: and you may judge what refreshment I have received from sleep.

#### *An old woman at Coruña.*

The women here soon appear old, and then every feature settles into *symmetry of ugliness*.

If ever Opie paints another *witch*, he ought to visit Coruna. All ideas that you can form of blear eyes, mahogany complexion, and shrivelled parchment must fall infinitely short of the life.

#### SERENADE.

If, like Phœbus in the west,  
Those brighter suns, thine eyes, at rest,  
Hide their weary beams in night  
From me, who live but in their light,  
Oh! how slow the hours will creep,  
Till from the east the day-star peep,  
And chasing slumber from thine eyes,  
Bid me to new life arise.—  
There is a flower, that when the sun  
Begins his daily course to run,  
Spreads her leaves, and shuts again  
When he dives into the main,—  
In love that flower resembles me,  
Thou sun of my idolatry.

#### CUPID ROBBED.

As fast beside a murmuring stream.  
In blissful visions Cupid lay,  
Chloe, as she softly came,  
Snatched his golden shafts away.

From place to place, in sad surprize,  
The little angry godhead flew,  
Trembling in his ruddy eyes  
Hung the pearly drops of dew.

So on the rose, in blooming May,  
When purple Phœbus rises bright,  
Liquid gems of silver lay,  
Pierced with glittering streams of light.

Fair Venus, with a tender languish,  
Smiling, thus her son address,  
As he murmured out his anguish,  
Trembling on her snowy breast.

"Peace, gentle infant, I implore,  
"Nor lavish precious tears in vain;  
"Chloe, when the jest is o'er,  
"Brings the useless shafts again.

" Can Chloe need the shafts of love,  
 " Young, blooming, witty, plump and fair?  
 " Charms and raptures round her move,  
 " Murmuring sighs and deep despair.  
 " Millions for her unheeded die,  
 " Millions to her their blessings owe;  
 " Every motion of her eye  
 " Murders more than Cupid's bow!"

---

SONG.

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Not, Celia, that I juster am  
 Or better than the rest;  
 For I would change each hour, like  
 them,  
 Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee,  
 By every thought I have:  
 Thy face I only care to see,  
 Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored,  
 In thy dear self I find;  
 For the whole sex can but afford  
 The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,  
 And still make love anew?  
 When change itself can give no more,  
 'Tis easy to be true?

---

SONG.

Go, lovely Rose,  
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
 That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young  
 And shuns to have her graces spied,  
 That, hadst thou sprung  
 In deserts where no men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
 Of Beauty from the light retired:  
 Bid her come forth,  
 Suffer herself to be desired,  
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she  
 The common fate of all things rare  
 May read in thee;  
 How small a part of time they share  
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

---

THE RIVAL.

Too beauteous Rival, whose enticing charms  
 Once to my heart's sole darling seem'd so  
 fair,

That oft he praises still thy ivory arms,  
 Thy ruby lips, blue eyes, and auburn hair:  
 Say, when he heard thy tongue's seducing  
 strain,  
 Stood he e'er silent, or with scorn replied?  
 Or turn'd with alter'd brow of cold disdain  
 From thy soft smiles, as now from mine.  
 aside?  
 Once, once too well I know he held thee  
 dear;  
 And then, when captive to thy sovereign  
 will—  
 But why that look abash'd, that starting  
 tear,  
 Those conscious blushes, which my fears  
 fulfil?—  
 Speak, answer, speak!—Nay, answer not;  
 forbear;  
 If thou must answer, that he loves thee  
 still.

---

ODE.

Can Eliza love like me,  
 Tender, constant, and sincere?  
 When I'm far, sweet maid, from thee,  
 Will remembrance hold me dear?  
 From my fair one doom'd to part,  
 Doom'd to tempt an unknown sea,  
 Will Eliza's gentle heart  
 Form one tender wish for me?

Rapid o'er the blackening wave  
 When tremendous whirlwinds sweep—  
 Angry clouds in thunder rave—  
 Lightnings gleam across the deep;  
 While I hear the mingled roar,  
 Horror's dread variety,  
 Will Eliza in that hour  
 Cast one tender thought on me?

If with agonizing breath,  
 Faint I stem the dashing wave;  
 If the chilling hand of death  
 Lay me in the billowy grave:  
 When the last low gasping sigh  
 Sets the struggling spirit free,  
 Will Eliza's melting eye  
 Drop one tender tear for me?

One kind wish—one thought—one tear,  
 Warm, Eliza, from thy heart,  
 Calm my sorrows, chase my fear,  
 Make it almost bliss to part.  
 These bid absence—danger—death,  
 Cease my anxious thoughts to claim  
 These shall stay my parting breath,  
 To repeat Eliza's name.

---

THE THORN.

From the white blossomed aloe my dear  
 Chloe requested  
 A sprig, her fair breast to adorn;  
 No, by Heav'n's, I exclaimed, may I per-  
 ish, if ever  
 I plant in that bosom a THORN.

Then I showed her a ring, and implored  
her to marry,

She blushed like the dawning of morn;  
Yes, I'll consent, she replied, if you'll  
promise

No jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.  
No, by Heav'n's, I exclaimed, may I pe-  
rish, if ever

I plant in that bosom a THORN.

—  
We have repeatedly published in  
The Port Folio, versions of the classi-  
cal ode of Mr. Gray, composed dur-  
ing his tour in Switzerland. The  
following, by Mr. Howe, a living poet,  
is eminently beautiful.

Gray's Alcaicks, on his visit to the Grand Char-  
treuse, on his severi Religio loci.

Hail genius of these shades severe  
Whatever name delight thine ear:  
For sure some Spirit on this ground,  
Breathing a holy calm around,  
Well pleased with Nature's rugged gran-  
deur roves  
About these hallowed streams and aged  
groves.

'Mid rugged cliffs and rocks that frown,  
And torrents tumbling headlong down,  
And the dark horrors of the wood,  
More we discern THE PRESENT GOD  
Than when beneath the citron dome he  
stands,  
In golden radiance wrought by Phidian  
hands.

Oh, hail! and if with honour due,  
GENIUS thy sacred name I won,  
Attend a suppliant youth's request,  
And sooth his weary soul to rest;  
Hence let me lose the world and all its woes  
In calm oblivion and secure repose.

But if stern Fate's decree denies  
To early youth the sober joys  
Of silent, peaceful solitude,  
Joys worthy of the wise and good;  
And where the tide of life impetuous  
sweeps,  
Bears me reluctant down the troubled  
deeps.

FATHER, at least, in life's decline,  
Be sweet retirement's blessings mine:  
Far from the rabble's foolish rage,  
Be the still evening of my age,  
There give me in some calm retreat, like  
this  
To wait resigned the dawn of Heavenly  
bliss.

## POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

The writings of CARR the traveller are  
often frivolous, and yet from the cheeriness  
of his manner, and from the numerous  
anecdotes with which they abound, are pe-  
rused with some complacency. The fol-  
lowing political paragraph which occurs in  
his "Stranger in France" is perfectly to our  
taste.

I very often passed by the *cidreant*  
Hall of the National Convention, in  
which the hapless King and Queen  
were doomed to the scaffold, where  
Murder was legitimated, Religion de-  
nounced, and the grave declared to  
be the bed of eternal repose.

In vindication of the ways of eter-  
nal justice, *even upon earth*, this pol-  
luted pile is participating the fate of  
its devoted members.

Those walls, which once resound-  
ed with the *florid declamation of re-  
publican visionaries* the most *worth-  
less and desperate of mankind*, are  
prevented, for a short time, (by a few  
crazy props, from covering the earth  
below with their dust and ruins. The  
famed Temple of the *Goddess of Li-  
berty* is not *tenantable* enough to co-  
ver that Babel Deity from the pelt-  
ings of the midnight storm.

Where is now the enthusiastick Gi-  
ronde, where the volcanick *Mountain*,  
the fiery Mirabeau, the wily Bris-  
sot, the atheistick Lequinois, the re-  
morseless Marat, and the bloody St.  
Just? All is desolate and silent. The  
gaping planks of the guillotine are im-  
bued with their last traces. The  
*haunt of the banditti is uncovered*.  
The Revolution has preyed upon her  
own children; and *metaphysical mur-  
derers* have perished by the *daggers of  
speculative republicans*.

About two years since, this place  
was converted into a *menagerie*. The  
*cave*, the *wilderness*, the *desert* and  
the *jungle* presented to the eye of the  
beholder *representative successors* of  
those *savages*, who with more powers  
and more ferocity were once enclosed  
within the same *den*.

—  
In the following contemptuous manner, a  
great moralist mentions the republican fac-

tion, the bellowers of sedition, and the boors of Middlesex.

In all lead, says the chymist, there is silver, and in all copper there is gold. But mingled masses are justly denominated by the greater quantity, and when the precious particles are *not worth extraction*, a *fraction* and a *pig* must be melted down together to the forms and offices that Chance allots them.

Fiunt urceoli, pulves, sartago, patellæ.

None can wonder, says a great politician, that *Democracy* is supported by *sectaries*, the *natural fomenters of sedition*, and *confederates of the rabble*, and of whose religion little now remains but *hatred of establishments*.

When the King's friends, at the commencement of his reign, had obtained some advantages over the *democrats* of the day, who vapoured and roared without inspiring any terror, a political writer of the most admirable principles, thus disdainfully describes the malecontents with the court.

To be harmless, though by impotence, obtains some degree of kindness; no man hates a *worm* as he hates a *viper*. The faction were once dreaded enough to be detested as serpents that could bite: they have now shown that they can only hiss, and may, therefore, *quietly sink into holes and change their slough unmolested and forgotten*.

For The Port Folio.

### ARROWSMITH'S WORLD.

To the long list of useful and elegant productions in the arts and sciences, with which the enterprize of the American printers and booksellers, have furnished the publick, we are happy to add, this grand and useful geographical tract. The reader will perceive by the advertisement on The Port Folio that this map (European

copies of which are very scarce, and command the exorbitant price of 18 dollars) is to be executed in a style of correctness and splendour equal to the original, and will be delivered to the subscribers at the reduced price of 8 dollars. We are persuaded that an undertaking so honourable to the publick taste, and the national talent, will receive, as it obviously deserves, a liberal and distinguished patronage.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Student" wishes for rules in reading. To form a plan of study and to force it upon the practice of all, has been the favourite project of many a speculative scholar. But as different rules are required by different minds and different constitutions, we are of opinion that all formal systems of this kind are more specious than solid. For the most part, our inclination to certain sciences or certain departments of literature, may be pretty safely consulted: Shakspeare, who was a most exemplary student, has advised more judiciously than all the doctors. The passage, which is full of practical wisdom, occurs in *Taming the Shrew*. It is the lesson of *Tranio* to *Lucentio*.

Talk Logick with acquaintance that you have,

And PRACTICE RHETORICK IN YOUR COMMON TALK;

Musick and Poesy use to quicken you;  
The Mathematicks and the Metaphysicks,  
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.

No profit grows where is no pleasure taken.  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

To his studious correspondent, the Editor honestly recommends *these rules*. From the first moment that we felt the love of literature to the present hour, we have found no better guides.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, September 5, 1807.

[No. 10.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### CRITICISM.

*For The Port Folio.*

JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Esq.

*(Continued from page 378, Vol 3.)*

WHEN he speaks of himself, says an amiable French writer, in defence of the egotism of Rousseau, *when he speaks of himself, he speaks of me*; and it is to be confessed that, whatever an authour may lose in dignity, by making himself the subject of his compositions, he gains in the interest he bestows upon them. He presents us with true pictures from among the multitude that may be drawn of the human heart; he draws from the life; even though the prominent feature may be affectation. We may say, affectation; because, if man falsely describe, for instance, his ruling passion, still this mistake, or this affectation, is an object of curiosity.

Mr. Cooper, in adopting the sentiments and numbers of Chapelle, Gresset, and others, has also learned the French habit of speaking much of himself. The precept *know thyself*, is justly reckoned one of the greatest; but to speak of ourselves is not to be done without some caution. Mr. Cooper has occasionally so spoken of himself, both in prose and verse, as to inspire his readers with the unpleasant idea of a certain vanity in his

composition, but it is by no means intended to apply this censure to every thing he has said of his own character, a theme, however, on which, it will be found, he is fond of dilating. In his first Epistle he thus describes his literary ease:

On me, my Lord, on humble me,  
The intellectual train attends;  
Science oft seeks my company,  
And Fancy's children are my friends.  
Here, blest with independent ease,  
I look with pity on the great;  
For who—that with enjoyment sees  
The Nymphs and Graces at his gate,  
And little Loves attending nigh,  
Or fondly hov'ring o'er his head,  
To wing his orders through the sky,  
Whilst warbling Muses round him shed  
Sweet flow'rs which on Parnassus blow—  
Would wish these thorny paths to tread  
Which slaves and courtiers only know

Thanks to my ancestors and heav'n,  
To me the happier lot is giv'n,  
In calm retreat my time to spend  
With far, far better company  
Than those who on the court attend,  
In honourable drudgery.  
Warriours and statesmen of old Rome  
Duly observe my levee-day,  
And wits from polish'd Athens come  
Occasional devoirs to pay.  
With me great Plato often holds  
Discourse upon immortal pow'rs,  
And attack Xenophon unfolds  
Rich honey from Lyceum's flow'rs  
Cæsar and Tully oft tend me;  
Anacreon rambles in my grove;  
Sweet Horace drinks Falernian wine;  
Catalus makes, on haycocks, love.

With these, and some akin to these,  
The living few who grace our days,  
I live, in literary ease;  
My chief delight their taste to please.  
With soft and unaffected lays.  
Thus, to each vot'ry's wish, kind Fate  
Divides the world with equal line,  
She bids ambition, care, and state,  
Be the high portion of the great,  
Peace, friendship, love, and bliss, be mine!

In the Apology of Aristippus, he  
thus pleads for his attachment to the  
lighter Muse:

But, should you ask me, why I choose,  
Of all the laurel'd sisterhood  
Th' inhabitants of Pindus' wood,  
The least considerable Muse?  
The v'lets round the mountain's feet,  
Whose humble gems unheeded blow,  
Are to the shepherd's smell more sweet  
Than lofty cedars on its brow.  
Let the loud epic sound th' alarms  
Of dreadful war, and heroes sprung  
From some immortal ancestry,  
Clad in th' impenetrable arms,  
By Vulcan forg'd! my lyre is strung  
With softer chords; my Muse, more free,  
Wanders through Pindus' humbler ways,  
In amiable simplicity:  
Unstudied are her artless lays,  
She asks no laurel for her brows;  
Careless of censure or of praise,  
She haunts where tender myrtle grows;  
Fonder of happiness than fame,  
To the proud bay prefers the rose,  
Nor barter pleasure for a name.  
On Nature's lap reclined at ease,  
I listen to her heavenly tongue,  
From her derive the pow'r to please,  
From her receive th' harmonious tune,  
And what the goddess makes my song,  
In unpremeditated rhyme,  
Mellifluous flows; whilst young Desire,  
Cull'd from the Elysian bloom of spring,  
Strews flowers immortal round my lyre,  
And Fancy's sportive children bring  
From blossom'd grove and lily'd mead  
Fresh fragrant chaplets for my head.  
The most, though softest of the nine,  
Euterpe, Muse of gawety,  
Queen of heart-soft'ning melody,  
Allur'd my ear with notes divine.  
In my retreat Euterpe plays,  
Where Science, garlanded with flow'rs,  
Enraptur'd listens to her lays  
Beneath the shade of myrtle bow'rs.

To which he adds this final defence:

If still the enick censor says,  
That Aristippus' useless days  
Pass in melodious foolery,  
This is my last apology:  
Whatever has the pow'r to bless,

By living, having learnt to prize,  
Since Wisdom will afford me less  
Than what from harmless follies rise,  
I cannot spare from happiness  
A single moment to be wise.

In the Temper of Aristippus is an  
avowed imitation of Gresset, in a pas-  
sage which such of our readers as are  
acquainted with the French language  
will be pleased to compare with the  
original:

A la sombre misanthropie  
Je ne dois pas ces sentimens;  
D'une fausse philosophie  
Je hais les vains raisonnemens,  
Et jamais la bigoterie  
Ne décida mes jugemens.  
Une indifférence suprême,  
Voilà mon principe et ma loi;  
Tout lieu, tout destin, tout système,  
Par-là, devient égal pour moi;  
Où je vois naître la journée,  
Là, content j'en attend la fin,  
Prêt à partir le lendemain,  
Si l'ordre de la destinée  
Vient m'ouvrir un nouveau chemin.

Sans m'opposer un goût rebelle  
A ce domaine souverain,  
Je me suis fait du sort humain  
Une peinture trop fidelle;  
Souvent dans les champêtres lieux  
Ce portrait frappera vos yeux.  
En promenant vos rêveries  
Dans le silence des prairies,  
Vous voyez un foible rameau,  
Qui, par les jeux du vague Eole  
Enlevé de quelque arbrisseau,  
Quitte sa tige, tombe, vole  
Sur la surface d'un ruisseau;  
Là, par une invincible perte,  
Forcé d'errer et de changer,  
Il flotte au gré de l'onde errante;  
Et, d'un mouvement étranger,  
Souvent il paroît, il surnage,  
Souvent il est au fond des eaux;  
Il rencontre sur son passage  
Tous les jours des pays nouveaux:  
Tantôt un rivage sauvage  
Et ses déserts abandonnés;  
Parmi ses erreurs continuës  
Il fuit, il vogue jusqu'au jour  
Qui l'enveloppe à son tour  
Au sein de ses mers inconnues  
Où tout s'abyme sans retour.

Thus, not by black misanthropy  
Impell'd, to caves or rocks I fly;  
But when by chance or humour led,  
My wandering feet those regions tread,  
Taught by philosophy so sweet  
To shun the fellowship of ease,  
Far from the world I go, to meet  
Such pleasures as inhabit there.

With rebel will I'll ne'er oppose  
 The current of my destiny,  
 But, pliant, as the torrent flows,  
 Receive my course implicitly.  
 As, from some shaded river's side  
 If chance a tender osier's blown  
 Subject to the controlling tide,  
 The obedient shrub is carried down.  
 Awhile it floats upon the streams,  
 By whirlpools now is forc'd below,  
 Then mounts again where Titan's beams  
 Upon the shining waters glow.  
 Sweet flow'ry vales it passes by,  
 Cities and solitudes by turns,  
 Or where a dreary desert burns  
 In sorrowful obscurity.  
 For many a league the wand'rer's borne,  
 By forest, wood, mead, mountain, plain,  
 Till, carried never to return,  
 'Tis buried in the boundless main.  
 Thus Aristippus forms his plan,  
 To ev'ry change of times and fates  
 His temper he accommodates;  
 Not where he will, but where he can,  
 A daily bliss he celebrates.  
 An osier on the stream of time,  
 This philosophick wanderer,  
 Floating through ev'ry place and clime,  
 Finds some peculiar blessing there.  
 Where'er the winding current strays,  
 By prosp'rous mount or adverse plain,  
 He'll sport till all his jocund days  
 Are lost in life's eternal main.

The verses which commence this poem convey a very agreeable idea of what the authour professes to describe, his temper:

I've oft, Melissa, heard you say,  
 'The world observes I never wear  
 'An aspect gloomy or severe;  
 'That, constitutionally gay,  
 'Whether the clouds obscure the sky,  
 'Or Phœbus gilds the face of day,  
 'In Pleasure's true philosophy,  
 'I pass the winged hours away.'

In the Apology is a flattering tribute to the French Muses, in which the name of Gresset is conspicuous, particularly as that of the authour of Ver-Vert:

From silver Loire's transparent streams  
 With roses and with lilies crown'd,  
 Breathing the same heart-easing themes,  
 And tun'd in amicable sound,  
 Sweet bards of kindred spirit, blow  
 Soft Lydian notes on Gallick reeds,  
 Whose songs instruct us how to know  
 Truth's flow'rs from Affectation's weeds.  
 Chapelle leads up the festive band;  
 La Fare and Chaulieu, hand in hand,  
 Close follow their poetick sire,

Hot with the Tefan grape and fire.  
 But, hark! as sweet as western wind  
 Breathes from the v'lets' fragrant beds,  
 When balmy dews Aurora sheds,  
 Gresset's clear pipe, distinct behind,  
 Symphoniously combines in one  
 Each former bard's mellifluous tone.  
 Gresset, in whose harmonious verse  
 The Indian bird shall never die;  
 Though Death may perch on Ver-Vert's  
 hearse,  
 Fame's tongue immortal shall rehearse  
 His variable loquacity.

Ver-Vert has long been ranked among the most elegant of the mock-heroick poems. It has not the dignity and strong satire of the *Lutrin*, nor the rich invention of the *Rape of the Lock*: but it is distinguished by its lightness, gayety, and ease. Gresset was bred a Jesuit; but his wit procured him a dismissal from that society. The story of the poem is briefly this: Ver-Vert is a parrot, belonging to the Visitandines of Nevers, and an extraordinary favourite with the whole sisterhood. The young novices treat him with sugar-plums and sweet-meats; the mothers teach him Ave-Marias and Pater-Nosters. So much does he profit by his instructions, that his fame spreads to a convent of the same order at Nantes, the nuns of which send an earnest request that the edifying bird may be permitted to pay them a visit. He is accordingly sent to them by the Loire; but, during the voyage, having for his fellow-passengers two or three dragons, and other persons not over-nice in their language, he unfortunately forgets all the pious aspirations of the convent, and learns the reprobate discourse of his new companions, in which he accosts the nuns of Nantes. The latter, struck with horror at his graceless conversation, so different from what they had been taught to expect, send him back to Nevers, where the change in his manners excites equal dismay. Ver-Vert, in consequence of the most lenient of the sentences proposed to be passed against him, is condemned to a penitentiary cell, and bread and water; and when, from his early reformation, the period of his disgrace is shortened, the joy and affection of the young

ger nuns lead them to feast him so profusely that he is literally killed with kindness. Such is the outline of the tale. Gresset has given infinite spirit, by having thrown so much of character into his hero, and who appears in the first part a novice, innocent and demure, and after his transformation, a lively rake.

## HOURS OF LEISURE.

*Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.*

*(Continued from page 107.)*

The educator's care, above all things, should be first to lay in his charge the foundation of religion and virtue. WALKER.

It is worthy of remark, that a disposition to murmuring and discontent is more observable among men, than an inclination to be pleased and satisfied; they industriously collect causes of care and uneasiness, but ungratefully permit to pass unnoticed innumerable occasions for joy and thankfulness. This can be accounted for in no other way, than by supposing that they establish in their minds, as essential to happiness, certain principles which have no real existence in truth. Hence they become the constant slaves to care and anxiety, and the dupes of their own imaginations. The ambitious man pursues false glory with an ardent pace, regardless of every other object, leaping over the boundaries of reason and prudence, and frequently trampling on all the obligations of natural justice: such a man considers greatness to be the desired good, though he barter health, peace of mind, and a safe conscience, to obtain the glittering prize, whose lustre fades in the possession. The man of business places riches in the most conspicuous point of view, and travels after it, totally regardless of all mental gratification, further than what he receives from the perusal of the Ledger or the Tables of Interest. True it is, that, so long as he is thus engaged, he does not feel the vacuity in his mind, nor

does he begin to be miserable till he conceives that he is going to be happy, and to enjoy himself in a retirement from business: it is then that his time begins to hang heavy, and that his leisure is irksome: he is then at a loss what to do; he has no resources within himself, no treasure of the mind, without which the treasure of the world amounts to nothing.

This unhappy disease of the understanding is the constant companion of the vulgar mind. But we must not apply the epithet (as is sometimes falsely done) to the poor or illiterate only; the unseemly weed is frequently found in the cultivated gardens of taste, and the energetick shoots of a strong capacity are discoverable in the inhospitable wastes of poverty. It is, however, the work of instruction that calls forth the powers which constitute the true happiness of man; and one part of instruction, more valuable than the knowledge of languages or fashionable accomplishments, may be given to all; namely, that we are placed here with never-failing laws of truth and religion to guide us; that much happiness is within our reach; that it is our own mistakes and prejudices, and reciprocal perversenesses, that mix the alloy; and that it is possible, with reason and religion, charity and love, to enjoy contentment without the refinements of the understanding. Let the principles of truth be established in the mind, and there can be no deformity, though unadorned with education and science.

It appears from hence, that the system of modern education is extremely defective; that it begins at the wrong end, and, like teaching a language without the rules of grammar, proceeds to every accomplishment but truth, which is frequently left to accidental instruction; whereas virtue should be taught in every language, and imbued in every lesson, since it is chiefly owing to the want of certain and fixed principles in their conduct through life that men become entangled in errors and prejudices, which embitter or destroy the happiness that they might otherwise have enjoyed.

Perhaps a philosophical mind could not employ itself better than in the detection of those defects which tend to the misery of mankind; it might awaken some to a sense of their true interests, and withdraw others from their received prejudices. It was a duty of this kind which engaged me lately to pay a visit to two established seminaries for the education of females. The mistress of the first taught in her school, and she herself told me, every thing fashionable, fillagree, and straw work, the tambourine, and the new reel steps; and with great exultation produced her pupils as specimens of her ability: but it unfortunately happened, that every thing took a wrong turn; I fancied in every infant face the outlines of pride, ill-temper, vanity, and affectation; and pictured to my imagination her misled children growing up in error, vice, and wretchedness.

A few days afterward, a walk to a well-regulated school in the village of Newington in some measure relieved me from the impression which Mrs. Rigadoon's mode of education had left upon my mind: here, from the propriety of manners in the mistress, I promised myself a real gratification from the sight of her family; nor was I disappointed. On my entrance into the school-room, I imagined myself in a tasteful garden, where, in a rich parterre, the most beautiful flowers were arranged with symmetry and order, and displayed the skill and understanding of the artist who had raised them; youth, health, innocence, and gayety, were pictured in every face; all was lovely and unsullied. I now felt the advantages of a virtuous education rush upon my mind, and fancied that I saw before me the dutiful daughter, the faithful wife, and the affectionate mother.

Happy would it be if parents would cease to encourage those seminaries whose conductors do not mingle the instructions of piety and reason with the accomplishments of a modern education, and which only serve to fit out a young female mind with vanities and follies suitable to the depravity of the

age. But it unfortunately happens in these days, that the ill-judging mother must have her child what she calls *extremely well-bred*; never considering, that to become a truly fine lady, she must necessarily have a fine understanding, and a virtuous mind.

One of the most distinguished among the modern *extremely well-bred*, was Miss Artemisa Pullet, the daughter of an eminent poulterer in Leadenhall market, whose indulgent mamma, a little fat woman, about four feet in height, but big with importance, settled the preliminaries of the mode of education herself with the mistress of a boarding-school at Hackney, and desired particularly that her child should *larn* every thing genteel. Miss had no objection to borrow the peacock's feathers, and astonished mamma and papa with her taste and elegance in dress. True, indeed, Mr. Peter Pullet, would sometimes revolve in his mind, over a pipe of tobacco at the *Pigeons*, a publick-house, the necessity of her being, as he called it, so *high-finished*, and would sometimes open his mind to his neighbour, Mr. Brisket the butcher. Being a very sensible man, it was a considerable time before he had become thoroughly reconciled to the name of Artemisa, or even, indeed, before he could properly pronounce it; but his wife had assured him that it was perfectly genteel, and he acquiesced: yet, when vexed sometimes at a bad debt, or a dear market, he could not help muttering to himself indistinctly the words "fine names—Miss Artemisa," and "cursed nonsense."

It happened, however, that Mr. Peter Pullet, wisely foreseeing that his accomplished daughter would soon give him a conspicuous place in the gazette, very ingeniously made a transfer of her and her extravagances to his neighbour Mr. Crossgrain, a wholesale woollen-draper, by an elegant wedding, which nearly stripped him of all his stock, dead and alive; so that not even a turkey was left gobbling for food in the cellar.

Two extraordinary characters were now united in the bands of Hymen

Mrs. Crossgrain, as it might have been expected, had a mind stored with the common rubbish of ignorance and absurdity; pride was her predominant passion, and folly and perverseness accompanied most of her actions. Notwithstanding her boarding-school education, she had a remarkable fluency of bad language, a curious mixture of her mamma's native tongue, and the affected dialect of her governess; added to this, she had a happy knack of miscomprehension, and was extremely fond of argument.

As for Mr. Crossgrain, his ideas did not extend beyond a tailor's pattern-card; but he had saved a large fortune, and was now determined to retire and enjoy it. It was not long, however, before he discovered, that in a wife he had bought a piece of goods of which he was no judge, and that his first step toward enjoying himself was a step backward. Mrs. Crossgrain in nothing resembled himself; he liked his dinner at two o'clock, she liked it at five; he liked apple dumplings, and she had an aversion to them; he loved his pipe, and she insisted that he should never smoke; he was frugal and she extravagant. It may easily be conceived, according to this scale of happiness, that Mr. Crossgrain had but few opportunities to enjoy himself: time after time he wished he had never married, till, as luck would have it, one day his dear Artemisa was thrown out of a one-horse chaise at Epsom races, and never afterwards recovered the fright; a few months only elapsed before he buried half his troubles. Mr. Crossgrain now seriously set about enjoying himself; but presently found a single life insupportable; his housekeeper spoiled his water gruel, and his toast in the morning was too much buttered. Sometimes he wished himself married again, though not to a second Artemisa; but, as he could not find a wife to his mind, he employed himself anxiously in new schemes of happiness. The country was represented to him as the place for true enjoyment, and thither he retired, that is, to *Islington*, to a pretty house with a large garden; but

the grubs ate his cabbage plants, and the sparrows his radish seed; the boys stole his fruit, and the cats broke his cucumber glasses: in short, disgusted at so many disappointments, he left the country, and once more came to town, but was as much as ever at a loss for amusement; he could not talk politicks at the publick-house, he hated cards, and disliked plays: at last, a kind friend suggested to him that he should go into the North, and amuse himself with hunting and shooting: hunting and shooting were now all his conversation; till, at length, he actually set out to pay a visit to an old acquaintance who lived a few miles from Edinburgh: he was now quite delighted with the idea of shooting widgeons; till one day, when it happened to be low water, his companions pursued their sport out upon a bar that ran into the sea, followed by our adventurer, who was mudded up to the middle in an instant: his brother sportsmen extricated him, however, from this difficulty; but, Mr. Crossgrain from that hour gave up shooting bar-widgeons, and returned to town.

Riding was Mr. Crossgrain's next attempt at amusement; but unfortunately meeting with a broken-knee'd mare, he came down over her head on the Hampstead road, and never got upon her back again.

Mr. Crossgrain was now told by somebody of the charms of musick, and actually went to the Opera; but a bravura song from Signora Squalinitini put him into a sound sleep which lasted till the entertainment was over.

Poor Mr. Crossgrain had no resource left for enjoyment, unless he turned drunkard; but drinking being *unfortunately* no propensity of his, he was incapable of tasting even that luxury. Thus circumstanced, he got out of temper with every thing, and found that he gave up enjoyment the moment he gave up business.

Let no one be alarmed at the history of Mr. Crossgrain. A small stock of good nature and understanding will preserve a man from the insupportable vacuum felt by the unhappy being whose mind is an unprofitable waste.

where nothing has been planted but the seeds of avarice. Let the man of business unbend, at times, to relaxation, and he will become acquainted with means of amusement both rational and permanent; and when the moment arrives that he shall be enabled, from the fruits of his industry, to retire from its fatigues, the duties of religion and morality, which have been perhaps, too much neglected, will open a source of pleasure and instruction that will refresh his mind with wholesome and delightful precepts, calculated for the happiness of man; he will then find no void or space but what may be occupied to advantage in the contemplation of the Divine Goodness, and the end of his own being.

This Essay may be properly concluded with some reflections of Mr. Addison's. "An idle being is a kind of monster in the creation, all nature is busy about him. How wretched is it to hear people complain that the day hangs heavy upon them—that they do not know what to do with themselves! How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who can apply themselves to the duties of religion and meditation, to the reading of useful books; who may exercise themselves in the pursuits of knowledge and virtue; and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser and better than they were before."

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measure'd sighs; and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Southey's description of the Spanish stage is not only very witty, but very faithful.

The characters in a comick opera were represented by the most ill-looking men and women I ever saw. The man's dress was a threadbare coat,

and dirty corduroy vest and breeches, his beard was black, his neckcloth not white, and Jack Ketch might sell the reversion of his fee for him and be in no danger of defrauding the purchaser. A farce followed, and our hemp-stretch man again made his appearance, having blacked one of his eyes, to look blind. M. observed that he looked better with one eye than with two, and, we agreed, that the loss of his head would be a great addition to his beauty. The prompter stood before a little tin screen, not unlike a man in a cheese toaster. The scene that fell between the acts would disgrace a puppet show at an English fair. On one side was a hill, in size and shape like a sugar loaf, with a temple on the summit exactly like a watch-box. On the other, Parnassus with Pegasus striking the top in his flight, and so giving a source to the waters of Helicon; but such was the proportion of the horse to the mountain, that you would imagine him to be only taking a flying leap over an ant hill. Between the hills lay a city; and in the air sits a duck-legged Minerva, surrounded with flabby Cupids.

Each mule harnessed to a Spanish coach has sixteen bells. The Spaniards' motives for using them are, that the mules like the musick, and, that as all the bells are marked with a crucifix, the devil cannot come within hearing of the consecrated peal. This has been a common superstition, and one is surprised to hear it derided, with much wit and humour in a grave and scientific work. The compilers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* inform us, that the passing bell was anciently rung for two purposes; one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing, the other, to drive away the evil spirits who stood at the bed's foot, and about the house, ready to seize their prey; or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage; but by the ringing of that bell (for Durandus informs us, that evil spirits are much afraid of bells) they were kept aloof,

and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is by sportsmen called law. Hence, perhaps, exclusive of the additional labour, was occasioned the high price demanded for tolling the great bell of the church; for that being louder, the evil spirit must go further off to be clear of the sound!

It is well known that Voltaire was of opinion, that coffee cleared the brain, and stimulated the genius. His practice was in unison with his theory. Of this inspiring beverage he drank copiously during the whole of his literary day. Buonaparte is likewise a great lover of the berry of Mocha. The physicians say, that he debauches with coffee. If Voltaire's opinion be just, it is no wonder the French are so lively and full of invention; for coffee is an article of which they make an uncommon consumption. Indeed, if Fame may be credited, the Prior of a monastery, in Arabia, on the word of a shepherd, who had remarked that his goats were particularly *frisky*, when they had eaten the berries of the coffee tree, first made a trial of their virtue, on the monks of his convent to prevent them from *sleeping, during divine service*.

GODWIN somewhere in his "Fleetwood" thus describes the vanity and vexation of a foreign traveller, and that happiness may be sought in vain by change of place or variety of companions.

I resolved to pass over to the continent and to seek in the spectacle of different countries and the investigation of different manners, relief from the *ennui* which devoured me. This expedient seemed at first to answer my purpose. Novelty and change have a sovereign power over the human mind. But the efficacy of this remedy did not last long. Wherever I went I carried a secret uneasiness along with me. When I left Paris for Vienna, or Vienna for Madrid, I journeyed a solitary individual along the tedious road, and when I entered my inn the same solitude entered along with me.

I turned aside to examine remarkable objects, the fame of which had reached me. I visited some celebrated convent of Monks. I took the liberty to introduce myself to some elaborate collector of curiosities, to some statesman, or general retired from the busy scene, to some philosopher or poet whose lucubrations had delighted the world. I was generally fortunate enough to make my visit agreeable to the host I selected. I flattered his taste. I expressed, in the honest language of truth and feeling, the sense I entertained of his character. This sort of avocation afforded me a temporary pleasure; but it often left me in a state of more painful sensation than it found me, and impressed upon me the melancholy conviction of the unsubstantial nature of all human enjoyments.

Sometimes I joined company with a fellow traveller whom chance directed to the same point, or whom I was able, by some allurement of advantage or pleasure, to prevail upon to pursue my route. In some cases, I was disappointed in my companion, found him totally different from what, on a slight observation, I had conceived him to be, and either separated from him before half our journey was completed, or cursed a hundred times the obligation I had contracted, which perhaps for twenty days successively rendered me the slave of frigid civility. At other times it may be, the conversation of my fellow traveller afforded me an unfeigned delight; and then, bitterly regretted the fugitive nature of our intercourse. The sensation felt was such as has been experienced by passengers in a stage-coach. We have just had time to contract a liking for each other, who have whispered to themselves how agreeable, how animated, how well-informed, or how facetious is this stranger, who have reined in a domestick way at breakfast, dined, and at supper, who have wished each other good night at the close of the day, and met with salutations the morning, when suddenly the vehicle whirled them into some vast city, the step of the carriage is let down

one passes one way and another another, one calls for a chaise to convey him up the country, and another hastens with his baggage to the port.

Frequently I sojourned for two, three, or four months, in some polite or learned residence, and, when I had just time to familiarize myself with its most valuable inhabitants, was impelled to call to mind that this was not my home, and that it was time to withdraw. Why should I stay? The language, the manners, and the scene were not native to me; and it was nothing but the necessity of departing that made me regret a place, which, if I had been compelled to take up my abode in it, would speedily have lost its illusion.

—  
To Mr. JAMES MONTGOMERY,

*On his poems, lately published.*

Is there a "winter in thy soul,"  
That Genius cannot shine away?  
Does dark despair that heart control,  
Which pants for glory's radiant day?

Have past afflictions left the trace  
Of Sorrow, graved in lines so deep,  
That Memory, hopeless to efface  
The piteous forms, looks on to weep?

Then think that o'er thy glowing page,  
Where Fancy's hues with feeling blend,  
Enthusiast Youth, and temperate Age  
In sympathetick rapture bend.

Think that the musick of thy strains  
Attuned to Freedom's manly lyre,  
Runs kindling through the patriot's veins  
And lights his glimmering eyes with fire.

Think, on some day of wild alarm,  
When Albion's cliffs descry the foe,  
Thy voice may nerve the youthful arm  
That lays the fierce invader low.

And see thy country freed, at length,  
From jealous fears that haunt the slave,  
And taught to call forth *all* her strength,  
The hands and hearts of *all* the brave.

No more the freeborn spirit binds,  
But, inly touched, delights to see  
Her cause the cause of noblest minds,  
Her friends the friends of Liberty.

—  
Capt. Morris has, on many occasions, written songs in a spirit truly classical. He displays a fertile invention and a great command of image-

ry. A tone of almost unrivalled gaiety pervades his Anacreonticks. It is deeply to be regretted that, like the libertine Rochester, he should ever employ and exhaust his fine genius in writing verses for the bagnio, and ballads to Phryne and Lais. The following is an honourable exception to the smutty strains of this gay officer.

When the Fancy stirring bowl  
Wakes its world of pleasure,  
Glowing visions gild my soul,  
And Life's an endless treasure;  
Memory decks my wasted heart  
Fresh with gay desires,  
Rays divine my senses dart,  
And kindling Hope inspires.  
Then who'd be grave  
When wine can save  
The heaviest soul from sinking;  
And magick grapes  
Give angel shapes  
To every girl we're drinking.

Here sweet Benignity and Love,  
Shed their influence round me,  
Gathered ills of life remove,  
And leave me as they found me.  
Though my head may swim, yet true  
Still to Nature's feeling,  
Peace and Beauty swim there too,  
And rock me as I'm reeling.  
Then who'd be grave, &c.

On Youth's soft pillow, tender Truth  
Her pensive lesson taught me,  
Age soon mocked the dream of Youth,  
And Wisdom waked and caught me.  
A bargain then with Love I knocked  
To hold the pleasing gipsy,  
When wise, to keep my bosom locked,  
But turn the key when tipsy.  
Then, &c.

Life's a voyage, we all declare,  
With scarce a port to hide in,  
It may be so with Pride or Care,  
That's not a sea I ride in.  
Here floats my soul till Fancy's eye  
Her realms of bliss discover,  
Bright worlds which fair in prospect lie,  
To him that's half seas over.  
Then, &c.

—  
Burlesque of the modern sonnet.

I love to taste the nectared sweets of morn,  
To climb the brow of purple tinted hills,  
While Philomela warbles on the thorn,  
Responsive to the babble of the rills.  
I love to stroll along the grass grown vale,  
When Evening clads the fields in sober  
gray.

And meet the buxom milk maid on her way,  
Returning with the full replenished pail.  
I love to loiter by the streamlet's side,  
And sit me on its daisied banks, to view  
*Night's argent orb* reflected in the tide,  
Rolling along the inverted arch of blue :  
But more I love—yes more do I hold dear,  
*A pickled Herring and a Pot of Beer.*

The following, though not close nor  
seemly, is one of the most spirited  
versions we ever met, of the 13th  
Ode of the first book of HORACE.

When clasped within your lover's arms,  
On his fine form and roseate charms,  
Your tongue with ceaseless rapture dwells  
My bursting heart with anger swells,  
My cheeks, now red, now pale, proclaim  
What passions agitate my frame ;  
My sighs, my tears, my anguish prove  
Alas ! too well, how much I love.  
When the fond youth, half mad with bliss,  
Prints on thy neck a burning kiss,  
I burst with rage, of sense bereft,  
To view the mark his tooth has left.  
But hope not he will constant prove,  
Who thus profanes the kiss of love ;  
That kiss with sweets and cordial filled,  
From lovely Venus' cap distilled.  
Thrice happy they whose hearts and hands  
Are joined in soft Affection's bands,  
Who free from care and void of strife,  
Still loved and loving end their life.

The snowdrop is an interesting ob-  
ject in the fields or gardens of En-  
gland, as the harbinger of Flora, and  
the contrast to winter. This flower  
has been finely described by Mrs.  
Smith.

#### TO THE SNOWDROP.

Like pendant flakes of vegetating snow,  
The early herald of the infant year,  
Ere yet the adventurous crocus dares to blow,  
Beneath the orchard boughs thy buds ap-  
pear.  
While still the cold north-east ungenial low-  
ers,  
And scarce the hazel in the leafless copse  
Or salallows show their downy powdered  
flowers,  
The grass is spangled with thy silver  
drops.

Yet, when those pallid blossoms shall give  
place  
To countless tubes of richer hue and  
scent,  
Summer's gay blooms and Autumn's yellow  
race,

I shall thy pale inodorous bells lament.

So journeying onward in life's varying track,  
Even while warm youth its bright illusion  
lends,  
Fond Memory often with regret looks back  
To childhood's pleasures and to infant  
friends—

#### TO A NOSEGAY

##### IN PANCHARILLA'S BOSOM.

Must you alone then, happy flow'rs—  
Ye short-liv'd sons of vernal show'rs,  
Must you alone be still thus blest,  
And dwell in Pancharilla's breast ?  
Oh would the gods but hear my pray'r,  
To change my form and place me there !  
I should not sure so quickly die,  
I should not so inactive lie ;  
But ever wand'ring to and fro,  
From this to that fair globe of snow,  
Enjoy ten thousand thousand blisses,  
And print on each ten thousand kisses.  
Nor would I rest till I had found  
Which globe was softest, which most round ;  
Which was most yielding, smooth, and white,  
Or the left bosom, or the right ;  
Which was the warmest, easiest bed,  
And which was tipp'd with purest red.  
Nor could I leave the beauteous scene,  
Till I had traced the path between,  
That milky-way so smooth and even,  
That promises to lead to Heaven.  
But ah ! those wishes all are vain,  
The fair one triumphs in my pain ;  
To flow'rs that know not to be blest,  
The nymph unveils her snowy breast.  
While to her slave's desiring eyes,  
The heavenly prospect she denies :  
Too cruel fate, too cruel fair,  
To place a senseless nosegay there,  
And yet refuse my lips the bliss  
To taste one dear transporting kiss.

.....

In climes remote, on India's shore,  
A banish'd lover droops and sighs,  
When to his gloomy mind once more,  
His fancy gives what fate denies.

For sad, and hopeless, and forlorn,  
The blighted wretch who loves in vain :  
To keenest misery is born,  
Curs'd with a life of ceaseless pain.

No sordid interest made him roam,  
Ambition vainly boasts his joys ;  
'Twas love that drove him far from home :  
'Tis hopeless love his peace destroys.

A nymph, enchanting as the morn,  
Lovely as May in blooming charms,

Whose mind kind nature's gift adorn,  
And whose pure heart each virtue warms.

Stole with a Syren's spell his heart ;  
A heart alas ! too warm, too true !  
No wish'd return could she impart,  
For hope, delusive mock'd his view.

Now, frenzied and in deep despair,  
Heedless of life, and gone his ease,  
He flies the dear obdurate fair  
And seeks the boist'rous stormy seas.

Where the loud gale's impetuous rage  
Lifts to the skies the mountain wave,  
Such kindred horrors grief assuage,  
And pleas'd he hears the tempest rave.

Unconscious he of danger, fear,  
With careless eye the glare is seen  
Of livid flashes darting near  
While darken'd horrors intervene.

Alas ! no gleam of cheering light  
Breaks on the tempest of his mind,  
There all is gloomy as the night ;  
No ray of comfort can he find.

Condemn'd a wanderer far to roam,  
He seeks a savage distant shore ;  
Dead to the world, a prey to love ;  
And thinks of happiness no more.

### SONNET.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

Short is the time the oldest being lives,  
Nor has longevity one hour to waste ;  
Life's duties are proportion'd to the haste  
With which it fleets away ;—each day re-  
ceives

Its task, that if neglected, surely gives  
The morrow double toil.—Ye, who have  
pass'd

In idle sport the days that fled so fast,  
Days, that nor Grief recalls, nor care re-  
trieves,

At length be wise, and think, that of the  
part

Remaining in that vital period given,  
How short the date, and at the prospect  
start,

Ere to the extremest verge your steps be  
driv'n !

Nor let a moment unimprov'd depart,  
But view it as the latest trust of Heaven !

We do not instantly remember from what  
source the following remarks are drawn.  
While we praise their ingenuity we are not  
fully prepared to acknowledge their truth.  
Henry I. of England, Erasmus, Bacon, Sir  
Walter Raleigh, and a host of eminent  
characters, were men of business as well  
as scholars and students.

They who endure the toil of study  
with a view to riches and honours will  
be very much disappointed. All the  
world has heard of a French treatise  
on the Miseries of the Learned, but  
none has appeared descriptive of their  
felicities. In fact, the retired life, the  
inactivity with respect to all business  
in common life, or publick employ-  
ments, which an attention to study re-  
quires, and the abstraction of mind  
and love of solitude so peculiar to the  
student, are all circumstances averse  
to the acquisition of wealth. He on  
whom the muses have smiled in his  
infancy will scorn the praises of the  
multitude, the fascination of wealth,  
and the inticements of honours ; and  
will find that his toil is the only ade-  
quate reward which can satisfy the  
mind of a scholar.

Dr. Beattie's beautiful translation of  
Metastasio's *L'onda del mare divisa*.

Waters from the ocean borne  
Bathe the valley and the hill,  
Prisoned in the fountain mourn,  
Warble down the wand'ring rill.

But, wherever doomed to stray,  
Still they murmur and complain,  
Still pursue their lingering way,  
'Till they join their native main.

After many a year of wo,  
Many a long long wandering past,  
Where at first they learned to flow,  
There they hope to rest at last.

Some years ago, we amused our-  
selves with comparing Dryden's cele-  
brated version, with Drummond's, of  
that famous passage in Persius where  
the poet introduces the clashing powers  
of Avarice and Voluptuousness exert-  
ing their respective influence upon the  
hesitating, though waxen mind of a  
juvenile nobleman. In one of our latest  
reviews, a new translation by an ano-  
nymous authour is announced. We  
give the following as a specimen. It  
is wonderfully spirited. It is in the  
very tone of the original, and perhaps  
we might be justified in saying, that

the translator has surpassed DRYDEN himself.

"Sluggard awake," imperious Avarice cries,

"See morning dawns; awake, I say, arise."

Yawning, you beg another nap to take,

"Up, up," "O spare me," wake! I can't awake,

And prythee what are your commands, say you,

What, answers Avarice, why what should you do?

But run forthwith to port and issue thence  
The oil, the fish, the flax, and frankincense,  
The Coan wines? Be foremost to unpack  
The pepper from the thirsting camel's back,  
Go, turn the penny, traffick for the pelf,  
And, if your interest needs, forswear yourself.

But what if Jupiter should overhear?

Fool, if you feel of Jupiter a fear,  
If qualms of conscience choak the rising lie,  
Give up your trade, and STARVE ON HONESTY;

Your salt dish still with patient finger bore,  
And lick the emptied platter o'er and o'er.

All hands aloft, the voyage they prepare,  
See, bales and baggage to the strand they bear.

And now no obstacles your bark retain,  
Ready to waft you o'er the Egean main;  
When lo! persuasive Luxury draws near,  
And beckoning, softly whisper in your ear  
"What are you seeking, madman, do you know?"

Why all this hurrying, whither would you go?

What frantick fires within your bosom rage,  
That loads of hemlock never can assuage?  
You tempt the ocean, you the tempest brave?  
You court the hardships of the wind and wave?

You get your dinner perched upon a cable?  
The deck your parlour, and a plank your table?

You suck from the broad can, besmeared with tar,

The musty lees of Veian vinegar?

And all for what? why truly, not content  
To nurse at home a modest five per cent,  
You must, the faster to increase your store  
From every hundred pounds thrust out five more,

Indulge your genius, drive dull Care away,  
And seize the pleasures of the present day,  
To Mirth and Joy the passing moment give  
"For not to live at ease is not to live."

#### THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

The sun was departed, the mild zephyr blowing,  
Bore over the plain the perfume of the flowers;

In soft undulations the streamlet was flowing,  
And calm Meditation led forward the hours:

I struck the full chord, and the ready tear started,

I sung of an exile forlorn, broken hearted,  
Like him, from my bosom all joy is departed,  
And sorrow has stol'n from the lyre all its pow'rs.

I paus'd on the strain, when fond mem'ry tenacious,

Presented the form I must ever esteem:  
Retrac'd scenes of pleasure, alas, how fallacious!

Evanescent all, all, as the shades of a dream.

Yet still, as they rush'd thro' oppress'd recollection,

The silent tear fell, and the pensive reflection,

Immers'd my sad bosom in deeper dejection.  
On which cheering hope scarcely glances a beam.

In vain into beauty all nature is springing,  
In vain smiling Spring does the blossoms unfold;

In vain round my cot the wing'd choiristers singing,

When each soft affection is dormant and cold.

E'en sad as the merchant, bereav'd of his treasure,

So slow beats my heart, and so languid its measure,

So dreary, so lonely, a stranger to pleasure.  
Around it Affliction her mantle hath roll'd.

But meek Resignation supporting the spirit,

Unveils a bright scene to the uplifted eye:  
A scene, which the patient and pure shall inherit,

Where hearts bleed no more, and the tear shall be dry.

There souls, which on earth in each other delighted,

By friendship, by honour, by virtue united,  
Shall meet, and their pleasures no more shall be blighted,

But perfect and pure as their love be their joy.

#### SŌNNET.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

Seek not, my Lesbia, the sequester'd dale,  
Or bear thou to its shades a tranquil heart:  
Since rankles most in solitude the smart  
Of injur'd charms, and talents, when they fail

To meet their due regard;—nor e'en prevail  
Where most they wish to please:—Yet, since thy part

Is large in life's chief blessings, why desert

Sullen, the world!—Alas! how many wail  
Dire loss of the best comforts Heaven can  
grant!

While they the bitter tear in secret pour,  
Smote by the death of friends, disease, or  
want,

Slight wrongs if thy self-valuing soul deplore,  
Thou but resemblest, in thy lonely haunt,  
Narcissus pining on the watry shore.

—

Whether the following verses be  
new or old, whether they be of Paul  
or Apollos is of little moment. They  
are worthy of the perusal of the ladies.

#### VERSES TO A TEAR.

Pellucid drop of sacred dew,  
In Sorrow's briny fountain bred,  
That from the eye of mildest blue  
Fall'st on the cheek of softest red.

Sweet tear! what orient gem reveals  
A lustre to the Sun more bright;  
Than what this limpid bosom steals  
From the mild eye that swims in light.

Offspring of Sorrow, and its cure!  
That through the eye reliev'st the heart,  
As the descending rain drops pure  
Exhaust the clouds from which they part.

Yes, to the heart thou giv'st relief,  
As dews the parching flowrets cheer:  
Sweet is the ecstasy of grief,  
And sweet the rapture of a tear!

Hail, little sphere of ray serene,  
I love thee for my Mira's sake;  
Thou prov'st her heart to feeling keen,  
And gentlest sympathy awake.

Pure is her bosom as thine own.  
Now trembling on her cheek so fair,  
That well might tempt an angel down  
To kiss thee from the roses there.

—

#### POLITICAL PARAGRAPH.

Of late, the most malignant and in-  
jurious aspersions are hazarded in ma-  
ny a libel on our mother country.

At the name of Great Britain, many  
are ready to redden and to rage. But  
both Ancient Prejudice and Recent  
Rhodomontade with tongue of bluster  
and face of frowns must remember  
that we are under some trifling obli-  
gations to that hateful island.

We are indebted to her for our an-  
cestors.

We have taken up some goods at  
her shop, for which even our *philoso-  
phers* have forgotten to pay. When  
we happen to be in a court of justice,  
what of that virtue is meted out to  
us, is borrowed from the store-houses  
of Hale, of Talbot, of Mansfield,  
and of Kenyon; who, as the devil  
would have it, were all "to be found  
in the precinct" of England. What  
little knowledge we have of religion,  
politics, morals, literature, and the  
fine arts, we have derived from British  
sources. Thence come our best style  
and our purest taste.

Even our common newspaper dic-  
tion, a plague upon the ingratitude of  
editors, is borrowed from Sir Roger  
L'Estrange, and Tom Durfey, and the  
bell-men of London and the loftiest  
garrets of Grub-street. Many of the  
Bibles, which we read were published  
at the *Clarendon Press*, and, if our  
loving countryman, the learned Dr.  
Morse, be right, this press is estab-  
lished at a place called *OXFORD*,  
which boasts of a Seminary rather  
amplified than that of our *Calvinistick*  
college of Cambridge. Several of  
the altars at which we kneel, and  
those, which are *by far* of the most  
SOLID CONSTRUCTION AND BEAUTI-  
FUL DECORATIONS, are made from  
*Queen Elizabeth's pattern*. Some  
*scantlings* in our political building, and  
those the most durable and sound,  
were imported from Great Britain,  
and are to us what the pine of Nor-  
way and the hemp of St. Petersburg  
are to her. Lastly, with all our striv-  
ing to pollute our dialect, in spite of  
Columbian spelling-books and diction-  
aries, in spite of the precepts of the  
Declaration and the example of the  
great Jefferson himself, we are still  
*Anglo* Galilians, and our speech be-  
trayeth us. We speak English and  
it is our *mother tongue*.

—

#### EPITAPH.

On the tomb of a country apothecary,  
*Erected at the expense of the parish.*

Hâc sub humo, per quem tot jacuere, jacet.  
At length for him a quiet spot's provided,  
Where, all thro' him, so many of us lie dead!

## EPIGRAM.

*The unlicked Cub.*

When first to school a little urchin,  
 Fearless of usher—and of birching,  
 Jacky was sent;  
 Jack foremost was in every squabble,  
 And hustled well amidst the rabble,  
 Bold and impertinent.

Jack soon a bigger boy offended,  
 And in a boxing match it ended,  
 Spiteful they drub;

Jack owned his enemy was stronger  
 But, blubbering, bragged he was no longer  
 An unlicked cub.

## MERRIMENT.

A very rich citizen of Lyons having had his nativity cast, had so arranged his affairs that his possessions should just last him to the hour of his death. However, outliving the expected period, he was absolutely reduced to beggary, and in the following terms would implore charity, "Pity a man who has lived longer than he expected."

A very young clergyman, who had just left college, presented a petition to the king, requesting his majesty would appoint him to a very important office. The king being much offended at his presumption, wrote under it, 2 Samuel, chap. x. ver. 5; and returned it. On turning to the place the young clergyman had the mortification to read these words, "Tarry at Jericho until your beard be grown."

The king of Prussia had heard that a corporal in one of his regiments, who was known as a handsome young man, wore, out of vanity, a watch-chain suspended from a bullet in his fob. He had the curiosity to investigate the fact, and walking purposely by him one morning, said "Why corporal, you are a brave fellow to have saved enough to buy a watch." "Sire," said the corporal "I flatter myself I am brave, but as for my watch, it is of little signification." The king pulling out a gold watch, said, "By my watch it is five; what is it by yours?" the corporal, pulling out his bullet with a trembling hand, replied, "My watch neither tells me five nor six, but shows me clearly that I must be ready at any time to die for your majesty."

It having been reported to the dauphin of France, that a man in that country had made a little coach so constructed as to be drawn

by fleas, he asked the prince of Conti, who he imagined made the harness? "O!" replied the prince, "probably some spider in the neighbourhood."

A first rate singer being suddenly taken ill just before the curtain rose for the representation of an opera, an actor of inferior powers undertook the character designed for him. He had no sooner opened his lips to sing, than he was violently hissed; but not in the least discouraged by his reception, he came forward, and addressing the pit, said, "Pray, did any of you suppose that for my salary of forty shillings a week, I was going to give you a voice worth twenty pounds?"

In besieging a certain town the soldiers had been strictly forbidden to give quarter to any one. An officer however, begged hard for his life of one of the besiegers. "Ask me any thing else," replied he, "but for your life I cannot consent."

The abbé G—— was once engaged in a violent dispute with a gentleman among a large party, who being at the bottom of the table, the distance between them rendered the accomplishment of any personal insult impracticable. "Sir," said the gentleman, "if I were near you, I should give you a box on the ear, so you may consider the blow as given." "And sir," replied the abbé, "were I near you, I should draw my sword, and run you through the body, so you may consider yourself as dead."

Henry the Fourth, king of France, always made his children call him papa, or father, and not the usual ceremonious title of "sir" or "your majesty." He used frequently to join in their amusements; and one day, as he was going on all-fours with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassadour entered his apartment suddenly, and surprised him in this attitude. The monarch, without moving from it, said to him, "Monsieur l'ambassadeur, have you any children?" "Yes, sire," replied he. "Very well then," said the king, "I shall finish my race round my chamber."

Some school-boys one day meeting a woman driving asses, said to her, "Good morning, mother of asses." "Good morning," she replied, "my dear children."

A general, being on his travels, found himself indisposed, and was obliged to stop at a little village to be bled. The barber of the village was called in to officiate; but his appearance not being very much in his favour, the general drew back his arm, just as the lancet was on the point of entering. "Ah! what you are afraid of the blood!" said the barber. "No," returned the general, "it is the *bleeder*, not the blood, I am afraid of."

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Agreeably to our just expectations, and sanguine wishes, the essays, under the signature of HAMILTON, have been republished in many of the most respectable gazettes of our country. Every Federal editor of stanch principles should make it a point of honour and duty to give publicity to politicks of so correct a complexion, as distinguish this gentleman's writings. His last essay, entitled No. VI, deserves to be dispassionately perused, not only by every scholar, but by the busy and humbler members of society, by every artisan, husbandman, and manufacturer. In this excellent speculation, the authour, in a manner very honourable to his genius, combines the energy of logic with the grace of rhetoric. His information is accurate, his assertions are valid, his details are skilful, his inference is just, AND HIS ARGUMENT INVINCIBLE.

Our classical correspondent, ASMO, DEO to whom not only ourselves but all the polite scholars in the country have been often indebted for some of the finest pieces of poetry which have adorned The Port Folio, has, to our great joy resumed his pen, and, in a spirit of friendship grateful to the Editor, and in a spirit of literary exertion honourable to the student, has pledged himself to furnish this paper with translations, imitations and parodies of passages from the best poets of antiquity. As, in the manner of the *ROLLIAD*, and of CANNING and ELIS in the *Anti-Jacobin*, it is propo-

sed to make many of these translations and parodies the vehicle of *political* satire, they will be sought for with keen curiosity by all the gentlemen, the scholars and men of virtue in America who delight in the disgrace of Democracy and the triumph of Genius and sound Principle over that miserable faction, which at once oppresses and disgraces the country, which makes us distracted at home and contemptible abroad.

Our ingenious correspondent has chosen for his first theme that cutting lampoon upon a commonwealth, the 14th ode of the first book of Horace. The application which our friend has made will not only appear obvious but just to every rational man in the community. The absurdity, impolicy, and danger of a war with Great Britain is now believed by all the sagacious statesmen in the country. Indeed the very idea of a contest with that nation is of a character more lunatick than ever arose in the romantick imagination of the Knight of the Windmills. The editor of this paper will combat without ceasing all war measures against England. Our nation is impotent; with a distracted head, a palpitating heart, and mortifying extremities. We have made much noise, we have uttered many a gasconade, we have strutted up and down with a *dagger of lath*, and the *wooden weapon* of Harlequin. But in bluster our warlike note began, and in bluster will it end. We are totally unprepared for warfare. We are cursed with a pusillanimous government, a divided people, and a defenceless frontier. We have no ships, no swords, and no soldiers. Every *funny whistler* may insult us with impunity, and the frigate of any nation lay our cities in ashes. To blows judiciously aimed by foreign force we could oppose no more resistance than the miserable victim of Palsy or Epilepsy could exert against a Hercules or a Patagonian.

The review of Judge Peters's Admiralty Decisions will appear soon. Sickness has interrupted criticism, and our readers scarcely need be told that

the Influenza is not auspicious to mental exertion. As an atonement for any abatement of our industry and zeal, our patrons shall soon be furnished with MORE ORIGINAL and INTERESTING MATTER THAN HAS APPEARED AT ANY TIME SINCE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PORT FOLIO. While great and *expensive* exertions are thus making on the part of the Editor, he trusts that the *real* friends to that establishment will take care that his Press want not its oil in due season.

### MORTUARY.

Died on Monday, 31st August, in the 44th year of her age, deservedly esteemed, and very sincerely regretted, Miss REBECCA WHARTON, daughter of JAMES WHARTON, Esqr. formerly of this city, deceased.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The commentators have supposed, that under the image of a ship, Horace meant the Republick; and that the sixth ode of his first book was a protest against a war into which his country appeared to be rashly entering, when in a situation very unprepared for the contest. How far it might be applied to ourselves I will not pretend to say; I have merely translated it for you.

ASMODEO.

O ship! what newly veering gale, 1  
What sudden breakers thus assail  
And all your timbers shock?  
Why tempt, a wreck, the stormy main! 2  
Come, helm a lee! about again, 3  
And keep within your dock.

Behold your sails yet half unbent, 4  
Your spars by *Southern Tempests* rent,  
And all things out of places:  
And yet, you thus would brave the sea! 5  
Too frail to bear a mack'el breeze,  
Without new stays and braces.

Your canvass see, a fluttering rag, 6  
Hangs as neglected as your flag,  
Your safety once and pride too.  
No Washingtons their aid to lend, 7  
On whom, alas! can you depend  
'Mongst rocks and shoals to guide you.

Your timbers, once the dock-yards' boast, 8  
Are now unfit to leave the coast,  
In idleness worm-eaten.  
The wary sailor ne'er relies 9  
On painted sides. O yet, be wise, 10  
Weigh not, thus weather-beaten!

Source of my pain, my toil, my care, 11  
For whom still love enough I bear 12  
To make a patriot frantick;  
May'st thou—the gods my wish inspire—  
May'st thou avoid the tempests dire, 13  
That howl o'er the Atlantick!

1 — O navis, referent in mare te novi  
Fluctus?

2 — O quid agis?

3 — Fortiter occupa

Portum.

4 — Nonne vides, ut  
Nudum remigio latus,  
Et malus celeri saucius Africo,  
Antennæque gemant?

5 — Ac sine funibus

Vix durare carinæ  
Possint imperiosius  
Æquor?

6 — Non tibi sunt integra lineæ:

7 — Non Di, quos iterum pressa voces m-

8 — Quamvis Pontica pinus,  
Silvæ nilia nobilis,  
Jactes et genus et nomen inutile:

9 — Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus  
Fidit.

10 — Tu, nisi ventis  
Debes ludibrium, cave.

11 — Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tedium.

12 — Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,

13 — Interfusa nitentes

Vites æquora Cycladas.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, September 12, 1807.

[No. 11.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### CRITICISM.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### ON THE LATIN POETRY OF GRAY.

OF Mr. Gray it has been remarked, that *he was perhaps the most learned man of Europe*. This expression refers more expressly to the great extent of his knowledge; but under this general description is to be ranked that intimate knowledge of the Latin tongue which enabled him to write such poems in that idiom as have obtained a very high reputation. In this department, he is classed with Milton and those few other names which are allowed to stand upon commanding ground. His Sapphick and Alcaick Odes, addressed to Mr. West, his fragments *De Principiis Cogitandi*, and of an Heroick Epistle from Sophonisba to Massinissa, his Elegiack Verses occasioned by the sight of the Plains where the battle of Trebia was fought, his translation of a Sonnet by Buondelmonte, and his farewell to Florence, are monuments of his genius for Latin verse. The following Alcaick fragment has been thought so happily executed, as that the best critic might be deceived into a belief of antiquity:

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros  
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater  
Felix! in imo qui scatentem  
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

Three other of the Latin compositions of Gray remain to be mentioned. His Alcaick Ode, written in the Album of the Grand Chartreuse; his description of the sudden rising of Monte Nuovo, near Puzzoli, and of the destruction which attended; and his Latin verses on the death of his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, printed in the Cambridge Collection, and to be found only in one edition of his works. Of the two first what follows are translations:

#### DESCRIPTION

*Of the Sudden Rising of Monte Nuovo, near Puzzoli, and of the Destruction which attended it.*

No more the plough is seen to break the soil,  
Or fruitful fields to crown the peasant's toil;  
No more is heard the peasant's tuneful lay,  
Or tuneful birds to hail the rising day:  
So wide is spread a face of ruin o'er!  
And oft the cautious seaman from the shore  
Averts his slender bark, avoids the strand,  
And pointing shows the inauspicious land;  
Relates the horrors of the fatal night,  
And all the dreary landscaperises to the sight.

Still rough with stones appears the mountain's head,  
His former flames extinct, his terrors fled;  
Whether the sulphurous rivers which supplied

Of old his bowels with a constant tide,  
By time exhausted, with a fiery store  
Suffice at length to feed the flames no more;  
Or whether, while the ruin seems to sleep,  
He hoards fresh matter in his caverns deep,  
Prepar'd (tremendous thought!) with doubled rage,

To spread destruction in a future age.

The face of Nature now is chang'd around,  
The hills appear with whit'ning olives  
crown'd;  
And Bacchus, who so long the coast had  
fed,  
Again delights to rear his festive head;  
With trembling steps resumes his former  
stand,  
And clothes once more with blushing vines  
the land.

The Alcaick Ode, written in the  
Album of the Grand Chartreuse, has  
been thus imitated by a gentleman of  
Sunderland, in Great Britain :

*Oh tu, severi religio loci, &c.*

Hear, awful Genius of the solemn grove  
(And say what title best can please thine ear;  
Those age-struck woods and native rivers  
prove  
No common genius bears dominion here.

The trackless rocks, the mountain's solemn  
height,  
The broken cliff, inviting fell despair;  
The deep-brown grove where reigns eternal  
night,  
And sounding waterfalls the god declare,  
In glory more than if the citrean beam  
And Phidian arts their nicest aid bestow'd;  
Or high-wrought gold had shed its richest  
gleam  
To deck the fane of the recumbent god!

Hear then, dread Genius of the solemn  
grove!  
Now be thy mighty pow'r on me confest,  
Propitious to thy suppliant's wishes prove,  
And give him to the placid joys of rest:

But if stern Fortune should forbid my flight  
To taste the sweets of sacred silence' reign,  
Should she recal me from the darling sight,  
And dash amid the storms of life again;

At least allow to my declining age  
A calm retreat from all the cares of life;  
Safe from the busy world's tumultuous rage,  
And far beyond the reach of vulgar strife.

The following was sent by Mr. Gray  
to his friend West, with a reference to  
the following passage in Sandy's Tra-  
vels: "West of Cicero's Villa stands the  
eminent Gaurus, a stony and desolate  
mountain, in which there are divers  
obscure caverns, choked almost with  
earth, where many have consumed  
much fruitless industry in searching

for treasure: The famous Lucrine  
Lake extended formerly from Aver-  
nus to the aforesaid Gaurus; but it is  
now no other than a little sedgy plash,  
choked up by the horrible and asto-  
nishing eruption of the new moun-  
tain; whereof, as oft as I think, I am  
easy to credit whatsoever is wonder-  
ful. For who here knows not, or who  
elsewhere will believe, that a moun-  
tain should arise (partly out of a lake  
and partly out of the sea) in one day  
and a night, in such a height as to con-  
tend in altitude with the high moun-  
tains adjoining? In the year of our  
Lord 1538, on the 29th of September,  
when for certain days foregoing the  
country hereabout was so vexed with  
perpetual earthquakes, as no one  
house was left so entire as not to ex-  
pect an immediate ruin; after that  
the sea had retired two hundred paces  
from the shore (leaving abundance of  
fish and springs of fresh water rising  
in the bottom) this mountain visibly  
ascended, about the second hour of  
the night, with an hideous roaring,  
horribly vomiting stones, and such  
store of cinders as overwhelmed all  
the building thereabout, and the salu-  
brious baths of Tripergula, for so ma-  
ny ages celebrated; consumed the  
vines to ashes, killing birds and beasts:  
the fearful inhabitants of Puzzoli fly-  
ing through the dark with their wives  
and children; naked, defiled, crying  
out, and detesting their calamities.  
Manifold mischiefs have they suffered  
by the barbarians, yet none like this  
which Nature inflicted. This new  
mountain, when newly raised, had a  
number of issues; at some of them  
smoking, and sometimes flaming; at  
others disgorging rivulets of hot wa-  
ters; keeping within a terrible rum-  
bling; and many miserably perished  
that ventured to descend into the hol-  
lowness above. But that hollow on  
the top is at present an orchard, and  
the mountain throughout is bereft of  
its terrors.—*Sandy's Travels, Book 4,*  
*page 275, 277, and 278.*

Of the *Description*, the subjoined  
English version was printed in the  
Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1775.

*Nec procul infelix se tollit in athera Gaurus, &c.*

On the fam'd shore where fierce volcanoes  
glow,

And overlook the shining deeps below,  
Old Gaurus lifts his inauspicious head,  
His vines consum'd, and all his honours fled;  
So near a new-sprung mountain now abides  
Burning his groves and thund'ring at his  
sides.

For Fame reports of old, while all around  
The country lay in solemn silence drown'd,  
While rusticks, thoughtless of approaching  
woes,

Enjoy'd the grateful blessing of repose,  
The swelling surges lash the sounding shores,  
The lab'ring earth through all her caverns  
roars,

Loud echoes from the lofty woods rebound,  
Fair Naples from her deeps and bay pro-  
found,

And dread Vesuvius, tremble at the sound.  
Sudden the yawning earth discloses wide  
Her dreadful jaws; forth-issuing in a tide,  
Black pitchy clouds with bursting flames  
conspire

To whelm the landscape with a flood of fire.  
The beasts are fled; along the pathless waste  
The frighted shepherd flies with equal haste,  
His ling'ring children calls, and thinks he  
hears

Their distant footsteps reach his list'ning  
ears;

Then lonely climbs a rock's stupendous  
height,

And backward o'er the plain directs his  
sight,

If still, perchance, to meet his longing eyes,  
His much-lov'd woods and humble cottage  
rise.

No object meets his eyes, unhappy swain!  
But dreadful gleams reflected from the  
main,

The earth beneath with flames of sulphur  
torn,

And fiery stones in whirling eddies borne.

The storms at length subside, the flames  
decay,

And op'ning heaven restores the face of day,  
When lo! the gath'ring binds are seen  
around,

With trembling steps to tread the dreary  
ground:

In hopes (if yet a slender hope remain)  
To trace their dwellings on the desert plain,  
Their wives' and wretched sires' remains to  
mourn,

And decent place within the sacred urn;  
(Small consolation granted to their woes,  
But all, alas! their hapless state bestows).  
Unhappy men, no wives' nor sires' remains  
Shall greet your eyes, or mitigate your  
pains!

For where your peaceful dwellings late  
were spread,

The new-raisd mountain rears his ghastly  
head,

With rocks deform'd and hoary ashes  
crown'd,

And proud o'erlooks the subject plains  
around,

With devastation threatens the country o'er,  
And reigns despotick on the lonely shore.  
A name ill-omen'd hence the country gains  
And long-neglected lie the barren plains.

## MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

It has been a favourite system with many to attribute the development of learning and the display of genius, which are witnessed in some ages so much more than in others to the influence of particular modes of government. They advance many steps toward making the human mind a mere automaton, which performs certain operations by the application of certain particular powers, a plant that blooms or fades, as it is nurtured by the patronage of some favourable system or crushed by the power of an unpropitious season, directed by no spontaneous springs, and guided by no independent motives of action. "But higher far, and with mysterious reverence do I deem" the celestial gift of genius. A treasure of such countless worth cannot surely be given to man encrusted by an envelope whose removal is subject to casualty or caprice.

With one party of those who hold the opinion alluded to, it has been a favourite principle, that free government was the soil congenial to science. It has been stated that there, uncramped by the fetters of despotism and prejudice, the human mind is at liberty to expand itself into larger extension, to gain new comprehensiveness of views, and new brilliancy and freedom of thoughts. That it is, as it were, freed from a prison, and that it riots and rambles with all the gayety and sportiveness of newly acquired liberty.

Others, on the contrary, have considered monarchical or despotick governments as most advantageous to the interests of literature. In free governments, it is maintained, there is no order of nobility, no class of men aloof from the vulgar, and unconfined by the continual recurrence of neces-

sary labour, who have leisure not only to devote their own time and talents to the cultivation of their minds and to the interests of science, but likewise who are well situated to discern the appearances of merit in others, to elicit and encourage rising talents and reward the exertions of the more matured. In free governments, wealth is the quality which confers preeminence and nobility. Minds, long inured to the slavery and drudgery attendant on the acquisition of wealth, are commonly diverted far from the pleasant paths of Parnassus. In them, therefore, is not the same disposition to encourage literature, as in a hereditary nobility, whose riches, easily obtained, neither cramp and distort the mind in their procurement nor contract it by their possession. In arbitrary governments, literary men are an order of no trifling consideration, and the merchant sinks in the scale of distinction. In free governments, the wealthy man is first on the list of honour. "*Ac bene nummatus decorat Suadela, Venusque.*" Such are the reasons, by which the opinion of the superiour advantages of arbitrary governments to literature is supported.

In this question, literature must be considered in two different points of views. When we speak of promoting literary interests, we may be understood to intend either the general diffusion of information among all classes; or the exertions of particular individuals in the cause of science who possess uncommon talents, and advance to uncommon degrees of perfection. By the latter literature is advanced and perfected, by the former it is rendered useful and practical.

The general diffusion of information, and the advancement of a literary taste among the lower class of mankind may be considered as promoted by the influence of popular governments. In those states, the people rise into importance, their views are elevated and expanded. Sensible of the dignity of their mental powers, they turn their attention (in some measure) to their cultivation and improvement. The system of education is genera-

lized, and all the orders and ranks of people are permitted, in some measure, to share its advantages. It is no longer a canal in the gardens of a great man, who enjoys it solely and exclusively; but a stream that invites the poor as well as the rich, to bathe in its pure currents, or to partake the luxuriance and verdure which beautify its banks. The opposite to a free government is, upon these principles, opposed to general information. For, it is certain, that while it is the interest of government to darken the minds of the populace (and this, in arbitrary governments, is undoubtedly the case) so long are science, improvement and literary taste at a stand.

There is another point of view in which literature may be regarded, where the effects of government are not precisely similar to those already considered. Individual genius, the exertion of mind above the common level, is but little dependent on the mode of government, or other external circumstances. If any particular political system is peculiarly advantageous, it is, perhaps, the monarchical, where, in some few instances, the spirit of Mæcenas has revived in his successour. But a Mæcenas will not produce a Virgil. It is the glory of genius, to possess universally that firmness and noble self-confidence which will support it, though chilled by poverty, or crushed by the oppressor. It is too often found, that the indulgence and luxury of splendid encouragement serves to effeminate, or if not, to turn that talent into the channel of adulation, which was bestowed for other purposes; and it is true, even to a proverb, that "Necessity is the mother of invention." That merit cannot flourish, unless its progress be forwarded by the smiles of greatness, is an opinion oftener asserted than examined, and to which we are willing to yield the assent of feeling, who could not grant that of conviction. To procure an honourable and respectable subsistence, if not the most plausible and well sounding, is, perhaps, as efficient as any motive in

exciting exertion. Besides which, a man of talent has often much of that visionary enthusiasm that leads him to condemn the judgment of the present age, and depend for reward on the plaudits of posterity. Nor is this enthusiasm wholly visionary. It has long been considered as an undeniable truth, that merit will ultimately be rewarded. The man of real genius, therefore, stands independent and regardless of modes of government. He marches on his course with a firm and confident step, "though fallen on evil days, on evil days though fallen and full of wo," his recompense is not the less brilliant, because it is depicted by the magick colouring of Fancy, rather than the sombre pencil of truth, and the sentiment of the brotherhood of bards is well expressed by their aged member.

"When the widows, and the children's tears  
 Shall sprinkle the cold dust in which I sleep,  
 "Pompleas and from a scornful world withdrawn;  
 "The laurel, which its malice rent shall shoot.  
 "So watered into life, and mantling throw  
 "Its verdant honours o'er my grassy tomb."  
*Cumberland's Calvary.*

A. H.

#### *For The Port Folio.*

Arguments against fortification, and in favour of combustion.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The fortification and combustion of our seaports being themes that at present agitate the publick mind, allow me to offer to my fellow citizens, through the medium of The Port Folio, a few remarks, founded on an impartial examination of these opposite subjects. As to the more momentous of the two, I am disposed to believe that nothing can offer to the visual faculty a more grand and striking spectacle than the inflammable principle, when properly brought into action; nor is my opinion wholly at variance with the sentiments and practice of antiquity. The elder Pliny voluntarily approached the flames of Mount Vesuvius, that he might be able to describe, with accuracy, so

splendid a phenomenon. I will not undertake to say, that Nero visited either Mount Ætna or Vesuvius; but he kindled a bonfire, or in other words, combined much of the hydrogen of his metropolis, with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and he was, we are told, considerably gratified, though the consumption of not more than two thirds of the city was the result of such combination. The flames of Troy are repeatedly flaring on the imagination of Virgil: he mentions them in several parts of his second Æneid, and to them he is indebted for the simile contained in the last six of the eight following verses:

Tum vero omne mihi visum considerare in ignes  
 Ilium, et ex imo verti Neptunia Troja.  
 Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum,  
 Cum ferro accisam, crebrisque bipennibus instant  
 Eruere agricolæ certatim; illa usque minatur,  
 Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat:  
 Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta, supremum  
 Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam.  
 Æneidos lib. 2.

Homer holds the inflammable principle in such repute, that not content with human agony, he makes Achilles send Iris posting to the cave of Zephyrus, whose powers with that of the immortal Boreas, the many-coloured messenger solicits, and not in vain: they distend their cheeks, and blow into a blaze the pile on which twelve Trojan youths are offered to the manes of Patroclus. I will trouble you with but one more sentiment from antiquity: it is Cicero's in his fourth oration against Cataline: "videor mihi hanc urbem videre, lucem orbis terrarum atque arcem omnium gentium, subito uno incendio concidentem." So wrapped was he in the idea that he fell into this form of expression; a vision which has been universally admired. With all these authorities confirmatory of my opinion, I do not assume a magisterial tone, and say to my fellow-countrymen: set fire at once to *all* your cities—I propose the conflagration of Philadelphia on

this will be a cheap experiment and enough, perhaps, to prove that the sublimity of the sight may justify a similar display of fire-works in other parts of America, whether lighted by our own hands, or the bombs of our friends.

As to fortification, where is there any reason for such a measure? what is there in the conduct of any foreign power that leads us to expect hostility? our flag attracts a thousand little attentions that can never be forgotten, and the cost of powder and ball is hardly considered when it is to be expended upon us. Our sea captains are not only rescued from the perils of the ocean, but very often released from the burden of both ship and cargo. Not long since a foreign naval officer wished to save Commodore Barron the trouble of mustering his own men, and though the Commodore thought proper to refuse the proffered service, the officer persisted, and may be said to have even killed several of the crew with kindness. Can it then be feared that a fleet of thirty or forty seventy-fours, ranged before any one of our defenceless sea-ports, will begin a bombardment, if a committee of citizens, duly authorized, wait upon the admiral, and assure him that after mature deliberation it is the will of a majority that the city be not reduced to ashes.—But can a majority (pardon the expression) be so mad? I do entreat my fellow-citizens seriously to peruse this paper, and especially that part of it which recommends conflagration. If they come into my ideas already suggested on the subject, the following will, in my opinion, be the most judicious mode of proceeding previously to, and on the day of combustion—this day, by the by, need not be deferred until the arrival of a foreign fleet: a bombardment would excite sublime sensations while it lasted, but the effect would be too transient; whereas, by properly husbanding the igneous fluid, Philadelphia might be made, I think, to emit fire and smoke for many days together. A timely and respectful motive must be sent to the mayor and corporations of

New-York, Boston, Baltimore, and indeed of all our principal cities, advising them that to save a foreign fleet an unnecessary expense in setting fire to our houses, we have resolved to do it ourselves; and that they are invited, and requested to invite such of their fellow-citizens, as are in favour of combustion, to attend on the appointed day (naming the day) in the vicinity of Philadelphia. To this circular it would be well to annex a *nota bene* hinting that every family provide itself with a tent and baggage-waggon. To prevent confusion in the city itself, a committee of four may preside with unlimited powers over the progress of the fire, and lest the hose-companies interfere, let every individual of them be arrested the day prior to that of the grand spectacle, and during its continuance held bound hand and foot—unless it be deemed meet occasionally to toss one or two into the flames; this may amuse the spectators, by varying the scene. If the city be fired at once, at the four corners of the compass, and the wind happen to blow at the same moment from these four points, the gradual approximation and regular junction of the flames, must for so large a scale of fire-works yield an effect somewhat novel in pyrotechny. This, my fellow-citizens, will be an example which who can say will not be followed by the bodies corporate of our other cities?—certainly of New-York, where the good sense of the people has determined them to do nothing but talk about fortifications, the great obstacle to be apprehended in the way of combustion. Our cities consumed, what a lure will the country offer to the enterprize of foreign mechanicks? in what crowds will they arrive to assist us in rebuilding our edifices, and what employment will be found for our tailors in fitting every one as soon as he puts foot on shore, with a garb of our own fashion, that is a whole suit of clothes.

Yours respectfully.

SPEICOLA.

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In the following beautiful passage in one of the visions in Addison's Spectator, the concluding clause is a striking proof that

author does not always know when to take his leave gracefully. The proper conclusion is at the verb *awaked*.

Whilst I was lamenting the sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished; in the room of the frightful spectres there now entered a second dance of apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand; the second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third, a person whom I had never seen, with the Genius of Great Britain; at the first entrance the lady revived; the bags swelled to their former bulk: the pile of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: and for my own part I was so transported with joy, that I awaked; *though I must confess, I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision if I could have done it.*

## HOURS OF LEISURE.

*Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.*

*(Continued from page 151.)*

The kindnesses of a friend lie deep; and whether present or absent, as occasion serves, he is solicitous about our concerns.

PLUTARCH.

The term friendship has seldom been properly defined, much less understood; on the one side too much is expected, and on the other too little thought sufficient to constitute the title; the romantick mind finds it only in the ardent flights of his own imagination; and the more cool and splenetick measure it according to the narrow limits of their own contracted ideas of benevolence. Thus the virtue of friendship becomes degraded by the misapplication of the term; yet it is a plant indigenous to our climate, and, though rare, may be found in many places. It delights, however, most in retirement from the busy scenes of life, which check its growth; yet it is a hardy perennial, often survives the most chilling blasts of poverty, and stoutly keeps up its head amidst the tempest of adversity.

Among the best qualified to define from experience the nature and properties of friendship, was Harry Touchstone, whose varieties of fortune resembled a game at back gammon; though it must be allowed that he was rather a bad player; he was constantly neglectful of making points in his tables when he might, and was always leaving blots to the advantage of his adversary; yet Harry was a sensible fellow, and his remarks on life were shrewd and entertaining; but his experience was unhappily of service to every body but himself.

A few evenings since I had an opportunity of taking a lesson of life from this very able professor at a tavern, where I happened to dine with him in company with a circle of men, who, from the kind attentions they showed him, I presently conjectured to be some of his most valuable friends; on which circumstance I took care to congratulate him as soon as they had left the room; but Harry only shook his head at my observations, and, with a significant twist of the nose to the right side of the face, attended by a sarcastick movement of the buccinatory muscles, resembling something of a smile, whispered in my ear, "*Merc barometers, air*; the weather-glasses of a man's fortune; you may tell how it is with me by examining one of these fellow's faces, without asking me a question. You observed how kindly they greeted me this evening, and that some of them even invited me to dine with them tomorrow. You might imagine, perhaps, that I stood high in their esteem; but these machines are not sensible of the merits or demerits of the man; it is his situation alone that they determine; it is the changes of your condition and the variations of your fortune, that they measure with exactness. You must know, the little gentleman that you noticed in the blue coat and ruffled shirt, who is an apothecary, happened to see Lord Gobblegruel take some notice of me to-day in Bond-street, and he told all the rest. To this *little* circumstance I am to give credit for seven low bows, fourteen shakes of the hand, twelve smiles

of affability, and three invitations to dinner. Yet had you but seen the difference last week! You must know I happened to borrow a guinea of the tall gentleman in black, whom you noticed reading the paper on my left hand; he is always talking of the value of a true friend, and of the pleasure of doing good; but then he has an ugly knack of telling all the world of the good that he does; the story of my necessity was soon spread; and when I entered the coffee room in the evening, I found the alteration in the weight of my personal consequence: some took little notice of me; others favoured me with a distant bow; and the most intimate answered my inquiries with the monosyllable *sir*, in lieu of "my dear fellow," or, "my dear Harry;" so that I presently found I had lost considerably more than a guinea's-worth of reputation. Thus the rain or sunshine of the hour, and the weight or lightness of the pocket, is admirably determined. It is astonishing how the quicksilver of friendship rises as the weight of consequence and importance increases; even the slightest circumstance, with mean minds, will cause it to mount; the influence of a new coat, a clean cravat, a handsome waistcoat, or a gold watch, have an astonishing effect. "But," continued he, "I have made an arrangement of the different classes or description of friends, which I will show you; it is on this piece of paper and is as follows:

The timid friend,  
 The lukewarm friend,  
 The redhot friend,  
 The romantick friend,  
 The fickle friend,  
 Nobody's friend,  
 Anybody's friend, and  
 Everybody's friend.

Among the first class, is *Bill Sensitive*, whose natural disposition is good-natured; but poor Bill is under a perpetual alarm lest his benevolence should get him into a scrape: thus his life is a constant scene of uneasiness and dread; he shrinks back at every familiar salutation, and is in pain at every word you speak, lest you should ask him a favour; the words, "You will

oblige me very much," put him immediately in a fever, and, "I come to ask your assistance," throws him into a perfect agony.

The Lukewarm Friend is a being of little value to any body; he will not go a step out of the way to serve you; and when you are in difficulty, all he says, is, "Indeed, I am very sorry to hear it; I wish that I could help you."

The Redhot Friend is not a jot more valuable than the last; he is all bluster, speaks continually of the pleasure of doing a generous action, and that for his part he can't deny any body a favour; but he usually cools before he comes to the point, and leaves you in the lurch when you had reason to expect every thing from his protestations.

The Romantick Friend is a pleasing companion in the hour of distress: but the consolation he offers is not true: it accords with our errors as it pities our sufferings; and instead of making us a sacrifice at the altars of Wisdom and Prudence, leads us into fresh absurdities and chimerical plans which the ways of the world will not acknowledge.

The Fickle Friend is a weak inconstant creature, who acts without any fixed principle; one time he is all warmth, and the next moment cool and reserved: he is at the same time contemptible and useless.

Nobody's Friend is that cool, torpid, and insensible being, whose avarice and meanness have choked the natural springs of benevolence, and contracted every idea within a narrow space, incapable of bestowing good on others, or happiness on himself.

Anybody's Friend is not much more valuable than the last, except that he acts from a totally different principle; for, indiscriminate in his views of benevolence, and careless of its effects, he serves the worthless, neglects the worthy, fosters the idle and forgets the good.

Everybody's Friend is the man who is at the same time benevolent and just, who measures his generosity by his ability, and never refuses to do a service to any one, but when it would do an injury to another.

I could not help smiling at the ingenuity of Harry's distinctions of friendship; but more serious reflections occurred on my return to my lodgings, when I endeavoured to form some rational idea of the value of true friendship, and what ought reasonably to be expected from its character.

The true friend appreciates the worth of the man he esteems from the measure and weight of his character and talents, without suffering prejudice, or the accidents of fortune, to throw any thing into the scale: if he rises, he is with him in affluence; if he falls, he owns him in distress; he rejoices with him in health, and consoles him in sickness; he abates not his regard with external circumstances of evil, nor increases it with the changes of prosperity; he has tried him in the standard of truth, finds him excellent, nor can the whole world make him alter his opinion.

Pecuniary assistance is probably one of the meanest offices of friendship; to put the man that you esteem in a way to exert his own talents and capabilities to advantage, is more extensive benevolence; and the obligation to him, though greater, is less burthensome.

Perhaps the noblest effort of friendship is, to acknowledge a man of worth, oppressed by adversity, and criminated by enemies. But this is the character of every superiour mind, and is seldom found in the world. It was the cowardice of friendship that occasioned the Apostle Peter to deny his Lord in the hour of extremity, in the mean and selfish language, "I know not this man of whom ye speak."

The character of True Friendship is divine, and can only be found in its purity in the Deity himself, where no infirmities can interfere; and happy it is for man, that the best friend he can resort to in difficulty is the Being described in the emphatick language of the Scripture to be "without variableness or shadow of turning."

The following elegant inscription in the lapidary style is written by an Englishman, and intended to accompany

a portrait of WILLIAM PITT, the guardian angel of Albion.

Behold the likeness of that man,  
To whose incomparable wisdom and  
eloquence,  
To whose unshaken firmness and resolution,  
Magnanimity and perseverance,  
It was chiefly owing that we are now in  
Full possession of all the rights and  
Privileges peculiarly attached to the name  
of Britons:

The likeness of that man,  
By whose transcendent talents, as a  
Statesman and legislator,  
Under the guidance of Divine Providence  
It was ordained,

That while the revolutionary Demon  
Of an usurped, a perjured, and a regicide  
empire,  
Stalking like a giant, with garments rolled  
in blood,

Was treading and trampling whole nations  
down,

The beloved constitutions of  
Great Britain and Ireland  
Were united, consolidated, and preserved.

Reader! if haply thou aspirest  
To be conspicuously good or great;  
If, during thy intercourse with the world,  
Thou hast often been misrepresented and  
traded;

If thy best and worthiest actions  
Have ever been ascribed to motives which  
thy soul abhors,  
Let the subject on which thou art now con-  
templating

Sink deep into thy bosom,  
For it affords an interesting and instructive  
lesson to thee.

If the noble and disinterested actions  
of such a man,

On whose private character the tongue of  
Slander was unable, justly, to utter  
a single reproach;

If his rare and splendid virtues;

If the honourable name,  
The truly honourable name  
of

WILLIAM PITT,  
During whose arduous administration,  
In times the most difficult and dangerous,  
The Fleets of France, Spain, and Holland  
were nearly annihilated,  
And the glories of the British navy  
carried to a pitch

Far, very far, surpassing that, which  
Astonished the civilized nations of the world  
In the days of his illustrious father;

If such a name could not escape detraction  
and disrespect,

From a certain class of his countrymen,  
Canst thou or thine,

Weak mortal!

Expect to obtain their lasting applause;  
Or to avoid the malignant shafts

Of Envy, Slander, and Calumny?

Vain thought!

But, like him, the majestick oak of the forest,

Thou mayst RISE SUPERIOR to

The poisonous weeds and venomous reptiles

Which shed their baneful influence

And creep for shelter

Beneath his all-protecting shade.

*Sic itur ad astra:*

Such is the arduous task of him

Who aspires to be conspicuously Good  
or Great.

*Viamque affectat Olympo:*

And let him, who thus nobly presumes,  
remember

That in this age, in this boasted age of

*Reason and Philosophy,*

The licentious tongues and the prostituted  
pens

Of wicked and ungrateful men

Have neither spared

THE PRESERVER OF HIS COUNTRY

Nor even

THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

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*For The Port Folio.*

### REVIEW.

Admiralty Decisions, in the District Court of the United States for the Pennsylvania District; by the Hon. RICHARD PETERS, containing also some decisions in the same court by the late FRANCIS HOPKINSON, Esqr. To which are added cases determined in other districts of the United States: With an Appendix, containing the Laws of Oleron; the Laws of Wisbuy; the Laws of the Hanse Towns; the Marine Ordinances of Louis XIV; a Treatise on the Rights and Duties of Owners, Freighters, and Masters of Ships, and Mariners; and the Laws of the United States relative to Mariners: in two volumes octavo. Philadelphia, published by William P. Farrand. Robert Carr Printer, 1807; pp. 749.

The striking contrast between the profound secrecy which for ages involved the proceedings of Doctors Commons, and the publicity given to the proceedings of the Courts of Common Law in England, has often been the subject of remark and exultation among the votaries of Westminster-Hall. It is not necessary for us to decide whether this difference ought to be attributed to the timidity of those who were conversant in the Courts of Civil Law, and particularly in the Courts of Admiralty: or whether it may have proceeded, as Godolphin seems to suppose, "from the paucity of such

as are more specially therein concerned, in respect of that numerous host or retinue that in fealty to the other jurisdictions are most prompt notaries on all occasions; or rather in that it is of that excellent use in all maritime dominions, that the friends thereof are well assured its worth would be better valued, if the want thereof were more smartly felt." The Courts of Admiralty in England were undoubtedly long regarded with great jealousy and suspicion by the friends of the Common Law Courts; and, when the auxiliaries, which the latter derived from the popular feelings and the spirit of the times, are considered, it will not be wondered at, that, in the various conflicts for jurisdiction, the Lord High Admiral should generally have found it necessary "to strike his flag," or to content himself in the silent possession of so much of jurisdiction as his opponents were willing to leave him undisputed. Probably prudence, rather than pride, may satisfactorily account why "of all jurisdictions that of the Admiralty or sea-affairs hath been (or rather was formerly) the least beheld to the auxiliaries of the press."

In the opinions of many, however, to whatever cause the silence of the Instance Courts may be referred, there can be no difficulty in assigning a motive for keeping from the publick view the proceedings of the British Prize Courts. If indeed, as there is too much reason to believe from the manner in which they are constituted \* and the character of many of their decrees, they have been more willing to listen to the notions of expediency entertained by the King's Council, and more obedient to their orders, than sedulous to inquire how the *jus gentium*,

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\* The Lords Commissioners of Appeal, who decide in the dernier resort, on all cases which arise in the English or colonial Prize Courts, are composed principally of the King's Council, and by the St. of 22 Geo. 2. c. 3 it is necessary that a majority of the Commissioners present should be actually Privy Counsellors to give their sentences validity!

the Law of Nations, applied to any particular case, it is not to be wondered at that they should have been willing to keep their decisions *on their own records*, or that it should be regarded, in the language of Godolphin, "as an indispensable duty which every man owes his native country to keep as much as may be, *sub incognito*, from strangers and foreigners abroad, what possibly may not be absolutely perfect, *quoad modum procedendi*, at home.—

It is believed that the anonymous reporter of the case of the ship *Columbus* in 1790 (about 700 years after the clerical judicature was separated from the temporal by William the conqueror) was the first to tear asunder the veil which concealed the proceedings of the British Court of Admiralty from publick view. An example so honourable to the individual and beneficial to the community has been followed with great ability by Dr. Robinson, who, beginning his reports of cases argued and determined in the High Court of Admiralty with the judgments of the Right Honourable Sir William Scott, in 1798, has continued them down to the present time, and has not only fully vindicated so much of the British Admiralty jurisdiction as is exercised by Sir William, from every charge or suspicion of improper bias or ministerial dependence, but has erected a monument of his professional learning and talents "*ære perennius*."

In the United States, although neither of the causes above stated, can be for a moment believed to exist, the same mysterious silence has in almost the same degree been observed in relation to the decisions of our District Courts in Admiralty matters. Their jurisdiction being fixed and presented by the same constitution and law which limits that of other courts, and the Judges who preside in them holding seats also in the Courts of Common Law, a conflict about jurisdiction can hardly be expected to arise. There can be no motive of interest nor of vanity to impel a District Judge *ampliare jurisdictionem*, or to trench upon that of others. And with respect to the influence of State or Executive Policy, we have had so little to do with Prize causes,

at least since the adoption of our present Constitution, that supposing it possible for any one of our Judges, disregarding his official oath, to listen for a moment to Executive whispers or be inclined to humour "the ebbs and flows of Executive opinion," no opportunity has yet occurred for so shameful an abandonment of principle and virtue. Should it ever occur, we confidently assert, that the virtue and Constitutional Independence of our Judges would not permit them for a moment to hesitate as to the course they should pursue. And yet (why it is so, we are not able to say) while great pains have been taken to make the publick acquainted with the judgments of our Courts of Common Law, excepting a small volume containing some of the decisions of the late Judge Hopkinson, and the books now under review, we have not heard of a single attempt to report the decisions of any of the numerous Courts of Admiralty in the United States!

"To leave the laws *sub incognito*, or jurisdictions *sub incerto*," says Godolphin, quaintly, "are both of national ill consequence, subjecting the people either to transgression, through ignorance, or to unnecessary expense, by the multiplying of law-suits." The truth of this opinion was never more fully confirmed than it has been in this country, with respect to maritime matters. When it is considered, how multifarious are the duties of a lawyer in this country,\* (where, generally speaking, all those distinctions are disregarded which are intended to divide professional labour and diminish the portion of each individual) and how much of maritime law rests merely on the authority of *judicial decisions*, and *commercial usage*, it would not be surprising if professional men were sometimes to err, as to points already settled. Still less surprising is it that *Merchants* should often find themselves perplexed as to matters of al-

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\* In Pennsylvania, a lawyer must not only be Attorney and Counsellor in the various Common Law Courts, but an Advocate in Chancery, and a Proctor in the Orphans' Courts and Courts of Admiralty!

most daily occurrence. Questions on Salvage, and the various other matters of Admiralty cognizance, and those which arise on Mariners' Contracts particularly (a prolifick source of litigation and vexation to the Merchant) receive so little light from *books* generally found in the counting-house, that it cannot be expected that the Merchant should be able, always, correctly to resolve them. Hence, being without a guide, and trusting entirely to his own judgment of what is right and wrong (labouring too under that bias which the most correct minds suffer from, self-interest) he is often found suffering the mortification of a defeat, and *payment* of costs, in controversies wherein he has engaged with most confidence. If he will take the trouble of looking into these cases, he will at least discover what has *been decided* as to the most common questions, and on these, he will learn "to deal with his adversary quickly while he is in the way with him."

To the Professional man, and to the Merchant, it cannot be doubted, that the publication of these Decisions must be beneficial:—nor will it be less so in another and more general view: it will tend to produce a uniformity of decision in the various Admiralty Courts of the different Districts. It is much to be feared, that this uniformity does not now exist, and that what is law in New-Hampshire may not be law in Georgia. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when the scales are so equally balanced, that unless precedent can be thrown into one, it is hard to say which ought to preponderate. It is true that in cases of importance as to amount, appeals are often made to the Circuit Courts, and sometimes eventually carried to the Supreme Court, whose decisions become the known and settled law, binding the inferior jurisdictions: but in cases of small amount, involving common points, (and such most frequently vex and harass the man of business) uniformity of decision can only be expected from a free and public communication of the decrees of the different Courts.

(To be continued.)

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the willow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy!

## THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

"I fear that you harbour vindictive intentions against the man who has injured you," said the physician.

"I know no other reason which you can have for your suspecting that I harbour such intentions," said the Portuguese, "but your thinking it impossible, after what you know of this man's behaviour, that it should be otherwise; could you be surprised if it were as you suspect?"

"Nor shall I be surprised," rejoined the doctor; "if you are convicted and executed for gratifying your revenge in such an unjustifiable manner. This is the best argument that can be made use of to one who despises the Christian religion.

"I do not understand you! What do you mean?" said the Portuguese.

"Why that you are in that predicament," answered the physician.

"Who! I despise the Christian religion!" cried the Portuguese, in terror and amazement. "Jesus Maria! you fill me with horror! why! sir, I take the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, with St. Joseph her husband, St. James, and all the hosts of Heaven to witness, that I attend mass regularly, and have from my infancy believed in every article of faith which our holy mother church requires; and I am ready to believe twice as much whenever she is pleased to exact it; if this is not being a Christian, I should be glad to know what is."

"Nay, my good friend," resumed the physician, "it is matter of indifference to me what you do, or do not believe; but if you understood the spirit of the Christian religion half as well as you believe what the church

exacts, you will find that your attending mass regularly, confessing your sins sincerely, performing penance faithfully, not eating a morsel of meat on Friday, and with a most punctual perseverance repeating daily your *Pater-Noster*, *Ave-Maria*, and *Credo* to the last bead of the *Rosary*; that all your faith, in a word, into the bargain, will not make you a Christian, while you indulge such a violent spirit of revenge."

"As for that," replied the Portuguese, (and he spoke the true sentiments of his heart) "neither the church nor the Christian religion have any thing to do with it; that is my affair, and depends on my private feelings; and it is impossible for me ever to forget a villain who attempted to injure me."

"It is because he attempted to injure you, that it is in your power as a man, and your duty as a Christian to forgive him. Had he never injured you, nor even attempted it, it would indeed be impossible for you to have the merit of forgiving him."

The physician, founding his arguments on passages of a sermon to be found in the Gospel of St. Matthew, for this happened to be a physician who sometimes read the bible, endeavoured to give the Portuguese a different notion of these matters. At first he thought the passages in question of a very singular nature; and as they were plain and intelligible, containing nothing mysterious he could hardly believe that they were quite orthodox; yet on being informed who the person was, who had preached this sermon, he could not deny that it had a fair chance of being sound Christianity.

*Dr. Moore.*

#### SONG.

Of all Heaven gives to comfort man  
And cheer his drooping soul,  
Show me a blessing, he who can,  
To top the flowing bowl:  
When amorous Strephon, dying swain,  
Whose heart his Daphne stole,  
Is jilted, to relieve his pain,  
He seeks the flowing bowl.

When husbands hear, in hopeless grief,  
The knell begin to toll,

They mourn awhile, then, for relief,  
They seek the flowing bowl.  
The tar, while swelling waves deform  
Old ocean as they roll,  
In spite of danger and the storm,  
Puts round the flowing bowl.

The miner, who his devious way  
Works like the purblind mole,  
Still comfort for the loss of day  
Finds in the flowing bowl:  
It gives to poets lyric wit,  
To jesters to be droll:  
Anacreon's self had never writ  
But for the flowing bowl.

Moisten your clay then, sons of earth,  
To Bacchus; in a shoal  
Come on, ye volunteers of mirth,  
And, by the flowing bowl,  
Become immortal, be ador'd,  
'Mong gods your names enrol—  
Olympus be the festive board,  
Nectar the flowing bowl.

It was the gay season of the vintage. The country was crowded with peasantry of both sexes, and every age, all employed in gathering and carrying home the grapes. In all countries, this is the season of joy and festivity, and approaches nearest the exaggerated descriptions, which the ancient poets have given of rural happiness. Perhaps there is in reality not so much exaggeration in their description, as alteration in our manners. For if the peasants were allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own labour, would not their lives be more delightful than those of any other people. In spite of poverty and oppression, a happy enthusiasm, a charming madness, and perfect oblivion of care, are diffused all over France, during the vintage. Every village is enlivened with musick, dancing, and glee; and were it not for their tattered clothes and emaciated countenances, one who viewed them in the vintage season, would imagine the French peasants in a situation as enviable as that formerly enjoyed by the shepherds of Arcadia.

#### INVESTIGATION.

The characters of nature are legible, it is true; but they are not plain enough to enable those who run, to read them. We must make use of a

cautious, I had almost said timorous method of proceeding. We must not attempt to fly, when we can scarcely pretend to creep. In considering any complex matter, we ought to examine every distinct ingredient in the composition, one by one; and reduce every thing to the utmost simplicity; since the condition of our nature binds us to a strict law and very narrow limits. We ought afterwards to reexamine the principles by the effect of the composition, as well as the composition by that of the principles. We ought to compare our subject with things of a similar nature, and even with things of a contrary nature, for discoveries may be and often are made by the contrast, which would escape us on the single view. The greater number of the comparisons we make, the more general and the more certain our knowledge is like to prove, as built upon a more extensive and perfect induction.

If an inquiry thus carefully conducted, should fail at last of discovering the truth, it may answer an end perhaps as useful, in discovering to us the weakness of our own understanding. If it does not make us knowing, it may make us modest. If it does not preserve us from error, it may, at least, from the spirit of error; and may make us cautious of pronouncing with positiveness or with haste, when so much labour may end in so much uncertainty. *Burke.*

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#### MERRIMENT.

Talking on the subject of a \* me-tempsycho-sis, a silly young man once observed, he remembered having been the golden calf. "Very likely," replied a lady, "as you have lost nothing but the gilding."

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Bautru being in Spain, paid a visit to the celebrated library of the Escorial, which happened at that time to be under the care of a very ignorant li-

brarian. The king of Spain asked him many questions concerning his entertainment. "It is a most incomparable treat," replied he, "but your majesty ought to make your librarian prime lord of the Treasury, as he never appropriates any of the riches in his care to his own use."

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Dorian, a celebrated wit, having lost a large gouty shoe, being much afflicted with that disorder, said, "The only harm I wish the thief is, that my shoe may fit him."

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An officer of a disbanded regiment, applying to the paymaster of the forces for his arrears, told him he was in the most extreme want. The treasurer, seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, told him, that his countenance belied his complaint. "For heaven's sake my lord," said the officer, "do not mistake; the visage you see is not mine, but my landlady's; for she has fed me on credit this twelvemonth."

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Alexander, in the heat of his war-like operations, was reading some secret despatches, of much importance. Ephesion, one of his generals, came and looked over him. The king said not a word, but taking off his ring made the sign of an impression (as of a seal) on the lips of his favourite.

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Gonsalvo of Cordova, general under Ferdinand V, king of Arragon, heard the powder magazine blow up with a dreadful explosion, on the first discharge of the enemy. "My sons," said this brave man to his soldiers, "victory will be ours; Heaven announces to us the glorious tidings, and tells us by his thunder, we shall have no farther occasion for our artillery."

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Two friends who had not seen each other a long while, met one morning quite by chance. "How do you do?" said one. "Why not very well," replied the other, "I have been married since I saw you." "Well done, that is good news however." "Not so

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\* Vide System of Pythagoras.

very good, for my wife was a most woful scold."—"That was bad."—"Not so bad neither. she brought me two thousand pounds."—"That was consolation though."—"Not entirely, for I speculated in sheep, which all died of the rot."—"That was very unfortunate!"—"Not so *very* unfortunate, for I made as much by their skins as I should have done by their flesh."—"Then you were as lucky as if it had not happened."—"Not quite; for my house was one night burnt and every note of 'he money consumed."—"What a most woful misfortune!"—"Not so woful as you may imagine, for my *wife* and my house were burnt together."

A Grecian and a Venetian had a dispute concerning the different learned men their respective countries could boast of. The Grecian to prove at once that his country had the pre-eminence, said, "all or most of the wise men had come out of Greece." "True," said the Venetian, "for we do not find any left."

A young man, who boasted having discovered the secret of making gold, claimed a reward from his sovereign. The monarch appeared to acquiesce very graciously to his demand, and the alchemist promised himself the highest honours: when he went, however, for his recompense, he had the mortification to receive only a large empty purse, with this consolation. "That since he knew how to make gold, he needed but a purse to keep it in."

A country gentleman being complimented on the appearance of his horses, and being told that they were in excellent plight, said "To be sure, how should it be otherwise? they eat such hay and oats that the king himself never ate better."

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of a very advantageous correspondence with London, and from the very courteous and marked attention of two of the principal booksellers in Philadelphia, we are now in the habit of examining per-

haps *sooner* than most of our countrymen, the most curious and valuable productions of the British Press. We have recently had access to several articles of interesting Biography equally new and beautiful. These fine sketches of distinguished men shall occasionally adorn The Port Folio. For we are entirely of opinion with a certain Caledonian critic, whose decision will be supported by a great majority of our polite readers, that by a series of such Biographical Sketches, interspersed with enlightened Criticism, Polite Literature may be most effectually studied, and most extensively disseminated among the reading classes of the community; the taste and intelligence of the nation may be gradually improved; our notions of excellence may be enlarged and corrected; and the objects of liberal emulation and the sources of innocent enjoyment may be multiplied among us to a very great extent. Biographical writings, if ably executed, ARE BETTER CALCULATED FOR THESE PURPOSES THAN ANY OTHER SORT OF PUBLICATION; because they are less laborious, more entertaining, and more miscellaneous than any thing else, and necessarily let us into the peculiar character of the age and the nation, as well as the merits of the author in question. When we toil through a formal dissertation, or even a selection of celebrated passages, we feel that we have a *task* to perform, from which it would be often agreeable to escape, and in which but a few can ever be expected to engage. But Biography is amusing and easy. The knowledge which it communicates assimilates readily with our general literature and the judgments which it suggests being formed without effort, and in the course of a pleasant occupation, are likely to be more candid and natural.

Though we are supinely indifferent to the martial renown of our holiday *militia*, yet as none are more anxious than ourselves to witness a regular army establishment in America, every scheme that can promote the views of the *real* soldier, we are constantly of opinion, should always have the cordial support of every man of honour and spirit in the community. Any cavalier of this class, who possesses a periodical work entitled The Military Magazine, will much oblige the Editor, by sending it to his address, or indicating to him how it may be obtained. He is requested by a gallant Martinet to ask, in this manner, for a book, which, it is believed, is very scarce in America. For ourselves we prefer magazines *miscellaneous* to magazines martial; and, tranquil in the shade, think but little of exchanging the pen for the sword, or throwing off our morning gown for the sake of the sash and gorget. We like a recess in the library better than a general's station in the tented field, and listen with more attention to a sweet

song of Burns than to the drum and trumpet.

We are much gratified to perceive that in the Boston Gazette one of the leading papers of that Capitol, the eloquent essays of HAMILTON are copied, and thus honourably noticed by an able editor. "A series of political essays have been commenced in The Political Register of Philadelphia. They are written with great candour and ability, and embrace every fact and circumstance relative to the present controversy with Great Britain and to THE SUBSTANTIAL INTERESTS of this country.

The gentleman of Maryland whose signature is T. R. and who has indicated to our notice "an erudite classical scholar" among his clerical acquaintance is very respectfully thanked for his hint. From the clergyman in question we should be happy to receive a specimen of his essays as soon as possible.

Our readers will smile at SPEICOLA's scheme for singeing the ships of war which infest us. It has become a fashion, of late, to talk of burning, and blowing up every thing that swims. But we shall always be more conspicuous for blowing up bladders than Seventy-fours. The arts of burning and destroying are better understood by certain female philosophers than by all the engineers, and who can be better acquainted with the Greek fire than the whole tribe of Cyprians. We are of opinion, therefore, if Capt. Humphreys should have the audacity to appear in the harbour of New-York, that, with the sanction of the Corporation, the women of the town should have the whole direction of the dumb torpedoes.

Our classical correspondent ASMODEO will annoy the democrattick foe shortly.

Many interesting articles are preparing for this paper. The department of Political Satire will soon be ample. Much Literary Intelligence will be regularly given, and both the FINE and the USEFUL ARTS partake of our regard.

We wish to obtain, from the proper source, a sketch of the Bridge over the Schuylkill, which so elegantly and so usefully connects our city with a romantick and thriving country, which feeds us with her stores of corn, and the cattle "from a thousand hills."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

*Address to lieutenant J. on his return from the Mediterranean, with a breast pin inclosing the hair of a deceased friend.*

Fortune, unsullied Fame, and smiling Love  
On William's brow a triple chaplet hung,  
O'er Time's illumined arch their radiance flung,  
While gentle hands domestick pleasures wove,  
And many a pæan soft the muse had sung.

Remembrance sweet a wistful glance had cast  
O'er Tripoli's dark walls and foaming sea;  
Full oft the patriot bosom hailed thee free ;—  
And when the lingering captive hour was past,  
Hope plumed her fluttering wing, and soared to thee.

But ah ! when this sad record meets thine eye,  
(Tho' gratulation throbs at thy return)  
Sorrow's warm tear bedews the silent Um ;  
Claims for thy sainted friend, a tender sigh  
And o'er this cherished relict bids thee mourn.  
E.

*For The Port Folio.*

### ELEGY

*On the death of Miss Sarah Ann Withers.*

By Lucas George.

Cold in the tomb lamented Sarah lies,  
As death ;—how awful when such virtue dies !  
In one sad day a sister's grave to see,  
The next deprived the weeping world of thee !  
A spotless fame, a feeling soul was thine,  
And every grace that made thee seem divine.  
With knowledge, morals, and religion blest,  
Prone to relieve, as pity the distressed.  
Ye slaves of fashion, pause a moment here,  
And view this bright example with a tear.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, September 19, 1807.

[No. 12.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### THE FINE ARTS.

WE remark with great pleasure that the works of HOGARTH, whose pencil rivalled the pen of his friend Fielding, are now publishing in London, and are illustrated with *biographical anecdotes* and a *commentary* by Mr. Nichols, the celebrated editor of The Gentleman's Magazine, and the late George Stevens, Esq. This beautiful and genuine edition of the works of an artist, whose comick genius has surpassed the luckiest efforts of the Flemish school, will be compressed in two volumes royal quarto. The proprietors, in offering this new edition to that patronage which it so richly deserves, remark that it has long been a subject of regret among connoisseurs in the imitative arts, and the admirers of genuine humour, character, and genius, that the early and valuable impressions of Hogarth's productions are no longer to be procured but at a most immoderate expense. It must be admitted, indeed, that a variety of editions have from time to time been ushered into the world on reasonable terms; but they have either been miserably executed, or, from their diminutive size, have been unworthy of publick patronage. From the publication of his own large first impressions, to the introduction of miniature imitations, the intermediate editions

have wanted those masterly touches of character, those inimitable *traits* of humour, which may better be conceived than described, and which that great artist only was capable of furnishing. Hence, some of the subjects which are still sanctioned with the name of Hogarth as the designer, are become flat, tame, and uninteresting; and instead of adorning the superb cabinets of Taste and Opulence, are hardly worthy of admission into the parlour of a common inn. To obviate these objections it is now proposed to give a complete edition on a plan which will unite elegance with perspicuity and correctness; the letter-press of which shall be executed in a style worthy to accompany *one hundred and twenty plates* to be engraved by Mr. Cook in his best manner; in which the characters of Hogarth will be as distinctly delineated as in the original works of that great master; at the same time carefully avoiding the errors and absurdities which occasionally defaced the original plates, arising from the ignorance of the engravers to whom Hogarth was obliged to entrust his works. The acknowledged industry and experience of Mr. Cook in this department of engraving it is not doubted will give universal satisfaction to those who may honour the present undertaking with their patronage; especially when it is recol-

lected that a great part of his life has been employed on the works of this celebrated artist.

The Plates will be engraved from original Pictures when there is a possibility of obtaining them; when this is not the case, from proof impressions.

•• The Editor of this Journal has been favoured with a specimen of this masterly work by Mr. S. F. BRADFORD, Bookseller, who regularly imports the numbers as they appear and who supplies them upon reasonable terms. We should be blind to superlative merit if we did not strongly recommend this edition to the patronage of our men of wealth and taste. The Academy of the Fine Arts ought to have a copy of this work upon its table. It would amuse, and, by increasing the number of visitors, it would contribute to the emolument of the Institution.

*For The Port Folio.*

### CRITICISM.

Of the Alcaick Ode described in our preceding number, another imitation, by Mr. Seward, was inserted in the European Magazine for 1791:

Oh, Genius of this hallow'd place,  
(The seat of sanctity and grace),  
Whatever name shall greet my ear,  
Or holy, rev'rend, or severe,  
(For, ah! no common pow'r pervades  
These sacred streams, these antique glades)!  
And sure we more conspicuous see  
The presence of the Deity  
In rocks abrupt, in foaming floods,  
"In the meridian night of woods,"  
Than if, on throne of iv'ry plac'd,  
With gold and gems profusely grac'd,  
In robe of Tyrian purple dress'd,  
He Phidias' magick hand confess'd!  
O, thus invok'd, propitious pow'r!  
The rest of one, one short-liv'd hour  
On thy poor suppliant here bestow,  
A wand'rer through this wild of wo.  
For ah! him cruel fate impels  
To quit thy calm and peaceful cells,  
Where Solitude and Silence reign,  
With all the Virtues in their train,  
(Where Contemplation, nymph serene!  
With gentle step and placid mien,  
With saints and confessors of old  
High sacred converse seem to hold;  
Where, Piety, with upcast eyes,  
Dissolv'd in holy ecstasies:  
And scorn'ing aught of this vile earth  
That heav'n seeks that gave her birth:

Where Charity, above the rest,  
E'en in the desert spreads a feast);  
But ah! stern Fate, with ruthless force,  
Impels him through life's rapid course,  
Where his frail bark, by tempests tost,  
May in the vast abyss be lost,  
And, through the winds' and waters' roar,  
Some pitying port in vain implore.

For the Latin verses of which the above are imitations, we have been content to leave our readers to refer to the common editions of the poems of the authour; but we insert as a *relique* those on the marriage of his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, which, besides that the early and scarce production of a great poet, have been thought by the writer of a Fragment of an Ode on the Death of Mr. Gray, of a cast very superiour to the usual poems of Universities, where, he tells us, now, in regard to such matters,

— Mute Dulness reigns:

Your echoes waft no more the friendly theme;

But when some publick cause  
Claims festive song, or more melodious tear,  
Discordant murmurs grate mine ear:  
Ne'er modell'd by Pierian laws,  
Then idly glares full many a motley toy,  
*Anacreontick grief, and creeping strains of joy.*

Ignarus nostrum mentes, et inertia corda,  
Dum curas regum, et sortem miseramur in-  
iquam,  
Quæ solum affixit, vetuitque calescere flammâ  
Dulci, quæ dono divum, gratissima serpit  
Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat  
atus;  
Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia ne-  
runt,  
Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentiz lin-  
guæ:

Scilicet ignorant lacrymas sævosque dolores,  
Dura rudimento, et violentiz exordia flam-  
mæ;

Scilicet ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro  
Tela Venus, cæcique armamentaria Divi.  
Irasque, insidiasque, et tacitum subpectoris  
vulnus;

Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine  
Amoris

Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia curæ;  
Intus habent dulces Risus, et Gratia sedens.  
Et roseis resupina toris, roseo ore Voluptas:  
Regibus hæc faciles aditus; communis sper-  
nunt

Ostia, jamque expers duris custodibus istis

Panditur accessus, penetraliaque intima tem-  
pli.

Tuque, oh! Angliacis, princeps, spes optima  
regnis,

Ne tantum, ne fuge metum; quid imagine  
captus

Hæres, et meritem pictura pascis inani?

Umbram miraris, nec longum tempus, et  
ipsa

Ibit in amplexus, thalamosque ornabit ovan-  
tes.

Ille tamen tabulis inhians longum haurit amo-  
rem,

Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem  
Iamemor artificis calami, risumque; rubo-  
remque

Aspicit in fucis, pictæque in virginis ore:

Tanta Venus potuit; tantus tenet error  
amantes.

Nascere magna dies, qua sese Augusta Bri-  
tanno

Committat Pelago, patriamque relinquit  
amantem;

Cujus in adventum jam nunc tria regna se-  
cundos

Attolli in plausus, dulcique accensa furore  
Incipiunt agitare modos, et carmina dicunt:  
Ipse animo sed enim juvenis comitatur eun-  
tem

Explorat ventos, atque auribus æra captat,  
Atque auras, atque astra vocat crudelia;  
pectus

Intentum exultat, surgitque arrecta cupido;  
Incusat spes zgra fretum, solitoque videtur  
Latior effundi pontus, fructusque morantes.

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese Augusta Bri-  
tanno

Committat juveni totam, propriamque dica-  
bit;

At citius (precor) oh! cedas melioribus as-  
tris;

Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis  
Possit, et in thalamos furtim deducere nup-  
tam;

Sufficiat requiemque viris, et amantibus um-  
bras

Adsit Hymen, et subridens cum matre Cu-  
pido

Accedant, stematque toro, ignemque mini-  
strent;

Illicit haud pictæ incandescit imaginæ formæ  
Uterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem.

Sculptile sicut ebur, faciemque arsisse venu-  
stam

Pygmaliona canunt; ante hanc suspiria du-  
cit,

Alloquiturque amens, flammamque et vul-  
nera narrat;

Implorata Venus jussit cum vivere signum,  
Femineam inspirans; quæ gaudia surgunt,

Audit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguae  
Luctari in vitam, et paulatim voluere ocellos

Sedulus, aspexitque novâ splendescere flam-  
mâ;

Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jun-  
git

Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque; prioris  
Iamemor ardoris, nymphæque oblitus ebur-  
nz.

THO. GRAY, Pet. Coll.

For The Port Folio.

ON THE OLYMPICK GAMES, &c.

From an Original Work, entitled,  
“Memoirs of Anacreon, Translated  
from the Greek of Critias of Athens,  
by Charles Sedley, Esq.”

CHAP. —.

Origin of the Olympick Games—Iphitus,  
Clymenus, Iolaus, the Charioteer of Hercul-  
les—Oracles of Delphi consulted—Iphitus  
and Lycurgus, the Spartan, summon the  
Greeks to meet in Elis—Importance of the  
Games—Sketch of Part of the Ceremonies.  
Chariot and Foot Races. Sophists, Musi-  
cians, Poets, Painters, &c. resort to Olym-  
pia. Dispute between two Rhapsodists on  
the Merits of Homer. Reflections on the  
Character of the Strolling Bards. Trans-  
lation of Homer's Hymn to Latona, &c.—  
Poets derive their powers from inspiration.  
Graphical Amusements, or Comuidrums.  
Epic and Amatory Poets. Ode on the Pow-  
er of Beauty—A Vision and Ode on Cupid  
being imprisoned.

About this time all Greece was in  
agitation at the approach of the perio-  
dical celebration of the Olympick  
Games. These festivals, the origin  
of which seem to defy all investiga-  
tion, are said to have been invented by  
Iphitus. But it is certain that they  
were in use much earlier than his  
time. It is said that Clymenus, a de-  
scendant of the Idæan Hercules, insti-  
tuted them in Olympia, fifty years af-  
ter the deluge of Deucalion. He was  
deprived of his kingdom and his ho-  
nours by the rude usurpation of En-  
dymion, and the Games were, for a  
time, discontinued. After an interval  
of nearly a century, they were reesta-  
blished by Amythaon, the son of Cre-  
theus, who had expelled the sons of  
Pelops.

It is also well known, from the le-  
gends of tradition, that at one of the

festivals, Iolaus, the famous charioteer of Hercules, was crowned by him for his skill in the chariot race, and that Josius Archas was successful at the same time in the race of the single horses. Hercules himself did not disdain to engage in the feats of wrestling and in the Pancratium, and he was victorious in each of these exercises.

But it is, perhaps, owing to the slight estimation in which they were held for a long time, and to a temporary discontinuance, that the sole honour of their establishment has been usually ascribed to Iphitus, who merely revived them with uncommon grandeur and dignity. The celebration had been neglected for many years, when Iphitus, who had obtained the province of Eleia, in the division of the Peninsula, being anxious to avert the storm that was impending over his little domains, sought the advice of the Oracle at Delphi. The Pythia replied that the gods were offended at the long neglect of the festivals, anciently celebrated at Olympia, on the banks of the meandering Alpheus, which had been particularly grateful to them.\* Iphitus next consulted with Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver; on the most proper means of putting the recommendation of the Oracle in execution; and a plan was devised for renewing and perpetuating the ceremony thus dictated by the authority of the gods themselves. Heralds were immediately despatched to the different States of Greece, and although most of them were engaged in quelling internal commotions, or repelling foreign incursions, they yet agreed upon a general truce, and all their heroes hastened to the place appointed by the invitation of the son of Oxylus. The spot which he selected was worthy of the magnitude and importance of the occasion. It was amid the mountains of Olympus whose lofty tops defied the gaze of the most ardent eye and seemed to mock the efforts of the most indefatigable perse-

verance. Indeed, it was believed in those days that Jupiter sometimes assembled his counsels on one of the highest summits,† and many of the divinities and the terrestrial gods who are intermediates between the inhabitants of Heaven and Earth, had selected the romantick foldings of these mountains for their abode or their worship.‡ There they were protected from the rude pelting of the storm and their fancy was delighted by the variegated appearance of venerable trees and fragrant flowers; they were lulled by the gentle murmuring of the rivulet or roused by the impetuous torrent of the descending cataract.

After the death of Iphitus they were again discontinued until the age of Coræbus, who revived them with such splendour that they have ever since been regularly celebrated.

Every Grecian is sensible of the advantages which his country has derived from this excellent institution. The preparatory discipline to which the youth must submit who are ambitious of the wreath of honour, inures the body to hardship, and the generous emulation that prevails expands the soul.|| By these means a noble band of youth is trained to become the ornament and protection of the country. When the claron of war resounds through the States, they are alert to display the boldest deeds of valour, or in the Agora their commanding eloquence persuades the passions and stills the tumults of the multitude.

But these are not the only benefits that result from the Olympick Games. Our country is divided into many States which differ in their internal policy, their dialects, and customs. When threatened with invasion it is necessary that all should unite in the

† Hom. Il. xix, v. 40. Od. vi. v. 42.

‡ Κατὰ πτυχὰς Ὀλύμπου.  
Along the foldings of Olympus. Phlegon.

|| The youth who strives the Olympick prize to gain

All arts must try and every toil sustain.

Hor.

\* Phlegon apud Eusebium.

common defence. As it was a festival which every Grecian considered it a duty to attend, men from the most remote quarters were assembled at Elis every fourth year : and the united worship of a common Divinity was of admirable effect in producing a harmony of disposition and similarity of manners. Men of knowledge imparted to each other the result of their researches, and soldiers organized systems of defence against the hour of peril. The weak solicited and obtained the protection of the strong and the emulation of the young was stimulated and cherished by the renown of the aged.

Pisistratus, having been apprized that many famous men were to be present at the Games which were now to be held at Elis, had spared no exertion to make his preparations excel the most magnificent that had hitherto been witnessed. Nor was he disappointed. Perhaps there never was such a galaxy of genius assembled in one city, and the splendour of the dresses and decorations would have vied with the richness of the Persian Court. The Games, which commenced on the eleventh day of the month Hecatombæon, lasted five days. The last day is appropriated to the distribution of the laurels, the well-earned rewards of ingenuity, perseverance, and valour.

To an inquisitive mind, fond of contemplating the various pursuits and dispositions of man, this scene exhibits a prospect where he may be fully gratified. All the anxiety of hope and the pride of success, the timidity of fear and the boldness of confidence, are to be seen in the different competitors.

At the moment we arrived, the charioteers were prepared for the eager contest. A number of chariots with four horses abreast in each, were seen in regular array. The generous animals, by the fire which shot from their eyes, their widely extended nostrils, and a violent pawing of the earth, seemed to sympathize in the ardour and impatience of their masters. The long-expected signal was at length

given, and in an instant the light was almost obscured by the dust which arose from the feet of the coursers and the evolutions of the wheels. At intervals the clouds were dispersed, and we saw the streamers of the charioteers cleaving the air. Not a whisper is heard from the multitude, but the air resounds with the hissing of the burning wheels, the cracking of whips, and the animating cries of the competitors. At one moment all the chariots appear but as one compact body; the rival steeds bend their heads low to the earth as if to catch new vigour; the drivers, wound up to the highest tone of emulation, can no longer retain their giddy seats; they rise upon their feet and are poised by the well-pressed bit. Lo! the phalanx is broken. The nimble steeds of Philothos of Mitylene, by a sudden leap have extricated their wheels from the line, and their heads are seen before those of their neighbours. But the victory is of short duration. The youthful Noman-tor of Téos encourages his steeds by reproachful cries. At his well-known voice the car is borne on the chafed bit, and they dash forward with foaming mouths and snorting nostrils by the side of the milk-white steeds of Philothos. Already the goal is within their leap when the wheels of the Téian car burst from their scorching axle. The unfortunate charioteer is thrown over the beam and dragged through the dust. His horses, regardless of the fate of their master, press on the beaten course. But in vain! Their rivals exulting in this disaster, redouble their speed; and a glittering helmet and the loud plaudits of the multitude soon reward the hopes of the hero of Mitylene.

While we were examining the various countenances of the unsuccessful candidates, the cheering sounds of music summoned us to another ground where fresh honours awaited triumph and new mortifications were prepared for defeat.

Fifty foot racers were seen arrayed in short garments and a flowing mantle thrown lightly over their shoulders.

ders. They were regularly arranged at the foot of the vestibule of the temple, and they testified by the angry glances which they threw upon each other, their impatience for the contest and the eagerness of their hopes. At length the signal so wished and so dreaded, is given: the mantle is thrown off, and their well-formed limbs are displayed. For some time the speed of all is nearly equal: but at length two seem to outstrip the others, and victory for many minutes hangs dubious between them. As neither can pass the other by the swiftness of his steps, they are obliged to resort to those innocent expedients which are sanctioned by the laws of the Pancratium. One endeavours to trip his rival, who retaliates by striving to push him aside. Thus the contest is continued doubtful until one of Chios, who from his nimbleness was surnamed Achilles, gets the start. Then the shouts of the people animate and encourage his rapid steps. He presses on, alert and vigorous, until he arrives at the spot where the olive-branch awaits his arrival. The Judges decree the dearly-earned honour, and the approving acclamations of the surrounding multitude sanction the decision. The unfortunate candidates retire in confusion from the tumultuous scene to conceal the mortification that shadows their brows, and to wash off the sweat and dust that covers their exhausted limbs.

(To be continued.)

## HOURS OF LEISURE.

*Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.*

(Continued from page 169.)

*"Attaca wears the lock of a bear."*

PERUVIAN TALES.

In the very entertaining and instructive volumes, called "The Peruvian Tales," is a story of the beautiful Attaca; which, for the excellent moral it contains, and its analogy to the subject of this Essay, I shall briefly relate to my readers.

The fair and unfortunate Attaca was the daughter of a magician, named Capallu; her beauty was so transcendent, that it engaged numerous admirers: among whom was the

son of a potent enchanter, who was not more successful than his rivals, but who, stung with disappointment, determined to obtain the completion of his wishes by force. Accident favoured his designs; for one day he happened to discover the lovely Attaca asleep, and by the power of his enchantments, he enwrapped her senses in slumber until he had fulfilled his villainous intentions. Attaca, when she awoke, was sensible of her dishonour; and catching up her bow and arrows, immediately pursued the ravisher, who had fled to a considerable distance, but in vain, for the injured Attaca, by means of an arrow from her bow, arrested him in his flight, and brought him breathless to the ground. The dying groans of the young criminal reached the ears of his father, the potent and malicious Maui, who made use of the power of his art to revenge the death of his son, and by means of a magick incantation transformed the beautiful person of the lovely Attaca into that of a shaggy bear, and which transformation was to continue until a man descended from the race of the prophets should become enamoured of her in that shape; and which event afterward arrived, through the circumstance of a young prince, named Houac, having been left alone in the woods, and who became indebted to her for his life. The spell was now at an end, but a cruel difficulty remained; for though the magician relented, at the solicitations of the prince Houac, he could not from the nature of the enchantment, restore her to her original form and beauty without leaving some mark upon her of disgrace; but, that it might be effectually concealed, he left a lock of a bear upon her head, among the beautiful tresses of her own hair. For a time the lovers remained in a state of uninterrupted felicity, until the wife of the magician, who hated the unfortunate Attaca, contrived to get the secret from her husband under a promise not to divulge it: but that injunction was useless; for she instantly exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all those who were near her, "exquisite Attaca wears the lock of a bear." The unhappy Attaca, unable to bear the calumnies that were spread against her, fled, with her beloved Houac, to a retired spot far off in the country, where they enjoyed, for a time, the sweetest tranquillity; till one day, being seated under a tree, to their astonishment they heard the same hateful words repeated, "Attaca wears the lock of a bear!" They looked about them with surprise, but saw no creature near: till at length they discovered that the sound proceeded from a parrot seated on one of the branches of the tree above them. The injured Attaca again manœuvred her bow, and shot the feathered babble through the body. But how great was the amazement when they beheld the branches of the tree immediately covered with in-

merable birds, of different kinds, all of whom repeated the same words, "Attaca wears the lock of a bear!" The distressed Attaca fainted away at these insolent reproaches, which her enemy, the wife of the magician had taught even the birds to propagate, and which now laid her open to the contempt of her companions, who treated her with the most mortifying raillery, and which she endured until she fell a victim to the cruelty of her enemies, by an arrow shot from the bow of one of her calumniators.

Poor Attaca! how just a lesson may thy story convey to the world, who sport with the errors of the unfortunate, who publish, like the talking birds, the infirmities of their neighbours, and who let fly the poisoned arrows of reproach till they destroy.

How many an Attaca is there at this hour, who flies from place to place, pursued by the whispers of scandal and ill-deserved severity. Methinks I see the wife of the Enchanter in the habit of some antiquated prude, and the birds transformed into the babbling visitants of a fashionable rout, crying out together in one tone, "Attaca wears the lock of a bear!"

The learned Judge who defined truth to be a libel, was well acquainted with the human character, and therefore would not permit the wounded breast to be exposed to the merciless assassin of reputation, who knew too well where to stab.

A good character might properly be called one of the most valuable acquisitions that man could be capable of enjoying, were it not for the precariousness of the tenure, and the difficulty of proving that we have a good title to it.

A good character is not so often obtained by good actions and upright intentions, as from accidental circumstances, which place a man in an advantageous position, frequently above his deserts and beyond his expectations. Thus one who pays his debts, for his personal convenience only, is said to be honest; the General who obtains a victory by mere chance, is called a great officer; and many, from ostentatious gifts and promises, are pronounced to be extremely generous; though, when unmasked, fraud would be conspicuous in the character of the first, ignorance in the second, and the meanest parsimony in the last. The world, who is but a poor logician, bestows a bad or good character according to the report it receives. It is too indolent to inquire into facts, and frequently too censorious to show a willingness to become acquainted with them.

The game of life has a number of tricks in it; and we must deal a great many times to understand it thoroughly; it would make strange confusion if we were to know each other's hands.

Tom Touchem was one of these people who had a bad opinion of the world, because it entertained no very good opinion of him:

he was without principle, extravagant, and careless; yet Tom once had a good character: it was upon an occasion where he gave references to his friends, being candidate for a lucrative situation. All of them spoke of him in the highest terms of panegyric; Tom was honest, industrious, and clever. The fact was, he owed them all money, and the only way to get themselves paid was to get Tom into place.

It is no very easy matter to know the real character of the man pulled up with good fortune. Wealth and prosperity give him an air which the French call *l'imposant*; he passes through every gate, the crowd make way for him with respect, and he has enough to do to return the bows that are made him: it is vanity that causes such a man to act with propriety. Disappointment and ill-fortune, on the other side, impoverish, by degrees, the natural nobleness of the mind, and enfeeble virtue, till the man sinks into baseness: when, finding he can no longer support the character he admires, and actually deserves, he gives up the attempt altogether, and his actions, from that moment, begin to be consistent with the part the WORLD has allotted him; they will no longer allow him respect or esteem, and he begins to be careless of both; they level him with the brutes, and he commences a beast of prey; they have exposed the lock of the bear, and he presents its claws. Happy is the man who, through the vicissitudes of life, has fortitude to abide by those certain fixed principles of truth, which outlive prejudice, triumph over circumstances, and ultimately conquer the calumnies of his enemies.

But there are in the world a set of men who are well matched for the contest; who use, in their intercourse with it, a kind of varnish, which brings the portrait of their characters forward to advantage, and which, by its lustre, conceals the defects. Such are frequently taken for originals, though they are mostly vile copies of honour and honesty.

Another set of men are those who laugh off their vices and errors, and, by a well-timed jest, turn aside the censure that might have fallen on their conduct. These are among the most successful, and always men of the world.

Of the last number was Dick Brilliant, who once, having occasion for a sum of money, applied to a person with whom he had but a slight acquaintance to lend it him, but who took the precaution to inquire into his character, and found it to be a bad one. On their next interview, Dick's friend began to make excuses for withholding his supply. "I have heard," said he, "Mr. Brilliant, some very unpleasant things of your character; and I am extremely sorry."—"Sorry! for what?"—"That I must refuse you the money."—"Is that all?" cried Dick. "My

dear fellow, don't be unhappy; you ought to be very glad that you will keep it in your pocket."

A celebrated wit, of the present day, having heard from a gentleman at table the quotation from Pope "An honest man's the noblest work of God;" made answer, "yes, that may possibly be true, but it is a piece of workmanship that nobody ever saw complete."

The best way to have a man act respectably, is to make him believe that he is already respectable. This maxim will suit all ranks and professions. To make your servant trusty and faithful, cause him to believe that you already consider him so. To cause your lawyer to act with punctuality and honour, endow him with both those qualifications; and to make your wife constant, persuade her that you have the highest opinion of her love and constancy. Vanity does a great deal to make people good.

After all, I believe the truth is, that there are lights and shades in every character; and if all were examined at the bar of rigid justice, few would be found who did not carry about them the lock of the bear!

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the varying wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Mourner's sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay,  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

The seven qualifications which every man would wish to find in a wife are, beauty, discretion, sweetness of temper, a spritely wit, fertility, wealth, and noble extraction.

Cervantes somewhere makes a cunning chambermaid say that a lover should be distinguished for the four S's. He should be sightly, spritely, sincere, and secret.

The following is a Rhetorical description of an indefatigable traveller:

He had been in higher latitudes north and south than is incident to the most adventurous of mortals. He had conversed with nations who live many degrees beyond the frozen Laplander,

and he had travelled among all the barbarians who scorch beneath the burning zone.

SONG—by Sir John Suckling.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prithee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,

This cannot take her:

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her.

The devil take her!

Of Mayerne, the celebrated physician, who had the distinguished honour of being employed by no less than four of the British Princes, it is said he had this singularity, that he kept no regular meals, but had his table constantly covered, so that he could eat whenever he found himself disposed.

In a famous book, written by the above physician, there occur certain formulæ which serve to show the superstition, in Physick, so low as the time of Charles I. He describes a gout powder, one of the ingredients of which is *raspings of a human skull: unburied*. Moreover, there is a recipe, in the same book, of an unguent for hypochondriacal persons, which he calls his *balsam of bats*. In the composition of this enter bats, adders, sucking whelps, earth worms, hogs' grease, the marrow of a stag and of the thigh bone of an ox: ingredients fitter for the witches' cauldron in Macbeth, than a learned physician's prescription.

Men of various ideas and fluent conversation are commonly welcome to

those whose thoughts have been long fixed on a single point, and who find the images of other things stealing away.

The *frivolous* part of female society is well described somewhere in Johnson's writings: "Their diversions are only childish play, by which a mind accustomed to stronger operations could not be kept busy. They run from room to room, as a bird hops from wire to wire in his cage. They dance for the sake of motion, as lambs frisk in a pasture. No satisfaction is to be hoped from their conversation, for of what can they talk? They have seen nothing, for they have lived from early youth in a narrow spot, of what they had not seen they could have no knowledge, for they never read. In short they have no idea but of the objects that are within their view, and have hardly names for any thing but their clothes and their food.

As the young enamour'd vine  
Round her elm delights to twine,  
As the clasping ivy throws  
Round her oak her wanton boughs,  
So close, expanding all thy charms,  
Fold me, my Chloris, in thy arms!  
Closer, my Chloris, could it be,  
Would my fond arms encircle thee.

In vain shall Nature call for sleep,  
We'll Love's eternal vigils keep:  
Thus, thus forever let us lie,  
Dissolving in excess of joy,  
Till fate shall with a single dart  
Transfix the pair it cannot part.

Thus join'd we'll fleet like Venus' doves,  
And seek the blest Elysian groves;  
Where Spring in rosy triumph reigns  
Perpetual o'er the joyous plains:  
There lovers of heroick name  
Revive their long extinguished flame,  
And o'er the fragrant vale advance  
In shining pomp to form the dance.  
Or sing of love and gay desire,  
Responsive to the warbling lyre;  
Reclining soft in blissful bowers  
Purpled sweet with springing flowers,  
And covered with a silken shade,  
Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made:  
Where flaunting in immortal bloom,  
The musk-rose scents the verdant gloom:  
Through which the whispering zephyrs fly,  
Softer than a virgin's sigh.

Disorders of the intellect happen much more often than superficial observers will easily believe. Perhaps, if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is always in its right state. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason, who can regulate his attention wholly by his will, and whose ideas come and go at his command. No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not tyrannize and force him to hope or fear beyond the limits of sober probability. All power of Fancy over Reason is a degree of insanity; but while this power is such as we can control and repress, it is not visible to others, nor considered as any deprivation of the mental faculties: it is not pronounced madness but when it becomes ungovernable and apparently influences speech or action.

To indulge the power of fiction and send imagination out upon the wing is often the sport of those who delight too much in silent speculation. When we are alone we are not always busy; the labour of cogitation is too violent to last long; the ardour of inquiry will sometimes give way to idleness or satiety. He who has nothing external to divert him, must find pleasure in his own thoughts, and must conceive himself what he is not; *for who is pleased with what he is?* He then expatiates in boundless futurity, and culls from all imaginable conditions that which for the present moment he should most desire, amuses his desires with impossible enjoyments, and confers upon his pride unattainable dominion. The mind dances from scene to scene, unites all pleasures in all combinations, and riots in delights which Nature and Fortune with all their beauty cannot bestow.

In time, some particular train of ideas fixes the attention, all other intellectual gratifications are rejected, the mind in weariness or leisure recurs constantly to the favourite conception and feasts on the luscious falsehood whenever she is offended with the bitterness of truth. By degrees the reign of Fancy is confirmed:

she grows first imperious, and in time despotick. Then fictions begin to operate as realities, false opinions fasten upon the mind, and life passes in dreams of anguish or of rapture.

The greatest pain I can suffer, says the modest Addison, is the being talked to, and stared at. It is believed, that most men of talents, combined with excessive sensibility, feel this sort of anguish when exposed to the gaze of multitudes. I once knew a sensitive man of this class, whose face was crimson, and whose heart was a trembler, whenever he walked up the aisle of a crowded church, or was obliged to cross the Exchange *when merchants most do congregate.*

#### ANACREONTICK.

As a garland once I wove,  
I found, amid the roses, Love;  
Fast by the wings the rogue I caught,  
And drench'd him in a copious draught,  
Heedless wretch! I took the cup,  
And drank it to the bottom up.  
Still I feel his tingling dart,  
Still he flutters at my heart.

POPE has been severely blamed for his characters of women. It is a singular circumstance that Lady MONTAGUE has described her own sex with equal asperity. Whether the following remarks be just or not we submit to the judgment of the *reasonable ladies.*

My knight-errantry is at an end, and I believe I shall henceforward think freeing of galley-slaves and knocking down windmills more laudable undertakings than the *defence of any woman's reputation whatever.* To say truth, I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex; and my only consolation for being of that gender has been the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them. Men generally agree in the reflection that nothing hinders women from playing the fool, but *not having it in their power.* The many instances that are to be found to support this opinion, ought to make the

*few reasonable more valued—but where are the reasonable ladies?*

The Abbe Bellegarde gives a right reason for women's talking overmuch, that *they know nothing*, and every outward object strikes their imagination, and produces a multitude of thoughts which, if *they knew more*, they would know not worth their thinking of.

I do not doubt that God and Nature have thrown us into an *inferiour rank*; we are a *lower part* of the creation; we owe *obedience and submission* to the *superiour sex*, and any woman, who suffers her vanity and folly to deny this, rebels against the law of the Creator and indisputable order of nature.

In the whole range of Romance writing what is expressed with more ease, more grace, and more simplicity, than the following passage in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, where the unfortunate parent is described as journeying home with the seduced Olivia.

The next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove by every persuasion to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we to each other; and that the misfortunes of Nature's making were very few. I assured her that she should never perceive any change in my affections; and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and instructor. I armed her against the censure of the world; showed her that books were sweet unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

Lady Montague is justly famous for the ease and grace of her epistolary style. Her

first series of letters descriptive of her adventures in Turkey are sufficiently known to every polite reader. But her subsequent epistles lately published by Mr. Dallawy are not familiar in America. The avidity with which she perused the novels of Fielding, will please the admirers of that admirable genius.

I have at length received the box with the books enclosed, for which I give you many thanks as they amused me very much. I gave a very ridiculous proof of it, fitter indeed for my granddaughter than myself. I returned from a party on horseback; and after having rode twenty miles, part of it by moonshine, it was ten at night when I found the box arrived. I could not deny myself the pleasure of opening it; and falling upon Fielding's Works was fool enough to sit up all night reading. I think Joseph Andrews better than his Foundling.

Her opinion of another eminent novelist is expressed more at length :

I began by your direction with *Peregrine Pickle*. I think Lady Vane's Memoirs contain more truth and less malice than any I ever read in my life. When she speaks of being disinterested, I am apt to believe she really thinks herself so, as many highwaymen, after having no possibility of retrieving the character of honesty, please themselves with that of being generous, because whatever they get on the road they always spend at the next alehouse, and are still as beggarly as ever. Her history, rightly considered, would be more instructive to young women than any sermon I know. They may see there what mortifications and variety of misery are the unavoidable consequences of gallantry. I think there is no rational creature that would not prefer the life of the strictest Carmelite to the round of hurry and misfortunes she has gone through. Her style is clear and concise with some strokes of humour which appear to me so much above her, I cannot help being of opinion the whole has been modelled by the authour of the book in which it is inserted, who is some subaltern admirer of hers. I may judge wrong, she

being no acquaintance of mine, though she has married two of my relations. Her first wedding was attended with circumstances that made me think a visit not at all necessary, though I disoblighed Lady Susan by neglecting it; and her second, which happened soon after, made her so near a neighbour, that I rather chose to stay the whole summer in town than partake of the balls and parties of pleasure to which I did not think it proper to introduce you; and had no other way of avoiding it, without incurring the censure of a most unnatural mother for denying you diversions that the pious Lady Ferrers permitted to her exemplary daughters. Mr. Shirley has had uncommon fortune in making the conquest of two such extraordinary ladies, equal in their heroick contempt of shame, and eminent above their sex, the one for beauty and the other wealth, both which attract the pursuit of all mankind, and have been thrown into his arms with the same unlimited fondness. He appeared to me gentle, well bred, well shaped, and sensible; but the charms of his face and eyes which Lady Vane describes with so much warmth, were, I confess, always invisible to me; and the artificial part of his character very glaring, which I think her story shows in a strong light.

#### THE INCONSTANT.

My dear mistress has a heart  
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,  
When with love's resistless art  
And her eyes she did enslave me :

But her constancy's so weak,  
She's so wild and apt to wander,  
That my jealous heart would break,  
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,  
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses:  
She can dress her eyes in love,  
And her lips can warm with kisses :

Angels listen while she speaks,  
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,  
But my jealous heart would break,  
Should we live one day asunder.

Labour is a commodity, and as such, an article of trade. If I am right in this notion, then labour must be subject to all the laws and principles of trade, and not to regulation foreign to them, and that may be totally inconsistent with those principles and those laws. When any commodity is carried to market, it is not the necessity of the vender, but the necessity of the purchaser that raises the price. The extreme want of the seller has rather (by the nature of things with which we shall in vain contend) the direct contrary operation. If the goods at market are beyond the demand, they fall in their value; if below it, they rise. The impossibility of the subsistence of a man, who carries his labour to a market, is totally beside the question in this way of viewing it. The only question is, what is it worth to the buyer?—*Burke.*

### SONG.

When morning shot enlivening gleams  
Across the sky in lucid streams;  
When night roll'd slow in mist away,  
And nature's musick hail'd the day,  
With bounding heart and cheerful haste  
The spangled path I gayly traced;  
I gazed upon the prospect round,  
I heard the animating sound:  
The sound was sweet, the prospect fair;  
But, oh! Eliza was not there.

At noon with pensive step I stray'd  
Beneath the aromattick shade,  
Where gentle gales with fond delay  
Among the twining branches play:  
There Contemplation rears her throne;  
The muses call the shade their own.  
Bright was the muse's blooming wreath,  
And mild was zephyr's gentle breath;  
How refreshing was the balmy air;—  
But, oh! Eliza was not there.

An evening's meditative hour,  
Sacred to fancy's fairy power,  
When the fair crescent of the night  
Pour'd on the earth her modest light,  
I gazed upon the lovely scene,  
Cold, solitary and serene,  
The solitary scene was fair,  
But, oh! Eliza was not there.

Where'er by contemplation borne,  
Whether I meet the ray of morn,

Or catch the fragrant breeze of noon,  
Or rove beneath the inspiring moon,  
*Reflection* comes to damp my joy  
And Hope's enchanted scenes destroy;  
Forbids the fleeting bliss to share,  
And tells "Eliza is not there."

Labour is not only requisite to preserve the coarser organs in a state fit for their functions; but it is equally necessary to these finer and more delicate organs on which, and by which, the imagination and perhaps the other mental powers act. Since it is probable, that not only the inferior parts of the soul, as the passions are called, but the understanding itself makes use of some fine corporeal instruments in its operation; though what they are, and where they are, may be somewhat hard to settle: but that it does make use of such, appears from hence; that a long exercise of the mental powers induces a remarkable lassitude of the whole body; and on the other hand, that great bodily labour, or pain, weakens and sometimes actually destroys the mental faculties. Now, as a due exercise is essential to the coarse muscular parts of the constitution, and that without this rousing they would become languid and diseased, the very same rule holds with regard to these finer parts we have mentioned; to have them in proper order, they must be shaken and worked to a proper degree.

### TO THE MOON.

Thou silent moon, that look'st so pale,  
So much exhausted, and so faint,  
Wandering over hill and dale,  
Watching oft the kneeling saint—  
Hearing his groans float on the gale—  
No wonder thou art tired and pale.

Yet I have often seen thee bring  
Thy beams o'er yon bare mountain's steep,  
Then, with a smile, their lustre fling  
Full on the dark and roaring deep;  
When the pilgrim's heart did fail,  
And when near lost the tossing sail.

Sure, that passing blush deceives;  
For thou, fair nymph, art chaste and cold  
Love our bosoms seldom leaves;  
But thou art of a different mould.

Hail, chaste queen, ! for ever hail !  
And, prithee, look not quite so pale !

Yet stay—perhaps thou’st travell’d far,  
Exulting in thy conscious light ;  
Till, as I fear, some youthful Star  
Hath spread his charms before thy sight ;  
And, when he found his arts prevail,  
He left thee, sickening, faint, and pale.

Loud was the storm ; the rattling hail  
Beat fast upon my humble shed ;  
I careless, dreaded not the gale  
While on my arm lay Chloe’s head.

Rage, furious storm, in vain you rage  
To daunt a heart so pure, so true ;  
Me, softer, gentler scenes engage ;  
In Chloe’s arms, I heed not you.

O Chloe, when thy mild blue eye  
Bends its sweet lustre on my gaze ;  
What dear emotions thrill—I sigh—  
And think of love and tell thy praise.

What sweet delight with thee to dwell,  
And softly breathe the constant tale,  
To see thy snow-white bosom swell,  
Thy cheek now blushing and now pale.

Then rage, thou furious storm, in vain  
Thy whirlwind’s force, thy lightning’s  
glare,  
I care not but for love’s dear pain,  
And blessed with it no dangers fear.

The interests of the farmer and labourer are always the same, and it is absolutely impossible that their contracts can be onerous to either party. It is the interest of the farmer that his work should be done with effect and celerity: and that cannot be unless the labourer is well fed, and otherwise found with such necessities of animal life, according to its habitudes, as may keep the body in full force, and the mind gay and cheerful. For of all the instruments of his trade, the labour of man (what the ancient writers have called the *instrumentum vocale*) is that on which he is most to rely for the repayment of his capital. The other two, the *semivocale* in the ancient classification, that is, the working stock of cattle, and the *instrumentum mutum*, such as carts, ploughs, spades, and so forth, though not all inconsiderable in themselves, are very much inferior in utility or in expense;

or without a given portion of the first are nothing at all. For in all things whatever, the mind is the most valuable and the most important; and in this scale the whole of agriculture is in a natural and just order; the beast is as an informing principle to the plough and cart; the labourer is as reason to the beast; and the farmer is as a thinking and presiding principle to the labourer. An attempt to break this chain of subordination in any part is equally absurd; but the absurdity is the most mischievous in practical operation, where it is the most easy, that is, where it is the most subject to an erroneous judgment.

It is plainly more the farmer’s interest that his men should thrive, than that his horses should be well fed, sleek, plump, and fit for use, or than that his waggon and ploughs should be strong, in good repair, and fit for service.

On the other hand, if the farmer ceases to profit of the labourer, and that his capital is not continually manured and fructified, it is impossible that he should continue that abundant nutriment, and clothing, and lodging, proper for the protection of the instruments he employs.

It is therefore the first and fundamental interest of the labourer, that the farmer should have a full incoming profit on the product of his labour. The proposition is self-evident, and nothing but the malignity, perverseness, and ill-governed passions of mankind, and particularly the envy they bear to each other’s prosperity, could prevent their seeing and acknowledging it, with thankfulness to the benign and wise disposer of all things, who obliges men, whether they will or not, in pursuing their own selfish interests, to connect the general good with their own individual success.

The genial ray of Spring returns,  
And April’s tender blooms appear;  
The joyful heart with rapture burns,  
And welcomes in the smiling year.

The sullen gloom of winter past,  
And all his train of horrors fled ;

Come ! let us to the forest haste,  
Or on the turf's soft verdure tread.

Haste, let us join yon woodland throng !  
And taste of pleasure while we may ;  
Wander the rural scenes among  
And by the pebbly streamlet stray.

For there behold the violet blows ;  
The yellow wallflower rears its head ;  
To greet the sense, the blushing rose  
Is seen to grace the rural bed.

What bursts of joy along the grove !  
All nature joins in choral song ;  
All nature grateful warms with love,  
And pours the various strain along.

Alas ! soft tones of grief I hear !  
The train so late with pleasure gay,  
In solemn sadness drops the tear,  
And pensive take their gloomy way.

For one they mourn, who lately known  
In health's full pride, her friends' delight :  
Beheld the Spring's young flowrets blown,  
And, ere they faded, sunk in night.

The blast of death is on the plain,  
The aged oak defies its power,  
The blast of death blows not in vain,  
And prostrate lies the tender flower.

Behold in yon sequestered vale,  
There rests a nymph by all adored ;  
Her name is wafted on the gale ;  
Her various worth by all deplored.

#### RONDEAU. (Dans votre lit.)

Where Delia sleeps, no cares invade  
The bosom of the gentle maid ;  
Dissolved in peaceful luxury,  
She never turns a thought on me :  
While love distracts my throbbing breast,  
And vainly wishes to be blest  
Where Delia sleeps.

But all my hopes and sighs are wind ;  
For she, still cruel, still unkind,  
With cold neglect my suit returns,  
Nor heeds how fiercely Hafez burns.  
Relent, dear maid, and let me prove  
The constant ardour of my love  
Where Delia sleeps.

#### Italian Geographers.

"Father, perhaps you never were at Paris?"

"Never in my whole life," answered father Mulo.

"Nor at Moscow, neither," added the Surgeon.

"No, never, though I have heard a good deal about Muscovy, particularly of late; some people tell me it is larger than Naples. What is your opinion? which do you believe to be the largest city, Naples or Muscovy?" said father Mulo.

"Why I should think Naples the most populous," answered the Surgeon, "though Muscovy stands upon rather more ground."

"I had some suspicion of that kind myself," replied father Mulo.

Give me, my girl, thy warmest kiss  
And let my heart be pressed to thine,  
Thy azure eye adds waking bliss,  
And in thy arms delight is mine.

O let my wandering hands essay  
To press thy swelling snowy breast,  
Around thine angel form to stray,  
While love is fired and I am blest.

What is the world, its nonsense all?  
When Chloe tempts with blooming charms,  
She can alone my heart enthrall,  
'Tis she alone my bosom warms.

In anger or in pity, sure  
The gods, my love, have sent thee here:  
None can thy killing scorn endure,  
And blest with thee, all heaven is near.

Laws prescribing, or magistrates exercising a very stiff, and often inapplicable rule, or a blind and rash discretion, never can provide the just proportions between earning and salary on the one hand, and nutriment on the other: whereas interest, habit, and the tacit convention, that arise from a thousand nameless circumstances, produce a *tact* that regulates without difficulty, what laws and magistrates cannot regulate at all.

#### VERSES

ADDRESSED TO HER WHO ALONE CAN UNDERSTAND THEM.

OH! we have met—again thine eye  
Has pour'd its radiance on my heart;  
Again thy voice's melody  
Has bid each trembling fibre start.

Yes, we have met—again I've felt  
My pulses throb with rapture's tide;  
My heart beat strong—my breath subside:  
My soul in fond delirium melt.

But while I gazed upon thy face,  
And hear'd thy voice, and touch'd thy  
hand,  
Not one emotion could I trace  
Of all that flattering hope had plann'd :

No crimson flush'd across thy cheek,  
No pleasure lighten'd in thine eye,  
Nor did one hesitating sigh  
Thy bosom's dear confusion speak.

No—the presumptuous hope was vain,  
By fond delusive fancy taught ;  
That, absent, I could give thee pain,  
Or, present, claim one tender thought.

Tis past—the reign of hope is o'er :  
Farewell the dear enchanting theme,  
Farewell to fancy's glittering dream ;  
For these I strike the lyre no more.

No more shall these thy peace invade,  
Silent, alone, I'll muse on thee,  
Till on my voice thy name shall fade,  
And life's last struggle set me free.

A French lady distinguished for wit, having remarked the ingenuity of a footman belonging to a man of high quality, who was as ugly and stupid as his servant was the reverse, said, “ *Il faut avouer que la Nature n'est pas Aristocrate.* ”—If Nature has been partial to Democracy, it must be confessed, however, that the democrats of France, have been most ungrateful to Nature, by violating all her laws, and wounding all her feelings.

France has been renowned for politeness, before all traces of politeness, as well as humanity, were banished from the nation. I have heard it remarked, however, by some who have had opportunities of comparing the characters of the various nations of Europe, that though Frenchmen were more polite than their neighbours by art, yet they were less so by nature, owing to an impetuosity of temperament, which, on the shadow of provocation, makes them forget restraints of every kind, and hurries them into imprudencies and difficulties, from which even submission and adulation cannot extricate them.

#### MERRIMENT.

A very awkward squire, being obliged to mount a horse rather higher

than he had been accustomed to ride, exclaimed, while putting his foot in the stirrup, “ Jupiter, assist me ; ” in saying this he made so violent an effort that he fell over on the contrary side. “ Oh ! Jupiter,” said he, “ you gave me more assistance than I asked.”

A countryman once took a fancy to hear the Latin disputes of doctors at the university. He was asked, what pleasure he could derive from viewing such combatants, when he could not even know which of the parties had the better? “ For that matter,” he replied, “ I am not such a fool, but I can see who is the first to put the other in a passion.”

A clergyman, who had received an invitation to spend a fortnight with a friend in the country, found, to his great surprise, he had brought but one sermon with him. The distance was too great to send for another, as he did not discover the neglect until the second Sunday morning, of course, it was in vain then to attempt composing a new one. He, therefore, ascended the pulpit with the usual dignity, and before he gave out his text, thus addressed his auditors: “ Having been informed the sermon I preached last Sunday was judged exceptionable by some very respectable inhabitants, I think it my duty to show that they misinterpreted my doctrine, by repeating it word for word. I beg your most serious attention.”

It is a well known custom in England, to give to the servants of the nobleman at whose house you dine; or, indeed the sum you are obliged to give is generally according to the quality of the master. An officer having frequently given more than the worth of his dinner, when he dined with a certain duke, one day requested a list of his servant's names. The duke, astonished at such a request, wished to know his motive. “ Why really,” replied the officer, “ as I cannot now afford to pay for the many good dinners I make at your table, I wish to

know your servants' names, that I may remember them in my will."

The love of christian names by the Spaniards has frequently been an object of ridicule. A Spaniard on his travels, arrived in the night at a little village in France, in which there was but one hotel. As it was almost midnight, he knocked at the door a long while without hearing any one stir. At length the host putting his head out of his chamber window, asked who was there. The Spaniard replied, "Don Juan, Pedro, Hernandez, Rodriguez, Alvarez de Villa-nova, Count de Malafra, Cavellero de Santiaggo d' Alcantara." "Mercy on me!" said the host, as he shut the window, "I have but two spare beds, and do you ask me lodging for a score?"

A French dancing-master asked one of his friends, if it was really true that Harley was made Count of Oxford, and Chief Treasurer of England. On being answered in the affirmative, "That amazes me," said he, "what merit can the queen have found in this Harley? for my part, I have had him under my hands these two years, and cannot make any thing of him."

A Frenchman having frequently heard the word *press* made use of to imply *persuade*, as "press that gentleman to take some refreshment," "press him to stay tonight;" thought he would show his talents by using (what he imagined) a synonymous term; and therefore made no scruple one evening to cry out in company, "pray squeeze that lady to sing."

A Lacedemonian having fallen in battle, his conqueror aimed a blow at his back. Wounded and weak as he was, he made an effort to turn him-

self; "strike me before;" he cried, "that my friends may not blush for me after my death."

A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber by three physicians, how to "cure the fever, and abate the thirst." "Gentlemen," said he, "I will take half the trouble off your hands; you cure the fever, and I will abate the *thirst* myself."

Some young officers had indulged one night a little too freely in a social glass, and (as is the usual consequence of intemperance) had likewise given their tongues rather more liberty than propriety could authorize, having spoken very disrespectfully of their general. Being overheard, and the general having been told of their different reflections on him, he made them appear before him the next morning, and asked them if what he had heard was true. "No doubt of the truth of it," replied one, "and its very probable we should have said much more, if the wine had lasted any longer."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

TO MARY.

By Lucas George.

I have a secret tale to tell,  
But cannot, must not, now reveal it;  
Yet still I think 'tis known too well,  
The more I'm anxious to conceal it.

When'er I strive to make it known,  
Thy awful presence makes me waver;  
Swift from my mind all thoughts are gone,  
But those that would preserve thy favour.

Shall I declare it, Mary dear?  
Say, will not those sweet lips reveal me?  
Will not those features frown severe,  
When I have told how much I love thee?

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] Philadelphia, Saturday, September 26, 1807.

[No. 14.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### POLITE LITERATURE.

Even in the opinion of the most crabbed critics, a Biographical work has never issued from a French Press, written in a more fascinating manner, or exciting a stronger interest than *The Memoirs of Marmontel*. This delightful book was seized on with avidity by the British Booksellers, and a translation was hastily published, in a few days after the receipt of the original from Paris. The consequence of this zeal, on the part of the proprietors to forestal the literary market, may be easily imagined. Portions of the original were doled out to journey-men translators, whose employers pay them, not according to the elegance of the workmanship, but the quantity of the materials, and the facility with which the task has been accomplished. The result of this clumsy and illiberal process was a strange uncouth version, more execrably bad than the barbarous style of a schoolboy in the lowest form of his noviciate. What renders the tameness of this travesty of Marmontel the more inexcusable, is the wonderful simplicity and perspicuity of the original. But the garreteers, who worked at the job, seem to be alike ignorant of French, and the first principles of Taste and Composition. Gross Gallicisms pollute every page; and as for their version of many poetical passages, interspersed through the original, such was the egregious absurdity of the style, that we could not peruse a single line without loud laughter at the expense of these *Docters into English*.

But intrinsick merit is never to be long obscured by the clouds of ignorance or the misty haze of confusion. It will shine forth gloriously at length, and, like Shakspeare's youthful Harry, "as gorgeous as the Sun in Midsummer." We have, at length, obtained a closet interview with Marmontel himself, heard him narrate his own interesting adventures, and seen through the purest medium that genius which instructed mankind in *Belisarius* and charmed them in *Moral Tales*.

From this amusing Biography, which among those who have a taste for nature and simplicity in France, will rank as high as Goldsmith's Vicar does among a similar description of readers in England and America, we shall now make an extract extremely interesting to the conductor of every literary Journal: may we add that it will be interesting, peculiarly interesting, to the readers of such a work.

At a time when Polite Literature was greatly in vogue in France and when excited by the munificence of a Monarchy, men of genius and learning thronged its capital, Marmontel undertook the management of *The Mercury*, a Miscellany, which at once

done into English by a person of honour. This same person of honour probably slept in the same bed in a garret with three other persons of a rank as noble as his own. Sometimes this person of honour appeared in the shape of Mrs. Manly or Mrs. Behn, or some other kind one, with reputation equally unblighted. One *Edmund Carl*, a Bookseller, at one time famous in the Courts of Judicature, and immortalized by Pope in the Dunciad, was very intimate with all these persons of honour, most of whom were his stipendiaries.

\* In the titlepages to most of those vile Translations, which at one time swarmed from the English Press, the unhappy reader was generally apprized that the work was

obtained the favour of the Court and the contributions and applause of the literati. Here we have his own history of the foundation and success of that establishment. It is only necessary to add that Marmontel himself furnished most of the materials of this Journal, and in the execution of this arduous and delicate task condemned himself to the labour "of Sisyphus, or to the toil of the Danaïdes."

For the present Translation, which has been carefully revised and compared with the original, the editor is indebted to a gentleman who has a sound judgment in the choice of foreign literature, taste to relish its beauties, and skill to transfer them. We shall from time to time very gladly avail ourselves of his able assistance, and introduce to the more English reader interesting passages from the works of those great men, who basked in the patronage of Louis XIV, at once the Mæcenas and the Augustus of the French Monarchy.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF THE MEMOIRS OF MARMONTEL.

THE Court was at Fontainebleau, and I frequently went there to pass an hour of the evening with Quesnai. I was one night with him, when Madam De Pompadour sent for me and said—"Do you know that La Bruere is dead at Rome? He enjoyed the privilege of The Mercury: this privilege produced him an annual revenue of twenty-five thousand livres; here is a sufficiency to make more than one happy man; and it is our intention to attach to the new Patent for The Mercury some pensions for men of letters. I request you, who know them, to name those, who may have need of pensions, and would accept them." I mentioned the names of Crebillon, D'Alembert, Boissy, and some others. As for Crebillon, I knew well that it was useless to recommend him; with regard to D'Alembert, perceiving that she gave a slight sign of disapprobation: "he is, said I, Madam, a Geometrician of the first rank, a very distinguished writer, and perfectly honest man." "Yes, replied she, but a hot head." I gently answered, that without a little heat in the head, there was no great talent. "He is become, said she, a passionate admirer

of the Italian Musick, and has placed himself at the head of the Buffon party." "He has, however, answered I modestly, composed the Preface to the Encyclopedia." She spoke of him no more; but he had no pension. I believe that a more operative reason for his exclusion, was his zeal in favour of the King of Prussia, whose declared partisan he was, and whom Madame De Pompadour hated personally. When Boissy's turn came, she asked me: "Is not Boissy rich? I believe him at least to be in easy circumstances: I have seen him at the Theatre, and always well dressed." "No, Madam, he is poor, but he conceals his poverty." "He has composed many Dramatick pieces," said she. "Yes, but all those pieces have not been equally successful and productive. But, Madam, shall I tell you? Boissy is so far from being rich, that without the aid of a friend, who discovered his situation, he would have died of want during the last winter. Destitute of bread, too proud to ask of any one, he had confined himself with his wife and son, resolved to expire together, and about to kill themselves in each other's arms, when this protecting friend forced the door and saved them. Oh God! cried Madame De Pompadour, you make me tremble. I am going to recommend him to the King."

On the morning of the succeeding day, Boissy enters my house, pale, bewildered, beside himself, with an emotion, which resembled joy on the countenance of grief. His first movement was to throw himself at my feet. I, who thought him suddenly attacked by indisposition, hastened to assist him, and raising him, I inquired what could have thrown him into the situation in which I saw him. "Ah! sir, said he, do you not know? You, my generous benefactor, you, who have preserved my life, you, who, from an abyss of misery, have transported me into an unexpected state of happiness and prosperity! I went to solicit a small pension on The Mercury; and M. De Saint-Florentin announces that it is the privilege, the very patent of

The Mercury that the King has just granted to me. He informs me that I am indebted to Madame De Pompadour for this favour; I go to present her my thanks; and in her apartment M. Quesnai tells me that it is you, who, in speaking of me, have touched Madame De Pompadour so tenderly that her eyes were drowned in tears."

Here I wished to interrupt by embracing him; but he continued: "what then have I done, sir, to merit this tender interest on your part? I have seen you only transiently; scarcely do you know me; and in speaking of me you have the eloquence of sentiment, the eloquence of friendship!" At these words he attempted to kiss my hands. "This is too much, sir, said I, it is time for me to moderate this excess of gratitude; and, after having suffered you to unburthen your heart, I wish in my turn to explain myself. Assuredly I wished to serve you; but in that I have only been just, and without it I should have betrayed the confidence with which Madame De Pompadour, honoured me by asking my advice. Her sensibility and her goodness have performed the rest. Permit me then to rejoice with you at your good fortune, and let both of us return thanks for it to her, who is its authour."

As soon as Boissy had taken leave of me, I went to the Minister; and perceiving that he received me, as if he had nothing to communicate, I asked him if I had not an acknowledgment to make to him? He replied no. If the pensions on The Mercury were disposed of? He told me yes: If Madame De Pompadour had not spoken to him respecting me? He assured me that she had not said a word to him with regard to me, and that if she had mentioned me, he would willingly have placed my name on the list which he had presented to the King. I confess that I was confounded; for, without having named myself, when she consulted me, I felt perfectly confident of being among the number of those, whom she would propose. I went to her house; and very fortunately found in her parlour

Madame De Marchais, to whom I circumstantially recounted my mischance. "Well, said she, does this astonish you? it does not surprise me; this is characteristic of her. She must have forgotten you." At the same instant, she enters the dressing-room, where Madame De Pompadour was; and immediately after I hear bursts of laughter. From this I drew a happy presage; Madame De Pompadour indeed, when going to mass, could not look at me without still laughing, at having left me in oblivion. "I was exactly right in my conjecture, said Madame De Marchais when she next saw me; but reparation shall be made." I had then a pension of twelve hundred livres on The Mercury, and I was satisfied.

If M. De Boissy conducted it himself, he remained at his ease; but it was necessary for him to support it; and for that purpose he had neither the connexions, nor the resources, nor the activity of the Abbe Raynal, who, in the absence of La Bruere, conducted it, and performed that duty well.

Destitute of succour, and finding nothing tolerable among the papers which had been left to him, Boissy wrote me a letter which was a true signal of distress. "It will be to no purpose, said he, that you have obtained for me the gift of The Mercury; this benefit is lost to me, unless you add to it that of coming to my aid. Prose or verse, what you please, every thing from your hand will be valuable to me. But hasten to extricate me from my present embarrassment: hasten, I conjure you, in the name of that friendship, which I have vowed to you for all the rest of my life."

This letter deprived me of sleep; I saw this unfortunate man exposed to ridicule, The Mercury depreciated under his management, and its tameness completely exposed. It gave me a fever during the whole night; and it was in this state of crisis and agitation that the first idea occurred to me of writing a tale. After having passed the night, without closing my eyes, in ruminating upon the subject of that which

I have entitled *Alcibiades*, I rose, I wrote it in a breath, *currente calamo*, and sent it to Boissy. This tale had an unexpected success. I had exacted the suppression of the authour's name. The world did not know to whom to attribute it; and at the dinner of Helvetius, where the most acute connoisseurs were present, they did me the honour to ascribe it to Voltaire or Montesquieu.

Boissy, elated with joy at the increase which this novelty gave to the sale of *The Mercury*, redoubled his intricacies to obtain from me some more pieces of the same kind. I composed for him the tale of Soliman II, afterwards that of the Scruple, and some others. Such was the origin of those moral tales, which have since had so much vogue in Europe. Thus did Boissy render me more essential service than I had rendered to him. But he did not long enjoy his good fortune; and at his death, when it became necessary to replace him: "Sire, said Madame De Pompadour to the king, "will you not give the *Mercury* to him, who has supported it." The patent was conferred upon me. It was then necessary for me to resolve on quitting Versailles. But, at that moment, an establishment was offered to me, which appeared to be better and more permanent. I know not what instinct, which has always guided me tolerably well, prevented my giving it the preference.

The Marshal De Belle-Isle was Minister at War; his only son, the Count De Gisors, the best educated and most accomplished young man of the age, had just obtained the lieutenantancy and command of the Carabiniers, of whom the Count De Provence was Colonel. The regiment of Carabiniers had a secretary attached to the person of the commandant, with a salary of twelve thousand livres, and this place was vacant. A young man, named Dorlif, presented himself to occupy it, and mentioned that he was known by me. "Well, said the Count De Gisors, invite M. Marmontel to pay me a visit; I shall be very glad to converse with him." Dorlif compo-

sed short pieces of poetry, and sometimes came to communicate them to me: in this consisted our acquaintance. I considered him, beside, as an honest and good young man. This was the testimony that I gave respecting him. "I am going, said the Count De Gisors, whom I then saw for the first time, to speak to you with confidence. This young man is not calculated for this place: I want a man who from tomorrow may be my friend, and upon whom I may rely, as upon another self. M. the Duke De Nivernois, my father-in-law, has proposed one to me; but I distrust the facility of the great in giving their recommendations; and if you have a man to offer me who possesses your confidence, and is such a one as I require, not daring, added he, to pretend to have yourself, I will accept him from your hands." "A month sooner, M. Count, I should have requested for myself, said I, the honour of being attached to you. The patent of *The Mercury* of France, which the King has just granted to me, is an engagement which, without levity, I cannot so soon break; but I am going among my acquaintance to see whether I can find the man who will suit you.

Among my acquaintance there was a young man at Paris named Suard, of an understanding refined, acute, correct, and discreet, of an amiable character, of gentle and attractive manners, sufficiently imbued with the Belles Lettres, who conversed well, wrote in a pure, easy, and natural style, and with the most correct taste; above all, prudent and reserved, with honourable sentiments. I cast my eyes upon him, I begged him to visit me at Paris, whither I had gone for the purpose of saving him the journey. On the one hand, this place appeared to him to be advantageous; on the other, he found it slavish and laborious. France was then at war; it was necessary to follow the Count De Gisors in his campaigns; and Suard, naturally indolent, would have very well liked to possess a fortune, but not at the expense of his liberty and repose.

He asked me for twenty-four hours to make his reflections. In the morning of the following day, he came to tell me that it was impossible for him to accept this place; that his friend, M. Delaire solicited it, and that he was recommended by M. the Duke De Nivernois. I knew Delaire to be a man of genius, a perfectly honest man, of a solid and stable character, and of the most rigid morals. "Conduct your friend hither, said I to Suard; I will propose him, and the place is assuredly his." We agreed with Delaire merely to say, that in my choice I happened to coincide with the Duke De Nivernois. M. De Gisors was charmed at this coincidence, and Delaire was accepted. "I depart, said the valiant young man to him: there may soon be an affair at the army; I wish to be present. You will come and join me as soon as possible." Indeed, a few days after his arrival, the battle of Crevelt was fought, in which he was mortally wounded at the head of the Carabiniers. Delaire arrived only in time to bury him.

I asked M. De Marigny whether he thought my place of Secretary of the Publick Edifices was compatible with the privilege and labour of The Mercury. He replied that he thought it impossible to give due attention to both. "Give me then my discharge, said I; for I have not courage to ask you for leave to retire." He gave it to me, and Madame Geoffrin offered me a lodging at her house. I accepted it with gratitude, requesting her to permit me to pay her the rent: a condition to which I obliged her to consent.

You here see me driven back by my destiny to that Paris, whence I had with so much pleasure retreated; you see me more than ever dependent on that publick from which I thought myself disengaged for life. What then was become of my resolutions? Two sisters in a convent, at an age to be married; the facility of my old aunts to give credit to every one who asked it, and to ruin their trade by contracting debts which I was obliged to pay every year; a provision for the

future of which it was necessary to think, having hitherto placed in reserve only ten thousand livres which I had employed as security for M. Odde; the French Academy to which I could only attain by pursuing the career of letters; finally, the attraction of that literary and philosophical society which recalled me to its bosom, were the reasons, and must be the excuses for the inconstancy which induced me to renounce the sweetest, the most delicious repose, to come to Paris to conduct a Journal, that is, to condemn myself to the labour of Sisypheus, or to that of the Danaïdes.

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*For The Port Folio.*

CLARA D'ALBE.

The French, in the happy talent of telling a Story with liveliness and ease are universally allowed to excel every other nation. This is, in part, perhaps, to be ascribed to their vivacity and spriteliness of character, but more certainly to the beauty and perfection of their language. Cultivated and formed in courts, of which it may properly be said to be the dialect, it has long since acquired an elegance and precision for which our language has some years been slowly exchanging a rude and uncouth phrasology. It is happily calculated to support the unstudied elegances of conversation, and of all others, the most susceptible of embellishment from a skilful and delicate hand. The French, therefore, have always excelled in Novel writing and in familiar and epistolary composition. Many of their Novels are unequalled for spritely and animated narration, and we have nothing, perhaps, in our language, that approaches in this respect, the inimitable *Gil Blas* of Le Sage. Mr. Fielding's Novels are exquisite in their kind, but every reader must remember how much the admirable humour of that writer suffers from the coarseness and vulgarity of his expressions. I would not, however, be understood as applying this observation with very great latitude to the

writers in our language: in the elevated and more dignified walks of composition we have many who leave the French far behind, and some who equal, if they do not surpass them, in the softer and spritelier graces of style. I shall mention only two, whom it will be nearer my purpose and more in harmony with the design of this Essay to notice here: Mrs. Radcliffe as a Romance writer yields to none I am acquainted with in the French language. In the inimitable performances of this lady, I recognise at one time the wild and mysterious strain of Dante, at another, the spritely and luxuriant imagination of Ariosto. She has, indeed, stolen from the caverns of the Florentine muses their sacred fire, their magick spells, and enchantments, by which they so imperiously sway the fancy and the heart. At one time I am transported amidst the gayety of Venice to sport among its gondolas on a summer's moonlight evening upon the waters of the Adriatick, at another I am carried into the cliffs, the steepes, and precipices of the Appenines and conducted under the shades of night to the mysterious transactions at Udolphus. The Chateau of St. Aubert, the little picture of domestick quiet exhibited there, the vineyards, the landscapes, and variegated banks of the Garonne, would not more have embellished the inimitable pieces of Poussin or of Claude Lorrain, than the torrents, the rocks, and the pine-clad brows of the Appenines together with the troops of banditti and the terrour-frowning battlements of Udolpho would have been worthy the romantick pencil of Salvator Rosa. Having mentioned Mrs. Radcliffe as a Romance writer, I shall adduce Lady Montague as a no less illustrious exception in the department of epistolary composition. The accomplishments, attainments, and learning of this lady were once well known to the polite and literary world. The graces and captivations of her person are now no more, but the radiant image of her mind remains and flourishes in immortal youth. She has the spriteliness, the playful manner and easy badinage of madame Se-

vigne, without her talkativeness and silly anecdotes. And let me say, that the translator of Clara D'Albe is not among the least of those who have been successful in copying the graces, and spirit of French composition. Of the original it would be superfluous to say much. It has long supported some claims to excellence in its own language, nor do I think, in its present dress, it will be less acceptable to the reader of discernment and taste. Of the translation, however, I would say a few words: the first duty undoubtedly of a translator is to give the meaning of the authour pure and unsullied. This however is not all. Every work of merit is distinguished by a peculiar cast of thought and diction, which stamps and marks its character. This is the soul and animating spirit of writing: and in transfusing and preserving this it is that the skill and address of the translator is displayed. Here we may apply with safety those lines of Horace:

Brevis esse laboro,  
Obscurus fio: sectantem levia nervi  
Deficiunt animique: professus grandia turget:  
Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusque pro-  
cellæ.

The translator must keep that path which steers between coldness and timidity on one hand, and a licentious paraphrastick manner on the other, these two extremes the translator of Clara D'Albe has, I think, happily avoided. The promptitude and spirit with which she gives the meaning of the original not only evince a native energy and vivacity of mind, but they show us, too, she is in the possession of that art which is the result of long and laborious practice, I mean that art which depends upon a knowledge of just and harmonious expression. I am proud to find in my native city a lady, who, to a thorough conception of the force and delicacy of our language joins such brilliant powers of mind: and I have only to regret that such estimable talents should be employed in the servile task of translation. The little work, the version of which she has given to the publick, possesses considerable merit. The sentiments

without being overstrained are animated and glowing, and calculated to interest the best feelings of the heart. The story is carried on in a series of letters, which is a style of composition that has peculiar advantage. It enables the writer more fully to display the heart, and to paint those delicate shades of character which too often escape in narrative. In private familiar letters the soul is as it were laid open; we penetrate into its inmost recesses; and see it naked, stripped of the studied artifices of behaviour and disengaged from those restraints which a regard for society and the world put upon it. It is to this circumstance we owe many of those inimitable touches which charm us in the *Nouvelle Heloise* of Rousseau. That celebrated work has never been translated into our language; I mean it has never been rendered with the spirit and eloquence of the original; and did I not fear the consequences of that alluring book, if its bewitching sentiments, its tender pathos, were supported by an eloquence equally glowing and captivating with Rousseau's, I know no one more adequate to the translation than the lady whose work I have presumed to criticise. These observations however, will be unheard amidst the din of business, and perhaps but superficially attended to by those who have leisure for literary recreation. The period so anxiously waited for by the friends of true taste and learning approaches with tardy and hesitating steps. That period when the general voice will render unnecessary such feeble testimony as this, and when a generous and enlightened public will discriminate and reject the spurious and tinselled productions that are thrown to us by surrounding nations, and explore and cultivate that native mine of genius which has hitherto been suffered to moulder and decay.

P. F. S.

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For *The Port Folio*.

## REVIEW.

## ADMIRALTY DECISIONS.

(Continued from Page 172.)

Having said thus much to show the general usefulness of reporting cases

in Admiralty, we shall submit to our readers a brief account of some of the principal questions, the decisions of which will be found in the Reports of Mr. Peters. A minute review of the cases themselves, in regard to the correctness of the judgments of the Court, is neither necessary, nor would it be decorous. Proceeding from Judges, whose personal and professional respectability demand great respect and deference, and, who, after listening to and weighing the arguments of learned advocates, have pronounced the law of the land on each particular case, it would not become us to indulge our private opinions in criticism or to question their judgments. If any of them be erroneous, it is for the Superiour Courts to correct their errors: were we to usurp *their* jurisdiction our proceedings would be "*coram non jndice*."

In the case of *Jenning's v. Carson's* Executors, upon a plea in abatement to the jurisdiction of the District Court in matters of prize, the plea is overruled, and the reasons therefor stated at large by the Judge. The case having been removed to the Circuit Court on the point of jurisdiction it was there affirmed; and consequently it is holden that the several District Courts possess all the powers of a Court of Admiralty, their jurisdiction extending as well to matters of prize, as to those which regularly belong to the Instance side of that Court.

In *Findlay and al. v. the ship William*, 1st. vol. p. 12. and *Moxon and al. v. the brig Fanny*, vol. 2 p. 309, a question of jurisdiction is decided upon facts, which at the time they took place excited much public feeling. These were British vessels, captured by French privateers in 1793, within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States, and afterwards brought into the port of Philadelphia, where they were claimed by their respective owners and restoration demanded in the District Court. The jurisdiction of the Court was excepted to, on the part of the captors. A summary of the arguments of the counsel (which appear to have been ingenious and elaborate) is found in the decisions of the learned

Judge, by whom the claims of the libellants were dismissed, as proper subjects for executive and diplomatic interference, but not cognizable in the Courts of the neutral nation. These captures, with others of a similar nature became afterwards the subjects of diplomatic discussion between the French minister, Genet, and Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, the latter declaring, that in case restitution of the prizes should be refused "the President considered it, as incumbent on the United States to indemnify the owners. The indemnification to be reimbursed by the French nation." The illegality of these captures will be found very ably established in Mr. Jefferson's despatch to Gouverneur Morris, Esq. then Minister of the United States to France, of August 16, 1793, in which the decisions in the case of the Fanny and William are spoken of, and the cases mentioned as being then *sub judice*, an appeal having been made to the Court of last resort. "If finally," says Mr. J. "the judiciary shall declare that it (the validity of these captures) does not belong to the civil authority it then results to the executive charged with the direction of the military force of the Union and the conduct of its affairs with foreign nations. But this is a mere question of internal arrangement, between the different departments of the Government depending on the particular dictation of the Laws and Constitution, and it can in no wise concern a foreign nation, to which department these have delegated it."

The doctrine of salvage on ships and cargoes deserted at sea, or rescued from an enemy will be found very fully and learnedly discussed and laid down in the cases of *Warder v. La Belle Creole*, p. 31, *Concklin v. Harmony*, p. 34, and *Morehouse v. Jefferson and Cargo*, p. 46. (in notes, decided in the District Court of New York.) *Taylor v. goods saved from the Cato*, p. 48, *Clayton v. ship Harmony*, p. 70, *Brevoor v. Fair American*, p. 87, *Bell v. sloop Ann*, 278, *Small v. goods saved from the schooner Messenger*, p. 284, *Coulon v. brig Neptune*, p. 356,

and *Bond v. brig Cora and Cargo*, p. 361. In these cases the principles on which the quantum and distribution of salvage are to be determined, are very satisfactorily stated and explained.

The cases on the subject of seamen's wages are very numerous,—and we again recommend them, as an admirable preventive of unprofitable litigation, to the attentive consideration of the intelligent merchant. We must content ourselves with citing but a few of them in this place.

In the case of *Joseph Hart v. ship Little John* p. 115, on the general principle "that, where a mariner is prevented by force, when he is not in fault, from performing his voyage, he is to be paid his full wages," full wages for the voyage (deducting a proportion of salvage) are decreed to the libellant, who shipped at Edenton, on a voyage to Liverpool and back: the ship (American) delivered her cargo at Liverpool, and on her return was captured by a French cruiser, then recaptured by a British frigate, carried into Lisbon and restored on payment of salvage. Hart having been taken by the French cruiser and carried into France as a prisoner was afterwards released and ~~worked~~ his passage home. Had he during the continuance of the voyage earned wages in other service, these, agreeably to the practice of the Court, would have been also deducted from his claim. The same principle governs the decision in the next succeeding case of *Howland v. brig Lavinia*, p. 123. In a note p. 123, these cases are distinguished from that of the *Friends*, 4 Rob. Admy. Rep. 143. where wages were refused by Sir W. Scott to an English mariner, captured in the ship and taken out and carried to France, the ship being afterwards retaken and carried to the port of her destination, which case has been questioned in *Beale v. Thompson*, 4 East Rep. 560. The principal cases are supported by that of *Brooks v. Dorr*, p. 39 of Tyng's Reports of cases in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts (1806.)

*Bordwin and al. v. brig Elizabeth*, p. 128, an American vessel, sent in for adjudication, her seamen the libel-

lants, forcibly taken on board the capturing vessel and carried into a distant port of the captor, and there liberated, but neglected to join their ship, which was acquitted, proceeded on her voyage and earned her freight. Wages were decreed to the time the seamen were liberated and might have rejoined their ship, *but no more*. On similar principles, in the case of *Williams v. brig Hope*, p. 138, *wages for the voyage* were refused to a sick mariner who recovered, but refused to rejoin his ship. *Watson v. brig Rose*, p. 132, libellant, a citizen of the United States, was impressed from an American ship by a British cruiser. He claimed wages for the voyage, but they were refused. "He must rely on the protection due to him by his Government for the redress he is entitled to. The unlawful impressment is an injury done to him specially and individually, and has no ingredients common to all the crew."

In *Walton and al. v. ship Neptune*, p. 142, wages for the voyage were decreed to the administrator of a deceased mariner who died through accidental illness, while in the service of the ship. The law, as laid down in this case, is confirmed by the decision of the Circuit Court in the case of *Sims v. Jackson's Admx.* p. 157, in the notes.

In *Whitton and al. v. master of the brig Commerce*, p. 160, held that forfeiture for desertion was *waived* by the master's having afterwards voluntarily received them on board again. *Soin King v. Castlechurch*, 1 Burr, Set. Cases 70. Lord Hardwicke said, "where a servant returns, and the master receives him, it is always esteemed a dispensation of the master and helps the discontinuance and works in the nature of a remitter." Same doctrine in *King v. Eaton* in the same book p. 48.

(To be continued.)

### HOURS OF LEISURE.

*Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith*  
(Continued from Page 184.)

"Eternal Providence exceeding thought,"  
Where none appears, can make herself a way.

"Never despair" was the motto  
which the religious and benevolent

Jonas Hanway caused to be engraven on his seal; he having, in numerous instances of his life, experienced the most signal and uncommon interferences of Providence.

The existence of what is called a special or particular Providence has been attempted to be denied, on the ground of its being contrary to the impartial character and universal love of the Deity; but whoever carefully examines the subject will find it congenial with, and growing out of those principles of the Creator's goodness; since the great business of Providence is the preserving, regulating, and restoring the harmonies of nature, reason, and religion, whenever they become disturbed, or shaken by the effects of moral or physical evil; and therefore it acts at times in a more peculiar and especial manner, as circumstances may require, making the most trifling incidents subservient to its designs, keeping the balance by which all things are weighed from the mortal eye, and giving men prosperity or adversity, success or disappointment, as may best conduce, individually, to their future good in this life, and the ultimate happiness of all.

Whoever contemplates the vast scale of the universe, its beautiful symmetry and perfection, and the great movements of nature in the order of things, must admit the existence of a Deity; and whoever believes that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without divine permission, only spreads wider the glory of the Creator, and, by a just and natural analogy, unites in the same grand scheme a universal and a particular Providence.

The Sacred Volume beautifully unfolds the mysteries of a particular Providence in the lives of Joseph, David, and many others; and numerous proofs of its existence are to be found in every page of biographical history; while the best and greatest men of every country have owned its influence in their affairs producing success and prosperity, from circumstances apparently full of disappointment and misfortune; causing them to bend with gratitude to the Great Disposer of Events, and

to acknowledge that no human prudence could have governed and directed, as the hand of Providence had governed and directed for them; and which ought to teach us the delightful truths, that there is no evil which may not be removed; no danger, however imminent, from which we may not be preserved; and no difficulty, however great, which may not be overcome. And yet, such is the perverse disposition of man, that he frequently refuses to entertain so rational and desirable an opinion. Ignorantly proud, he falsely imagines that he owes his deliverance from danger to his own management, or what is commonly called good luck: though there are innumerable instances every day, too strongly marked with divine interpositions to be set down either to skill or chance. One would think that a doctrine so flattering to human nature as divine aid, would find an easy access to the mind of so weak and imperfect a being as man. The ancients felt the impression, and the savage embraces the idea with ecstasy; it is lost only in a busy world, where every thing is familiarized by custom, and where the sun is viewed only as bringing day. Here a few selfish and contracted ideas constitute the mind of man, who becomes a species of clock-work, a machine, or automaton of the particular occupation which he fills. Business and money form his providence; he cannot conceive that the race may not be to the swift nor the battle to the strong; and yet one would think that a belief in divine assistance would aid and animate the pursuits of every honest man; and that prudence, joined with religion, would be worth more than prudence without it: the resources of the one may fail, but the resources of the other are plenteous and eternal. Happy is the man who does his best in the situation in which he is placed, and trusts to Providence for the rest.

A striking example of the insufficiency of prudence and moral conduct in life may be produced in the character of Eusebius, who had obtained a fortune by his industry, and enjoyed domestick happiness with his family.

Eusebius had a favourite daughter. His fortune he placed to the account of his good management; and the health of his child, and the accomplishments she possessed, to the regimen he had established for her, and the education he had bestowed: Providence was not acknowledged through the course of such happy events. But in the midst of prosperity and joy, the daughter of Eusebius suddenly sickened and died. "Ah!" cried the disconsolate father, "although I have never acknowledged the power of the Almighty to bless and preserve his creatures, I am compelled to acknowledge his power to destroy."

But though every man, even in the common occurrences of life, may easily trace the hand of a Divine Providence, yet none are so capable of judging of its wonders and effects as he who has seen it displayed in the hour of imminent danger or distress, and who has, perhaps, been himself the object of preservation, when no visible relief was at hand, and when every hope was gone by. *But Providence can find herself a way.*

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## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*For The Port Folio.*

DR. CHAPMAN, of this city, who, greatly to the satisfaction of the admirers of Genius, and the cultivators of Eloquence, sometime since proposed editing many of the most brilliant Speeches of distinguished orators, has ably fulfilled a very interesting portion of his task. Rejecting, for reasons sufficiently valid, the regular order of publication, he has just published the third and fourth volumes of the proposed series. His motives are thus explained in the Preface, and it is presumed his argument will satisfy every subscriber.

### PREFACE

*To the Third and Fourth Volume.*

Yielding to the eager and importunate curiosity of his subscribers, the editor is ind-

ced to depart from the regular order of publication, and to commence with these intermediate volumes of the series, as being that section of the work which he thinks may most advantageously be put to press.

He consents the more cheerfully to this arrangement, because, it holds out the prospect of enabling him to introduce into the initial volumes, the proper place of their insertion, several Speeches of a remoter date, of great value, which he had not at first procured, but which, according to expectation, the diligence of his research has since put into his possession. Nor does he conceive that any serious objection can be raised against the innovation, when applied, as in the present instance, to a miscellany, in which there is no coherence or dependence of its parts. Moreover, if additional apology be required, the editor can plead the sanction of precedent for the license he has assumed. However novel this mode of publication may appear on this side of the Atlantick, it is frequently adopted by British booksellers and authours, and publick criticism has more than once applauded the utility of the practice. Mr. HUME printed his *History of England* exactly in this manner, and many other instances of equal weight might be cited, if necessary, to the editor's justification.

The subsequent volumes of the work shall appear with "all convenient despatch." The first and second of which, will contain some speeches of the "olden time;" many of *Lord Chatham's*, and of his brilliant contemporaries, and further specimens of *Irish eloquence*. The fifth, and final volume, it is meant to devote, exclusively, to Speeches Forensick and Parliamentary, of our own country. Thus will the work present a more complete view of modern eloquence than hitherto has been exhibited.

In vindication of the brevity, with which some of the *prefatory notices* are written, it may be observed that they comprise whatever is necessary to the explanation of the case, in which the speech was delivered; and that they could not well have been extended, even if it were demanded, without narrowing those topics which are reserved for the general introduction of the work.

In the collation of the speeches, contained in these volumes, the editor, rejecting vague reports, and newspaper authority, has been particularly solicitous to select such orations and pleadings, as have undergone the revision, or been published under the actual superintendence of the authour. He has been sedulous to follow with fidelity the text, nor ever presumed foolishly, if not flagitiously, to interpolate the copy; a practice, which of late, has become a sort of fashion in America, to the confusion of authours, and to the prejudice of learning.

The editor, in preparing this compilation for the press, felt none of the incitements of literary ambition, nor does he now arrogate any of the pretensions of authorship. The motives which led him to undertake it were of a very different kind. He contemplated it as an enterprise, certainly of a useful, splendid, and honourable nature, peculiarly calculated to recreate his leisure, and to deceive the burthens of an anxious and arduous profession.

Having thus incidentally alluded to his walk in life, he hopes that neither his medical brethren, nor the publick at large, will deem him a *reprehensible wanderer*, though, in the *intervals* of professional duty, he has excused to the Bar or the Senate to make no inaccurate report of the dexterity of wit, and the dictates of wisdom, the sagacity of statesmen, and the eloquence of orateurs.

By the mythology of the ancients, which has often a fine, though not always an obvious moral, we are instructed that the study and practice of physick was most conspicuously connected with the love of the liberal arts, and of polite literature.

In a mood of no censurable enthusiasm, may the editor exclaim, as to an Apollo, the tutelary god, not only of the disciples of Esculapius, but of the votaries of the muses,  
*Phæbe, favæ, novus ingreditur tua temp'a sacerdos.*

We should be unfaithful to friendship, merit, and elegant literature, if we withheld our hearty approbation both of the plan and the execution of these valuable volumes. The Doctor's selections are made with taste and judgment; and may be very profitably perused by the student, the lawyer, and the statesman. Indeed, among this leading description of our men of talents, we understand that the editor has found some of the warmest friends to his work. Their zeal is not misplaced. The orations which he has preserved in his collection will richly requite the attention of the reader. In the front of these volumes Mr. BURKE appears in his best array. Mirabeau's speech in support of the *absolute veto* of Louis XVI, next appears. Mr. Erskine's speech on the trial of Stockdale, Curran's on the trial of Rowan, Mr. Pitt's on revenue and expenditure, Burke's previous to the Bristol election, together with his speech on declining the poll, Curran's against the Marquis of Headfort, Fox's on the Westminster election, Mi-

beau's on the right of making war and peace, Pitt's in defence of certain grants of money to the Allies without the authority of Parliament, and Curran's on the trial of Finerty for a libel, form the highly interesting contents of Volume III.

Volume IV commences with Lord Mornington's speech delivered on the 21st of January, 1794, in the House of Commons, on a motion for an address to his Majesty at the commencement of the session of Parliament. This admirable, argumentative, rhetorical, and historical harangue, which we believe has never before appeared in America, furnishes the statesman and the moralist with such a perfect portrait of the loathsome demon of the French Revolution, such a full length, and such a horrible, but just resemblance of the malevolent genius of Jacobinism, that, if this book contained no other specimen of mental power eloquently and virtuously employed, the speech in question would be equivalent to the whole price of the work. It is not the frothy declamation of a juvenile Peer, too solicitous for splendid expression to be careful of propriety of thought. But it is a legitimate record, and a conclusive argument. It is an accurate history of a conspiracy of bandits to exterminate from the face of the earth all honour, humanity, justice, and religion. It is an exact description of French fraternity, of that union of "the utmost savageness and ferocity of design with consummate contrivance and skill in execution." Such a speech adds to the blandishments of Rhetorick the potency of Truth and the dignity of History. Like the patron of Horace, it is *et presidium et decus*, at once pleasing and powerful. We read an instructive lesson whose diction is elegance, and whose conclusion is wisdom and morality.

We are next presented with Mr. Curran's speech on the right of election of Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin. Mr. Fox's speech on Whitbread's resolutions respecting the Russian armament. A nervous and impassioned speech of Lord Clare.

Two speeches by Pitt and Fox follow, and the volume is closed with Mr. Erskine's pleadings in the case of T. Paine, an obscure staymaker, once infamously distinguished for the folly of his politicks, and the vulgarity of his deism, but now forgotten and neglected even by those zealots who once advanced him to his "*bad eminence*."

On the whole, this compilation will redound to the honour of the editor and the advantage of its readers. We have perused these speeches with singular satisfaction; and as we wandered through all the mazes of eloquence with such guides as BURE and CURRAN, we could not help remembering the couplet of Lucretius: *Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant, Omnia nos itidem depascimur AUREA DICTA.*

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*For The Port Folio*

ON THE OLYMPICK GAMES, &c.

From an Original Work, entitled "Memoirs of Anacreon, translated from the Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, Esq."  
(Continued from page 182.)

I am now old, but the blood in my veins yet throbs with the melancholy pleasures of retrospection when I think on the days I have described. Although many Olympiads have scattered their snows over my forehead, my mind yet springs with all the elasticity of youth as my feeble tongue recounts the times that are past, and Memory, faithful to her trust, presents the picture of the ardour and enthusiasm of youth in the vivid colours of reality.

It was not a parcel of obscure men who had assembled to contend for a few paltry leaves, or to satisfy a little vanity by displaying the pageantry of wealth, but it was a collection of the greatest men in the Greek States.\*

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\* The Romans, who regarded the refinements of their neighbours with a jealous eye, saw nothing but a spirit of commerce in all the religious festivals of Greece. These games in particular were termed *THE COMMERCE OF OLYMPIA*. *Olympiorum iactum autorem habuit Iphitum Elium. Is eos ludos, mercatumque instituit. Patere. lib. I.*

Some were dignified by a long line of illustrious ancestry, and others were enobled by their own merit. There, young men, actuated by that noble spirit which a general emulation excited, resorted, with high aspiring hopes, to earn the sweet rewards that glory gives. Each competitor that presented himself felt conscious of the purity of his life, for he had to undergo the scrutiny of collected Greece. When the Athletæ or other competitions came forward at the proclamation, the herald announced their names and the states which they represented. Those who had distinguished themselves by renowned deeds or signal services to their country were welcomed by loud shouts from the people. After the herald had concluded this ceremony, the lists were opened, and other officers proclaimed in a solemn manner :

*"Grecians ! these are the men who are about to contend for the palm of fame. If there be any among you who can reproach one of them with a crime, or know of his having been in bondage, come forward and declare it, that he may not sully the honour of the games."*

He who had the temerity to challenge such a test was sure to have his guilt detected and his effrontery severely punished.

The Hippodromus, where the horse and chariot races were held, exhibited

the most brilliant spectacle. Monarchs have not disdained to train their generous steeds to contend in this part of the ceremony—and republics have appropriated large sums for the same purpose. Here they strive to surpass each other not only in the fleetness of their horses, but in the splendour of their trappings and the generosity of their rivalry.

But the amusement is not confined to those who are engaged in corporeal exercises. The games attract all who are ambitious of displaying whatever talents they may possess. You may find the invention of the poet, the subtlety of the metaphysician, the colouring of the painter, and the melody of the lyrist. In one corner, we met a knot of sophists, who were perplexing their audience with premises and conclusions, and, in another, a mathematician was describing figures on the sand. I was particularly entertained by a young poet, named Lycôn, who, mounted on a rostrum, composed verses with admirable facility upon every subject that was proposed to him. Rhapsodists were seen wandering in all directions repeating passages from the most eminent authors. He who appeared to be the most popular, was reciting detached parts of Homer, with all that zeal of admiration, which only such poets were born to inspire. Another, jealous of the attention which was paid to his selections, thus interrupted him :

*"Who is this Homer, this strolling bard, whom you are eulogizing with all the extravagance of panegyrick ? It had been well if the tyrant of Athens had relieved the wants of the living poets who surround him, instead of lavishing his treasures upon the useless rhapsodies of an obscure beggar. Has he displayed that judgment which is so essential in a poet, in his Iliad ? His characters are not heroes endued with the power of volition ; they are mere subordinate agents, who never act but by superiour influence. Look at his famous chieftain, Achilles : where does he perform a deed of bravery without the intervention of some deity ? Who inspired*

There can be little doubt but that among such a concourse of people many attended solely for the purposes of traffick, to which the Grecians were generally addicted. The immunities offered by the general armistice *σπονδαι* 'Ολυμπικαι, which was sacredly observed at such periods, enabled the traders to transport their merchandize towards Olympia, with perfect safety. The advantages resulting from this periodical influx of men and wealth could not have escaped the discernment of such a monarch as Iphitus, who advanced the prosperity of Elis as much by the arts of peace, as the glory of Sparta was promoted by the horrors of war, under the rule of his rival and friend Lycurgus. The Elians, however, became too knowing in the petty tricks of trade, and they were as regardless of the faith of obligations as a modern Gaul. For their notorious knavery they were wholly excluded from participating in the Isthmian Games.

his great rival for glory with the boldness which he displays in his combats with the various Greek leaders but Jupiter? And when the poet is so profane as to represent the king of gods as withdrawing his protection from the Trojans, where is the mighty courage of Hector? He becomes a coward, and flies in disgrace to hide his diminished head. In another instance when Glaucus encountered Diomed, although they are in the heat of battle, when every nerve is strung, and the eye looks only to the banners of victory or the trophies of an honourable death, Diomed is dismayed by the majestic mien of his antagonist, and he endeavours to save himself by declaring that he will not fight with an immortal. We are then carried from the field of battle, and instead of contemplating the deeds of heroes we are amused with a nursery tale of the life and parentage of Glaucus—and all this is to prove that he is a mortal and provoke his enemy to combat."

"This same Diomed in a council of chieftains, when Agamemnon desired them to deliberate on some new and more effectual means of carrying on the war, enters into a long account of his genealogy and obliges his companions by a particular description of each of his ancestors. He then gravely concludes by advising the Generalissimo to exhort the soldiers to courage and perseverance!"

"He evinces a very vitiated taste by many of the similes which he introduces. Thus, he compares Ulysses to a piece of beef broiled on the coals, and Ajax to an ass. Such comparisons neither illustrate nor dignify; on the contrary they obscure the sense, and make the objects ridiculous."

"He has introduced gods enraged with anger and inflamed with lust; and even produced before our eyes, their wars, their wrangling, their duels, and their wounds. He has exposed, besides, their antipathies, animosities and dissensions; their origin and death; their complaints and lamentations; their appetites indulged in all

manner of excess, their adulteries, their fetters, their amorous commerce with the human species; and from immortal parents derived mortal offspring."†

"Can you claim the wreath of fame for a poet who thus sullies the dignity of epic poetry by making the gods more abandoned, more profligate, weak, and unsteady than men? who summons them from their ethereal seats in every trifling emergency? who converts his heroes into cowards and garrulous old women, and makes his wise men fools?"

"I see" answered the rhapsodist "that you are one of those unsuccessful poets who are envious of the opening buds of Homer's laurel—you are thrown in the shade by the lustre of those rays which now begin to shine around his tomb, and you would strive to dim their splendour. But the bright beam of his glory is coming on, and I need not the gift of prophecy to predict, that in many ages after us, his fame, which but now appears like a meteor twinkling in the horizon to relieve the obscurity of the night, will shine resplendent as a star of the first magnitude."

"You say he wants judgment to conduct an epic poem. Does he not display his wisdom in ascribing every thing to the source from which it is derived? are not our passions and propensities instilled into our bosoms by the all-pervading influence of the gods? and was it not the duty of the poet to inculcate that reverence for them, which we ought to feel? but whatever he wants in judgment, and perhaps his discretion sometimes slumbers, is amply supplied by his intuitive and luxurious genius. His eye excursive rolls over the boundless expanse of the Heavens, or descends to describe the transactions of the sublunary world. Yet he disgusts us not with the mean and the familiar: like a skilful provider he

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† This last passage is from Cicero's first book, *DE NATURA DEORUM*. Plato expelled Homer from his imaginary Republic on account of the viciousness of his Theology.

selects the choicest viands and he lavishes them with no unsparing hand.

"Every art must have a commencement, and every inception must, in some degree, be imperfect. The age of Homer was rude and its taste as well as its manners, was uncultivated. By comparing the period at which he wrote, with the present time, we shall find that we have made a rapid progress in improvement; and yet I doubt whether we can exhibit so wonderful a genius. None of our poets have caught so fervid a flame to illumine their conceptions as that which he respired. And even with this model before our eyes no one evinces such maturity of judgment, and such excellence of execution.

"† Homer seems, as in a concert of musick, to have sung all the different parts which can possibly be introduced into poetry, and to have surpassed all his cotemporary poets in the very art in which each of them excelled. He is more noble and lofty in his language than Orpheus; his verse is sweeter than the melody of Hesiod, and in other respects he has excelled the rest. The subject he treats is the Trojan story, into which Fortune had collected and, as it were, displayed all the virtues both of the Greeks and the barbarous nations. There he has represented wars of all kinds; sometimes of men against men, and sometimes opposed to horses: sometimes against walls and rivers, and sometimes even against gods and goddesses. He has likewise represented Peace in all her attractions; and Discord with all her horrors: he has described dances and songs, and loves and feasts; he has taught what belongs to agriculture, and has marked the seasons that are fit for rural toils: he has sung of navigation, and of the art of working metals by fire, and has painted the different figures and manners of men, he has given the soundest lessons in government, and has inculcated the purest principles of morality. All this I think Homer has done in a won-

derful and almost supernatural manner; and those who are not in love with him are not in their senses."

(To be continued.)

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The description of the Olympick Games our classical readers will peruse with pleasure.

In a former volume of *The Port Folio*, we published a copious extract from *The Memoirs of Anacreon*, a work designed after a classical model, planned ingeniously, and executed faithfully, with the approbation of one who is most interested in the reputation of the work. Independently of the great names of the Abbe Barthelemy and the Earl of Hardwick, the successful example of Florian, certainly one of the politest of the modern French scholars, is fully sufficient to justify our American adventurer in this curious walk of composition, where Truth and Fable are found side by side. Perhaps the Numa Pompilius of the Gallick Goldsmith is a personage more interesting than even in the Roman page. May we not hope that the memoirs of the merriest of the ancients, enlarged by the industry and embellished by the talents of C. S. Esq. will be read with interest and pleasure by those who feel a laudable pride in the encouragement of indigenous genius. As a favourable specimen of the performance we are recommending, we are copying the authour's description of those Games instituted by a polished people, where the wisest displayed their sagacity and the swiftest tasked their alertness, where strength exerted all his muscle, and art displayed all her enchantment.

In the Review of Judge PETERS's Admiralty Decisions, see *Port Folio*, page 172, an omission occurs fatal to the sense, which the reader is desired to rectify.—For "Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when the scales are so equally balanced," &c. read, "Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when, IN MANY CASES, the scales are so equally balanced," &c. Such an injurious omission as the above the editor thinks it his duty to correct very cheerfully though he is not in the habit of exhibiting *errata*, or of making apologies.

To expect immaculate sheets from an American Press is, to use the homely proverb of Sancho, "looking for *pears* from an *elm*." In a new country, few are found capable of the accurate revision of a proof, especially where any other language than the vernacular is employed; and if, by a sort of miracle, a man of learning should appear, who to the hundred eyes of Argus and the piercing eyes of a lynx added the patience of Job, the perseverance of a Jones, and the diligence of a Dutchman, still that *stinginess* which Franklin recommended, who was himself a sort of journeyman printer, would

† This passage is from Philostrata. *Heroicks Lib. ii.*

deny him the recompense of his care. As the deficiency of literature and the niggardly system alluded to grow out of the character of the country, and are not chargeable upon the individual, any correspondent, who complains of an editor for mangling his manuscript, finds fault, not with him, but America herself.

An unfortunate, though very ingenious writer, who some time since favoured us with remarks which occurred to him in a pedestrian tour through part of the principality of Wales, warmly expostulates with us for representing the *stag* as one of the inhabitants of the cottages of that country. It seems that the *hog* was the animal intended, both to give our readers a lively idea of the taste of the *common people*, who naturally choose a swine for their companion, and because, unluckily for our reputation in Natural History, there is no such creature as a stag to be seen in North Wales, either *for love or money*, as my chambermaid happily expresses it.

A young gentleman, who recently favoured us with an occasional essay, with the signature of SALADIN, puzzled us, and astonished the town, by an allusion to the mountains of *Heloclia*. Not having the honour of the slightest acquaintance with their *Eminences*, we tasked our humble powers of remembrance to assist in exploring our way to these same unheard of hills. We were ashamed to consult an historical dictionary, as being altogether a vulgar expedient, and sometimes conjectured that these mountains might be found in China, or in Asia Minor at least. A few days after these stupendous mountains had reared their proud heads in The Port Folio, as we were pensively sitting in company with coffee and Carr's Stranger in *Ireland*, who should enter the room but Saladin himself. His namesake, of tremendous memorial, could not look more grim than our correspondent when he demanded what the devil we meant by the mountains of *Heloclia*? Sir, says the enraged authour, I swear by the Lake of Lausanne and the Castle of Chillon, and the tomb of Eloisa, that you have disfigured one of the finest countries in Europe. You ought to ask pardon of all Switzerland for thus shamefully abusing the mountains of *Heloclia*.

But in justice to our dear country, for errors of the Press, America has not an ex-

clusive privilege. Oscitancy sometimes affects the London Printers, and, as Caleb Whitefoord has merrily demonstrated, blunders in printing are not confined to the Press of George Faulkner. For Dove read *Fulture*, and for Jackall read *Giantess*, is a salutary caution by which a newspaper reader will profit abundantly. Nay, our learned brother, the sometime editor of The Morning Chronicle, whose Jacobinism and whose Genius were equally amazing, thus writes with all the gravity of an historian:

"*Ostriches* are so common and so strong in Egypt, that the *Arabs* ride upon them." Upon which precious article of information the Anti-Jacobin wits thus delightfully comment:

"Here are several errors of the Press in this paragraph. These our well known respect for the *Geographical* and *Historical* accuracy of *The Morning Chronicle* incline us to attempt to rectify: for *Ostriches*, therefore, read *Crocodiles*, a word very easy to be mistaken for it at the Press; and for *Arabs* read *Egyptians*. The remark that *Ostriches* are so strong in Egypt is well put in, they being so weak everywhere else!"

#### MERRIMENT.

One day, just as a French officer had arrived at Vienna, the empress knowing that he had seen a certain princess, much celebrated for her beauty, asked him if it was really true that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. "I thought so yesterday," he replied.

A beggar once asked charity of a man whose circumstances were far from easy. "Alas! my friend," he replied, if you had not prevented me. I was going to make the same request of you."

A ruined debtor, having done his utmost to satisfy his creditors, said to them, "Gentlemen, I have been extremely perplexed till now how to satisfy you; but having done my utmost endeavour, I shall leave you to satisfy yourselves."

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, October 3, 1807.

[No. 14.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

Some years since, a periodical work, abounding in easy poetry, and gay mirth, appeared in London, with the dazzling, though not deluding title of "*The Meters*." Its eccentric manner and sparkling wit justified the appellation. Certain of our correspondents who are unwilling to enlist for a long term in the service of Literature, are disposed, however, to try their fortune in a few skirmishes, as in the commencement of the American revolutionary war it was the custom for our gallant militia to stipulate their services for *three and six months only*, to the infinite benefit of the country and the great comfort of Gen. Washington. Seriously, as according to some computations there are but six Planets, according to others seven, and certainly not more than ten, even if Herschel and the French astronomers are believed, our correspondents have styled their speculations "*The Planets*," more for the sake of brevity than any thing else. As our literary wanderers rove from one to the other, they will, with such quick eyes as we know them to possess, see something new and strange. The Moon, madness out of the question, will throw a mild and pleasing radiance over their speculations. From Venus we may certainly expect love, and wit and eloquence from Mercury. As for this vile globe, the Earth, Saturn the leaden, and Jupiter the frosty, I swear, by the three goose quills, that constitute the whole of my *real* property, that were I in the place of my correspondents, I would not say a word which had not the sting of an epigram. But for Mars, that gallant captain with the smart cockade, pray gentlemen, follow the drum with a row down; and, at this *warlike* season, when the *lads* in our streets can scarcely forbear mar-

ching to London, and, with both hands tied behind them, engaging in single combat the British Lion himself, say the finest things imaginable in praise of war. So shall we, at length, be blessed with the smiles of the populace, the grin of Gallatin, and even the patronage of the President himself. By publishing fine things of Mars and his myrmidons, who knows but that we may supersede Barker in the command of the militia, and Commodore Barron, *without his gunboat*.

*For The Port Folio.*

### THE PLANETS.

#### No. I.

I'll ride upon the Dogstar,  
And then pursue the morning;  
I'll chase the Moon, till it be noon,  
And make her quit her horning.

SINCE the expulsion of our first parents from the garden of Eden, travelling has been common in all ages and countries, and among all classes of mankind. Originating in a curse, it has become a blessing. To point out all the advantages derived from this source would be a vain attempt. A community of soil and climate is among them. The fruits of the earth, no longer procured by the sweat of the brow, are presented to the traveller in all their luxurious variety. The teeming cluster melts within his grasp, and friends as distant as the Poles partake its nectar; richly it sparkles in their goblets; and sheds around the mind the genial influence

of softer climes. Nature displays herself only to the traveller. The inmost recesses of her temple are open to his view. The placid lake overshadowed by the grove, at noon invites his weary limbs to lave. The gelid fount arising from the hill with chrystal surface, tempts his parching lips. The varied landscape greets his eager eye. Potosi's richest mines are laid before him. Golconda's gems sparkle beneath his tread. Arabian spices scent the gale he breathes.

\* \* \* \*

Such were my reflections, when I found myself insulated from the world; without one friend to whom my existence was important. My patrimony had placed me in a situation to gratify my wishes, and the indulgence of them was my only care.

In infancy my travels commenced. My schools were earth, and ocean; admiration the first lesson I learned. But the mind cannot long wonder inactively; it is unhappy when dissatisfied with itself, and the desire of knowledge, is a principle, as deeply seated as the desire of happiness.\* Actuated by it I traversed various countries and eagerly inquired into their productions, and peculiarities. The frozen Lena† did not chill my ardour; borne on her icy bosom I have breathed the gale which the same hour howled around the Pole. Siberian deserts, robbed of their horrors, taught me that novelty can always please. Hence to the realms where fiery sunbeams scorch the vale, I traced my eager way. But Africk's sands of gold could not impede my steps. The busy East upon whose mart a thousand nations meet, to bear her products round the globe, I next approached. Bramins,

and Faquhirs upon Ganges' bank, have warned me that my life was short; but Jos, and Juggernaut‡ have not destroyed me, and he who counts my days has kept me for scenes of greater wonder.

Although absent from my native country many years, they now appear as the short dreams of Summer. Since my return I have found, that if nations differ, individuals do also: that if the Tropicks differ from the Poles, man as widely differs from his neighbour. The tour of a city, and the tour of the world, alike convey this truth to the mind. I resolved therefore to contemplate the characters of men, and here novelty met me at every step. I found a man who called himself my friend, and whom I supposed ready to lay down his life to serve me: a single word uttered in anger, made him my most inveterate foe. Those with whom I mixed appeared all to have some grand object in view, which was to insure them happiness. That attained, another assumed the ascendancy, and verified the remark of the poet, "man never is, but always to be blest." The pursuits of Ambition, Love, and Wealth, occupy the time of youth, manhood, and old age. But how variously do they operate! Ambition has led Napoleon to the conquest of nations, the subversion of kingdoms, and the pinnacle of glory. It has led millions to the grave. Love has impelled its votaries, to every variety of wretchedness and wo; and to vicissitudes of unbounded rapture. The pursuit of Wealth has done more than Love or Ambition. It has humanized mankind, and taught that chains of gold are firmer than any bonds of affection. It has saved millions and destroyed millions. What has it not done?§ Whilst so many are engaged in the pursuits of Wealth, Love, and Ambition, I am occupied in pursuit of Novelty. This has always been the motive of my actions. This has led

\* My friend differs with the "wise man" who asserted that "whoso increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." He has however the sanction of another wise man for his opinion: "*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*"—A.

† This river rises in Siberia in Asiatick Russia, and running northward from lat. 55° to 72°, empties into the Frozen Ocean. The Russians hope to find it communicating with China.

‡ The names of Pagan gods.

§ *Sacra auri fames, quid non mortalia pectora cogis!*"

me through dangers which might appeal a fainter heart. Thunders have rolled over my head in vain. In vain the impetuous billows have dashed my bark upon the rocks. The hungry tenants of the wood have howled around my couch, and adders lurked beneath the grass I trod. Not these dangers have curbed my roving spirit; home has no delights for me, or rather I have no home to delight me. The world is my abode, and even this has become insipid. Eagerly, anxiously have I wished to be transported to other planets. Surely, I have thought, other worlds there are, where beings different from man reside. Fancy's wings are unable to waft me to them. In vain Montgolfier mounted his aerial car. Pylatre was dashed from the Heavens into atoms.\* Less vain, however have proved my own attempts. My resolution formed, no obstacles appeared insurmountable; nor were they: but let me never disclose what to mortal eyes must be veiled in mystery! My prayers have been heard! I am on the wing.

Adieu.

For The Port Folio.

#### ON THE OLYMPICK GAMES, &c.

From an Original Work, entitled "Memoirs of Anacreon, translated from the Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, Esq."

(Continued from page 207.)

The lively animation with which the last speaker defended the character of Homer, produced in my mind a train of reflections upon his life and profession.

To poverty we are not less indebted for the songs of olden time, than for many of those of a modern date. The sad historian of the plains of Troy, could find no liberal heart and loosened purse to cheer his grief and adminis-

ter to his wants. This compelled him to resort to the profession of an *Aoides*, (or strolling bard), a character well known in those days. It was the policy of the Egyptian law to interdict all Musick as tending to enervate the mind, and Poetry, her sister art, was so shackled by the proscription of authority as to droop her head. But in Greece, where the very spirit of the government expands the mind, and the mildness of the climate invigorates the fancy, they have ever been cherished with the fondest care. This passion for poetry gave rise to the profession of Homer. In those day-dreams which imagination sometimes inspires, I have contemplated the *Aoides*, strolling from city to city, free from care, unrestrained by the discipline of the law, and uncontrolled by the power of magistracy; eliciting tears from the tender, and commanding the homage of the powerful—such a man have I wished to be.

We are told by Hecataeus, who lived not long after Homer, that an *Aoides* must know *Πολλὰ τελευτήρια*, many soothing tales, to win the ear: his subjects must be *εργα Ανδρῶν τε θεῶν τε*, the deeds of Gods and men, for theirs it is

*Θεοῖσι τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν ποιεῖσι αἰεὶ διῆναι*

To mortals and immortals both to sing.

That Homer was of this profession all historical testimony concurs in avouching: but it is more particularly declared in his own hymn to Latona and her offspring, Apollo and Diana, whose feast was held at Delos, and was attended by a vast concourse of people from Ionia and the adjacent isles.

"Hail, ye Heavenly Powers," exclaims the poet, "whose praises I delight to sing: let my name be remembered in the ages that are rolling on: and when the weary traveller reclines in our porticos and inquires\* who is the sweetest among the singers of the flowing verse, who strikes the harp most melodiously at your banquets, and whose songs steal most pleasantly on your delighted

\* Pylatre du Rozier, the celebrated and intrepid philosopher. He was sailing in a balloon filled with inflammable air, a thunder storm arose, a flash of lightning struck the balloon: it exploded, and the unfortunate youth was dashed to the earth. A.

\* —Τίς δ' ὑμῶν αἰεὶ ἡδίστος Αἰδῶν  
Ἐπὶ θοῶν ἀνάλυσται; καὶ τίνι τιγερθεὶ μαλίστ᾽

ears. Then do ye, Powers who inspired me, make answer—it is the blind man who dwells in Chios; his songs are sweeter than all that can be sung.”†

When the bard entered a house he was greeted with welcome words by the host. In the words of Homer himself, he gladly received the bard divine to cheer him with a song. His wearied limbs were placed upon a couch, where his thirst was allayed and food was liberally provided. Next he bathed, and after he had drank some *Μη λινδία* \* 1107 (*heart-cheering wine*), he was called upon to contribute his mite towards the general entertainment. Then the bard pours a libation to Jupiter Hospitalis, and sings to his generous entertainer:

I know thou lov'st a brimming measure  
And art a kindly cordial host;  
But let me drink and fill at pleasure,  
Thus I enjoy the liquor most.†

Then he attunes his harp, his voice is raised, and they feel that benignant influence which is powerful to banish grief, to assuage our angry passions, and to cast a pleasing oblivion over all those causes of discontent and distress, which strew the rugged path of life with thorns. After suffering the wants of hunger, having been pressed down by fatigue, while he vainly strove to shelter his body from the blast, how joyful is it to experience a cordial reception and find a lavish banquet. The sensitive heart of the bard, alive to every impression, is warmed to the enthusiasm of genius. He opens his whole soul in strains of poetick inspiration. The boldest metaphors sparkle in his vivid verse, and figures dart through his lines with a

splendour and rapidity which defy the feeble grasp of criticism.

\* Certainly the most beautiful madness and amiable possession is, when the love of the Muses seizes upon a soft and sensible mind. It is then that it exalts the soul, throws the votary into ecstasies, and bursts out into hymns and songs and other strains of poesy, and at once celebrate the high achievements of ancient times, and instruct generations to come. This is so certain, that whoever he be that pretends to the favours of the Muse, without partaking of this madness, from an opinion, perhaps, that art alone is sufficient to make poetry, he may assure himself that he will fail in his character: his work will be lame; and while the productions of the inspired poetick train, are read and admired, his sober performance will sink into oblivion.

My reflections were interrupted by the loud laughter of a group of young men who were amusing themselves with grifphical amusements,† or enigmatical questions so incongruous, that it seemed impossible for the liveliest ingenuity to reconcile their apparent contradictions. One of these wits asked, “What is that which is very large at its birth and also in old age, but very small when at maturity?” The various answers which he received increased the diversion, and the reiterated peals of laughter that followed each unsuccessful attempt almost prevented any one from proposing another solution. At length a happy thought relieved our curiosity. It was a *shadow*, which is large in the morning and evening, and diminutive at mid-day. Another said, “There are two sisters who continually beget each other.” These parents, children, and sisters, we learnt were, *Day*

† *Τυφλος ἀνὴρ οἰκεῖ δὴ χιῶ ἐν παιπαλοέσσῃ. Τὸ πᾶσαι μετοπισθὲν ἀριστεύουσιν Ἀοιδαί. "Ομηρὺς ἔκτος εἰς Ἀπολλονεῖ.*

This hymn is ascribed to Homer on the authority of the authour of the very ingenious “Inquiry in the Life and Writings of Homer.” Fourth Edition. Glasgow, 1761. I have found the original preserved in Thucydides, lib. iii, ch. 134.

† Maxwell's edition of Moore's Anacreon, page 280.

\* This passage is from Plato in Phædro.

† Grifph, from *γρίφος*, which signifies a net. This classical and diverting pastime has continued to the present time. There is no doubt of its having been known among the ancients. Suid. in *Γρίφ. Schol. Aristoph. in Vesp. v. 20. Theodect. of Athen lib. 10, 20, &c.*

and *Night*.† Those who offered solutions which they were unable to support were obliged to pay certain forfeits.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

### CRITICISM.

The present article is composed of extracts from the writings of Sir William Jones.

"The Persian style is said to be ridiculously bombastick, and this fault is imputed to the slavish spirit of the nation, which is ever apt to magnify the objects that are placed above it: there are bad writers, to be sure, in every country, and as many in Asia as elsewhere; but if we take the pains to learn the Persian language, we shall find that those authours who are generally esteemed in Persia, are neither slavish in their sentiments, nor ridiculous in their expressions: of which the following passage, in a moral work of Sadi, entitled *Bostan*, or *The Garden*, will be a sufficient proof:

"I have heard that King Nashervan, just before his death, spoke thus to Hormus:—*'Be a guardian, my son, to the poor and helpless; and be not confined in the chains of thy own indolence. No one can be at ease in thy dominions, while thou seekest only thy private rest, and sayest, it is enough. A wise man will not approve the shepherd who sleeps while a wolf is in the fold. Go, my son, protect thy weak and indigent people; since through them is a King raised to the diadem. The people are the root, and the King is the tree that grows from it; and the tree, O my son, derives its strength from the root.'*"

"Are these mean sentiments, delivered in a pompous language? Are they not rather worthy of our most spirited writers? And do they not convey a fine lesson for a young King? Yet Sadi's poems are highly esteemed at Constantinople, and at Ispahan; though a century or two ago, they

would have been suppressed in Europe, for spreading with two strong a glare the light of liberty and reason."

The following is remarkably beautiful:

"O sweet gale, thou bearest the fragrant scent of my beloved; thence it is that thou hast this musky odour! Beware! Do not steal. What hast thou to do with her treasures? O rose! what art thou, to be compared to her bright face? She is fresh, and thou art rough with thorns. O Narcissus! What art thou in comparison of her languishing eye? Her eye is only sleepy, but thou art sick and faint. O pine! compared with her graceful stature, what honour hast thou in the garden? O Wisdom! what wouldst thou choose, if to choose were in thy power, in preference to her love? O sweet basil! what art thou, to be compared to her fresh cheeks? They are perfect musk; but thou art soon withered. Come, my beloved, and charm Hafez with thy presence, if thou canst but stay with him for a single day!"

The succeeding little song is not unlike a sonnet ascribed to Shakspeare, which deserves to be cited here as a proof that the Eastern imagery is not so different from the European as we are apt to imagine:

The forward violet thus did I chide,  
"Sweet thief! whence didst thou steal thy  
sweet that smells,  
If not from my love's breath? Thy purple  
pride,  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion  
dwells,  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly  
dyed.

The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair;  
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,  
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath;  
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
Those flow'rs I noted, yet I none could see,  
But scent or colour it had stolen from thee."

In another place, the same critick expatiates on the extent and dignity of Persian Poesy.

"The Heroick Poem of Ferdusi might be versified as easily as the *Iliad*; and I see no reason why the delivery of Persia by Cyrus should not be a subject as interesting to us as the anger of *Achilles* or the wandering of *Ulysses*. The Odes of Hæfæz, and

† These words are feminine in the Greek language.

of Mesihi, would suit our Lyrick measures as well as those ascribed to Anacreon; and the seven Arabick Elegies, that were hung up in the Temple of Mecca, and of which there are several fine copies at Oxford, would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquity, and the admirers of native genius."

"As to the great Epick Poem of Ferdusi, which was composed in the tenth century, it would require a very long treatise to explain all its beauties with a minute exactness. The whole collection of that poet's works is called Shalmana, and contains the history of Persia from the earliest times to the invasion of the Arabs, in a series of very noble poems; the longest and most regular of which is an Heroick Poem of one great and interesting action, namely, the Delivery of Persia by Cyrus from the Oppressions of Afrasiah, King of Transoxan Tartary, who, being assisted by the Emperours of India and China, together with all the demons, giants, and enchanters of Asia, had conquered very far, and become exceedingly formidable to the Persians. This poem is longer than the Iliad; the characters in it are various and striking; the figures bold and animated; and the diction every where sonorous, yet noble; polished, yet full of fire. A great profusion of learning has been thrown away by some critics in comparing Homer with the Heroick poets who have succeeded him; but it requires very little judgment to see, that no succeeding poet whatever can with any propriety be compared with Homer: that great father of the Grecian poetry and of literature had a genius too fruitful and comprehensive to let any of the striking parts of nature escape his observation; and the poets who have followed him, have done little more than transcribe his images, and give a new dress to his thoughts. Whatever elegance and refinements, therefore, may have been introduced into the works of the moderns, the spirit and invention of Homer have ever continued without a rival: for which reasons I am far from

pretending to assert that the poet of Persia is equal to that of Greece; but there is certainly a very great resemblance between the works of those extraordinary men: both drew their images from nature herself, without catching them only by reflection, and painting in the manner of the modern poets, *the likeness of a likeness*; and both possessed in an eminent degree, *that rich and creative invention which is the very soul of poetry.*"

It is but justice to the author to subjoin the following paragraph:

"I must request that, in bestowing these praises on the writings of Asia, I may not be thought to derogate from the merit of the Greek and Latin poems which have been justly admired in every age; yet I cannot but think that our European poetry has subsisted too long on the perpetual repetition of the same fables; and it has been my endeavour for several years to inculcate this truth, that, if the principal writings of the Asiatics, which are repositied in our publick libraries, were printed with the usual advantages of notes and illustrations, and if the languages of the Eastern nations were studied in our great seminaries of learning, where every other branch of useful knowledge is taught to perfection, a new and ample field would be open for speculation; we should have a more extensive insight into the history of the human mind; we should be furnished with a new set of images and similitudes; and a number of excellent compositions would be brought to light, which future scholars might explain, and future poets imitate."

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For The Port Folio.

## THE FINE ARTS.

Busts of PENN, WASHINGTON, and HAMILTON have lately been added to the collections in The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. The first of the common marble of the country, and the two last of the marble of Carrara. The bust of Hamilton is an admira-

the likeness of that great man and very honourable to the genius of the sculptor. The sectary wig, and the formal band of the benevolent quaker, and the full frizzed foretop of Gen. Washington have rather a ludicrous effect and we believe the adoption of such a costume is utterly repugnant to every correct principle both in painting and statuary. From this ridiculous error the bust of Hamilton is perfectly free. It is a head a *l'antique*, and indeed has a strong resemblance in feature and expression to the bust of many an illustrious Roman.

Two small statues in marble of Flora, and of Marsyas punished by Apollo are exquisitely beautiful. The latter, in particular, merits the attentive study of the amateur and the artist. It would be an admirable and appropriate ornament for the reading room of some of our classical scholars. The fable on which the sculpture is founded is one of the most pleasing in ancient Mythology. A mountebank in music, contending for the mastery with the god of the art, and justly punished for his absurd audacity, very correctly represents the triumph of Genius over the Democratick insolence of vulgar pretension.

### ELLEN—AN IRISH TALE.

*By the late R. B. Davis Esq.*

Slow roll'd the mist up *Denard's* height,  
And sweetly beam'd the morning ray,  
The friends of Kavan, with delight,  
Saluted Ellen's nuptial day.

For Ellen was the loveliest maid  
That 'mongst Hibernia's daughters smiled;  
And wide her sire's domains were spread,  
And Ellen was his only child.

And Donnel was the youth so blest,  
To whom were destined Ellen's charms;  
He hail'd, with palpitating breast,  
The day that brought her to his arms.

His voice was sweet, his harp well strung;  
And while still slumbering Ellen lay,  
Thus in the notes of love he sung:  
"Arise, my fair, and come away:

"The morn is clear: the lovely voice  
"Of birds is heard on every spray;  
"The vales, the hills, the fields rejoice:  
"Arise, my fair, and come away.

"'Tis Donnel calls thee—come, my love,  
"We'll meet with glee the charming day;  
"We'll mount the hill—we'll trace the grove:  
"Arise, my fair, and come away."

She rose—the trumpet's thrilling sound  
The festival of love declared;  
The voice of mirth was heard around,  
And all the genial banquet shared.

There many a maiden heavenly bright,  
Threw round the captivating glance,  
And join'd with many a gallant knight  
In the blithe song and varying dance.

Not so poor *Carrol*, son of grief!  
Who raved, by fiercest passions torn;  
Joyless he wander'd for relief;—  
Joyless he view'd the brilliant morn.

For Ellen was his promised bride,  
His only love in early youth,  
Till *aavarice*, and unfeeling pride  
Had burst the sacred bands of truth.

Richer than *Carrol's* was the land  
Of Donnel;—nobler was his sire;  
Great was his heart, and strong his hand;  
Yet *Carrol's* virtues mounted higher.

No form, with manly beauty graced,  
To gen'rous *Carrol's* could compare;  
His heart was soft, and honour traced  
Its best, its warmest virtues there.

Yet, vain is honour, vain is grace,  
Where gold and prejudice decide—  
Reluctant, *Carrol* yields his place,  
And sadly quits his promised bride.

Now high the notes of joy resound,  
Gay is the feast in Kavan's hall;  
The cup, the song, the laugh go round,  
And sportive mirth embraces all.

The bards now touch their high toned strings  
Love is their theme—successful love;  
When lo! a stranger minstrel sings;  
His strains in other accents move.

With charms of plaintive sweetness flow  
The finely modulated notes—  
Each bosom feels a magick glow,  
While softly round the musick floats.

Fair Ellen knew the impassion'd sound:  
'Twas *Carrol*—well she knew the sign,  
When (while the festive bowl went round)  
His look said, "Ellen, thou art mine."

She felt—she thought on former days;  
For *Carrol* still her heart possess'd;  
Again she felt that passion blaze  
Which long lay smother'd in her breast.

And, while the guests, inspired with wine,  
Gay spent the unnoticed midnight hour.

"My friend," she cried, "I still am thine;  
"Oh, constant love! I own thy power."

She spoke, and unperceived withdrew;  
Her faithful minstrel follow'd soon;  
And ere the sun had kiss'd the dew  
Carrol and Ellen both were one.

## HOURS OF LEISURE,

*Or Essays in the manner of Goldsmith.*

*(Continued from Page 202.)*

The following remarkable fact, which happened about twenty-three years ago in North America, will display the power of Providence to preserve, even under circumstances the most desperate and forlorn, and possesses all the character of a miracle: it is the narrative of

### THE BOAT-WRECK.

It was in the year 1783, in the inhospitable clime of Nova Scotia, that a party was sent one day from a frigate then lying in Halifax Harbour, to a small spot situated at its entrance, called Partridge Island, for the purpose of obtaining wood and water for the ship. It was the morning of Christmas Day; and though the cold was extremely severe, yet the sun illumined the icy shores with its enlivening rays.

Alcander was one of the party sent in the cutter on this piece of service; which having completed, they set off, with the longboat in tow. For a while they rowed cheerfully for the ship; but a quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed, before the scud, the sure prognostick of a storm, was seen at a distance; the clouds began to gather; the gale blew from the bason above the harbour; and the sea began to run high; while the snow was swept in icy currents before the wind.

The crew continued, however, to row with unceasing perseverance; till at length, seeing the impossibility of reaching the ship with the long boat, they cut it adrift, and pulled away in the cutter with fresh spirits. But the gale had now increased considerably, and the tide had set against them. The whole day was spent in strenuous endeavours to gain the ship; till incessant labour began to be succeeded by the stupor of despair. The cutting cold had now benumbed every faculty; such of the crew as wore their long hair tied, found it frozen to their jackets; their eyelashes became incrustated with frost and snow; and their feet were without any sense of feeling. It was now that the accumulating waves came rolling on, till huge mountains of sea raised the boat on their fearful heights, and then, breaking at once, discharged it, as it were with scorn, into the valley of waters

beneath. On each of these seas, Death appeared to ride in his triumphal chariot with the Demon of the Storm. Happily, the officer who was with Alcander, a veteran seaman, watched their approach with calmness, judgment and fortitude; and, when he beheld the tremendous sea rolling its foaming waves, dexterously presented the boat's head to meet their fury, while in their retiring and absence he encouraged the almost exhausted crew to pull with all their strength for the nearest shore. A marine who rowed the bow oar laid it down in the agony of despair, but was made to renew his exertions by the intrepid helmsman. A fresh danger now presented itself as they approached the land; the breakers appeared under their lee, and they found themselves close to the most rocky part of the shore: the wreck of the boat was inevitable; the awful moment arrived; she struck; and another sea carried her forward with such rapidity upon the rocks, that her frame was instantaneously shook to pieces, and the planks separated, which, with the thwarts and oars, drifted upon the tops of the billows.

The exhausted crew, frozen in every limb, wounded by the sharp points of the rocks, and up to their necks in water, were scarcely able to reach the shore. The youth Alcander, who was the last of the number, lay for a time senseless, and only awakened from his stupor to meet the horrors of a more dreadful situation.

The crew who had first reached the beach, after having turned round a point formed by some trees, had the good fortune to discover a path, and called to the unhappy Alcander to follow them; but he heard not the friendly summons. Exquisite was the distress of Alcander when he found himself alone. In vain did he halloo to his companions; the loud wind swallowed up the sound, and it was lost. He, however, kept along the beach, hoping that that was the way the people had taken. Nothing surely could be conceived more dreary and forlorn: the rocks marbled in frost; the tall pines and fir bending their branches incrustated with snow, over his head; the sea beating the shore with all the violence of the storm; the moon visible in a full glare at one moment, and hid the next by the black clouds scudding before its disk. At length the weary and comfortless Alcander came to a sloop lying on its beam ends upon the beach, and, overjoyed at the sight, sought to find some shelter from the cold, and rest from his fatigue within its deck; but great was his disappointment when he found it completely filled with ice. Disheartened at this attempt, he pursued the beach for another mile, dejected and in despair. Presently drowsiness, a sure symptom of the cold having almost reached the heart, came over him: he sunk down upon the snow, and, uttering an imperfect prayer,

resigned himself to death. The sound of guns firing at a distance, in the harbour, from the ships which were celebrating the festival, recalled his senses. The love of life and its enjoyments rushed upon his mind; he thought of his family and friends, and that they were, perhaps, at that moment, drinking the cheerful glass to his health. Roused at the thought, he made an effort to get up, and hallooed as loud as he could, hopeless of being heard; but Providence, *where none appears, can find herself a way.* Two figures presented themselves at this moment before him, dressed in fur caps and great coats; they started, and Alcander started in his turn; he could scarcely believe them human; it appeared a miracle that two men should be with him, as it were in a moment, on the dreary shore at that hour; for it was now late at night. They spoke English to him; and he answered them with astonishment. They were two natives, who were employed in clearing some land that belonged to them, and for that purpose, constantly kept a fire in the woods, in a temporary log-house, on the spot where they worked. It was to this place they carried the exhausted Alcander, who reviewed the circumstances of his deliverance with amazement; he could scarcely believe it real. To add to his happiness, he discovered the kind features of humanity in the rude faces of his deliverers: they immediately used every expedient to restore the circulation of the blood, but found the frost had seized the extremities, and had made a rapid progress to the heart: they revived his drooping spirits with some liquor, which they prudently mixed with water, and presented him some biscuit and dried fish: the American settler was kind and courteous. The next morning these friendly natives conveyed Alcander, on a hurdle between them, the nearest road to their own house, where they placed him under the care of Arina, the daughter of the eldest of them. Arina was tall; her features soft and complacent; and her manners engaging. She immediately procured some rich milk from the cow, and presented it to him with that natural grace which outvies the most studied politeness. Her native simple manners pleased Alcander; and she listened with astonishment to the stories he related of a more polished world. Thus did Alcander pass his hours with a kind and sensible American, until he was able to join his ship, whose brave commander rewarded the generous natives with six months provisions, and a new set of rigging for their schooner, named after Arina; for almost every American settler is possessed of a small vessel. Thus did the immediate interposition of Providence snatch Alcander from the arms of death, to prove, that *where none appears, she can make herself a way, and that every day we live, is a day of mercy.*

## POLITE LITERATURE.

In our last, we commenced the publication of a new translation of the *Memoirs of Marmontel*, and we believe sufficiently interested our readers, by an artless narrative of his early adventures, as the editor of a literary Journal. We now resume the subject, and give a *complete* history of his management of *The Mercury*, a paper, which, under his judicious direction, combined with the powerful aid of a numerous tribe of wits, attained a degree of celebrity, little short of that of the *Tatler* or *Spectator*. Indeed, it is believed that there never was a Journal of such variety of contents, and upon a plan so liberal and comprehensive, conducted with more address and ability. The proprietor, who was eminently gifted with all the talents requisite for a work so arduous, so boundless, and so versatile, had the rare good fortune to form a league with many of the finest scholars of France, and this combination, which undoubtedly contributed much to the success of the work, was never broken by the petty pretensions of the vain, or the malignant machinations of the envious. Nothing can be more charming than our author's description of the alacrity, with which men of Genius and Learning embarked in his cause, and nothing more conclusive can be offered with respect to the *effects* produced by such an *harmonious concert* of the disciples of Literature. It was a favourite opinion of Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, that such an alliance among a few men of acknowledged ability, would be potent enough not only to form the taste, but to chastise all the knaves and fools of a nation. We believe implicitly in the truth of this sentiment, and, indeed, it has been remarkably verified both in England and France. The satyrists above alluded to, together with Steele, Addison, and others, repressed the dunces of the age, quelled the spirit of false criticism, formed the taste of the town, excited a general passion for elegant letters, and effected a complete revolution in the national character. During the eventful year of 1798, one of the most embarrassing epochs in Mr. Pitt's ministry, when England was deplorably factious at home, and horribly menaced from abroad, a paper, published during only one session of Parliament, we allude to the *Anti-Jacobin* or *Weekly Examiner*, changed national gloom at once into sunshine, joy, and gladness. A *band* of political and literary *brothers* of the finest genius and the soundest principles, by telling the truth with all boldness; by gayly animating the courage of their friends; by honestly stating the real resources of the country; by paying due honours to its constitution, laws, literature, and religion; by exposing the blasphemy of the Atheist, and detecting the lies of the Jacobin, gloriously accomplished what

single mind could perform, no, not BURKE, nor JOHNSON, nor Chancellor BACON himself.

So, to return to the subject of this article, Marmontel and his compeers diffused elegant and instructive literature among the remotest provinces of the French monarchy, soothed trembling Merit with all the blandishments of candid criticism, promoted the interests both of the fine and the useful arts, added to the stock of political information, assisted the cause of science, successfully conducted Thalia and Melpomene to the stage, and above all, roused and fostered infant Genius in the cradle. This is no ignoble or inglorious service. How it was performed let Marmontel himself declare, and, while we read a story so engagingly told, we shall have occasion to admire the benignity of his heart, as well as the resources of his genius, and to contemplate a group of great men, who have added another Augustan age to the chronology of the French empire.

*For The Port Folio.*

If The Mercury had been merely a literary Journal, in composing it I should have had but a single task to perform, a single path to pursue. But formed of different elements, and calculated to embrace a great variety of subjects, it was necessary that, in all its branches, it should fulfil its destination; that, agreeably to the taste of the subscribers, it should supply the place of the gazettes to persons fond of news; that it should furnish an account of theatrical entertainments to the lovers of the drama; that it should give a correct idea of literary productions to those who, by reading select books, wish to instruct or to amuse themselves; that to the sound and sage part of the publick who interest themselves in discoveries in the useful arts, in the progress of the salutary arts, it should communicate their attempts and the success of their inventions; that it should announce to the lovers of the Fine Arts the new productions, and sometimes the writings of artists. That part of the sciences which is an object of the senses, and which might be an object of curiosity for the publick, was also within its domain. But above all, it was necessary, for the sake of its pro-

vincial readers, that it should interest particular places and societies, and that the wits of the different cities in the kingdom should find inserted in it, their enigmas, their madrigals, their epistles: this part of The Mercury, apparently the most frivolous, was, however, the most lucrative.

It would have been difficult to imagine a Journal more various, or possessing greater attractions and more abundant resources. Such was the idea which I gave of it in the preface to my first volume, in the month of August, 1758, "Its form, said I, makes it susceptible of everything agreeable and useful; and talents produce neither flowers nor fruits with which The Mercury does not crown itself; literary, civil, and political, it extracts, collects, announces, and embraces all the productions of genius and of taste; it is a kind of rendezvous of the arts and sciences, and the channel of their commerce. It is a field whose fertility may be increased, both by the aid of culture, and by the riches which will be scattered over it. It may be considered as an extract, or as a collection: as an extract, it regards myself; as a collection, its success depends on the succours which I shall receive. In the critical department, the estimable man whom I succeed, without presuming completely to replace him, leaves me an example of exactness and wisdom, of candour and urbanity, which I consider myself bound to follow. It is my purpose to speak to men of letters the language of truth, of decency, and of esteem, and my attention to point out the beauties of their works, will justify the freedom with which I shall remark their imperfections. I know better than any one, and do not blush at the avowal, how much a young author is to be pitied, when, abandoned to insult, he has modesty enough to pronounce his own interdiction. This author, whoever he be, will find in me, not a passionate avenger, but, according to the measure of my understanding, an equitable estimator. An irony, a parody, a raillery, prove nothing, and enlighten no one; they are

even more interesting to the rabble of readers than a rational and polished criticism; the moderate tone of reason has nothing consoling for envy, nothing flattering for malignity, but my design is not to prostitute my pen to the envious and the malignant. With regard to the collective part of this work, although my intention is to contribute to it as largely as may be in my power, were it merely to fill up the vacuities, I count for nothing what I may be able to perform; all my hope rests on the good will and succour of men of letters; and I dare believe that it is well founded. If some of the most estimable amongst them have not disdained to confide to The Mercury the amusements of their leisure, frequently even the fruits of a serious study; at a time when the success of this Journal tended only to the advantage of a single man, what succours ought I not to expect from the concourse of talents interested in giving it support? The Mercury is not the property of an individual; it is a publick domain, of which I am merely the cultivator and the manager."

Thus was my labour announced: it was also powerfully seconded. The moment was propitious. A flock of young poets began to try their wings. I encouraged this first flight by publishing the brilliant essays of Malfilatre; I inspired those hopes of him which he would have fulfilled, had not a premature death snatched him from us. The just praise which I bestowed on the poem of Jumonville revived, in the tender and virtuous Thomas, that great talent which inhuman critics had frozen. I presented to the publick the happy first-fruits of the translation of Virgil's Georgicks, and I dared to assert that, if this divine poem could be translated into elegant and harmonious French verse, that task would be performed by the Abbé Delille. By inserting in The Mercury, a heroick epistle of Collardeau, I evinced how nearly the style of this young poet, by its melody, its purity, its grace, and its elevation, approached the perfection of the mo-

dels of the art. I spoke plausively of the heroick epistles of La Harpe. Finally, on occasion of the success of the *Hypermnestre* of Lemierre, "See then, said I, three recent tragick poets, who inspire brilliant hopes: the authour of *Iphigénie en Tauride*, by his skilful and simple manner of gradually increasing the interest of the action, and by passages of vehement eloquence worthy of the greatest masters; the authour of *Atarba*, by animated poesy, by a round and harmonious versification, and by the lofty and bold delineation of a character to which there was nothing wanting to give it action, but contrasts worthy of his genius; and the authour of *Hypermnestre*, by pictures of the most intrepid boldness. It is for the publick, added I, to protect them, to encourage them, to console them for the outrageous attacks of envy. The Arts have need of the illumination of criticism and the impulse of glory. It is not to the persecuted Cid, but to the Cid triumphant, over persecution, that Cinna owed its birth. Encouragement inspires negligence and presumption only in little minds; with regard to elevated souls, to lively imaginations, in a word, to great talents, the enthusiasm produced by success becomes the enthusiasm of genius. They have but one poison to dread, it is that which chills them."

In pleading the cause of men of letters, I did not fail to mingle with moderate praise criticism sufficiently severe, but innocent, and uttered in the same tone that a friend would have employed with his friend. By this spirit of benevolence and equity I gained the good will of the young men of letters, and had almost all of them as cooperators.

The tribute of the provinces was still more abundant. It was not altogether precious; but if in the pieces of poetry or prose which were sent to me, there were merely negligences, inaccuracies, or defects of detail, I took care to correct them. If sometimes I found at the point of my pen some good verses, or interesting lines

I silently introduced them; and the authours have never complained to me of these little infidelities.

In the department of the sciences and of the arts, I had still abundant resources. In medicine, at that period, the problem of inoculation was agitated. The comet predicted by Halley, and announced by Clairault, fixed the eyes of astronomy; natural philosophy afforded me many curious observations, for publication: for instance, I was thanked for having brought to light the means of cooling liquors in summer. Chymistry communicated to me a new remedy for the bite of vipers, and the inestimable secret of bringing back the drowned to life. Surgery imparted to me its happy and bold attempts, and its wonderful successes. Natural History, under the pencil of Buffon, presented to me a crowd of pictures of which I had the choice. Vaucanson charged me with the description of his ingenious machines to the eyes of the publick: the architect Leroi, and the engraver Cochin, after having surveyed as artists, the one the ruins of Greece, and the other the wonders of Italy, vied with each other in enriching me with brilliant descriptions, or learned observations; and my extracts from their travels were an amusing excursion for my readers. Cochin, a man of wit, and whose was scarcely less chaste and correct than his burine, also furnished me with excellent productions on the subject of the arts which were the object of his studies. I recollect two of them, which painters and sculptors undoubtedly have not forgotten: the one, *on light in shade*; the other, *on the difficulties of painting and of sculpture, compared with each other*. He dictated the account that I gave to the publick of the exhibition of paintings in 1759, one of the finest that has, either before or since, been seen in the saloon of the arts. This disquisition was a model of sound and mild criticism; defects were exposed in it, and beauties exalted. The publick was not deceived, and the artists were content.

At this period, a new career was opened for eloquence. The French academy invited young orators to pronounce eulogies on great men; and what was my joy at having to publish that the first who, in this contest, and by a worthy panegyrick on Maurice de Saxe, had gained the prize, was the interesting young man whose courage I had so often reanimated, the authour of the poem of Jumonville, whom the sincerity of my counsels pleased at least as much as the equity of my praise, and who, in the privacy of the most intimate friendship, had made me the confidant of his thoughts and the censor of his writings!

I had established a correspondence with all the academies of the kingdom, as well with regard to the arts as polite literature; and without counting their productions which they had the kindness to send me, the very catalogues of their prizes were rendered interesting to the reader, by the correct and profound views which the questions that they proposed for determination announced, whether in morals, in political economy, or in the useful and salutary arts. I was sometimes astonished at the luminous expanse of those questions, which on all sides we received from the extremities of the provinces; nothing to me more strongly marked the direction, the tendency and the progress of the publick mind.

Thus without ceasing to be amusing and frivolous in its gay department, The Mercury did not fail to acquire, in usefulness, some influence and weight. On my part, contributing in the best manner of which I was capable to render it at the same time useful and agreeable, I often inserted some of those tales, into which I have always endeavoured to infuse a small portion of interesting morality. The apology for the theatre, which I made in examining the letter of Rousseau to D' Alembert on the subject of theatrical entertainments, had all the success that truth can have when it combats sophistry, and reason when it seizes, body to body, and closely presses eloquence.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Civil freedom is not, as many have endeavoured to persuade us, a thing that lies hid in the depth of abstruse science. It is a blessing and a benefit, not an abstract speculation; and all the just reasoning that can be put upon it, is of so coarse a texture, as perfectly to suit the ordinary capacities of those who are to enjoy, and of those who are to defend it. Far from any resemblance to those propositions in Geometry and Metaphysics, which admit no medium, but must be true or false in all their latitude: social and civil freedom, like all other things in common life, are variously mixed and modified, enjoyed in very different degrees, and shaped into an infinite diversity of forms, according to the temper and circumstances of every community. The extreme of liberty (which is its abstract perfection, but its real fault) obtains no where, nor ought to obtain any where. Because extremes, as we all know, in every point which relates either to our duties or satisfactions in life, are destructive both to virtue and enjoyment. Liberty too must be limited in order to be possessed. The degree of restraint it is impossible in any case to settle precisely. But it ought to be the constant aim of every wise public council, to find out by cautious experiments, and rational, cool endeavours, with how little, not how much of this restraint, the community can subsist. For liberty is a good to be improved, and not an evil to be lessened.

The following is a very curious, and we think it a very characteristic anecdote. The authority is highly respectable, and from our knowledge of that sly, sharpening, and scoundrel character which too often disgraces this country, should be easily led to con-

clude that the *thieves* in question were either from Vermont or Rhode Island.

Barrow in his voyage to Cochin China, describes the island of Amsterdam, a barren spot, in the solitary ocean. In this doleful place our voyager found five human creatures, three French and two Englishmen. They had been left there five months before, to provide a cargo of seal skins, for which their vessel was to return a year after. They had lived upon seabirds and their eggs with scarcely any sort of vegetable food, had enjoyed uninterrupted health, and had met with great success in hunting. Mr. Barrow afterwards heard that the ship of these poor adventurers had been captured, and that they were taken up, at the end of two years by an *American cruiser*, who landed them at New Holland, and then *ran away with the whole of their seal skins*.

The Edinburgh reviewers, in their criticism upon Herbert's beautiful translations from the Norse and the Runick, indulge themselves in a certain archness of remark which will not be disagreeable to the liberal wits of our own country.

In the famous death-song of Lodbrog, that renowned warrior has been made to assert that the joy of a bloody battle, which he had just described, was *superiour to that of sleeping with a young virgin*; and in another passage, he is made to aver yet more specifically that the pleasure of battering the helmet with the keen falchion, was like that of *kissing a young widow reclining upon a high scat*. Now whatever partiality Lodbrog might entertain for the sport of swords, and for his favourite amusement of hacking with falchions, he had too much taste to give the *preference* imputed in these passages, which are thus justly rendered by M. Herbert:

Bucklers brast, and men were slain;  
Stoutest skulls were cleft in twain,  
'Twas not, I trow, like wooing rest  
On gentle maiden's snowy breast.

Again—

where falchions keen  
Bit the helmet's polish'd sheen,

'Twas ~~not~~ like kissing widow sweet  
Reclining on the highest seat.

Such was the real and unbiassed opinion of Lodbrog, the Norse poet and warrior, and, say the Edinburgh critics, with great gravity, "truly we heartily join in it," to which we most cheerfully respond amen, even on this prudish side of the Atlantick.

—  
THE CABIN BOY—sung by Mr. Dibdin:

From dad and mam's society,  
Whose worth I dare maintain,  
I've brav'd the wind's variety  
Upon the dangerous main;  
Quite young, I'm drove about the ship,  
Though I my time employ  
In trolling a glee, or quaffing my flip,  
And I swear, and tear, and smoke and  
joke,  
And hand, reef, and steer, like an old heart  
of oak,  
Although but a cabin boy.

I've a pretty lass, as young as I,  
For whose sweet sake I roam,  
Resolv'd right manfully to try  
To bear her riches home;  
While up I mount the top or yard,  
And cannons loud annoy,  
The whizzing shot I ne'er regard  
But swear, and tear, and smoke, and joke,  
And stand to my gun, like an old heart of  
oak,  
Although but a cabin boy.

Should the news reach home (to shock her)  
That, alack! I'm lost at sea,  
Why sure in Davy's locker  
There's room enough for me:  
But if successful little Ben  
Steers homeward to his joy,  
With a cargo of shiners, niessmate, then  
I'll drink, and sing, and smoke and joke,  
And stick to my Sal, like an old heart of  
oak,  
Although but a cabin boy.

—  
The following is a beautiful description by Lord Holland, of the literary renown of Lope de' Vega.

This "Phoenix of Spanish literature," dedicated his *Corona Tragica*, a poem on the queen of Scots, to Pope Urban VIII, who had himself composed an epigram on the subject. Upon this occasion, he received from that Pontiff, a letter written in his own hand, and the degree of doctor of theology. Such a flattering tribute of ad-

miration sanctioned the reverence in which his name was held in Spain, and spread his renown through every catholic country. The Cardinal Barberini followed him with veneration in the streets; the king would stop to gaze at such a prodigy; the people crowded round him, wherever he appeared the learned and the studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this poet; and even Italians, no extravagant admirers in general of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country for the sole purpose of conversing with Lope. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew in common conversation to signify any thing perfect in its kind; and a Lope diamond, a Lope day, or a Lope woman became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities. His poetry was as advantageous to his fortune as to his fame. The king enriched him with pensions. The pope honoured him with dignities and preferments; and every nobleman at Court aspired to the character of his Mæcenas, by conferring upon him frequent and valuable presents. His annual income was not less than 1500 ducats, exclusive of the price of his plays, which Montalvan estimates at 80,000; and he received in presents from individuals 10,500 more.

—  
The subsequent passage descriptive of the fertility of De' Vega's muse seems to realize all which has been romantically asserted of the admirable Crichton, or Picus of Mirandola.

His works are remarkable for their incredible multitude, and for the astonishing facility and despatch with which they were written. In this respect he must be allowed to outstrip all writers ancient and modern. He is most wonderful, says his elegant biographer, for the prodigious number of his writings. Twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed; and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition, to have been acted on the stage. He nevertheless asserts in one of his last poems, that

No es minima parte, aunque es exceso  
De lo que está por imprimir ; lo impreso.

The printed part, though far too large, is less  
Than that, which yet unprinted, waits the  
press.

But whatever skepticism may be entertained concerning the number of his verses, all contemporary authours concur in representing the number of his plays as prodigious. "At last appeared," says Cervantes in his prologue, "that prodigy of nature, the great Lope, and established his monarchy on the stage. He conquered and reduced under his jurisdiction every actor and authour in the kingdom. He filled the world with plays written with purity and the plot conducted with skill, in number so many that they exceed eighteen hundred sheets of paper ; and what is the most wonderful of all that can be said upon the subject, every one of them have *I seen acted, or heard of their being so from those that have seen them ; and though there have been many who have attempted the same career, all their works together would not equal in quantity what this single man has composed.*"

Mentelvan asserts that he not only wrote eighteen hundred plays, but four hundred *autos sacramentales* ; and affirms that if the works of this literary idol were placed in one scale, and that of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would decide the comparison in point of quantity, and be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit, of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together.

Allowing, say the Edinburgh Reviewers, every reasonable deduction for mistake and exaggeration, enough will still be left to render this a *very interesting and extraordinary account*. These critics conclude with their usual good sense, that such instances of intellectual agility are as curious, though probably as useless, as the wonderful accomplishments of the body ; and a man who can write two thousand verses a day is as well worth crowding after as one who can walk

two hundred miles in the same period, or balance ten tobacco pipes upon different parts of his body.

#### PRIDE AND VANITY.

Those qualities are sometimes used as synonymous, although essentially different: pride, being founded on the opinion people have of their own merit, can support itself in spite of the neglect or disapprobation of others ; whereas vanity lives on the applause and admiration of those around ; and when that kind of nourishment is refused, pines and languishes with mortification. Pride, however, is gratified with praise as well as vanity, provided the praise is delicate, comes from a respectable quarter, and is accompanied with the consciousness of being deserved. But vanity devours it voraciously, however coarsely served up, from whatever quarter it comes, and whether merited or not. The vain, continually afraid of losing importance in the world, avoid those of their acquaintance, however worthy of esteem, who are in an humble situation in life, or who are unfashionably dressed, and particularly if they chance to meet them when they themselves are in company with people of high rank. The truly proud man despising such conduct, and never afraid of losing his importance, accosts the humblest of his acquaintance with equal kindness, whether he meets them when alone, or in the circles of grandeur and fashion.

#### MERRIMENT.

A young man named Eretrius, was, for a considerable time, a follower of Zeno. On his return home, his father asked him what he had learned. The other replied, "That would appear hereafter." On hearing this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who, bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, "He had learned this,—to endure a parent's anger."

Alexander, at one time, sent to Phocion a great present in money. Phocion said to the messenger, "Why does the king send to me, and to none else?" the messenger answered, "Because he takes you to be the only good man in Athens." Phocion replied, "If he thinks so, let him suffer me to be so still."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

### COLUMBIA—A New Patriotick Ode.

The following Ode was written for the occasional Concerts at the Columbian Museum in Boston, and sung, for the first time, on the evening of the 11th ult. It is from the pen of Mr. JAMES ELLISON, a citizen of Boston, and set to musick by F. SCHAFER.

From realms where mad *Ambition* reigns,  
And *Anarch* stalks th'embattled plains:  
Where Europe laves in purple gore,  
And *Mars* leads on the madden'd war;  
Fair *FREEDOM* exil'd, sought our coast,  
Here fix'd her mild and peaceful reign,  
*Oppression* fled her freeborn host;  
Recoil'd the tyrants of the main!

Then shout Columbians, brave and free,  
Ye sons of Glory—Liberty;  
From age to age, from sire to son,  
Loud shout the deeds of Washington!

He bid your *EAGLE* (perch'd on high)  
Sound *INDEPENDENCE* through the sky,  
Whilst *JOVE*'s dread thunder rock'd the world,

And on your foes his vengeance hurl'd!  
*Britannia* saw her armies bleed;  
And from your shores her squadrons flee,

*Reluctant* hail'd, (by Heaven decreed)  
*Columbia—Independent—Free.*

Then shout Columbians, &c.

Now to the azure realms of light,  
*Columbia's Genius* wings her flight:  
There sees enthron'd with gods her son,

The brave—the matchless Washington—  
He speaks, enrapt the spheres resound;  
Hark! tis your *hero's* sage command,  
"BE UNION 'mid your councils found,  
And FACTION banish'd from your land."  
Then shout Columbians, &c.

Bid the proud oaks your hills descend  
To guard your rights, your shores defend,  
With *Neptune* share his lucid plain,  
And roll your THUNDER o'er the main:  
Then should "sea-LEOPARDS" battle wage,  
*Columbia's* free born TARS defy,  
Your CANNONS death-wing'd bolts shall rage,  
Till foes proclaim your VICTORY.  
Then shout Columbians, &c.

Should hostile bands again invade,  
Your sons shall quit the peaceful shade,  
Each breast with patriot ardour glow,  
With godlike courage meet the foe:  
While *Eaton's* sword protects your land,  
*Columbian Prebles* rule the sea,  
Your foes shall fly the victor band,  
Still leave you INDEPENDENT—FREE!

Then shout Columbians, brave and free,  
Ye sons of Glory—Liberty;  
From age to age, from sire to son  
Loud shout the deeds of Washington.

### On seeing the Picture of Christ blessing the Elements.

The thought is Love, in all its kindest care:  
'Tis something more than Hope, and yet 'tis Pray'r:  
'Tis Confidence, and Resignation too.  
The eye appears with chasten'd glance to view,

On high, the Throne of everlasting day.  
The silent semblance speaks, it seems to say,  
"Vouchsafe, Oh Father! to accept in me  
The willing victim of thy dread decree:  
Be in my death fulfill'd Redemption's plan,  
And THESE the pledges betwixt God and Man."

\* Alluding not only to the recent outrage, but to the many insults offered to our flag, from almost every nation, owing in a great measure to the defenceless state of our country and its commerce.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, October 10, 1807.

[No. 15.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE PLANETS.

No. II.

“—— Bold without confine,  
“Imagination’s charter’d libertine.”

WHETHER wafted on the wings of zephyrs, or impelled by the fury of the winter’s blast; whether seated on the summit of the rainbow or guided by the dæmon that directs the storm, can never be discovered: but to the lowly scenes of earth I bade adieu, and lighted on that orb, whose beams conduct fond lovers to the couch of bliss. How, or wherefore, this could be, spirit of fancy, you alone can tell!\*

The surrounding regions differed little in appearance from some of those on earth. Africk’s wilds, that

present to the eye of the wearied traveller, no diversity of flowers, woods, or streams, affords a resemblance more just than any other that occurs to my mind: but the total absence of atmosphere impressed me with the belief that greater dangers were to be apprehended than those of famine and barbarians.† My fears, however, proved illusory; for though I supposed a cessation of breath would be attended by a cessation of life,‡ yet, in reality, incalculable benefits flow from that source, for the functions of nature are performed without the danger of inhaling a noxious atmosphere, or receiving into the system air contaminated with infection and disease.

I pursued my journey, and discerned a lofty mountain whose summit was crowned with towers and battlements. The mountain, from its height

\* Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Fenelon, have all pointed out the path by which their heroes reached another world. My friend acts at least, more prudently, for secrets so sublime should be concealed from mortal ken. Besides, perhaps curiosity would not be gratified by the information, because it would seem incredible, and in the words of Pindar, ἀπερίωτος Ἐγὼ τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν Μανίας. Let no one then attempt to lift the veil, for his endeavours will be vain. *Quid inquiris in rem absconditam?*—A.

† The dispute between Sir Isaac Newton and later astronomers, on this subject, that has been so long *sub judice*, it is to be hoped, is now decided.—A.

‡ “The wonders of modern philosophy have eclipsed the twinkling lights of Peripatetick wisdom, and shamed the doctrines of the Stagyrte with all the learning of ancient times.” Many are the visions of this philosophy. It has been supposed that the nature of man might be so improved that, arriving at the *acme of perfectability*, the body will be refined so that it can live without performing the ordinary functions of life.—A.

I supposed to be that to which philosophers have given the name of Leibnitz. § With difficulty I attained the place where stood the ruins of a once splendid wall. Sentiments of mingled hope and fear agitated me as I entered the city, and my alarms increased on seeing a number of animals, not unlike us mortals, advance towards me with looks and motions expressive of indignation, and disappointment, and with the intention, as I supposed, of hurling me back to my native planet for daring to intrude on their domains. My alarm was groundless, for each one was too much employed with his own affairs to interfere with mine. They were all speaking loudly in a language which I cannot assimilate to any in the world, but the sound of which so perfectly expressed the ideas they were intended to convey, that I completely understood every word that was uttered. || It appeared that each one had been disappointed, by the failure of some favourite design, which he had long cherished, and after bringing it almost to maturity, had met some obstacle that dispersed, in a moment, his flattering hopes. To enumerate their various misfortunes were impossible, and even if in my power would not meet with credit in this sublunary sphere. Suffice it to say, that they were all too chimerical for the scope of earthly fancy, that they embraced unlimited time for their completion, and that, at best

they depended upon the uncertain coincidence of ten thousand contingencies which no one but the calculator could suppose within the limits of possibility. I listened unperceived to the detail of their calamities, until one of them ran against me with considerable violence; but as his brains were composed entirely of hair, I suffered no other inconvenience than a discovery. No apology was made, as none was required; but I was requested to enter the imperial palace that stood hard by and unfold the object of my embassy. In vain did I protest that I was no ambassadour, but a mere wanderer who had been innocently transported into the kingdom of his Lunarian Majesty. My conductor was convinced that I must be the son, and heir of Giombolono, prime minister to the great king of Saturn, and that I had come to adjust the terms of marriage between my master and Sinsinca, eldest daughter of the great and illustrious Chrusosin, lord of the Moon.

Into the audience chamber of the emperor I was immediately conveyed, where I found that sovereign lost in profound meditation. Around him I could discover no emblems of royalty, or magnificence, no indications of absolute power, no evidences of a regard to the glory or happiness of his subjects. On the contrary, curious animals; philosophical instruments, geometrical figures, torn books, defaced maps, pens, and scraps of paper, composed the company of this worthy potentate. And around the walls were suspended pictures of engagements without arms, vessels bounding over mountains on dry land, and cities and fortifications rising out of the waters, without labour or expense.\*\* In the midst of these companions, the emperor frequently started, and gave other indications of

§ Astronomers formerly gave the names of learned men to the supposed regions of the Moon; but, like the clowns in the fable, they quarrelled about their possessions. To terminate all dispute, Helvetius of Dantzick, appropriated to the different parts the names of countries, cities, &c. as Asia Minor, Italy, Palestine, &c.—A.

|| Psammetichus, King of Egypt, (we are told by Herodotus) shut up two children with dumb nurses, so that they could hear no person speak; the first word they uttered was *bekos*, the Phrygian term for bread: he therefore determined that to be the language of nature. It has been the wish of philosophers of late to teach language in *Nature's method*. The experiment seems to have succeeded—in the Moon.—A.

¶ The reason of this will perhaps appear hereafter.—A.

\*\* If report say true, the apartment of a certain earthly sovereign bears no small resemblance to the one my friend describes. I make no comment, but with half an eye the prototype may be discerned.—A.

some strong emotion. I was about to retire, fearful lest we should disturb his sleep, but I was informed that sleeping dreams were here unknown, and that only in his waking hours did the sovereign dream. That whenever a problem of superiour interest was the object of his attention, he closed his eyes, and immediately all the external objects that might disturb his contemplation, vanished from his thoughts, and his ideas floating on the pinions of imagination, were carried into regions where anxieties exist no more. A question now occupied him of more *immediate* importance than any that had for a long time occurred. He was considering the means of confining rays of light in such a manner as to illuminate his kingdom when the Sun should cease to shine. This event, it appeared from the nicest calculation, would occur in somewhat less than five millions of years, and as the emperor was now in the nine thousand four hundred and fifty-seventh year of his reign, he was peculiarly interested in the discovery. He soon awoke from his reverie, and hailed me as the ambassador from Saturn. It was now I first discovered his feet were composed of gold, and his head of something we should take for an earth.†† So that he never moved, but was fixed to vegetate on the spot where he had been produced. With difficulty I convinced him I was a terrestrial, and that my objects were no other than those of a mere traveller, satiated with the follies of his own globe, and anxious to explore realms never before traversed by man. He expressed the greatest delight, and informed me that my appearance was very like that of the inhabitants of all the Planets, but more particularly those of Saturn. At this moment meats were served up ballanced on the points of arrows, for nowhere are the principles

of Natural Philosophy better understood or applied to more frequent use than in this palace.††

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

#### ON THE OLYMPICK GAMES, &c.

From an Original Work, entitled "Memoirs of Anacreon, translated from the Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, Esq."

(Continued from page 213.)

In the evening I reminded Anacreon of the dispute about Homer which we had heard, and asked him why he had never selected some eventful epoch in the history of his country and endeavoured to record it with the dignity of epick narrative.

"I have often thought," he replied, "that the epick poet stands upon a more lofty ground than the amatory enthusiast, for he interests both the judgment and the feelings; whereas we make our appeal only to the heart. If but a single bosom respond to the sigh of sympathy to our lays, we are satisfied, and listen to the cold censures of the critick with the most frigid apathy. It is true, that the epick writer addresses not only those who surround him, but is heard by distant posterity. But how can I be gratified by the applause which is withheld until I cannot enjoy it; and how disregarded are those laurels which may bloom not until my form has withered in the silence of the tomb.\* No, no,

†† Except at M——. Who has not heard of the table that serves up itself *à sa sponte*? of the wonderful clock? &c. &c.—A.

\* In offering this apology for his own idle and voluptuous life, Anacreon does not speak the language of the true poet. The love of Fame is an active principle, without which the world would never have been enlightened by those brilliant models of perfection which now adorn our libraries. Milton once called it "the last infirmity of noble minds," but it was that very infirmity which solaced him under the persecution of that bigotted age which forgot the poet of heaven in the "zealot of rebellion," it was that infirmity too, which led him in the pride of superiour genius to promise immortality, as the price

†† Different from the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream. Potentates, like their images at Chess, are generally impotent or indolent, leaving the duties of government to favourites and parasites.—A.

my friend, I will not waste those days which should be given to the charms of nature, and the nights that are due to the revels of mirth and festivity, in an idle pursuit of a posthumous fame. I like not distant prospects, but I will seize the fleeting moments as they fly. Let my soothing numbers impart the ecstasick thrill of love to hearts that are not cast in a frigid mould: may Beauty sweetly smile and meek-eyed Virtue not disdain to listen to my lays. Thus shall pleasure sparkle in my eyes and elastick Hope irradiate my brow. Let the blush of Cupid impart its glow to my colours, and let me gaze upon the eye of Venus when I would excite the emotions of rapture. Thus will I court the Graces and then will the Muses not reject their humble votary."

"Lo! here are my tablets. These thoughts would have lulled me to repose yester evening, had I not arose

of his personal safety; to the name of the "knight in arms," who threatened his "defenceless door" when the assault was intended the city."

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms  
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these:  
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,

Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.  
*See Milton's Sonnets.*

Longinus recommends that we should always consider what judgment posterity will pass upon us, and upon our writings; and Gray, in his commentary upon his Essay, mentions the contempt of Fame as one principal characteristic of vice in his age. "Many are the uses of good fame," he adds, "to generous minds: it extends our existence and example into future ages; continues and propagates virtue, which otherwise would be as shortlived as our frame. It is impossible to conquer that natural desire we have of being remembered; even criminal ambition, and avarice, the most selfish of all passions, would wish to leave a name behind them."

But the simple confession of the lively old Gascon pleases me more than any passage upon this subject that I have read.

"I have devoted this book to my kindred and friends, to the end, that when they have lost me, which they will do soon, they may there retrace some of my qualities and humours, and consequently, that their remembrance of me may be more lively and entire.

*Prof. to Montaigne's Essays.*

and given them a more permanent habitation than my perpetually revolving brain."

#### ON THE POWER OF BEAUTY.\*

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,  
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;  
With other wars my song shall burn,  
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.  
'Twas not the crested warrior's dart,  
Which drank the current of my heart;  
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,  
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;  
No—from an eye of liquid blue,  
A host of quiver'd cupids flew;†  
And now my heart all bleeding lies  
Beneath this army of the eyes!

"The impressions that were upon my mind," he continued after I had returned his ode, "seemed to remain during sleep, and they created a dream towards the dawn of day,‡ which I shall relate to you. My wandering fancy carried me back to the first moments of infancy. I found myself in

\* "The German poet Uz has imitated this ode. Compare also Weisse Scherz. Lieder. lib. iii. der Soldat." Gail, Degen.

† *No—from an eye of liquid blue, A host of quiver'd cupids flew;* Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, which has a fancy something like this:

Archer Love! though slyly creeping,  
Well I know where thou dost lie:  
I saw thee through the curtain peeping,  
That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of his mistress "un petit camp d'amours."—Moore.

And Nonnus calls the eyes the archers of love.

In the initial lines of this ode, in the opinion of Dr. Broome, Anacreon alludes to the famous war of the seven captains against Thebes, occasioned by Eteocles the son of Oedipus and Jocasta, refusing his brother Polynices his share in the government, though they had previously agreed, each to rule one year alternately after their father's death. Æschylus wrote a tragedy upon this subject.

‡ Theocritus was of opinion that the dreams which came about the dawn of day were more distinct than those of the night. Horace thought otherwise: *post mediam noctem vitæ cum somnia vera*, &c.

the arms of a nurse and I was terrified by the angry contention of two personages whose air and costume resembled those of our statues of Mars and Minerva. They each endeavoured to bribe the fidelity and flatter the fondness of the good old woman. One of them predicted, that I should imbibe the lessons of wisdom under her care, and, when my increasing years, had entitled me to a seat in the counsels of sages, that I should teach Experience, and the impetuosity of youth should be restrained by my eloquence. The other allured her by the brilliant display of imperial honours and excited her enthusiasm by the clangour of warlike instruments. In the midst of their altercation, they were interrupted by the entrance of a third. Their angry accents died upon their lips as they gazed upon the exquisite charms of the stranger. It was Venus herself, who left her Paphian groves to consecrate me to her worship. No youthful poet in the warmest vision of fancy ever beheld such matchless beauty. I cannot describe her to you, unless I were again transported into this mid-world and learn a new language. She beamed a bewitching smile upon the disputants, and, seizing me in her arms, in an instant relieved my nurse from their eager importunity. She bore me to fragrant groves where every perfume saluted the sense and where the myrtle gently interweaving with the branches of the lotus taught me the sweet communion of love."

"Give me my harp, Critias, and you shall observe the use I have made of this fleeting vision of the night."

Having brought the instrument to him, Anacreon then sung the following:

One day the Muses twin'd the hands  
Of baby Love, with flow'ry bands;  
And to celestial Beauty gave  
The captive infant as her slave.  
His mother comes with many a toy,  
To ransom her beloved boy;

\* His mother comes with many a toy,  
To ransom her beloved boy; &c.] Venus thus proclaims the reward for her fugitive child in the first idyll of Moschus:

His mother sues but all in vain!  
He ne'er will leave his chains again.  
Nay, should they take his chains away,  
The little captive still would stay:  
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,  
"Who could wish for liberty?"

On him who the haunts of my Cupid can  
show,

A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;  
But he who can bring me the wanderer here,  
Shall have something more rapturous, some-  
thing more dear.

This "something more" is the *quidquid post oscula dulce* of Secundus.—Moore.

By this allegory of the Muses making Cupid the prisoner of Beauty, Anacreon seems to insinuate the softening influence which a cultivation of poetry has over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty.

Though in the following epigram, by the philosopher Plato, which is found in the third book of Diogenes Laertius, the Muses are made to disavow all the influence of Love.

"Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian  
maids;"

Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of  
Charms;

"Or Love shall flutter in your classic  
shades,

And make your grove the camp of Pa-  
phian arms!"

"No," said the virgins of the tuneful bower,  
"We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's  
art;

Though Mars has trembled at the infant's  
power,

His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome Amore  
Dell' alma donna della vita mia:  
E tanta era il piacer ch' ei ne sentia,  
Che non sapea, né voleva uscirne fore.

Quando ecco ivi annodar si sente il core,  
Sì, che per forza ancor convien che stia:  
Tai lacci alta beltate orditi avia  
Del cesprio erin, per farsi eterno onore.

Onde offre infid dal ciel degna mercede,  
A chi scioglie il figliuol la bella dea  
Da tanti nodi, in ch' ella stretto il vede,  
Ma ei vinto a due occhi Parime cede:  
Et t' affaticchi indarno, Citerca;  
Che s' altri 'l scioglie, egli a legar si riede

Love, wandering through the golden maze  
Of my beloved's hair,  
Trac'd every lock with fond delays,  
And, doting, finger'd there.

*For The Port Folio.*

A literary friend has directed our attention to the following poem by the celebrated DARWIN. This poem, as appears by the letter inserted below, was sent from Altona to Dr. Aikin, the editor of the *Athenæum*. This production exhibits most of the peculiarities of Darwin's manner. But it vindicates in a great degree his claim to originality. It has been repeatedly asserted and generally believed, even by the most capricious of the criticks, that Dr. Darwin modelled his versification sometimes from the *De la Cruscan*, sometimes from Miss Seward, and sometimes from "The Mine," a poem, by John Sergeant, Esq. But the chronology of the ensuing couplets, written more than fifty years since, proves that the authour is a mannerist, and that his style is his own.

AN EARLY POEM OF DR. DARWIN.

*To the Editor of the Athenæum.*

SIR,

I send you a curiosity, like most curiosities, of no great value, but still I should hope not unworthy your acceptance. It is the juvenile production of a man who, though he will not be ranked with the classical poets of our language, certainly belongs to the distinguished literati of the age: a poem, by Dr. Darwin, written more than half a century ago. This little piece has lately been published in Germany, in an appendix to an interesting pamphlet.

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And soon he found 'twere vain to fly,  
His heart was close confin'd;  
And every curllet was a tie,  
A chain by Beauty twin'd.

Now Venus seeks her boy's release,  
With ransom from above:  
But, Venus! let thy efforts cease,  
For Love's the slave of love.  
And, should we loose his golden chain,  
The prisoner would return again!

Let the ladies attend to Mad. Dacier's note upon this ode. "This ode," says the female commentator "is very fine and the fiction extremely ingenious. I believe, Anacreon would inculcate that beauty alone cannot long secure a conquest; but that when wit and beauty meet, it is impossible for a lover to disengage himself."

On the 29th of April last, Dr. Reimarus\* of Hamburg, a physician of eminence, and a respectable writer, on a variety of subjects, principally medical and philosophical, celebrated the jubilee of his academick title of M. D. On this occasion the amiable and venerable sage, who, with the weight of 78 years, enjoys a green old age and the unbounded love and reverence of his fellow citizens, after a long life spent in a series of benevolent and patriotick exertions, was presented with a geographical memoir of himself, written by his friend Dr. Veit. In this memoir we learn that Dr. Reimarus studied at Edinburgh in the year 1754-6, where he formed a close friendship with Dr. Darwin. On the 29th of April, 1757, Reimarus took his doctor's degree at Leyden, and on this occasion received the congratulatory poem which is now for the first time made publick.

This production certainly will not add much to the authour's reputation, and a scrupulous friend of the doctor's might hesitate before he withdrew it from obscurity; but its publication, though in a foreign country, must sooner or later, make it known at home: and after all it is no disgrace to the writer, for (and this alone would render even a worse performance interesting) the authour's poetical taste and character was already formed; and the future authour of the *Botanick Garden*, published so many years afterwards, is discernible in these occasional verses. We find here the same frigid allegorisation, the same far-fetched epithets, and, in endeavour, if not in execution, the same polished phraseology and labour'd rhythmus. This gives an unexceptionable interest to the poem.

I am, sir, &c. H. C. R.  
*Altona, May, 1807.*

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\* Son of Reimarus, who wrote a work on the instinct of animals, which, if I mistake not, as well as the same authour's defence of Natural Religion, has been translated into English. The elder Reimarus's works, have something of the tone and tendency of the popular writings of Derham.

*The Medical Courtship.*

BY E. DARWIN.

In manhood's dawn when first soft hairs be-  
gin

To yield a timorous umbrage to the chin,  
Reimarus pray'd, Ye powers celestial hear,  
Send me a wife, and bless the loving pair.

Her favourite youth, the blue-ey'd goddess  
spy'd,

"Father of gods and men, O Jove! (she  
cry'd)

"Grant me unerring wisdom to employ,  
"And choose a damsel for my favourite boy!

The godhead nods, and at her wing'd com-  
mand,

Before the youth, three sister-beauties  
stand,

Each with soft words his tender bosom  
warms,

And hand in hand display their rival charms.

First gentle *Botany* the swain address'd,  
One early rose-bud blush'd upon her breast,  
She bade the Spring for him the sweets un-  
fold,

Green'd the young herb, and dipp'd the  
flower in gold.

Next pensive *Chemia* lifts the magick wand,  
And changing forms obey her waving hand,  
Metallick trees advance their silver stems,  
Bud into gold, and blossom into gems.

Last young *Anatone* steps forth, and throws  
The clouds of superstition from her brows,  
Harmless she smiles upon the crimson knife,  
Untwists each nerve, and treads the walks  
of life.

He view'd, he sigh'd, alternate passions  
burn,

Each courts, and each is courted in her turn.  
"These are my handmaids," health-rob'd

*Med'cine* cries,  
And steps all radiant from the bending skies.

Grace sat upon her cheek, and o'er her  
head

Immortal Youth his blooming honours  
spread;

Science for her his treasur'd ores improves,  
And Age and Fortune bless her as she  
moves.

The youth advanc'd, and first her hand he  
press'd,

Then clasp'd the goddess to his panting  
breast;

"O take your spouse,"—she heard his soft  
commands,

And wreath'd her serpent to their wedded  
hands.

## HOURS OF LEISURE,

*Or Essays in the manner of Goldsmith.**(Continued from Page 247.)*

Conversation is the Daughter of Reason-  
ing, the Mother of Knowledge, the Breath  
of the Soul, the Commerce of Hearts, the  
Bond of Friendship, the Nourishment of  
Content, and the Occupation of Men of  
Wit.

BALT. GRACIAN.

The Conversation of the present day  
is not at all of the species above de-  
scribed. The minds and manners of  
men appear to have been materially  
altered for the worse within the last  
century. Conversation, which was the  
test of talent and wit, is become an in-  
congruous mass of absurdity, of misce-  
rable puns, and degenerate equivocal;  
the delicate and elegant style of speak-  
ing of the belles lettres is extinct; and  
the conversation of the pen is as poor  
and barren as that of the lips: business  
and war are fatal enemies to the polite  
arts and to literature.

When the conversation of a people  
becomes vitiated, there must be some  
radical defect in the national mind and  
manners; some impoverishment of  
character among great and leading  
men; a diminution of virtue and of  
the energies of truth, which never fail's  
to loosen the bands of social life, and  
spreads the poison of example from  
the greater to the lower orders of the  
community. Religion and morality  
have been neglected, the truth forsak-  
en, and the plain pleading of common  
sense disregarded; while the plausi-  
ble falsehoods of modern philosophy  
have thrown into an ingenious per-  
spective (which appears to rob them  
of their deformities) deviations from  
which the mind would formerly have  
shrunk with disgust and hatred.

But let us examine fairly, whether  
the mind and conversation of the pre-  
sent age are depraved or not; and  
whether the garden of genius and  
taste, so beautifully laid out in En-  
gland by an Addison, a Pope,  
Steele, and a Johnson, is become wild,  
overgrown with weeds, and choked  
with the false shoots and suckers that  
weaken and injure the fair tree of lit-  
erature.

The propositions in the quotation at the head of this Essay, if considered singly, will, I am afraid, establish incontestable proofs of the poverty and degenerate state of genius and taste in the present day.

First, let us examine whether modern conversation is the *Daughter of Reasoning*, and draw our examples from real life. I have endeavoured to try this matter experimentally, and expected to prove the affirmative of the proposition in a circle of philosophers, the chief members of which were, Dr. Logick, Mr. Ratio, and Professor Skeptick : all men of profound learning. I hoped to find here that conversation was in truth the daughter of Reasoning, but alas ! I was wofully mistaken ; or if she was the daughter of Reasoning, I must confess I could not understand her language ; it was neither the Chaldean, Syriack, Hebrew, English, French, Erse, nor Chinese, but a tongue most probably unknown at the Tower of Babel. I heard distinctly the words *æsthetick, anthropology, demonology, imanint, pathological, and supersensible substratum*. I confess that I utterly despaired of being able to understand these terms without a glossary ; but as there is always a pride in man to display and communicate his own vast and superior conceptions, Dr. Logick kindly undertook to act as nomenclator, occasionally, whenever this new dialect of reason occurred. I began now to pay the utmost attention ; every wandering thought that asked admittance was refused ; and I listened with veneration to the daughter of Reasoning, not a little pleased, like most foreigners, to find that I *now and then* could understand a word ; but I was still at a great loss ; for the lady talked in too high a style for my humble comprehension ; and, after her opening the book of knowledge, she had actually proceeded to problem the second before I could comprehend the smallest part of problem the first ; but I imagine that this must have been in some measure owing to a defect or deficiency in my own reasoning faculty, as all the company, except myself, appeared

to be perfect masters of the subject ; while the most that I could make of it was, that it meant something against the Christian Religion, and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul ; but the definition of time puzzled me above any thing else, although it was stated to be, *the original perceptive representation of the possibility of simultaneity and succession*. I could not help thinking, as I was walking home, that this sort of *right reason* (as it was called) resembled very much downright madness ; and that one moral drawn from Gay's Fables was of more real value to mankind than the whole of Kant's philosophy put together. One consolation, however, was, that few would be able, any more than myself, to understand his categorical, apodictical, hypothetical, and disjunctive judgments ; in short, I came home, convinced that among those who styled themselves *modern philosophers*, Conversation was not by any means the Daughter of Reasoning.

I next sought her as the *Mother of Knowledge*, in a mixed company of men who were reputed to have considerable talents in their respective professions. It consisted of an eminent lawyer, an officer of rank, a physician, and a natural philosopher. I now seriously began to promise myself a source of entertainment and information. Conversation will indeed be here (said I) the Mother of Knowledge ; and a fruitful Mother too ; the lawyer will, doubtless, illustrate in a familiar way the laws of social life, and the reciprocities of society ; the officer will entertain us with an accurate and faithful account of celebrated and splendid actions ; the philosopher will treat of the beauties and analogies of nature and reason ; and the physician will introduce some neat and pertinent remarks on regimen and diet : but it seemed that each of these gentlemen had determined to leave the shop (as it is called) at home ; not one of them deigned to afford a word of professional information, any more than the haberdasher would of his gauzes, or the grocer of his hysons. The conversation took quite another turn ; for it

began with the Colonel's calling Mr. Hamburg, the German philosopher, Professor Humbug, which was extremely diverting; the counsellor here too recollected the worst part of his practice, and lent his assistance to *badger* the witness; as for the physician, he was employed in making punch *secundum artem*. The result of my observations in this enlightened dinner party was, that certainly Conversation was not there the Mother of Knowledge; or if she was, at any rate it must be admitted that her offspring were somewhat illegitimate.

The gay and social circle of young men, in which the heart and sentiments play freely, without the shackles of prejudice or self-interest, next attracted my attention; and here I expected to find conversation the *Breath of the Soul, the Commerce of Hearts, the Bond of Friendship, the Nourishment of Content*; and under that persuasion I went to dine with Captain Splash, Ensign Bounce, Sir Harry Dashall, Mr. Brass (a young Oxonian), and a Clergyman. It happened, that at dinner I was seated next to Captain Splash, who immediately condescended to direct his conversation to me as follows: "D——e I was devilish drunk last night; drank four bottles, Sir, by G——;" and then addressing himself to the Baronet, "How much do you think we drank last night, Sir Harry?" Sir Harry answered with the same easy and elegant stile, "D——e if I know; I only remember that I was d——d drunk; Here, waiter, give us some Madeira; Bounce, will ye take a glass of wine? Brass, what say you?" "With all my heart; Doctor, will ye join?" In short, each filled his glass, and I began to hope that it would operate to produce some lively and pleasant conversation; but it would not do; and I found that they had no resource but that of *quizzing* (as it is termed) the young Clergyman, who appeared of modest deportment, and a man of merit. Brass made the attack, and Splash and Bounce played off the same offensive artillery, till I ventured to introduce an anecdote of a celebrated divine and scholar, who happening

to take a ride near Eaton College, the young Gentlemen, prompted by the appearance of a man in a big wig and cocked hat on horseback, drew near, making many significant grimaces, and uttering a jargon of ridicule peculiar to themselves. The Doctor rode up to some of the biggest of the boys, and coolly inquired what the ceremony meant. One of them, bolder than the rest, answered him, that it was *quizzing*. "Indeed!" said the Doctor; well! I had no idea that *it was any thing so clever*." The boys drew back abashed at the keenness of this sarcasm, and ever afterwards, when they met him, bowed with the utmost respect. This anecdote, however, only produced a momentary silence among the company. Splash stared; Bounce whistled a tune; the Collegian filled his glass; and Sir Harry pulled up his boots. At length a toast from Bounce relieved them from their uneasiness; a favourite girl was given; and the events of the hazard-table the preceding evening were recorded: Splash and Bounce, winner and loser, disagreed, and played off on each other, till from innuendoes they came at last to downright abuse. There was nothing to be found like *the commerce of hearts or the bond of friendship*; nor any thing nourished, but a great deal of *discontent*; in short, some of the party quarrelled, and the evening's entertainment was succeeded by a morning's duel.

Whither (thought I) shall I next go in search of Conversation, in her pure and elegant shape; rich in information, replete with genius, and attired by the graces of wit and taste? Whither? why among the patrons of literature, among authours, among performers; it is there that she is to be found.

Away I went, and procured an introduction to a club of them; and here, I must admit, pun succeeded pun in quick succession: but, alas! every man *performed*, and to some it appeared very hard *study*; the jests came up like a bill of fare, and were frequently served again the next day. The President was extremely happy

in fishing for them, but then they were mere *tickle-backs*. The pointed repartee, the playfulness of wit, the sprightly equivoque, were wanting; and what should be natural was reduced to rules like Bob Short's *Treatise on Whist*. The President of the present day need only to be possessed of the following qualifications: he must have a certain set of toasts and sentiments, a long string of puns, the art of making ugly faces, and know something of quizzing. It may easily be imagined, that I found the tables of men like these extremely barren of conversation; I came home, but brought away nothing worthy of recollection; as for the puns, I could not remember them for the soul of me.

Perhaps (thought I) the beauties of Conversation may be found readily in the mixed companies of men and women, at the tables of persons of refined habits and taste. Away went I again, sanguine in my expectations, to the Honourable Miss Tambourine's hot supper; and here appearances promised much; the ladies looked all smiling and lovely, and the gentlemen pleasant and gay. I was happily seated next one of these complacent beauties, who, after a little pause, asked me if I danced the new steps, and whether I preferred the "Waltz," or the "Irish Shuffle." I hesitated a moment, when a lady on the other side, with a red face, told me, that she liked "Drops of brandy" very much; and that "Go to the devil and shake yourself," was monstrous charming. This staggered me a little at first, till it was explained to me that these were reels called for by ladies of the highest distinction. I could not, however, help thinking, that those whose taste it is which settles the titles of country dances, might find out names more adapted to the delicacy of the female character.

The conversation turned naturally enough from dancing to musick, and as naturally from musick to Mrs. Billington; and now I expected to hear described the sweet cadences and modulations, with the astonishing powers of execution, of that celebrated singer;

but not a syllable of the kind was uttered: Mrs. Billington was ill! what a loss to the town! her voice was divine! exquisite! Mrs. Billington was the taste, like "Drops of brandy;" but she had the misfortune to have the praise of fools who were incapable of appreciating her merits; and was brought into fashion more by the print shops than by her great talents and judgment. One must be caricatured in these days to be noticed, and merit must associate with nonsense to become known.

Let us hope that this false and wretched taste for frivolity may soon have an end. Let us hope for a change in the publick mind, and in the manners of society; and let us see where it may most easily be begun. Men of high rank must enter again into the service of Truth; they must discountenance the empty importance of the buck of fashion, who wars against all society, offends virtue, ridicules religion, disclaims prudence, and establishes false and dangerous principles, which form the manners of young men, who might probably become the ornament and pride of their country.

Let the mind become great, and the manners will improve. Let Reason again preside, and true wit and taste will again enrich our conversations; the coxcomb of the day will shrink into insignificance, and the man of merit be once more noticed and respected. A love for right reasoning will be the happy consequence, and virtue become again established among us. Though it be difficult to stem the torrent of absurdity, it may yet be done; where a Bloomfield, from the humblest path of obscurity, rises up to shame the Senate and the Bar, and draws his forcible precepts from truth and nature.

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*For The Port Folio.*

Today we have a fine treat for those who love to banquet with BURKE. Two original letters from that great orator and statesman have been put into our hands for publication in *The Port Folio*. They are entirely new in America, and have been most unac-

continually omitted in all the editions of Burke's works. Such communications from such a source are truly "a crown and sceptre" to the editor, who is indebted for them to a literary friend, always successful in his researches among the archives of polite literature.

The criticisms of this profound statesman upon the conduct of Henry of Navarre; his contempt for *popular decisions*; his abhorrence of the rebels and traitors of the French Revolution; and his just though concise character of Louis XVI, will delight every well principled reader.

In the letter to Captain W. the description of the Abbe Maury's eloquence, and the sketch of his character, are noble, well-earned compliments. The sneer at the scoundrel Mirabeau, the contempt for his base retreat from his rank, and *despicable affectation of citizenship*; the allusions to the various gaols, where this *moral reformer* was almost always to be found; and the generous disdain of his usurped authority, are all worthy of EDMUND BURKE, the favourite of Nature, the votary of Virtue, the darling of Genius, and the boast of Wisdom: a man whose *principles* as well as eloquence we can never sufficiently commend—a man whose tracts, *especially those written in the maturity* of his age, are always in our hands, not only because we are dazzled and delighted by his brilliant blaze of metaphor, but because we SUBSCRIBE IMPLICITLY TO HIS DOCTRINE, because, like him, we detest those devices, which cajole the miserable populace, and have defaced and degraded some of the finest countries in the world; because, like him, we utterly disclaim that fanatic and bastard bill of rights, promulgated by the Prices and Priestleys of Faction, and prefer that liberty, which he justly calls a noble Freedom, which carries an imposing and majestic aspect, which has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors, which has its bearings and ensigns armorial; its gallery of portraits, its records, evidences, and titles.

Letter from the Right Honourable Edmund Burke to the Translator of his Reflections on the Revolution in France.

SIR,

Yesterday I had the honour of receiving your letter, in which you desire that I may revise and soften the expressions which I have made use of concerning Henry IV, King of France.\* I am not at all surprised at

\* The passage objected to by Mr. Burke's Translator is the following:—"Henry of Navarre was a politick and active prince. He possessed indeed great humanity and mild-

your request; for since your childhood, you have heard every one talk of the pleasing manner and mild temper of that Prince. Those qualities have shaded, and almost obliterated, that vigilance and vigour, without which he would never have either merited or enjoyed the title of Great. The intention of this is self-evident. The name of Henry IV recalls the idea of his popularity; the sovereigns of France are proud to have descended from this hero, and are taught to look up to him as a model. It is under the shelter of his venerable name that all the conspirators against the laws, against religion, and against good order, have dared to persuade their king, that he ought to abandon all the precautions of power to the designs of ambition. After having thus disarmed, they have resolved to deliver their sovereign, his nobility, and his magistrates (the natural supporters of his throne), into the hands of thieves and of assassins.

It was a long time since this plot was first formed. It was resolved to put it into execution according to circumstances; and the mode adopted, of every where suspending the portraits of Henry IV was one of the means employed for the success of the design:—*a means truly perfidious, as it holds snares to the unwary, and catches mankind by the bait of their own virtues.*

Every time that this politick prince had occasion to deliver one of his insinuating harangues (which was very often) he took particular care not to be too literal in his expressions. It

ness; but a humanity and mildness that never stood in the way of his interests. He never sought to be loved, without putting himself in a condition first to be feared. He used soft language with determined conduct. He asserted and maintained his humanity in the gross, and distributed his aids of concession only in the detail. He spent the income of his prerogatives nobly, but took care not to break in upon the capital; never abandoning for a moment any of the claims which he made under the fundamental laws, nor sparing to shed the blood of those who opposed him often in the field, sometimes upon the scaffold." Page 201.

was, I suppose, to a kind of Assembly of Notables that he spoke of his design to free himself entirely from their restraint. But when he employed these courtly threats, of which, by the by, he was very liberal, he advanced his right foot, and, as he himself says, "always clapt his hand upon the hilt of his sword."

Those men whose power is envied, and against whom violent factions are formed, cannot with safety be good in any other manner. Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and all others in similar situations, who have dared to be virtuous, could never have enjoyed this arduous and critical preeminence but by inviolably pursuing all means in their power of attracting respect, and of sustaining their authority. Without this, they could not have exercised their benevolence.

In such a situation, a prince may with safety, and with as much sagacity as glory, divide his authority with his people; because then he has the power to divide at his discretion, and is not forced to abandon it.

Whatever may be the honour annexed to such a voluntary division, whatever may be the political motive that can induce a sovereign to make such a sacrifice in certain cases, Henry IV neither did the one nor the other: he never, in any manner whatever, parted with an atom of his authority. Did ever he leave it to the judgment of the citizens of Paris to determine the right which the laws of the kingdom gave him of being their king and their sovereign? Did they ever enter into any treaty with him concerning his title to the throne? Where is there in the long catalogue of the unlimited prerogatives of the kings of France (be they just or unjust), an article which he ever abandoned, limited, or even submitted to inquiry? He would have been still more illustrious, if, after having purchased and conquered his kingdom, he had done this, and if he had become the founder of a regular constitution.

Historical facts have not furnished me with the means of deciding in a proper manner, if ever he found him-

self in a situation to acquire this glory, or if he then could have made any attempts of that kind with a greater degree of safety than has been done on a recent occasion. But it is very probable that he never had any idea of this kind. If you read the *Memoirs of Sully* with attention (and I suppose that the opinions of the minister differed but little from those of his master) *you will easily perceive that they were both royalists in all the extent of expression; and with some few exceptions they constantly maintained that species of government.*

As to the blood that Henry shed, he never spilt one drop more than was necessary for the maintenance of his Right; which he on no occasion would submit to any species of popular decision: he however could kill when it was necessary. How many bloody battles did he not fight against the majority of the French nation? How many cities did he not sack and pillage! Was his minister ashamed of sharing the booty that fell into his hands? It is true, that while closely besieging his own capital, he relieved and protected the unfortunate families who, at the peril of their lives, sallied forth to gather a scanty harvest under the walls of this very capital. I approve this conduct, but it does not inspire me with an enthusiastick admiration. He would have almost been a monster in cruelty, and an idiot in politicks, had he done otherwise. But while he was so compassionate to a few wretches dying of hunger, one cannot forget that it was he himself who famished them, by hundreds and by thousands, before he was in a situation to treat thus compassionately a few isolated individuals. It is true, indeed, that in starving Paris, he did nothing but what was conformable to the right of war: but that was a right which he enforced in all its plenitude. He followed the dictates of his heart and of his policy in the acts of compassion attributed to him: as to the famine which he occasioned, it was in consequence of the position of his army. But can you support the panegyrist

of Henry IV, in regard to this very siege of Paris, when you recollect the late deplorable scarcity, and, above all, what has been done in consequence of that unhappy epoch? Of the occurrences that followed I shall not speak at present, although I think that *that* ought to be done, to inspire every honest heart with horror and indignation.

At to the "Scaffold,"—it is impossible to decide at this moment, whether it would not have been more prudent for Henry IV to have saved Mareschal de Biron, instead of cutting off his head within the walls of the Bastile. He was under great obligations to this Mareschal of France, as well as to his father; but Henry was less remarkable for his *gratitude* than for his *clemency*. As he never shed blood but for just reasons, I suppose that he thought himself obliged to do it then, on account of the good of his people, and the security of his throne. It must be allowed, however, that if he had pardoned this rash and impetuous man, he would never have been reproached with this act of commiseration.

If he imagined that the Mareschal de Biron was capable of some of those scenes which we have lately seen exhibited in your kingdom: if he supposed that he might produce the same anarchy, the same confusion, and the same distress, as the preliminaries to a humiliating and vexatious tyranny, which we were on the point of beholding established in France under the name of a Constitution,—it was right, very right, to cut, on its very formation, the first thread of so many treasons.

He would never have merited the crown that he acquired, and which he wore with so much glory, if interposing his compassion to defeat the preservative effects of a severe execution, he had scrupled to punish those traitors and enemies of their country, and of the human race;—for, believe me, there can be no virtue where there is no wisdom.

Weakness only (that is to say, the parent and ally of crimes), could have

allowed itself to be affected by misdeeds which have a connexion with power, and which aim at the usurpation of a certain degree of authority. To pardon such enemies, is to do the same thing as those who attempt the destruction of religion, of the laws, of policy, and of the prosperity of industry, of liberty, and of the prosperity of your country. If Henry IV had such subjects as those who rule France at this very moment, he would do nothing more than his duty in punishing them.

The present sovereign is in the situation of a victim, and not the avenger of rebellion. It is rather a misfortune than a crime, that he has not prevented this Revolution with that vigorous precaution, that activity, and that momentary decision which characterized Henry IV.

Louis XVI, according to what I hear and believe, has received from nature as perfect an understanding, and a heart as soft and humane, as his illustrious ancestor. These are indeed the *elements* of virtue; but he was born under the *canopy of a throne*, and was not prepared by adversity for a situation, the trials of which the most perfect and the most absolute virtue could have scarce resisted.

As to the proceedings, the men, the means, the prettexts, the projects, the consequences arising from false plans and false calculations of every nature and of every species, which have reduced this Sovereign to appear in no better light than an instrument for the ruin of his country; these are circumstances to be recorded and commented on by the historian.

These remarks, Sir, have been occasioned by reading your letter; you may print them as an Appendix to your work, or in whatever manner you please; or you may keep them for your own private satisfaction—I leave entirely to your discretion.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

E. BURKE.

Baconfield, Jan. 2, 1791.

## LETTER TO CAPTAIN W——.

(COPY.)

*Duke-street, St. James's, Feb. 11, 1791.*

SIR,

I must beg your favourable interpretation of my long silence. I have really been engaged in business which has occupied my whole mind, and made me somewhat negligent in the attentions which are most justly due from me. Amongst those I must reckon what I owe to you, for your communication of the sentiments of the Abbe Maury, and for the very polite and obliging manner in which you have made that communication.

I have to thank you for the excellent speeches of the Abbe's, which, until your goodness furnished me with them, I had never read. I had never before seen any thing of his which could furnish a proper idea of his manner of treating a subject. I had seen him only in detached pieces, and sometimes, I apprehend, under the disadvantage of a representation of his enemies. Even in that form I thought I perceived the traces of a superiour mind.

The pieces which you have been so kind as to put into my hands, have more than justified the ideas I had formed of him from reputation. I find there a bold, manly, commanding, haughty tone of eloquence; free and rapid, and full of resources: but admiring, as I do, his eloquence, I admire much more his unwearied perseverance, his invincible constancy, his firm intrepidity, his undaunted courage, and HIS NOBLE DEFIANCE OF VULGAR OPINION, AND PUBLICK CLAMOUR. These are real foundations of glory. Whenever we shall get rid of the dangers of his inviolability, and shall wish to relax in the ease and free intercourse of this land of slavery (in which he has nothing to dread from a Committee of Research, or the excellent laws of *lese nation*) he shall, with a very sincere and open heart, receive from me the *accolade Chevaleresque*, which he condescends to desire: for he has acquitted himself *en fireux Chevalier*, and as a valiant champion in the cause

of Honour, Virtue, and noble Sentiments; in the cause of his King and his Country; in the cause of Law, Religion, and Liberty. Be pleased only to express my sorrow, that the mediocrity of my situation, and the very bad French which I speak, will, neither of them suffer me to entertain him with the distinctions I should wish to show him. I will do the best I can.

I have had the Count de Mirabeau in my house—will he submit afterwards to enter under the same roof? I will have it purified and expiated, and I shall look into the best *Formulas*, from the time of Homer downwards, for that purpose; I will do every thing but imitate the Spaniard who burned his house, because the *Connetable de Bourbon* had lodged in it. That ceremony is too expensive for my finances. Any thing else I shall readily submit to, for its purification; for I am *extremely superstitious*, and think his coming into it was of evil augury; worse, a great deal, than the crows which the Abbe will find continually flying about me. *It is his having been in so many prisons in France*, that has proved so ominous to them all.

Let the hall of the National Assembly talk to itself, and take means of averting the same ill auspices that threaten it. They are a *fine nation* that send their monarchs to prison, and take their successors from the jails! the birth of such monsters has made me as superstitious as they. A friend of mine just come from Paris, tells me, he was present when the Count de Mirabeau (I beg his pardon) *Mr. Ricquetti*, thought proper to entertain the assembly with his opinion of me. I only answer him by referring him to the *world's* opinion of him. I have the happiness not to be disapproved by my sovereign. I can bear the frowns of Ricquetti the First who is theirs. I am safe under the British laws.—I do not intend to put myself in the way of his inquisition, or of his *lanterne*; which I consider as much more dangerous to honest men, though not to him, than the *bastille* was formerly.

If I were to go to France, I should think the government of Louis XVI much more favourable to liberty than that of their present king, Ricquetti the First. In one thing, indeed, I find him, though he was a bad subject, to meat least, a kind sovereign; since, in speaking of me, he has done it in the only way which could contribute either to my satisfaction or reputation.

To be the subject of Monsieur Ricquetti's invectives and of Abbe Maury's approbation at the same time, is an honour to which little can be added. Mirabeau in his gaol would be an object of my pity; on his throne (which by the sport of fortune may be the reward of what—commonly leads to what I don't chuse to name) he is the object of my disdain. For vice is never so odious, and to rational eyes, never so contemptible, as when it usurps and disgraces the natural place of virtue; and virtue is never more amiable to all who have a true taste for Beauty, than when she is naked and stripped of all the borrowed ornaments of Fortune.

Mr. Cazales and Abbe Maury have derived advantages to their fame from their disasters, which they never could have had from the most prosperous event of their conflicts; which, however, I wish may come in the end, not for their own sakes, but for the benefit of mankind.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed)

EDMD. BURKE.

For The Port Folio.

## THE FINE ARTS.

In our last visit to the Academy of the Fine Arts, we remarked that there were several additions to the Busts and Statues. Some of these are so exquisitely executed, that we take great pleasure by this call to the amateurs to excite liberal curiosity.

Among the casts the connoisseur and the physiognomist will be charm-

ed with the busts of ROUSSEAU and VOLTAIRE. Whatever by different parties may be thought of the publick or private character of these writers, their claims to the title of Genius will be readily allowed by all. They were certainly distinguished for Eloquence, Wit, Satire, versatile talents, and some tincture of learning. Nothing can more strikingly represent the different characters and peculiar traits of these authours, than the art of the Sculptor has accomplished in this instance. In the skeleton face of the authour of *La Pucelle*, you discern the sensual and the satirick striving, as it were, for the mastery. You perceive in the expression of almost every feature, the keenness and liveliness of the Wit, and the ironical sneer of the Infidel. He has the eyes of Priapus, the brow of Pan, the nose of Ovid, the mouth of Mark Antony, and the chin of Petronius Arbitrator.

On the other hand, the countenance of his great rival suggests the idea of a man, now morose and now melancholy. On his countenance, as well as that of Voltaire, you can perceive those deep traces, which the inordinate love of women never fails to produce on the visage of genius, in characters as legible as on the countenance of a Satyr. You see too the abused ardour of an eloquent madman, and a general expression in which, at one moment, you imagine may be discovered the character of a pensive sage, and in the next that of a churlish misanthrope. In short, when you gaze at these heads, little is wanting to complete your idea of Mental Power, or of ardent Passion; but for the features of that Apostolick Charity, "which suffereth long and is kind,"

For Love, which scarce collective man can fill,  
For Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill,  
For Faith, that panting for a happier seat,  
Counts Death kind nature's signal of retreat;

You may search anxiously and eagerly but you will search in vain.

*For The Port Folio.*

LEVITY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

From a walk among the tombs, we would expect to return with the most serious impressions. The merest trifles, however, may sometimes prevent them, and nothing can do this more effectually than the silly epitaphs to be found on some of the "mansions of the dead." I observed this morning the gate of a burial-ground in Malberry-street open, and walked into it to read "the records of the departed," many of which were well written, and harmonised with the solemnity of the place; but what do you think of the following?

Now I am dead, and in my grave,  
And all my bones are rotting;  
Remember me, when this you see,  
Lest I should be forgotten.

ANOTHER.

This monument is for their sakes  
Who would remember Billy Stakes.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Many, indeed a great majority of the Gentlemen and Scholars who subscribe to this Journal, are very ardently thanked for their communications, literary and pecuniary. Both are essential to the success of a periodical publication, and it is hoped that there will be no diminution of the patronage of this work; but, on the contrary, that increasing liberality will reward augmented exertion. The powers of the editor are limited, and his pretensions are of no arrogant complexion. But he omits nothing that his restricted means allow to please the publick, and by various modes to accomplish an

honourable service. Variety is his motto, and the LITERARY RENOWN OF THE COUNTRY his aim.

With this one claim, he, dubious, leaves  
the rest  
To the kind justice of each candid breast.  
He oft has ranged through Nature's ample  
fields,  
Tried what the garden, what the forest  
yields,  
Call'd every flower that lay within his view,  
And, when he woo'd it, BROUGHT THE  
WREATH TO YOU.  
If then, amid the garland of delight,  
Some simple modest flow'rets start to sight,  
Your favouring plaudits, like the genial ray,  
Will spread the opening blossoms to the  
day.  
But should his friends deny that fostering  
power,  
The authour's HOPE must WITHER LIKE  
THE FLOWER.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

VERSES

*Addressed to a young lady with a rose.*

By Lucas George.

This rose that will its bloom unfold  
In Summer's heat or Winter's cold,  
May serve, enchanting maid, to prove  
An emblem of my faithful love,  
As by thy care the rose will thrive,  
So by thy kindness I shall live;  
Neglected by thy charming eye,  
The flower will fade, and I shall die.

## MERRIMENT.

A certain monk playing at tennis with Francis the First, against some lords of his court, made one blow which decided the game in favour of the king. This prince much surprised, said, "a famous blow for a monk." "Sire," answered the monk, "you may make it an *abbe's* blow, if it is your pleasure."

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, October 17, 1807.

[No. 16.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE PLANETS.

##### No. III.

"Methinks, it were an easy leap to pluck  
bright honour  
"From the pale fac'd moon."

WHEN our philosophick meal was finished. I took the liberty of requesting the emperour, to permit me to propose some questions that excited the attention of the curious in our world, and remained unsatisfied but by vague, and fanciful conjectures, that were built on the weak basis of hypothesis alone.

"We are informed," said I, "that the large shadows in the moon, are occasioned by the seas and caverns with which your majesty's regions are said to abound." "The supposition," he replied, "is natural, but by no means correct. Indeed I thought you were well enough informed on this subject, for an illustrious king,\* about ten thousand revolves ago visited my empire to recover the lost senses of

his friend; but his residence here must have been of too short duration, to suffer him to become well informed of the phenomena of our orb. The fact is, an angel whose wings are of dimensions uncommonly great, flying in our neighbourhood, flapped the moon rather severely, and made it uneven, as you see from the earth.† The substance torn off was impelled towards your planet; and it frequently happens that smaller quantities are discharged by similar accidents, a great part of which probably you receive. The wall of my great city has been principally liable to these misfortunes from its extreme loftiness, so that I presume stones must have fallen on the earth more than any other substance."‡

"Why is it," I proceeded, "that your habit tion, has so much influence upon the minds of many terrestrials?"

† Among the fiction of Mahometanism none is more strange than the belief that the cavities of the moon are occasioned by a blow from an angel's wing. And yet such is the religion of many millions!—A.

‡ Various have been the conjectures as to the descent of stones upon the earth. It is to be hoped this explanation from the very spring, the life, the fountain head of information will prove satisfactory and conclusive. Thus far we may venture to assert, that there can be no more certain evidence of the truth than this given by my friend.—A.

\* Astolpho, who made a journey to the moon to recover the lost senses of Orlando Furioso. The story is beautifully related by the sportive darling of imagination Ariosto.—A.

He answered, " whenever the wits of a mortal leave their usual abode, they are carried by an impulse of nature to the moon and there deposited in a tower provided for that purpose. When we are nearest to you in our revolution, the lunatick feeling the approach of his senses, becomes less irrational; but when at the extremity of our ellipse, all reason vanishes and the moon-struck mortal is plunged into the depths of wildness and absurdity." I eagerly asked if I could see and enter this depository? || his majesty graciously informed me that it was open to my inspection, but that the vessels containing the different senses, must be hallowed from my touch.

With my companion, whom I now discovered to be an officer of government, to the tower of wits I proceeded; but how great was my wonder, and astonishment, on discerning amidst the vessels, the brains of numbers, whom we have been taught to consider, great and illustrious! Among obscure lunaticks, whose vessels appeared diminutive in the comparison, I observed the senses of the Moores, and the Harringtons and even the Platos whose productions have delighted and astonished the world. But in a vessel of capacity, greater than that of any other, were contained the senses of our serene chief, conspicuous to every visitor, and apparently immovable from this their last abode. § But politicians were not the sole tenants of the tower, though perhaps the most worthy. There were visionary zealots, whose incense had burned before the altars of superstition; philosophers who had worn out their lives in vain researches after the perfectibility of human nature; mechanists, whose time and talents were lost in empty speculations; heroes, the success of whose arms had taught them to believe they were immortal, and invincible; and swains who had sighed

forth their senses in the ecstasies of enjoyment, or who had been *crucied in hopeless love*. There were also alchymists impoverished in their path towards the philosopher's stone, and destroyed by the *catholicon*, that was to preserve immortal life and youth. And many a vessel bore a poet's name, who had expired in the sweets of kisses, or had been waisted on the bosom of a sigh. ¶

No small portion of the building was occupied by travellers, and with dismay I found my own name inscribed on one of the vessels. This I was permitted to open, and I felt the trammels of prejudice fall away, with the rapidity of lightning, and the rays of cool and unimpassioned judgment shine upon my mind. \*\*

Information was now brought me that if I wished to visit the realms of Jupiter, an opportunity presented itself that would not for a long time occur again, as the communication from its nature is unfrequent and dangerous. Illumined as I was, by the return of my senses, and seeing the folly of a perpetual residence in the moon, I seized the opportunity, and hastened to take leave of the emperor, regretting that I had not been able to see more of his subjects, but solaced with the reflection that in my way from the superiour planets, back to earth, I should be able to make his dominions a place of rest and recreation.

For the Port Folio.

If Mr. Oldschool approves of the enclosed performance, he will please to manifest his approbation, by giving it a place in *The Port Folio*. Mr. Q., whilst reading the piece, will please to remember the story of the old woman, who in spinning produced very uneven thread. A friend observed to her, that it would never be worth a farthing. "O!" said she,

|| Such a place is mentioned by Ariosto. O. F.—A.

§ Witness every known act during a life of more than sixty years.—A.

¶ Such as "die of a rose in aromatick pain."—A.

\*\* *O si sic omnis viator dixisset!*—A.

"in twisting it I mean to make the hills in one part hit the hollows in another."  
O. P. Q.

ALBERT:

A DRAMATICK ALLEGORY.

SCENE—A GLOOMY CAVERN.

*Albert discovered leaning in a thoughtful posture against a projecting rock.*

ALBERT.

Friendship! thou art indeed an idle dream,  
Found only in the poet's glowing soul!  
Thou art a pleasing, specious, treacherous mask,

Which Villainy assumes to hide his front—  
Thou art a vapoury vision of our youth,  
Rais'd but to vanish at our riper years,  
With the first blast of adverse Fortune's breath!

When Plenty once, in favouring Fortune's call,  
Pour'd from her copious horn her varied stores,

Then Pleasure, Ease, Contentment, Friendship, Love,

Hover'd around, and promis'd to endure—  
But when the partial goddess left my roof,  
And Plenty ceas'd to pour her copious stores,

Then Pleasure, Ease, Contentment, Friendship, Love,

(Vapours that float in fortune's warming sun,  
Chill'd by the frigid blast of Poverty)  
Sunk from my view, and left no trace behind.

The loss of wealth, of luxury, and ease,  
(Though hard to be endur'd the sudden change

From these to poverty, and want, and care)  
Would not have cost a tear, or e'en a sigh,  
Had Virtue held her empire in my breast;  
And Henry's friendship, and my Clara's love,

Remain'd unshaken 'midst the blasting storm.

But all is lost—Each fond endearing tie,  
Which bound me to this wretched, hated world,

Loos'd—Burst asunder at one dreadful blow.  
Oh Henry! this last cruel blow from thee:  
From thee, from whom no deed, no wish,  
no thought,

Was e'er conceal'd! Betray'd—betray'd by thee!

A mistress false, one whom I lov'd so well,  
Were misery which the blackest fiend would own

A plenteous banquet for his hellish mind—  
But false through thee; false through my bosom friend;

Is tenfold torture, misery supreme.

[Throws himself on the ground.]

*Enter VOLUPUOSO, speaking as she enters.*

Albert, rouse thee! Banish care,  
Leave these haunts of Melancholy,  
Where, with gloomy, horrid air,  
Sunken eyes and tangled hair,  
Oft th' infernal fiend Despair,  
Walks his round on ground unholy.

Think not man was born to grieve,  
To moulder life away in sorrow;  
Enjoy today—with Pleasure live,  
Nor waste a thought upon tomorrow.

Rouse, awaken! come and see  
Smiling Pleasure, laughing Mirth,  
Only friends of man on earth:

I will lead thee—follow me,  
Where the polish'd lake is seen,  
Fringed with a margin green,  
By whose borders nymphs recline,  
Shadow'd by the clust'ring vine;  
From their eyes, that ever rove,  
Glance the melting beams of love;  
In their bosoms gently swelling,  
Trembling transports ever dwelling,  
All the soul in bliss employ,  
And keep the senses drown'd in joy.

There the mellow breathing flute,  
Fills the air with floating pleasure;  
There, with thrilling rapture mute,  
Time forgets the hours to measure.

Or, if neither Love invite,  
Nor his sylvan scenes delight,  
I will lead thee where the air,  
Glowing with the taper's glare,  
Wafts perfuming odours round;  
Whilst the merry viol's sound,  
Wakes the soul to joy and glee.  
Albert follow, follow me!

ALBERT.

Away, thou specious, false, deceiving fair—  
Long hast thou held me in thy gilded snare;  
Long have I follow'd in thy fluttering train,  
Whose smiling masks conceal their secret pain.

Thee Folly's sons, by glittering tapers' light,

Hail as the worship'd goddess of the night—  
Enwrapt in treacherous smiles and gay deceit,

Would cheat themselves as well as others cheat—

Would fain persuade their reason to agree,  
That peace and happiness were found with thee;

But Truth with magick wand hath touch'd my eyes,

And all thy miseries in perspective rise—  
I view thy votary, by the glimmering light  
Of one small taper, in the dead of night,  
When soft lascivious musick floats no more,  
When noisy Mirth hath still'd his senseless roar,

Sleep flies his eyes, and rack'd with busy thought,

He owns his hour of pleasure dearly bought.  
Thou oft art seen in Venus' radiant court.

Where Love and all the Graces lightly  
 sport  
 Around the queen of beauty—But with  
 thee  
 Come Rage, Revenge, and madd'ning Jeal-  
 lousy,  
 Falsehood with double face, corroding Care,  
 Sickness and Sorrow, Madness and Des-  
 pair.  
 I too have worship'd in thy tinsel'd fane,  
 And bought short pleasure with unceasing  
 pain.  
 Sorrow and Misery ever haunt my door.  
 Away—for Albert is deceiv'd no more.

VOLUPTUOSO.

Then pine in misery, waste thy wretched  
 life,  
 With gloomy Melancholy ever mourn;  
 Brood o'er thy secret sorrows, till Despair  
 Shall reign triumphant, and with dread  
 command,  
 Drive thee impetuous to the realms of  
 Death. *Exit Volup.*

(A pause.)

ALBERT.

Come, gentle Sleep, thou soother of the  
 soul,  
 And spread thy mantle o'er my tortur'd  
 mind.  
 Imprison Reason—Check the mad control  
 Of racking Passion, furious, wild and  
 blind.

Strike with thy magick wand from memory's  
 page,  
 The faintest trace that thought did e'er  
 impart;  
 The burnings of my fever'd brain assuage,  
 Close my strain'd eyes, and still my throbb-  
 ing heart.

To thee, O Sleep, I sue! to thee alone!  
 No friend but thee remains to sooth my  
 soul.  
 Hope stands aloof; deceitful Joy is flown,  
 And Misery triumphs in supreme con-  
 troul.

But bring not, Sleep, Oh bring not in thy  
 train,  
 Those flitting visions which around thee  
 play—  
 Keep them for beds where ease and plea-  
 sure reign,  
 There let them frolick at the close of day.

(A long pause, in which Albert betrays ex-  
 treme uneasiness—then enter Despair.)

DESPAIR.

Albert! in vain thou call'st on sleep for  
 ease;  
 No sleep but sleep eternal will suffice,  
 Sleep comes attended by a num'rous train,  
 His various offspring, which from his em-  
 brace

With teeming Fancy, sprung—These, men  
 call Dreams.  
 Nightly with him they range; nor rage  
 unsent—

They are the ministers whom Heaven em-  
 ploys,  
 To measure justice to the slumbering world.  
 They hover round the couch where Guilt re-  
 clines,  
 And from his troubled conscience chase re-  
 pose.

In shapes most foul, most horrible and wild,  
 Enwapp'd in shapeless robes, as midnight  
 dark,

They dance obscure upon the rayless air—  
 They raise the dreadful dagger to his sight,  
 How in his ears shrill shrieks and dying  
 groans,

Which bend his heart and freeze his fever'd  
 blood.

The tortur'd wretch starts, waken'd from  
 his couch,  
 Rolls his wild eyeballs round in trembling  
 dread,

And scarce believes the direful phantoms  
 gone.

But round the bed where fearless Inno-  
 cence

In gentle slumbers wears away the night,  
 To sounds of softest melting melody,

They float in beauteous, ever-changing  
 forms,

They bid the magick scene, more rapid far,  
 Than clouds illumin'd by the western ray,  
 Glow, fade, and glow again, with brighter  
 tints

Than those that streak the brilliant heav-  
 enly bow,

Painted with sunbeams, on dissolving  
 clouds.

Then call not Sleep—For thee he has no  
 charms:

He will not come without his torturing  
 train.

For thee no rest remains but in the grave!  
 Receive this gift from me—Be wise—be  
 brave—

Live not to misery and the world a slave.  
 (Gives a dagger.)

ALBERT—starting up.

'Tis true—'tis true, Sleep will not, cannot  
 ease.

The pangs, the racking torments I endure.

—Dear, cruel, much-deceiv'd, much-injur'd  
 maid,

When Death proves how true, how deep is  
 love,

Drop o'er your wretched Albert's moulder-  
 ing grave,

One genuine tear of pity for his fate!

Think not thy Albert's angry shade is near  
 To tax thee with unkindness; no, it moves,

A guardian angel, ever by thy side,  
 To shield thee from a villain's dark designs.

From faithless, perjured Henry's damned  
 wiles—

Parents forgive me.—O forgive me heaven!  
 Detested, hated, base, unfeeling world,  
 Thus, thus, does Albert brave thy tyrant  
 power. (*Raises the dagger.*)

Despair new nerve my arm, nor let the  
 blow—

Ha! what is this? what form divinely  
 bright,

Advances through this melancholy gloom?  
 Her eyes beam heavenly lustre on the scene;  
 With steady step and dignity she moves  
 Nor can this horrid shade her beauty dim!

What art thou? say? that thus serenely  
 view'st

This shadowy group of horrors most pro-  
 found?

What is thy errand? what should tempt  
 thee down

From Heaven's eternal, glorious, blissful  
 seats,

(For never mortal shone so heavenly fair)

To such a scene as this? Oh, answer me!

#### RELIGION.

To save thee, Albert, from eternal pain,  
 To wrest the 'dagger from thy phrensied  
 hand,

I left the blest eternal realms of light,  
 Realms which to thee had been forever lost,  
 If thou thine impious purpose hadst fulfill'd.  
 Weak, blinded mortal! wouldst thou fly  
 from pains

Which vice and folly ever bring on man,  
 By such forbidden means? and hope for  
 peace?

Think'st thou that when this fragile, mortal  
 frame

Is sleeping senseless in the silent tomb,  
 That conscience too will sleep? No, Albert,  
 no!

"The soul shall never die," but when it  
 leaves

This trembling tenement, that every blast  
 Threatens to lay in lasting ruin low,  
 It loses not its native energy,  
 Feels joy and torment ever in extreme;  
 The guilt stain'd soul broods o'er its evil  
 deeds,

Acts o'er each crime in solitary gloom,  
 And feels immortal, unremitted pain:  
 E'en should the height of heavenly bliss  
 surround,

The tortur'd soul would be but doubly  
 damn'd.

Rise, follow me! Religion is my name:  
 A name oft us'd to sanction fraud and guilt,  
 To cover mad ambition, wild revenge,  
 And every furious passion found in hell.  
 The phrensied hero panting after fame,  
 Murders his thousands, cities wraps in  
 flames,

Spreads desolation, conflagration round,  
 And for the acts (worthy alone of hell)  
 Pleads to the world my mandate—some in-  
 deed

Have not in guilt's vast gulf so deeply sunk,  
 But have been cheated by th' infernal shades,

Who sometimes in my sacred name com-  
 mand;

Dread Superstition, with her iron scourge,  
 With sunken eyes, and features ghastly pale;  
 And Bigotry, who with infuriate mien,  
 With lightning-flashing eyes and blood-  
 stain'd hands

Thunders his mandates to his starting slaves,  
 And bids destruction range o'er half the  
 world.

These too their deeds and doctrines I dis-  
 claim.

They know me not: they serve not in my  
 cause;

"Peace and good will to men" to all I teach;  
 I lead men willingly to heavenly bliss,  
 Not force them on by punishment and fear.  
 True happiness with me alone is found,  
 That calm tranquillity which ne'er will fly,  
 Though bold Destruction hurl his bolts  
 around,

Nor will I leave my vot'ries when they die.

Come then Albert, follow me,  
 I will show thee peace and pleasure,  
 Set thee from thy misery free,  
 Show thee lasting heavenly treasure.

#### ALBERT.

Heavenly monitor, no more,  
 Thou hast conquer'd, thou hast won,  
 Nature smiles to me once more,  
 Glad again I hail the Sun.  
 Thou from despair canst save,  
 Religion, thou alone;  
 Lead, O lead me from the cave.

#### CHORUS.

Thus mild Religion's power  
 Can from Destruction save,  
 When in the torturing hour  
 All nature seems to low'r  
 And Misery seeks a grave.  
 At her voice Misfortune flies,  
 At her bidding Peace appears,  
 Where she turns her radiant eyes,  
 Like the mists that melt in skies,  
 When the morning hours arise,  
 Vanish doubts and fears.  
 She through worldly mazes guides  
 Safely to the closing scene,  
 Then through purest ether glides  
 With the soul to bliss serene.

#### HOURS OF LEISURE.

*Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.*

(Continued from Page 234.)

Though a coat be ever so fine that a fool  
 wears, it is still but a fool's coat.

Happy is it for England that the  
 liberty of the press is allowed; for,  
 were it not, vice and folly would reign  
 despotick tyrants, that would enslave  
 honesty, fetter merit, and banish worth

with impunity. True Reason is, or ought to be, a supreme monarch every where. Whether the jewel be found in the diadem of a prince, or in the night-cap of a philosopher sitting by his fire side in the attick story, it has equal power to reverse the erroneous judgments of little kings and little politicians, from the leaders of factions to the leaders of fashions; absurdity there makes a stand, and the philosopher strikes out with his pen the most favourite passages of pride, power, corruption, and folly. Right Reason disdains to deny his culprits the full benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act, and brings them at once to the bar of Truth, where they are compelled to pronounce sentence on themselves.

Of what a subtle and penetrating quality is Truth: how does it pervade and explore its way into every corner, even into courts, cabinets, and closets; popping up its head every now and then in spite of power, influence, or party; meddling and interfering with every thing that is wrong, and asserting with bold promptitude, the right. The tone of truth is decisive, and will not alter, from all the persuasions of eloquence, or the plausibilities of sophistry. An old blunt Advocate (now dead), whose knowledge of law was uncommonly profound, after having listened one day with great patience to the flowery declamations of two celebrated and conceited oratours, addressed the Judge as follows: "My Lord, my learned brothers have taken up a great deal of time, and have displayed a great deal of eloquence, but it all amounts to nothing; the law is simply this" (stating it in about half a dozen words); in which the Judge readily acquiesced, and which ended the cause at once.

Pity it is that the noble visitor, Reason, is not more frequently entertained; fain would he constantly inhabit his proper mansion, the human mind, directing its happiness, and protecting it, with his impenetrable shield from every danger. Happy would it be for man if he were to make Reason the sole proprietor of his inclinations and desires.

It is extraordinary that, among people who have received the advantages of a liberal education, the full stream of reason does not flow in upon the mind to fertilize and improve it. But so it is, that the soil is frequently as barren as if it had received no such nourishment. Indeed, folly and indiscretion make more havock among the greater than the lower classes of mankind; and yet they do not assimilate in the least, but keep the vices prescribed them by custom with admirable exactness.

After all, it is merely a distinction without a difference; for the favourite proposition among such as are called people of fashion, that there exists not the smallest affinity between them and the lower orders of mankind, and that they can never be brought to associate without mutual misery and disadvantage, is erroneous; setting aside the consideration, that the wealthy booby ought not to despise and discountenance his poor brother who inherits exactly the same poverty of intellect with himself.

Suppose we endeavour, by a kind of pharmaceutical operation, to decompose a few characters from each class in the nitrous acid of philosophical experience, the best menstruum for such substances.

For instance: Sir Simon Giggle, and Mr. Chubby, the fishmonger, are complete counterparts of each other, alike in shape and beauty, dullness and stupidity. Sir Simon is a little corpulent man, with a round fat face, containing a snub nose, and two little twinkling eyes, that express, in a miserable glimmer, the extreme poverty of his mind. Sir Simon never opened his mouth but to utter some very silly or commonplace thing, and laughs at every thing that is said. Mr. Chubby, the fishmonger, has no more brains than the Baronet, but is a great deal rounder in the belly, which would, apparently, stow away with ease, three barrels of his own Colchester oysters. It is as much as either of them can do to read or write without the help of Entick's Dictionary. The only difference is, that the Baronet fools away

his money, and Mr. Chubby has just sense enough to save his.

The next accidental association of intellect is to be found in the characters of my Lord Laudanum, and Dicky Cambrick, the wholesale linen-draper in Bond-Street. His Lordship is tall and thin, so is Dicky; his Lordship wears a Belcher, so does Dicky; his Lordship stares without any meaning, so does Dicky; Dicky has no brains, no more has his Lordship; his Lordship moves along at the Opera with an immense cocked hat in the one hand and a spyglass in the other; at the Opera also is to be found Dicky; his Lordship addresses a nymph of pleasure in the lobby at the playhouse with the most elegant insensibility, but as loud as he can: purposely, no doubt, to entertain and astonish the company in the box, the door of which he has just opened, "Pray is this a Tragedy or a Comedy? Who wrote this d——d thing? Is this Drury Lane or Covent Garden?" Then his Lordship slams to the door, and moves round the lobby, till he meets another unfortunate female, at whom he cocks his glass: "I beg pardon, my dear, but I must look at ye, by gad." All this precisely does Dicky. And it is really astonishing to think with how much ease a young man may, if he chooses, get rid of a *mauvais ton*, and adopt the very elegant ease, torpidity, and graceful insensibility of the man of fashion of the present day.

It should appear from the above delineations of character, that the science of Heraldry might be considerably improved, and that some new charges and bearings might with great propriety be introduced: there might possibly be found a Peer entitled to a brace of money-lenders for supporters; and a Baronet might claim a barber's block, instead of a bloody hand, in his escutcheon.

But perhaps the same striking resemblances of mind and manners are not to be found among the ladies of these classes. Let us see if there be any likeness between the Right Honourable Lady Fanciful, and Miss Maria Teresa Louisa Parmezan, the

daughter of an eminent cheesemonger in the Strand. My Lady Fanciful is proud, conceited, and a fool; but her ladyship can dance, is fond of dress, and loves dissipation. Miss Maria Teresa is just as proud and conceited, is as great a fool, and dances, dresses, and loves dissipation, just as much as her ladyship.

"Pray (cried a young sensible female, on the point of marrying a man of much superiour situation in life to her own, addressing herself to an old friend who had seen a great deal of life) give me the portrait of a woman of fashion, that I may know how to behave, for I am very much afraid that I shall fail in proper manners."—"Do not be alarmed (cried he). Did you ever see the Musical Lady at Mailliardet's?"—"Yes."—"Then there is a complete woman of fashion, and equally insensible; they have, 'tis true, graceful actions and other automaton accomplishments; but no mind, no soul. We may exclaim, How beautiful! How stupid! How elegant! How insipid! You must forget to feel, and learn to stare; and then you will possess two of the principal qualifications of a modern lady of fashion."

Now all the above parties appear to be children of the same parents, the legitimate hopeless offspring of Ignorance and Absurdity; and therefore ought, by all the laws of relationship, to love each other, and associate together in harmony.

"What then! (methinks I hear some reader exclaim) must every man of quality be a man of sense? and is it of necessity that a man of brilliant fortune should have brilliant talents?" I will not insist on any such cruel necessity; but the merit of the heart all may possess; that may be good without genius, and excellent without education. Rank and fortune have the best means to enrich the mind, and therefore the minds of the GREAT and RICH should be the best.

But perhaps the hour of improvement is at hand; for I had a very extraordinary vision a few nights since, which, to be sure, I attribute in some

measure to the innumerable phantasmagoriae that float in the imagination in this age of spectres. Mine was, however, not at all an horridick appearance. Methought a female figure, dressed uncommonly fine, with her hair fancifully tied behind with ribbands, came into my room as I was writing. "Pray, Mr. Philosopher," cried the phantom, "what is it makes you so out of temper with us people of rank; Is it from private pique or disappointment; or do you long for an introduction into the gay world?"

"Pray, who is it," interrupted I, "that I have the honour to address?"

"My name is FASHION," cried she, "and though I was originally only a lady's maid, I am now a goddess, and shall not be affronted by any philosopher, be he whom he may. If however, you wish to be introduced to a Countess, let me give directions to a tailor to dress you accordingly, and the thing shall be done. You had better accept my invitation; for you may stay in this musty garret of yours forever, unless I take you by the hand." I thought I expressed myself much obliged; a second female now entered, with peculiar ease and elegance in her manners, and modestly attired, when methought the first drew back abashed, and hid her face. I bowed very low to my new visitor, when she acquainted me that her name was Taste, and that the other female was properly appointed to attend upon her as her servant. "But," cried she, "she has offended me lately very much; she will not obey my instructions, and I have often threatened to part with her; particularly as she has the insolence at times to assume my dress, and pass herself upon the world with my name; and she came here purposely to persuade you to strike out all that you had written on the subject of modern manners; but fear nothing; there are many families wherein I yet preside; and in the end, the impostor who arrogates my attributes will be detected."—"I am glad to find," returned I, "that you visit somewhere, however; and I hope, shortly, the invitation to the

tables of the Great will become general; but I believe you have lost an old friend, who formerly resided in England, named Hospitality; I imagine it must have been this false and self-created Taste, called Fashion, who has driven her away; pray try to get her back again; but take care to leave Plenty and Contentment with the poor."—"Be satisfied," cried she, "Learning and myself have made a resolution to find out Merit, to encourage its growth, and to discountenance Folly; the rest will follow of course." With these words I thought the Genius of Taste left me; and I awoke with the agreeable satisfaction, that, if my vision could be trusted, men of quality would shortly become men of virtue; and women of quality women of taste. But although I can find no one in these days to interpret my dream, and though I do not put much faith in it myself, yet I have at least the satisfaction to think, that the day may possibly arrive; that if it do not, there will be yet sense enough left in the world to remonstrate against folly; and that, in all times and places, *be a fool's coat ever so fine, it will still be but a fool's coat.*

Naples was founded by the Greeks. The charming situation they have chosen is one proof among thousands of the fine taste of that ingenious people.

The bay is about thirty miles in circumference, and twelve in diameter; it has been named Crater, from its supposed resemblance to a bowl. This bowl is ornamented with the most beautiful foliage, with vines, with olive, mulberry, and orange trees; with hills, dales, towns, villas, and villages.

At the bottom of the bay of Naples, the town is built in the form of a vast amphitheatre, sloping from the hills towards the sea.

Independent of its happy situation, Naples is a very beautiful city. The style of architecture is inferior to what prevails at Rome; but, though Naples cannot vie with that city in the

number of palaces, or in the grandeur and magnificence of the churches, the private houses in general, are better built, and are more uniformly convenient; the streets are broader, and better paved. This is the native country of the Zephyrs; here the excessive heat of the Sun is often tempered with sea-breezes, and with gales wafting the perfumes of the *campagna felice*.

The fortress of St. Elmo, is built on a mountain of the same name. The garrison stationed here, has the entire command of the town, and could lay it in ashes at pleasure.

Though Naples is admirably situated for commerce, and no kingdom produces the necessaries and luxuries of life in greater profusion, yet trade is but in a languishing condition; the best silks come from Lyons, and the best woolen goods from England.

The chief articles manufactured in Naples are, silk-stockings, soap, snuff-boxes of tortoise-shell, and the lava of Mount Vesuvius, tables and ornamental furniture, of marble.

They are taught to embroider at Naples, better than even at France; and the Neapolitan macaroni, is preferred to that made in any other part of Italy. The Neapolitans excel also in liquors and confections; particularly in one kind of confection, which is sold at a very high price, called *diabolina*. This drug, as one may guess, from its name, is of a very hot and stimulating nature.

The inhabitants of this town are computed at three hundred and fifty thousand. The citizens of Naples, have few avocations of business to excite their activity; no publick walks or gardens to which they can resort; and are therefore frequently seen sauntering and conversing in the streets, where a great portion of the poorest sort, for want of habitations, are obliged to spend the night as well as the day. In the midst of all this idleness, few riots or outrages happen, because the Neapolitan is universally sober, and never inflamed with strong and spirituous liquors, as they are in the northern countries. Iced water

and lemonade are among the luxuries of the lowest vulgar; they are carried about in little barrels, and sold in halfpennys worth.

There is not perhaps a city in the world, with the same number of inhabitants, in which so few contribute to the wealth of the community, by useful or by productive labour, as at Naples; but the number of priests, monks, fiddlers, and lazzaronis, surpass all reasonable proportion; the last alone are computed at thirty or forty thousand. If these poor fellows are idle, it is not their own fault; they are continually running about the streets, as we are told of the artificers of China; offering their service, and begging for employment; and are considered, by many, as of more real utility, than any of the classes above-mentioned.

The Neapolitan nobility are excessively fond of splendour and show. This appears in the brilliancy of their equipages, the number of their attendants, the richness of their dress, and the grandeur of their titles.

The Corso on the sea-shore, is the great scene of Neapolitan splendour and parade. The finest carriages are painted, gilt, varnished, and lined in a richer and more beautiful manner than in England. They are often drawn by six, and sometimes by eight horses. The ladies or gentlemen within the coaches, glitter in all the brilliancy of lace, embroidery, and jewels. The Neapolitan carriages, for gala-days, are made on purpose, with very large windows, that the spectators may enjoy a full view of the parties within. The carriages follow each other in two lines, moving in opposite directions. The company within smile, and bow, and wave the hand as they pass and repass their acquaintance. Can this amusement be very great?

The Neapolitan clergy live very much in society, attend the theatres, and seem to join most cordially in diversions and amusements. The richest and most commodious convents in Europe, both for male and female votaries, are in the city of Naples;

most fertile and beautiful hills of the environs are covered with them; a small part of their revenue is spent in feeding the poor, the monks distributing bread and soups to a certain number every day, before the doors of the convent. Some of the friars study physick and surgery, and practise these arts with great applause. Each convent has an apothecary's shop belonging to it, where medicines are delivered gratis to the poor, and sold to those who can afford to pay. The Neapolitan monks are the most superstitious of mankind; a turn of mind which they communicate with equal zeal and success to a people remarkably ignorant and remarkably amorous. The seeds of superstition, thus zealously sown, on such a warm and fertile, though uncultivated soil, sometimes produce the most extraordinary crops of sensuality and devotion, that ever were seen in any country.

*Dr. Moore.*

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*For The Port Folio.*

The following happy imitation of Spenser in the *Fairy Queen*, Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*, and Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, is the production of Dr. JAMES, of this city, a polite scholar, a skilful physician, and a benevolent man. Though it was written, we believe, while the authour was at school, no marks of crudeness or bursts of bombast disgrace the composition. It is indeed a most pleasing picture of the *tranquil sect* of the Quakers, finished in a style of sweet simplicity.

It affords us great satisfaction to have it in our power to copy it into this Journal, which was, on its first establishment, enriched by many elegant communications from the authour of these stanzas, and we hope will be again the vehicle of his literary labours.

*The Quaker Meeting.*

Of War's tremendous deeds, the din of arms,  
And acts, by Fame renown'd, fain would I sing,  
But that ambition ne'er my bosom warms,  
Nor would Calliope her succour bring

To bard that soars with too advent'rous wing.

O Shenstone! sweetest child of Fancy fair,  
Dart one fond ray, and guide the weakest quill,

That ever rashly claim'd thy guardian care,  
To point the high path up the slippery hill,  
Where thou thy lyre dost touch with still improving skill.

Themes that have ne'er been polished into rhyme,

Would a faint pencil in this verse portray,  
If, in the fond attempt to gain on time,  
No taunting critick meet me on my way,  
And with these accents rude my heart dismay:

'Vain youth, forbear, by desperate folly mov'd,

'Of poetasters the mean herd to swell;  
'But mark his strain whom laurell'd Ennius lov'd,

'What Horace, tuneful bard, has sung so well,

'How Dædalus's son, bold artist, headlong fell.'

View yonder ancient dome with trees beset,  
From which no lofty spire doth proudly rise,

Nor hence, each week, when congregation's met,

Are studied hymns e'er wing'd unto the skies,

Nor doth Amen from Parish Clerk arise.  
E'en musick's lulling charms beseecheth wrong

To those who did this modest temple rear;  
For all who to these lonely confines throng,  
Worship in guise of solemn silent prayer;  
Nor can they think that words their sinful deeds repair.

No pulpit here doth grace the naked wall,  
Nor doth the sculptor his gay art express;  
For thus they teach - Religion does not call

'For the vain ornaments of splendid dress,  
'Nor will meek Heaven superfluous grandeur bless.'

And wrong they hold it, that the flock should pay

For truths, which ought to flow without control,

Free as the silver dew, or light of day,  
To beam mild Virtue on the expanding soul,  
And spread celestial sparks, free gift, from pole to pole.

But see, o'er yonder field; the elder train  
Of village dames their little infants bring,  
Who else might loiter on the grassy plain,  
And wet their new clothes in yon babbling spring,

Which would their parents' minds with sorrow sting.

The sportive urchins oft will skip away,

To chase the partridge from the neighbour-  
ing bush ;  
And oft, with balls of well attemper'd clay,  
Will from its covert fright the trembling  
thrush,  
Nor mind the matron's careful voice which  
would them hush.

Down the slop'd hill the gayer tribe des-  
cend,  
On neighing steeds that champ the steeled  
bit,

Strait to the fane their pompous way they  
tend ;

There, midst their peers, in goodly order  
sit,

Young swains for strength renown'd, and  
maids for wit :

Such strength as at the mill door oft is seen,  
When Coin lifts the sack of mighty weight ;  
Such wit as sports in gambols on the green,  
And would the ear of nicer townsman  
grate,

He'd call it shocking stuff, and rude un-  
seemly prate.

Yet Humour her abode will deign to fix,  
Amid the lively rusticks of the place,  
And with the village hinds will often mix,  
Giving to every feat a festive grace,  
And spreading cheerfulness o'er every face.  
Let the polite, the polish'd, blame their  
joys,

Whom Nature, unconstrain'd, can never  
charm.

This is the life, which Ennui never cloy,  
Nor e'er can fell Ambition work it harm,  
Blowing, with hideous blast, its poisonous  
alarm.

See yonder youth on prancing bay steed  
ride,

While satisfaction on his broad front beams ;  
And view his gentle charmer by his side,  
For whom he wishes and of whom he  
dreams ;

Of heavenly form and mind to him she  
seems,

For her each evening anxiously he culls  
Of field flowers fair a nosegay scented  
sweet ;

For her the chesnut drops its prickly hulls,  
And the wood-pidgeon yields its savoury  
meat,

With thousand tempting gifts, which verse  
may not repeat.

And now through folding doors, full wide  
display'd,

The Assembly's grave and pious numbers  
throng,

While well each noisy buzzing murmur's  
stay'd,

With the loose prattling of the infant  
tongue ;

For oft confusion has from childhood sprung.

See the wild Elder's venerable grace,  
Mark with what slowpac'd dignity he  
moves ;

See every little eye hangs on his face,  
And over all his features fondly roves,  
For he the junior train affectionately loves.

The village teacher sits with looks pro-  
found,

And marks the entering throng with eye  
askance :

If, as he careful views the dome around,  
He should on careless pupil's visage chauce,  
He sends him straight a play-forbidding  
glance.

Of looks like these he hath a plenteous  
store,

To fright his students from each frolick  
mood :

And well they watch to see his aspect lour,  
Trying each art to avert the baleful wood,  
By sitting wond'rous still, and seeming e'en  
as good.

Silence with Sleep his empire now divides,  
While some on this, and some on that side  
nod ;

The ploughman still his steers and plough-  
share guides,

And breaks in pleasing dreams the fancied  
sod,

While the school mistress wields the birch-  
en rod.

Others, more wakeful, plan their future  
deeds,

While on increase of wealth their wishes  
stray :

The farmer thus in rapture counts his steeds,  
And deals to each his part of winter's hay,  
Till Spring renews the grass and gives re-  
turning May.

Where will not thirst of treacherous gold  
approach,

Since here, e'en here, it holds its wide do-  
main.

From the warm cit, who rolls in gilded  
coach,

To the dull carter, whistling o'er the plain,  
Does Plutus, god of shining lucre, reign.

Happy, thrice happy, are the instructed few,  
On whom fell Want ne'er lays her harpy  
claws,

But, far retir'd from mid the toiling crew,  
Live in observance of wise Nature's laws,  
And learn from her to trace the great Eter-  
nal Cause.

For The Port Folio.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

There is nothing with which the in-  
habitants of the United States have been  
so much reproached, as the little en-  
couragement given by them to the

Belles Lettres. No traveller, or Journalist, can mention us without making this charge; and even they who kindly endeavour to apologize for our defects, for the most part find our excuse in a poverty of genius, or negation of intellect with which nature has cursed our unhappy land; and for which, they think, as her operations were beyond our control, we should rather be excused than condemned.

If foreigners, however, would take the trouble to view the scenes which we present to their observation, they could not avoid seeing, at a glance why the works of fancy or imagination are less attended to than the crudest political theories, or the dryest details of mercantile calculation.

In this country, though, perhaps, a moderate competency is more general than in any other part of the world, large fortunes are rare, and the youth released from college, immediately applies himself to some business or profession, to which he finds it necessary to devote an assiduous attention in order to obtain a proper rank in society; and thus a period of life is passed in close application to business, in which, otherwise, a taste for polite literature would have been either formed or fixed; and the lustre of that eye is extinguished, which else, perhaps, had rolled "in a fine frenzy" of poetick inspiration. Youthful leisure, which *alut formetque poetam*, is almost unknown to us. How many of the English poets have felt—I might, indeed, ask, how few have not felt the *res augusta domi*? And when the poverty of their bards is so common as even to be proverbial, in a nation, the birthright of whose numerous nobility and gentry it should be to foster the Muses; shall we be reproached if, as fortune here is within the reach of every man of talents, he forsake the barren steeps of Parnassus for the rich lowlands of domestick comfort and independence? In popular governments, eloquence has justly been called the road to wealth and power, and our foes themselves will not deny that in the United States it is a well beaten one, and that some of our bratours might

safely challenge a comparison with the most exalted names which Europe could oppose to them. The literature encouraged by us is solid and useful, and although it may not have the fragrance of the flower-garden, it assuredly has the fruitfulness of the harvest field.

Among the few in this country who have wandered from "the main road of business" to stray in the paths of poesy, is PHILIP FRENEAU, who, as I have been informed, was born in New-Jersey, educated at Princeton College, and, with a singular versatility of character, has been alternately a commander of a ship, and an editor of a newspaper. A volume of this gentleman's poems, "printed at the press of the authour," is now before me, and as I think it much deserving of attention, I shall devote some pages to an examination of it.

The poet, as well as the oratour, is to be encouraged in his race *clamore plausuque*; our authour, however, if we may judge from the following lines, appears to have anticipated very little of either:

My leaves bound up, compact and fair,  
In neat array, at length prepare  
To pass their hour on time's broad stage,  
To meet the surly critick's rage,  
The statesman's slight, the pedant's sneer:  
Alas! were these my only fear,  
I should be quiet and resign'd;  
*What most torments my boding mind*  
*Is that no critick will be found*  
*To read my works and give the wound.*

Thrice happy DRYDEN! who could meet  
Some rival bard in ev'ry street:  
When all were bent on writing well,  
It was some credit to excel;  
But those condemn'd to stand alone,  
Can only by themselves be known.  
Thrice happy DRYDEN! who could find  
A MÆVIUS for his sport design'd:  
And POPE, who saw the harmless rage  
Of Dennis bursting o'er his page,  
Might well despise the critick's aim  
Which only help'd to swell his fame.

'On these bleak climes by fortune thrown,  
Where rigid Reason reigns alone;  
Where flow'ry Fancy holds no sway,  
Nor golden forms around her play,  
Nor Nature takes her magick hue,  
Alas! what has the Muse to do!

Freneau's habits of life lead to an acquaintance with Nature, and he did not pass by her with a regardless eye. The measures of his poetry, like the

subjects of his Muse, are various and desultory. The following lines, on an Indian burying-ground, are extremely beautiful: the two last stanzas are in the sweetest style of Collins:

In spite of all the learned have said,  
I still my old opinion keep:  
The posture that we give the dead  
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands—  
The Indian when from life releas'd,  
Again is seated with his friends,  
And shares again the joyous feast.”\*

His imag'd birds and painted bowl,  
And ven'son for a journey dress'd,  
Bespeak the nature of the soul,  
ACTIVITY, that knows no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,  
And arrow with a head of stone,  
Can only mean that life is spent,  
And not the finer essence gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,  
No fraud upon the dead commit;  
Observe the swelling turf, and say  
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,  
On which the curious eye may trace  
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)  
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,  
Beneath whose far-projecting shade  
(And which the ploughman still admires)  
The children of the forest play'd.

There oft a restless Indian Queen,  
Pale Shebah with her braided hair,  
And many a barbarous form is seen  
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,  
In vestments for the chase array'd,  
The hunter still the deer pursues,  
The hunter and the deer—a shade.

And long shall timorous fancy see  
The painted chief and pointed spear;  
And Reason's self shall bow the knee  
To shadows and delusions here.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

There is much reason to regret, that so great partiality should be shown for the works of European productions in preference to those of our own country. While many of our writers of real merit are suffered to be buried in obscurity for want of publick patronage, the works of Europeans are sought after, read with avidity, only because—“*Tis the fashion.*” I have lately met with a small volume printed in Carlisle, entitled “*Rural Poems.*” They are written by Hayes a young gentleman who graduated at Dickenson College in 1804, and is now Professor of Languages in said College. A second and a third reading have doubly increased my admiration of them. Hayes well deserves the name of the Thomson of America. I have transcribed a passage from *Summer* which is at your disposal. Recollect—  
“Where ye cannot exculpate, excuse.”

AN ADMIRER OF POETS.

“Such, O COLUMBIA, was the hardy life  
Of thy first heroes, frugal, virtuous, brave:  
While yet the savage hordes around thee  
raged;  
And oft called forth thy brave unwearied  
sons,  
The dangerous wild far penetrating, fought  
Against the cruel foe: while cottages yet  
stood  
In woods obscure, where now proud cities  
rear  
Their heads; ere European luxuries  
Had reached our shores. Such were thy  
hardy sons,  
Whose freeborn offspring dared their native  
rights  
With arms to hold against th' oppressive  
hand  
Of foreign tyranny, and left to us,  
Their sons, of liberty the glorious prize.

\* \* \* \* \*  
In thee fair Liberty,  
With all her bright attendants joined, hath  
fixed  
Her firm abode; beneath whose smiling  
reign  
Each virtue blooms, beneath whose patronage  
The arts and sciences delight to dwell.  
Already has thy boasted Franklin's name,  
To science, and to freedom ever dear,  
Whose eye explored the clouds, and learned

\* The North American Indians bury their dead in a sitting posture; decorating the corpse with wampum, the images of birds, quadrupeds, &c. and if it be that of a warrior, with bows, arrows, tomahawks, and other military weapons.

The thunder's awful stroke, with just applause,  
 Resounded thro' the philosophick world.  
 Thine was a philanthropick Rittenhouse,  
 Whose genius, beaming as the vernal sun  
 With milder grace attempered shone ;  
 Softly uniting in assemblage fair  
 The friend, the husband, patriot, and sage,  
 A long illustrious list of heroes thine,  
 In dangers tried, thro' war's long arduous toils

Dauntless and firm in freedom's noble cause.  
 But chief, thy WASHINGTON claims highest praise ;

Ah ! who shall dare to sing th' exalted theme,  
 Columbia's hero ! Heaven inspired bards  
 Of future times shall dignify their song  
 With his bright name, and sing his mighty deeds ;

That well-tried mind, on which dependant hung

The trembling fates of a new rising world ;  
 That firm as Allegany's steadfast brow  
 Unmoved amidst eternal storms, upheld  
 Our rising empire's tottering fabrick, 'gainst  
 Th' enormous burst of Britain's fury swelled  
 With all the triumphs of the vanquished main !  
 How glows our admiration, when we view,  
 On Jersey's plains, his little host exposed  
 To the rude wintry blast, by hunger, toil  
 And vigilance deep worn, yet curb the pride  
 Of haughty British troops, superiour foe !  
 And when at length, beneath the urgent calls  
 Of suffering nature, sunk the patriot sense ;  
 His presence, voice and great example, rouse  
 And animate his fainting troops to bear  
 Ills more than human, for their country's cause !

Immortal patriots, heaven descended band !  
 The tongue of bards thro' the long lapse of time,

Shall dwell upon your praise, and every son  
 Columbia rears, to dearbought freedom born,

Enraptured hear ; while big with gratitude,  
 His heart a blessing to your memories heaves."

\* \* \* \*

" But youth forbids the inexperienced muse  
 To try such daring themes, unused to sing  
 Of states or empires, themes for noble bards ;  
 And to the humble plain bids her return,  
 There to pursue content, an easier task."

None but those who have been eye-witnesses to the scenes described in the following, can be competent judges of its merit.

#### ON THE APPROACH OF A STORM.

" All now is bustle in the mead ; each face  
 Wears deep dismay ; the farm house vacant stands :

A mingled band of every age and sex  
 With nimble rakes and hay-forks ply the task,  
 In rolling billows urged ; th' industrious boy,

Pushing amain, drives on the increasing load ;  
 While thick behind the fast built haystacks rise.

But now concentrated in the black'ning west  
 The storm's whole force unites ; the burthened clouds

From each side roll to swell the increasing gloom,

Impending horrible. Shuddering, the farmer views

Th' approaching tempest ; in 'mid furrow next

Forsakes his plough, and drives his panting steers

Swift to the stall. With hasty steps the swains

Fly from the meads, and leave the scattered hay,

The sport of winds : The traveller winged with fears

Speeds for the inn ; urged by the frequent spur

His headlong courser flies athwart the plain.

Advancing swift the dark deep-folded clouds  
 Roll awfully sublime ; gloom, deep as night,  
 Involves th' affrighted world. And now let loose,

Fierce as Æolian storms, the mad'ning winds  
 Come roaring on ; the wild uproar of waves  
 Lashing the trembling shores, the crashing oaks,

And tumbling edifices mark their course.

In rattling volleys the impetuous hail

Pours down amain ; Start from their seats at once

Th' affrighted swains ; thickens the tempest round,

And winds ply their redoubled rage ; above  
 Loud the triumphant thunder rends the sky,

Hapless the flock that now is found unpeep'd !  
 They to the spreading elm for shelter fly

In vain : of leaves and fruit at once the trees  
 Are stripped ; while thro' their boughs loud howls

The furious blast, and drives the beating hail  
 In vain, beneath the hospitable boughs,

Their wonted seat, the birds a shelter seek :  
 While with her wings, the dove protects her nest,

She dies, a victim of parental love.  
 In thro' the window gleams the lurid blaze,

And glares against the wall with hideous light ;

Succeeding quick, the fast redoubled peal  
 Roars thro' the air : the shrieking matron, pale,

Close clasps the infant to her heaving breast :  
 Thanks heaven, one dread bolt has harmless pass'd !

But ah ! where is the next to light !

Instant, the hissing flames impetuous fill

The tottering hall ; loud cracks the parting dome

Above their heads, and sulphur smokes around ;

While all the terrours of the thunder joined  
Burst in dread tumult on the astounded ear  
Trembling aghast, behold the wretches  
stand!

Or in some corner pent in vain, to shun  
Inevitable doom: but ah! behold  
That piteous sight! the child of fondest hope,  
The tender parent or the loving spouse,  
A lifeless victim stretched.—  
Hear how with frantick grief they shriek  
around  
The blackened corpse.”

*For The Port Folio.*

The following beautiful passage from a favourite writer is not only curious for its intrinsic merit, but for suggesting a train of thought to *ROUSSEAU*, who has pursued the subject at length in his *Emilius*. Indeed, we are half inclined to think that *ROUSSEAU*, on this occasion, was little more than a Plagiarist.

It is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my residence and to which I have access, I regard as mine. By this principle, I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England; which, in the eye of the law, belong to certain of my acquaintance. In some great families, when I choose to pass my time, I am, according to the above theory, the master of the house, and he, who goes by that name, is my steward, who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveniences and pleasures of life.

When I walk the streets, I convince myself that I have a property, in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and that those kind people who sit in them, are gayly attired only to please me, upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or a birthnight. I look on the beaux and ladies, as so many parrots in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pic-

tures, a cabinet, or library that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them.

**MORTUARY.**

The following elegant tribute to departed worth is extracted from *The Athenæum*. *Col. VASSAL* was one of the ancient gentlemen of this country, and a branch of a family of distinguished rank in Boston.

Died at Monte Video. *Col. Vassal*, of the 38th regiment. He was wounded while leading his corps to the storming of that fortress and died in a few days afterwards. At twelve years of age he commenced his military career in the year 1779, and served in the 59th regiment of foot at the siege of Gibraltar. He was singularly unfortunate in not obtaining promotion commensurate to his abilities, although he purchased step by step, and it was not till 1800 that he obtained a lieutenant-colonelcy. In 1801 he took the command of the 38th regiment, and went with it to Ireland to receive 1000 drafts from the British militia: so indefatigable and zealous was he to render his regiment fit for service, that although fresh recruited, in the space of a few months they were ordered by Sir William Meadows on Dublin duty.

*Col. Vassal* was in the West Indies, and on every expedition, (Egypt alone excepted) either with his regiment, or on the staff the two last wars. He was field officer of the night on the memorable 23d of July, in Dublin, when his cool determined conduct, gained him the thanks of the Irish government, and the applause of the general officers. His firmness on that night preserved his life for a short time longer to bless his family, and to do honour to his country. He served under the separate command of several distinguished characters, among whom were the late Marquis Cornwallis, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, General Beresford, &c. who knew and justly appreciated his merits.

His private life was adorned with all the virtues and all the charities. He loved his family, for he was the best of husbands and of parents. HE LOVED HIS KING, HIS KINDRED, HIS COUNTRY, AND HIS GOD. If he had one failing, it was too great a diffidence of his own abilities. In him the country has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the army one of its choicest flowers.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Ode to the Genius of French Republicanism is stale. The painted galley of the great nation has run aground and struck her colours to a pirate from Corsica.

Though lovely *Stael* and lovelier *Stone*  
Have worked their fingers to the bone  
And cut their *petticoats* to rags  
To make her bright *three colour'd flags*.

"Laura" is not so cold as her namesake, whom **PETRARCH** loved so Platonically. Our American Lady with the liquid name is, in the language of a well known ballad

One whose soul is formed for bliss,  
Who loves to bill, to coo, and kiss,  
And cannot tell what harm it is  
To save a swain from dying.

"Paulo" is too indelicate.

The Memoirs of Cowper have appeared before.

The brain of "Clara" is addled by reading romances.

Let our correspondent X be cheered in that noble course which he seems to pursue with some despondency by remembering the victorious industry of Erasmus. In Erasmus we behold a man, who in the days of his youth,

lying under no small disadvantages of birth and education, depressed by poverty, friendless and unsupported, or very slenderly supported, MADE HIS WAY THROUGH ALL THESE OBSTACLES, and, by the help of *bright parts* and *constant application*, became one of the greatest scholars of the age, and acquired the favour and protection of princes, nobles, and prelates, of the greatest names in Church and State.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

ADDRESS TO THE POLAR STAR.

By Lucas George.

Star of the north, how oft have I alone  
In midnight walks adored thy golden throne,  
Remote from vulgar fires thou dost retain,  
Thy sphere forever in the starry plain.  
Hailed by the wretch who wanders wide  
alone,  
Thou art his guide, when all his guides are  
gone:  
Whether o'er sandy wilderness he goes,  
Strays thro' some wood, or mounts the  
polar snows;  
Or, when the needle fails his course to keep,  
Still led by thee, he ploughs the gloomy  
deep,  
While other stars disperse their radiance  
round,  
Fixed to the Pole thy faithful light is found,  
True to this globe thou dost forever shine,  
Emblem of love, and constancy divine.

---

MERRIMENT.

When marshal Tallard was riding with the duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, "my lord duke," said he, "you have beaten today the best troops in the world." "I hope," said the duke, you except those who had the honour of beating them."

When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," said he, it is not the dwelling of some poor man!"

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, October 24, 1807.

[No. 17.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### POLITE LITERATURE.

*For The Port Folio.*

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

*(Continued from page 253.)*

MANY a volume has been written on the comparative advantages of the civilized and savage life; and the expansion of intellect and personal comforts of the one have been opposed by the few wants, and proud feeling of independence of the other.

"What happier natures shrink from with affright,  
The hard inhabitant contends is right."

It is a difficult subject to give an opinion on, for to do so impartially, it would be necessary that we should add the mental improvement of the one to the hardihood of body of the other. Sitting in our study, surrounded by books, and fenced from the least inclemency of air, we shudder at the thoughts of the difficulties to which the life of the savage is exposed; while he, whose body is hardened almost beyond the sensation of pain, would view with sovereign contempt a man employing his life in turning over page after page, or scrawling black marks on paper. Notwithstanding all that has been said in favour of the civilized state, it is very certain that the Indians who have been educated at our seminaries of learn-

ing, have sighed for their former mode of life, and on returning to their tribes, immediately assumed their old habits. The following little poem very beautifully describes what may be supposed to have been the feelings of an Indian lad, who, separated from his companions, had been some time immured in a New-England College.

### THE INDIAN STUDENT.

From Susquehanna's western springs,  
Where savage tribes pursue their game,  
His blanket tied with yellow strings,  
A native of the forest came.

Not long before, a wandering priest  
Expressed his wish, with visage sad;  
"Ah why," he cried, "in Satan's waste,  
"Ah why detain so fine a lad?"

"In Tantee land there stands a town,  
"Where learning may be purchased low;  
"Exchange his blanket for a gown,  
"And let the lad to college go."

From long debate the council rose,  
And viewing Shallum's tricks with joy,  
To Harvard Hall, o'er wastes of snows,  
They sent the copper-coloured boy.

One generous chief a bow supplied,  
This gave a sheaf, and that a skin;  
The feathers, in vermilion dy'd,  
Himself did from a turkey win.

Thus dress'd so gay, he took his way  
O'er barren hills, alone, alone!  
His guide a star, he wander'd far,  
His pillow ev'ry night a stone.

At last he came, with foot so lame,  
Where learned men talk heathen Greek,

And Hebrew lore is gabbled o'er,  
To please the Muses, twice a week.

Awhile he writ, awhile he read,  
Awhile he conn'd their grammar rules—  
An Indian savage so well bred,  
Great credit promis'd to the schools.

Some thought he would in *law* excel,  
Some said in *physick* he would shine;  
And one, who knew him passing well,  
Beheld, in him, a sound divine.

But those of more discerning eye,  
Even then could other prospects show,  
And saw him lay his *Virgil* by  
To wander with his dearer bow.

The tedious hours of study spent,  
The heavy-moulded lecture done,  
He to the woods a hunting went,  
Through lonely wastes he'd walk, he'd run.

No mystick wonders fir'd his mind;  
He sought to gain no learn'd degree,  
But only sense enough to find  
The squirrel in the hollow tree.

The shady bank, the purling stream,  
The woody wild his heart possess'd;  
The dewy lawn his morning dream  
In Fancy's gayest colours dress'd.

"And why (he cry'd) did I forsake  
"My native woods for gloomy walls!  
"The silver brook, the limpid lake,  
"For musty books and college halls!

"A little could my wants supply:  
"Can wealth and honour give me more?  
"Or will the sylvan god deny  
"The humble treat he gave before?

"Let seraphs gain the bright abode,  
"And Heaven's sublimest mansions see;  
"I only bow to NATURE'S GOD,  
"The land of shades will do for me.

"These dreadful secrets of the sky  
"Alarm my soul with chilling fear—  
"Do planets in their orbits fly?  
"And is the earth, indeed, a sphere?

"Let planets still their *course* pursue,  
"And comets to the CENTRE run;  
"In him my faithful friend I view,  
"The image of my God—the SUN.

"Where Nature's ancient forests grow,  
"And mingled laurel never fades,  
"My heart is fix'd;—and I must go  
"To die among my native shades."

He spoke, and to the western springs,  
(His gown discharg'd, his money spent,  
His blanket tied with yellow strings)  
The native of the forest went.

Freneau very seldom attuned his lyre to love, and in his works we find none of those "fabled tortures, quaint and tame," so common in the writings of the amatory poets. The following stanzas conclude an address, in a seaman's phrase, to a "scornful lady;" and although the threat of Time punishing the fair one for her cruelty is very common, yet the introduction of this personage in the last line is certainly very uncommon:

Ah, Celia, what a strange mistake,  
To ruin thus for ruin's sake;  
Thus to delude us, in distress,  
And quit the prize you should possess.

Years may advance with silent pace,  
And rob that form of ev'ry grace;  
And all your conquests be repaid  
By—Teague O'Murphy, and his spade.

In many passages he evinces a capacity for the pathetick; but in general passes rapidly to other sensations. The following lines are not unlike some written by Cowper on seeing a favourite grove of trees cut down:

Inspir'd at the sound, while the *same* she repeats,  
Wild fancy conveys me to Hudson's retreats—

At sweet recollection of juvenile dreams,  
In the groves and the forests that skirted his streams!

How often with rapture those streams were survey'd,

When, sick of the city, I flew to the shade!  
How often the bard and the peasant shall mourn

Ere those groves shall revive, and those shades shall return!

And again, with a happy allusion to one of the emblems of Time:

But days such as these were too happy to last;  
The sand of felicity settled too fast!

The lines to his dog are an affectionate recollection of that faithful animal, and all who read them will remember the days of their boyhood.

How oft in the year shall I visit your grave,  
Amid the lone forest that shadows the wave!  
How often lament, when the day's at its close,  
That a mile from my cot is your place of repose!

Ah here (I will say) in this path he has run ;  
And there stands a tree where a squirrel  
he won ;  
And here, in this spot where the willow  
trees grow,  
He dragg'd out a rabbit that lurk'd in the  
snow.

Speaking of the battle of Eutaw  
springs, his language is both pathetic  
and forcible, and the epitaph on those  
who were slain in the action, is, at  
once, beautifully simple and compre-  
hensive :

Ah ! had our friends that led the fray  
Surviv'd the ruins of that day,  
We should not mix our joy with pain,  
Nor, sympathizing, now complain.

Strange ! that of those who nobly dare  
Death always claims so large a share !  
That those of virtue most refin'd,  
Are soonest to the grave consign'd !

But fame is theirs—and future days  
On pillar'd brass shall tell their praise ;  
Shall tell—when cold neglect is dead—  
“ *These* for their country fought and bled.”

Freneau has given several transla-  
tions and imitations from the Latin  
and French. The conclusion of the  
sixteenth ode of the second book of  
Horace,

On me a poor and small domain,  
With something of a poet's vein,  
Kind fate bestow'd—and share of pride  
To spurn a scoundrel from my side,

is extremely indignant, and expresses  
the very sensations of the Prince of  
lyrick poets :

— Mihi parva rura, et  
Spiritus Graiæ tenuem camenæ  
Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum  
Spernere vulgus.

The Address to a Jug of Rum is  
very much in the manner of Swift,  
who, with all his power of condensing  
his expression, could not afford us a  
better example of the *multum in parvo*  
than the following :

Here only by a cork control'd,  
And slender walls of earthen mould,  
In all the pomp of death repose  
The seeds of many a bloody nose ;  
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath,  
The fist for fighting nothing loth,  
The passion which no words can tame,

That bursts, like sulphur, into flame ;  
The nose carbuncled, glowing red,  
The bloated eye, the broken head ;  
The tree that bears the deadly fruit  
Of murder, maiming, and dispute ;  
Assault that Innocence assails,  
The images of gloomy jails,  
The giddy thought, on mischief bent,  
The midnight hour in riot spent ;  
All these within this jug appear,  
And Jack, the hangman, in the rear !

(To be continued.)

## THE FINE ARTS.

A gentleman of musical science  
and taste, and upon whose veracity we  
can place the utmost reliance, has fa-  
voured us with the following very cu-  
rious particulars of a circumstance to  
which he himself, as well as many  
people of the highest respectability,  
have at various times been a witness :

“ It is no less singular than true,  
that a gentleman of fortune, in the  
West of England, can actually *sing a*  
*duet* ; and, what is truly astonishing,  
he can reserve an octave ; ascending  
in one *clef* and descending in another  
at the same moment. He sings the  
treble and bass of Shakspeare's beau-  
tiful glee of *Sigh no more Ladies*, in a  
very correct manner—it must be ob-  
served that he does not articulate the  
words ; but at one and the same time  
produces two distinct sounds, which  
he can govern at pleasure, and which  
resemble an Oboe and a Bassoon.”

The gentleman can give no expla-  
nation of the manner by which he  
produces two distinct sounds ; it was  
by accident he discovered that he pos-  
sessed so singular a faculty ; it is dif-  
ferent from ventriloquism, and he  
thinks cannot be attained by imitation  
or any artificial management of the  
organs of speech.

## THE USEFUL ARTS.

### *A Simple Printing Apparatus.*

Travelling comedians in England  
frequently print their playbills by the  
following contrivance. The form of  
letter is placed on a flat support, hav-

ing ledges at each side that rise within about a thirtieth of an inch of the inked surface of the letter. The damped paper is laid upon the letter so disposed, and previously inked, and a roller, covered with woollen cloth, is passed along the ledges over its surface; the use of the ledges is to prevent the roller from rising in too obtuse an angle against the first letters, or going off too abruptly from the last, which would cause the paper to be cut and the impression to be injured at the beginning and end of the sheet. The roller must be passed across the page, for if it moves in the order of the lines, the paper will bag a little between each and the impression will be less neat.

*Method of ascertaining whether Wines be adulterated with LITHARGE.*

The method most in use for discovering the very injurious mixture of Litharge with wine, is by pouring into it some pure sulphuric acid, which causes a white precipitate to fall to the bottom of the vessel.

But this is not so accurate a test of lead as water charged with sulphurated hydrogen, which is thus prepared: put into a phial a paste of sulphur and iron filings, pour on it a little sulphuric acid and pass the gas produced into a flask of water by a bent tube. This water poured on wine mixed with Litharge renders it black and flakey, and produces an abundant precipitate, which soon falls to the bottom of the vessel.

*For The Port Folio.*

### CRITICISM.

*An Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.*  
GRAY.

O'er each low tomb he breath'd his pious strain.

EARL OF CARLISLE.

4. The succeeding stanza, though one of those that will most delight every reader, has not the merit of originality. The great prototype of

this delightful picture is well known to be Virgil's. Thomson has copied it twice, but each time with less servility than Gray. In his description of *the life led by primeval ages*, the *first*, the *envied kiss*, has suggested to the *druid* of the *seasons*, the exquisite picture, or rather much more than picture:

— The *little strong embrace*  
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,  
And emulous to please him, calling forth  
The fond parental soul;

and, in *The Man lost in the Snow*, the children that *look out at the door* may be compared with those, in the elegy, that *run to lipe their sire's return*. The *blazing hearth* is in both. In Thomson it is more interesting, only from the circumstance that *the snow* lies without. In this place we may remark that Mr. Southey, in his translation of the Georgicks, has called the *first* kiss, the *foremost*. This should, by all means, be altered. *Foremost* kiss is ridiculous. *First* is a general phrase; *foremost* is *specifick*, and the species is inapplicable here. *Foremost* signifies *first* with respect to *place*; *first* refers both to *time* and *place*.

5. Is it defensible, that in the stanza which follows, the poet has used *furrow* for *plough* or *ploughshare*?

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team a field!  
How bow'd the wood beneath their sturdy stroke!

The parody of this stanza, observes Mr. Wakefield, is very diverting:

Oft have they bask'd along the sunny walls;  
Oft have benches bow'd beneath their weight:  
How jocund are their looks, when dinner calls!  
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate!

6.  
The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!

For you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and  
fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells with notes of  
praise.

Mr. Wakefield remarks that "these two verses are a specimen of sublimity of the purest kind, like the simple grandeur of Hebrew poetry; depending solely on the *thought*, unassisted by epithets and the artificial decorations of expression."

The authour of the Pursuits of Literature, amid his ridicule of the numerous Greek translations of the Elegy, selects, with strong expressions of esteem, that of Mr. William Cook, M. A. late Fellow of King's College, and Greek Professor in the University of Cambridge, of which he says, "I must own that, in many passages, Nature, Gray, and Cook, seem to contend for the mastery; but, above all, in that famous stanza, *the paths of glory*, &c. Bion or Moschus never exceeded these lines. I think they never equalled them:

Α χερὶς ευγενεῖν, χερὶς ἡ βασιλεῖδος ἡ-  
χας,  
Δαρυ τυχας, χρυσᾶς Ἀφροδίτης κακὰ τα  
δρυα,  
Παῖδ' ἅμα ταῦτα τιθῆναι, καὶ ἠΐθι μορ-  
σιμον ἄμαρ,  
Ἡρῶν κλᾶ' ὀλωλὲ, καὶ ὠχιστο ζῆνοι ἐς Ἀδαν.

To return to Mr. Wakefield. Of the second stanza, he tells us, "I cannot help thinking that the construction is too long suspended in this place, and the connexion between this exquisite stanza and the verb somewhat too remote and indistinct. I endeavoured to avoid this want of perspicuity in my translation:

Non artes pressere malæ luctamina veri  
Conscia; non castam de didicere genam,  
Nec sacra luxuriæ tulerunt, ad divitis aræ  
Indociles musæ thura cremare focos."

7. Though the language and versification of the succeeding stanza, *Can storied urn*, be admirable, the sentiment is commonplace; but, far, very far from this are the thoughts that follow:

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some ~~heart~~ <sup>part</sup> once pregnant with celestial  
fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have  
sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample  
page,  
Big with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;  
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless  
breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest,  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's  
blood.

Here, the pomp and splendour of diction, and harmony of verse, are employed to support a great philosophical truth, the equal distribution of talents and virtues among mankind. We must be careful, however, not to represent the poet as teaching that *all* men have equal talents and virtues. What he asserts is, that they equally belong to men of *all* classes; which classes are the production of wealth on the one hand, and *penury* on the other.

The illustration, which commences with two similes, has always ranked among the most favourite passages of the Elegy:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene—

Mr. Wakefield remarks, "There is no superfluity of words, in order to eke out a sentence, and to supply the rhyme; but a most happy description of the *mild radiance* of the *pearl*, that *gem* which the *ocean bears*, or produces."

Mr. W. may be in the right; but we think the language equally proper, if by *ray serene* he meant the *brightness* and *clear water* of the *diamond*, which, the poet may mean to say, is *contained*, as well in the dark *unfathom'd* caves of ocean, as in the more accessible parts of the earth. The *flower*, *born to blush* unseen, has been traced in Young's *Universal Passion*:

— Such blessings Nature pours,  
O'erstock'd mankind enjoys but half her  
stores;  
In distant wilds, by human eyes *unseen*,  
She rears her *flow'rs*, and decks her velvet  
green;  
Pure gurgling rills the lovely desert trace,  
And waste their musick on the savage race.

## MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

### THE PLANETS.

#### No. IV.

"— Longoque per æra tractu  
Fertur"— OVID.

My journey was a long one, but it was soon completed. Arrived in Saturn, I was immediately conducted to the prime ruler of that portion of the planet, upon which I alighted. His Majesty graciously ordered me an attendant from among his wisest counsellors, and directed him to do the honours of the planet.

The first remark I made was, that all the inhabitants were blind. They have no eyes, but possess an acuteness of perception, which more than counterbalances this deficiency,\* and has enabled them to discover that they have no souls. They did not even suspect their existence, until a man from the Moon was once bold enough to assert the opinion; it was accordingly examined into by the wisest of the Saturnians; they have concluded the investigation, and most perfectly established the falsity of the opinion. In consequence of this, all their actions are calculated with a reference to a temporal state, and that of very

short duration, for the longest lives in Saturn do not endure more than twenty years; at eighteen, man is in his dotage. When my conductor was informed that I possessed the faculty of vision, and had attained my thirtieth year, and that I believed myself to possess a soul, he was thunderstruck.† He regarded me as a man void of all understanding, and told me, contemptuously, that I had left my wits in the Moon. The more I contended for my position, the more ridicule I incurred, and he considered me a knave and a fool. I of course relinquished my visionary attempt; upon which he assured me that he could demonstrate to my entire satisfaction the absolute impossibility of the existence of Solar rays, the faculty of vision, or the existence of a soul, and really such were his arguments that they might have convinced a less obstinate disputant, but my prejudices were too strong to be overturned by his Logick, and I was forced to pass for an incurable lunatick.‡

As it is considered of the utmost importance by King Narcotos, that every human being should adopt a certain creed, I was informed that only two days were granted me, to consider it, and that, unless within that time, I renounced all the opinions and errors, which I had advanced, I must depart from Saturn, never to return. I strove very hard to force my prejudices on this occasion, as Saturn offered so many novelties, which, to me, were highly interesting, but, at the expiration of the time, my doubts were perceived, and I was compelled to confess them. I was consequently

\* Let it not be imagined that the want of sight deprives the Saturnians of any of the advantages of locomotion, or that it exposes them to the inconveniences which would accrue to those accustomed to its use, if deprived of sight. All their other senses are rendered wonderfully acute by the want of this. Physiologists prove this fact, by instances in which blind persons are enabled to distinguish colours.—A.

† It is absolutely impossible for those born blind to form any idea of light and colour. "Nil in intellectu," say the schoolmen, "quod non prius insensu." A philosopher once laboured very hard, to convey to the mind of a man born blind, an idea of colour: The pupil at length imagined that he had performed his task, and declared that he thought he could describe the colour of scarlet. He attempted it by comparing it to the sound of a trumpet! Vide Locke.

‡ Compare with French Philosophy.—A.

banished, lest my heretical opinions should contaminate the faith of the Saturnians.

The essential doctrines of his Majesty's creed, are, "That Saturn has existed from all eternity; that it is the centre of all possible perfections, and that mind exists only in its inhabitants, the tenants of other planets being of a very inferior grade in the scale of existence, and possessing less mind than the very brutes of Saturn. The reason why evil, in a limited degree, is permitted in this planet, is the refusal of some daring spirits to acknowledge this doctrine; if it were universal, all would be happy in this life, and sleep forever after in calm composure."

Wars are unceasing in Saturn; they arise from the purest motive that can actuate the mind—the determination to make all men happy by forcing them to adopt the creed of the most potent Narcotos. || Rebellions, however, frequently arise; they are all attributed to the improper influence of a malignant spirit from the Moon, which, from time to time, excites doubts among the Saturnians. In these wars, many engines of destruction are used, unrivalled in the histories of terrestrial warfare; compared with these, the mountains hurled against the giants, were but pop-guns. Were I to introduce them into our globe, philosophers would cease to inquire into the nature and composition of the celebrated Greek Fire of antiquity ¶ But let Satur-

nian arms, wield Saturnian weapons! Far be it from me to assist in the inhuman task of depopulating nations.\*

Love and friendship are unknown in Saturn, for as men always act for the good of their fellow creatures, and never from a principle of self-love, it follows that there can be no preference for particular individuals, all being alike dear one to another. Marriage of course is never practised, and is entirely unnecessary. Love is not a Saturnian passion. The continuance of the species is effected without the restraints of matrimony. Many and great are the advantages resulting from these regulations. Parentage is never inquired into, and family pride can have no place in the breasts of those who know not who their parents may be. Absolute equality of rights and liberties, is also produced. Liberty and equality are often spoken of on the earth, as a desirable state of things; perhaps the speediest method of producing it would be to follow the example of the Saturnians, by annulling such marriages as already exist, and by preventing all future matrimonial connexions. Let Hymen among us, yield his torch, and humbly bow to Cytherea and her son! †

As soon as the infant leaves the breast, and this is immediately after the first breakfast, it is left to the maternal attentions of Nature. As a foster-mother, she is not always very tender, and many of her nurslings perish. This, together with unceasing wars, keep the planet from being overstocked with inhabitants. The survivors are a hardy race, and live for eighteen or twenty years, the

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§ Some modern philosophers hold a similar faith.—A.

|| Such have been the generous intentions of certain religious sectarists.—A.

¶ This singular substance has excited, for ages, the attention of the learned; and its composition still remains a mystery. It is supposed to have been invented by Callinicius, an engineer of Heliopolis, in Syria, in Anno Dom. 660. It was used by the Greeks commanded by Pionates, in a sea-fight against the Saracens, near Cyzicus, in the Hellespont. It is a liquid, pursuing with great velocity the same direction which it at first receives: water does not quench it; sand checks its progress, but vinegar alone

can extinguish it. Pionates destroyed the enemy's fleet, and thirty thousand men. It was afterwards used at the sieges of Acre and Constantinople. *Vide Henry's History of Great Britain.*—A.

\* A wonderful plan for the destruction of navies, has lately been invented, and but for the known secrecy and humanity of my friend, I should have supposed the torpedo to have originated in Saturn.—A.

† *Vide Godwin, passim.*

boundary affixed by Nature, beyond which they deem it impossible to exist.†

The female sex although very beautiful are remarkably different in figure and appearance from the male. As I am not an anatomist, I cannot accurately state in what this difference of structure consists, but the space between the neck and lower extremities, forms but about one twentieth part of the height of the subject. The arms are of a different colour from the rest of the body, being variegated like marble, with blue and purple. The ladies, contrary to the order of Nature in other planets, are much more hardy than the men. Cold has no ill effect upon them, nor are they at all solicitous to defend themselves from its influence. They go almost naked in the severest weather, although Saturn is by far the coldest of the planets, being 907.956.150 English miles from the Sun, nearly ten times as distant as the earth.

I was unhappy in being forced to leave Saturn before I had satisfied my curiosity, by inquiring into its history. Philosophers may perhaps censure me for not deciding the long disputed question of its diurnal rotation; but my heresies could not be pardoned, and I was driven away!

### HOURS OF LEISURE.

*Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith*

(Continued from Page 263.)

“———Follow me no more;”

For Care by right, should go before.

GAY'S FABLES.

Care and Caution appear to be the two faithful guides appointed for us, by Providence, in the journey of life; and one would think that they came sufficiently recommended by the law

of Nature called “Self-Preservation” to be received and entertained with respect: but the fact is otherwise; for they are too frequently treated like strangers, or unwelcome guests. How often does Care show us the road, and Caution bid us take notice in vain? yet they are not very troublesome; and so grateful even for the attention of a moment, that they frequently repay it with the happiness of hours, and sometimes of years. When Care is utterly rejected and insulted, he forsakes not his companion Man; the only difference is, that he follows him and the staff with which he used to explore the way before the traveller, becomes a goad, with which he never fails to prick and torture the wanderer from truth and virtue; he watches constantly his deviations, and ceases not to plague him with the stings and scourges of disappointment and vexation, till he allows him again to go before, and submit to his direction.

Indolence, Inattention, and Inadvertence, are the sister mischiefs of human life. One of them pulls us gently to her couch of soft repose; the other allures us with the most pleasing and fascinating objects; and the third throws her veil before the glass of futurity, and usurps, with sweet dominion, the present moment. Yet these ladies, like other wantons, only smile to betray; their caresses are poison, and their attractions fatal. How often does Indolence cause us to reject all the advances of Fortune? How often does Inattention lead us from our immediate interests; and Inadvertence occasions us to run head-long into danger?

If a man would regulate his conduct in life, by just principles and the wisdom of experience, he would be much happier than he is; he may, whenever he chooses, open a volume of causes and consequences in the history of mankind, nearly similar, and varying only in names and dates; he will find riches the effect of industry, poverty of indolence, contentment of virtue, and a troubled mind of guilt and injustice, in every country and in every age.

† Certain Naturalists have attributed the slow increase in Savage nations, to the rude treatment their infants receive; those who have hardihood enough to bear it, continue robust and healthy, but those of weaker frame perish.—A.

But there are lesser points of prudence very material to the happiness of man; and which, if omitted, lead to great mischiefs and inconveniencies: for, as a slight complaint of the human frame, neglected, grows into an incurable disease, so does carelessness, in our every-day concerns, arrive at last to a mass of difficulties not easily removed. What is called "want of thought" creates one half of our most serious cares; the very words "I did not think" imply that thinking would have been of service. It is a mistaken notion, that there are any in the world who have nothing to do, though there are a great many who do nothing. The truth is, that *every man* should, in a certain degree, be a man of business; he should keep a day-book, an account between Time creditor and Time debtor, that he may be able to know whether he is getting forward in wisdom and virtue, or is become bankrupt in both.

It is a considerable advantage to a man who is to live in the busy world, to have an arithmetical head, to be able to calculate the odds and chances of fortune; such a man is generally extremely correct in all he does: the rule of addition teaches him the progress of industry, subtraction the effects of extravagance, and multiplication the value of time.

The ill effects of carelessness may be noticed in the most common occurrences of life, from the servant maid neglecting to mend her stockings, to the merchant letting his books get behind; and a lesson of the advantages of care and order may be taken from the grocer, who never takes down his cannister of hyson till he has put up that of bohea. It is astonishing how small a portion of care will sometimes prevent the greatest difficulties. But a man, to act carefully and consistently, should be perfectly sober, which is very seldom the case in this climate; for there are other drunkennesses more fatal than even that of liquor: there is the drunkenness of pride and pleasure, which fills our head with a continual vapour, and the very worst of intoxication, that

lasts till the cooling draught of disappointment and necessity sobers us again. It is Pride and Pleasure that put us above little concerns, and occasion us to treat our best friends, Care and Caution, with contempt; disdaining all control, and disclaiming all prudence, as fit only for common minds. Thus the youth of the present day drives along the road of Dissipation with an ease and indifference that astonishes those who can read the writing on the finger-post that points out the end of his career—  
WANT AND MISFORTUNE.

There is left for our contemplation a still more thoughtless, though not so bad a character as the last; and that is, the man whose mind is inundated with ideas, with good sense and non-sense, business and pleasure; who is always about something, yet doing nothing; always going out, and yet might as well stay at home: who is always in the wrong place, and always just too late. Such a one was Dick Scamper: Dick was one of the most pleasant fellows living, full of wit and anecdote; but he was a performer on the stage of the world who never attended rehearsals, and was never perfect in his part; his vices were the mere effects of chance, and his virtues the impulse of the moment. Dick had not any one established principle but good humour; and with the help of that he got out of his scrapes, or did not care a fig about them. Dick was always in haste when there was no necessity for it, and obstinately deliberate when promptitude only was required; he was constantly *remembering* that he had forgotten; innumerable were the difficulties that he created for himself, and the mistakes that he made every day, from forgetfulness. Dick has an appointment in the City; goes to the Jerusalem Coffeehouse to meet a Gentleman who was to be at Lloyd's; sends an apology, with an appointment to meet the next day at the Jerusalem, and attends very punctually at Lloyd's. Dick orders his man to be with his horse at Mile End Turnpike, exactly at four o'clock; quite forgets it, takes

the stage, discovers his mistake just as he gets a mile beyond Stratford, stops the coach, gets out, and walks all the way to town; finds his man waiting in the cold with his horse, mounts it, and rides home as if nothing had happened. Thieves are heard in his house; he gets up, dresses himself completely in his shooting jacket, and very leisurely walks down with his double-barrelled pistol to shoot them, just as they have made off with whatever of his property they could lay their hands on. Dick is in dreadful anxiety how to make up a large bill which he expects to become due the next day; runs all over the City; with great difficulty raises the amount; is quite delighted; the bill is not presented; wonders very much; runs away to the indorser's and to the banker's; finds to his astonishment that it has a month longer to run: is heartily vexed at being so lucky. Dick is told that there is some news; is frantick to hear it, puts on his servant's laced cocked hat, by mistake, instead of his own, and sallies into the street; boys takes him for the beadle of the parish, and run away from their marbles; takes no notice of them, walks into a coffee-house, sits down; is reproved by the waiter, who tells him, that it is not decent for livery servants to sit down among gentlemen; stares with astonishment; begins wondering; has half a mind to be in a passion; pulls off his hat to wipe his face, finds it laced, sneaks away, and sets off as hard as he can: falls in with the boys again, who run before him all the way he goes.

Dick loses his pocket book with several bank notes; runs about to all the bill-printers and bill-stickers, newspaper offices and criers in town; don't hear any thing of it for a week; a fine day, puts on his green coat, puts his hand in the pocket, discovers his pocket book; "Well! who would have thought it?" runs immediately with an advertisement for all the papers, stating, that the Publick need not give themselves any more trouble about his pocket book, as it was found; don't know what to do with the money he had offered for a reward; gives it to an

old maimed sailor. Dick stops one day to read at a book-stall, is very much entertained with an odd volume; an old friend passing by, Dick claps the book in his pocket and runs after him, while he himself is run after by the bookseller, who calls out "Stop thief!" a mob is presently collected, and poor Dick, in spite of his protestations, hurried away to Bow-street; meets in his way another friend, a man of high rank, catches hold of him by the coat: "My dear Lord! if ever I had occasion for a great man, it is now. Do you know, I am taken up for stealing an odd volume of *Peregrine Pickle*, though you know I have a set of the best edition at home. The Nobleman; who happened to know the eccentricities of his friend, and the harmlessness of his character, accompanies him to the office, and speaks in his favour to the Magistrates, who ask his name. The fact, however, is proved, and the book produced, and handed up to the Justice, who very gravely admonishes him for his fault, and inquires how he could have the audacity to write his name on the titlepage; Dick is still more amazed, asks to look at it; finds his own crest inside the cover, and the book to be one of his own set; abuses the bookseller, who now runs off in his turn, leaving Dick in quiet possession of his odd volume of *Peregrine Pickle*; Dick laughs, puts the book in his pocket, and is very glad to come off so well.

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For The Port Folio.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Some time since we published on the covers of this Journal, Mr. Bradford's proposals for publishing by subscription, in imperial quarto, a national and magnificent work, entitled *American Ornithology, or the History of the Birds of the United States*, by Alexander Wilson. We inserted with great cheerfulness the authour's prospectus; and we think that his work will deserve the liberal encouragement, not merely of men of science, but of the general reader. A work of this nature, executed by a man of genius, a skilful draughtsman, a lover of nature, simplicity, and the Muse, cannot be without peculiar attractions. Every polite scholar must remember with delight, the wonderful interest which the fascinating

**GOLDSMITH** has given to this pleasing portion of science, in a work which we peruse with emotions not less pleasurable than when we are engaged in the most agreeable of romances. Moreover, when the physiognomy and plumage of the feathered creation are not only scientifically, but graphically described, the value of the performance and the delight of the reader are doubled. Every number of this *Natural History* will contain the figures of ten birds, engraved and coloured from original drawings, taken from nature. As a specimen of these engravings is deposited for the satisfaction of the curious, in the Academy of the Fine Arts, we have had an opportunity of carefully examining the merit of the execution, and can bear willing testimony to the accuracy, spirit, and beauty of these interesting representations.

They are engraved, in his best manner, by **Lawson**, an artist of superior talents. Having thus recommended **Mr. Wilson**, to the favourable regard of the Publick; we will now leave him to make his introductory bow.

#### INTRODUCTION.

In the commencement of a work of such magnitude, and so novel in this country, some account will necessarily be expected, of the motives of the authour, and of the nature and intended execution of the work. As to the former of these, it is respectfully submitted, that—Amusement blended with instruction, the correction of numerous errors which have been introduced into this part of the *Natural History* of our country, and a wish to draw the attention of my fellow-citizens, occasionally, from the discordant jarrings of politics, to a contemplation of the grandeur, harmony, and wonderful variety of Nature, exhibited in this beautiful portion of the animal creation—are my principal, and almost only motives, in the present undertaking. I will not deny that there may also be other incitements. Biassed, almost from infancy, by a fondness for birds, and little less than an enthusiast in my researches after them, I feel happy to communicate my observations to others, probably from the mere principle of self-gratification, that source of so many, even of our most virtuous actions; but I candidly declare, that *lucrative* motives have nothing to do in the business; they never were suf-

ficient to allure me to a single excursion—to discourage me from one—or to engage my pen or pencil in the present publication. My hopes on this head, are humble enough—I ask only support equal to my merits, and to the laudability of my intentions—I expect no more—I am not altogether certain even of this. But leaving the issue of these matters to futurity, I shall, in the meantime, comfort myself with the good old adage—"Happy are they who expect *nothing*, for they shall not be disappointed."

As to the nature of the work, it is intended to comprehend a description, and representation of every species of our native birds, from the shores of **St. Lawrence**, to the mouths of the **Mississippi**, and from the **Atlantic** ocean to the interior of **Louisiana**: these will be engraved in a style superior to any thing of the kind hitherto published, and coloured from nature, with the most scrupulous adherence to the true tints of the original.

The bare account of scientific names, colour of bills, claws, feathers, &c. would form but a dry detail; neither in a publication of the present kind, where every species is faithfully figured and coloured, is a long and minute description of the form, and colours, absolutely necessary—This would, in the opinion of some, be like introducing a gentleman to company, with—"Ladies and gentlemen, **Mr. —**, has on a blue coat—white pantaloons—hussar boots," &c. &c. while a single glance of the eye, over the person himself, told us all this before the orator had time to open his mouth; so infinitely more rapidly do ideas reach us through the medium of the eye, than by that of the ear. But as time may prey on the best of colours, what is necessary in this respect will by no means be omitted, that both the figures and descriptions may mutually corroborate each other. It is also my design, to enter more largely than usual into the manners and disposition of each respective species; to become, as it were, their faithful biographer, and to delineate their various peculiarities, in charac-

ter, song, building, economy, &c. as far as my own observations have extended, or the kindness of others may furnish me with materials.

The ORNITHOLOGY of the United States exhibits a rich display of the most splendid colours, from the green silky gold-bespangled down of the minute Humming Bird, scarce three inches in extent, to the black coppery wings of the gloomy Condor, of sixteen feet, who sometimes visits our northern regions—A numerous and powerful band of songsters, that for sweetness, variety, and melody, are surpassed by no country on earth—An everchanging scene of migration from torrid to temperate, and from northern to southern regions, in quest of suitable seasons, food, and climate; and such an amazing diversity in habit, economy, form, disposition and faculties, so uniformly hereditary in each species, and so completely adequate to their peculiar wants and convenience, as to overwhelm us with astonishment at the power, wisdom and beneficence of the Creator!

In proportion as we become acquainted with these particulars, our visits to, and residence in the country, become more and more agreeable. Formerly on such occasions, we found ourselves in solitude, or, with respect to the feathered tribes, as it were in a strange country, where the manners, language and faces of all were either totally overlooked, or utterly unknown to us:—now, we find ourselves among interesting and well known neighbours and acquaintance; and, in the notes of every songster, recognize with satisfaction, the voice of an old friend and companion. A study thus tending to multiply our enjoyments at so cheap a rate, and to lead us by such pleasing gradations, to the contemplation and worship of the *Great First Cause*, the Father and Preserver of all, can neither be idle nor useless, but is worthy of rational beings, and doubtless agreeable to the Deity.

In order to obtain a more perfect knowledge of Birds, naturalists have divided them into Classes, Orders, Genera, Species, and Varieties; but

in doing this, scarce two have agreed on the same mode of arrangement; and this has indeed, proved a source of great perplexity to the student. Some have increased the number of Orders to an unnecessary extent, multiplied the Genera, and out of mere Varieties, produced what they supposed to be entire new Species. Others sensible of the impropriety of this, and wishing to simplify the science, as much as possible, have reduced the Order and Genera to a few, and have thus thrown Birds whose food, habits, and other characteristical features are widely different, into one and the same tribe, and thereby confounded our perception of that beautiful gradation of affinity and resemblance, which Nature herself seems to have been studious of preserving throughout the whole. One principal cause of the great diversity of classifications, appears to me to be owing to the neglect or want of opportunity in these writers, of observing the manners of the living Birds, in their unconfined state, and in their native countries. As well might philosophers attempt to class mankind into their respective religious denominations, by a mere examination of their physiognomy, as naturalists to form a correct arrangement of animals, without a knowledge of these necessary particulars.

It is only by personal intimacy, that we can truly ascertain the character of either, more particularly that of the feathered race; noting their particular haunts, modes of constructing their nests, manner of flight, seasons of migration, favourite food, and numberless other minutiae, which can only be obtained by frequent excursions in the woods and fields, along lakes, shores, and rivers, and requires a degree of patience and perseverance, which, nothing but an enthusiastick fondness for the pursuit can inspire.

Of the numerous systems which have been adopted by different writers, that published by Dr. Latham, in his "*Index Ornithologicus*," and "*General Synopsis of Birds*," seems the least subject to the objec-

tions abovementioned; and, as in particularizing the Order, Genus, &c. to which each bird belongs, this system with some necessary exceptions, has been generally followed in the present work, it is judged proper to introduce it here, for the information, and occasional consultation, of the reader.

## TABLE.

*Of the Orders and Genera of Birds, according to Latham.*

<i>End. Orn.</i>	<i>Syn. of Birds.</i>
AVIUM ORDINES.	ORDER OF BIRDS.
<b>DIV. I.</b>	<b>DIV. I.</b>
<b>I. Accipitres</b>	<b>Rapacious</b>
<b>II. Pica</b>	<b>Pies</b>
<b>III. Passeres</b>	<b>Passerine</b>
<b>IV. Columbæ</b>	<b>Columbine</b>
<b>V. Gallinæ</b>	<b>Gallinæ</b>
<b>VI. Struthionæ</b>	<b>Struthious</b>
<b>DIV. II.</b>	<b>DIV. II.</b>
<b>VII. Grallæ</b>	<b>Waders</b>
<b>VIII. Pinnatipedes</b>	<b>Pinnated feet</b>
<b>IX. Palmipedes</b>	<b>Web-footed.</b>

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

## REASONABLE AVERSION.

"Friend Carnaby! your mother is impatient for your appearance at the bar as a counsellor—"

"To tell you a secret," said Carnaby, "I would just as soon appear at the bar as a prisoner."

"What reason can you have for so strong an aversion?"

"What reason! what reason!" repeated Carnaby, "a very good, a very solid reason."

"Clearly, as it has so much weight with you, but after all on what is it founded?"

"On what is it founded?" exclaimed Carnaby, "why, on those cursed

eternal periwigs, which counsellors are obliged to wear in all weathers, when they appear at the bar; no consideration on earth, could prevail on me to make myself look so like a grig; and, if I were willing, I don't believe my head could support one of those hideous periwigs for an hour together."

"You think then to be a lawyer, it is necessary to have a very strong head."

"Whatever is necessary, my aversion to those d——d periwigs is insurmountable."

"That is unlucky," said Edward, "considering what lady M—— has in view for you. For if you boggle so much at the tie-wig of a simple counsellor, how could you support that enormous weight of periwig which the head of every Chancellor of Great Britain is doomed to bear?"

"They shall doom my head to the block sooner," replied Carnaby.

"Only imagine, to be awfully seated on a woolpack during a whole session of Parliament!"

"Dreadful!" cried Carnaby.

"Sessions, after sessions!"

"Shocking! shocking!" exclaimed Carnaby, "not to mention the chance of a trial by impeachment at Westminster-hall," said Edward.

"Name it not," cried Carnaby.

"There obliged to remain," continued Edward, "from winter to midsummer, in sight of all manner of persons, hearing examinations, and cross-examinations, speeches and replies, sufficient to confound the clearest head in Christendom, even although it were not buried in a voluminous mass of horse-hair."

"Fogh! fogh!" cried Carnaby.

"He is always choaked with the bare idea."

"Eh gad! and so I am," resumed Carnaby; and rather than be suffocated in that lingering manner, I would choose to be buried at once in my cool grave."

"But I think," resumed Edward, "you ought to make an effort to please your mother, by appearing for once at least, in the wig of a counsellor."

"Curse efforts," cried Carnaby; I always detested them, and never could make one in my life."

"Forgive me," said Edward, "I think I could put you in mind of a very vigorous effort, which I was witness to your making of your own accord."

"I do not know what you mean," said Carnaby.

"Do you remember," resumed Edward "my calling one morning, at your chambers, when I found you struggling with all your might, to squeeze yourself into a new pair of buckskin breeches? I am sure I shall never forget the strenuous efforts you made on that occasion.—In that occasion, you showed yourself capable of the most laudable exertions. The most pains-taking man on earth, could not have pushed more earnestly to gain a livelihood for himself and family, than you did to carry your point on that occasion."

"Yes," replied Carnaby, "but that was a different affair."

"It must be confessed, that studying law is one thing, and pulling on a pair of breeches is another: for many people drop the one, who wish to wear the other all their lives."

"What I meant to say," replied Carnaby, is, "that studying the law is a bore, and disturbs one's head; whereas,"

"Tight breeches," said Edward, "pinch elsewhere."

"I remember, however," said Carnaby, "that on the occasion you allude to, I was very much puzzled whether to proceed or draw back."

"Like Macbeth, you recollected," said Edward, "that

—should you wade no more,  
Returning was as tedious as go o'er."  
*Dr. Moore.*

*Pedestrian Wager.*—Yesterday a gentleman undertook, for a rump and dozen, to walk from the Military Asylum, Chelsea, to the eight mile stone on the Harrow road, within one hour and twenty minutes. He accordingly started at eight in the morning, and walked to Wesborn Green, near

Paddington, where he laid his hand on the milestone, and won the wager within fifteen minutes of the time allowed. The loser supposed, when he made the bet, that the milestones counted from London as they do upon most of the roads, but the one mile stone stands at Harrow, and the 9th at Paddington. Several good bets were also depending.—*London Paper.*

An English writer thus contrasts our conduct with that of his countrymen on a very memorable occasion.

While we applaud the promptitude of the House of Lords in passing the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, we cannot avoid contrasting it with the tardy progress of the *Americans*. In South Carolina the proposed abolition has been negatived, and in other quarters it is doubtful whether it may not experience the same fate.

Capt. Morris, describing a drinking bout in one of his licentious songs, has introduced a curious stanza:

Bacchus sat as President o'er table talk and topery,  
And sober Sadness never dar'd a moment's interlopory,  
Mirth and Frolick floated round on surfaces nectareous,  
And Beauty gave a stimulus to tippie jocularious.

Give a courtesan, says a quaint writer, a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and she will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eyebrows, by her own industry.

In some part of the highly instructive and amusing works of BEATTIE, that amiable and agreeable writer thus charmingly describes the different impressions made by the same objects upon minds of a different texture.

A melancholy man, walking in a grove, attends to those things that suit and encourage his melancholy; the sighing of the wind in the trees, the murmuring of waters, the darkness and solitude of the shades. A cheerful man in the same place finds many

subjects of cheerful meditation, in the singing of birds, the brisk motions of the babbling stream, and the liveliness and variety of the verdure. Persons of different characters, contemplating the same thing, a Roman triumph, for instance, feel different emotions and turn their views to different objects. One is filled with wonder at such a display of wealth and power; another exults in the idea of conquest, and pants for military renown; a third, stunned with clamour, and harassed with confusion, wishes for silence, security, and solitude; one melts with pity to the vanquished, and makes many a sad reflection upon the insignificance of worldly grandeur and the uncertainty of human things; while the buffoon, and perhaps the philosopher, considers the whole as a vain peice of pageantry, which, by its solemn procedure, and by the admiration of so many people, is only rendered the more ridiculous.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*Far The Port Folio.*

#### PARODY.

The State-House clock proclaims the mid-night hour,

The cautious cit slow turns the street-door key,

The draggled wantons up the alley scour,  
And leave the street to darkness and to me.

The twinkling lamp now sheds a twilight ray,

And Silence triumphs over day's rude din,  
Save where the stage-man wends his clattering way,

And shrill tin trumpet wakes the drowsy inn.

Save where yon negress, selling pepperpot,  
To surly watchmen clamouring loud complaints,

Of wicked trull, who would not "pay her shot,"

But sneak'd away through dark and winding lanes.

Beneath yon paltry roof, that narrow shed,  
Where Jacobins their nightly vigils keep,  
Are wretches met, from Justice who have fled,

Their consciences in *bethe* (grog) to steep.

No low intrigues for offices of state,  
No daring falsehoods utter'd every hour,  
No puffs of hirelings, nor no club's debate  
Shall ever raise *these* convicts into power.

For them 'tis vain while freedom's flame  
shall burn,

To think the people's confidence to share;  
E'en should they to their native soil return,  
Their own dear countrymen would hang  
them there.

Oft to their subtlety did patriots yield,  
Their slander many an honest heart hath  
broke,

Insidious lies the weapons which they wield,  
Of which not Washington escap'd the stroke;

Let not ambition mock their grub-like toil,  
Their creeping cunning, dirty arts obscure,  
Nor Irish rebel, with disdainful smile,  
Declare such poltrons he cannot endure.

The splendid villain, and the knave in power,  
And him whose conquests swell the trump  
of fame,

Await alike th' inevitable hour,  
When all mankind shall execrate their  
name.

Let not John Bull the poet stigmatize,  
That Justice does not all these felons reach,  
Nor pamphlet-peddler through each alley  
cries,

C—— last words, and D—— dying  
speech.

Can one poor rhymers, nay, can all the Nine,  
A host of vagrant Jacobins withstand,  
Can it be possible, with powers like mine,  
'Gainst Europe's scum to barricade the  
land.

Beneath yon roof perhaps is now conceal'd  
Some black heart pregnant with infernal  
fire,

Hands that the sword of Bonapart' might  
wield.

Or cities burn in bacchanalian ire.

Ne'er did Ambition to their eyes her page,  
Rich with the spoils of ravag'd realms, unfold,

Chill penury repress'd the ruthless rage,  
And tamed the fury of a Nero's soul.

Full many a rascal, ripe for bloody scenes,  
Crowns rape with murder at a country fair,  
Full many a rogue robs orphans in their  
teens,

While politicians hush the black affair.

Some E—— R—— may be there incog,  
His price for treason ready to declare;  
Some young M·F—— who ne'er stole a hog,  
Nor man ne'er murder'd to poison his mare.

Th' applause of mob-assemblies to command,

To bid the faction all restraint despise,  
To scatter falsehoods through a cheated land  
And cast a mist before a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade, nor merely circumscrib'd  
Their power to lead the populace astray,  
Forbade the venal rogues from being brib'd,  
Except by whiskey on election day.

Suspicious crowds to fright with phantoms vain,  
With Federal chains *Fredonians* meant to bind;

Or like the daring infidel Tom Paine,  
To "shut the gates of Heaven on lost mankind."

Content, though far remov'd from publick life,  
On gin-shop counter, or on beer-house bench,

To gull the mob, to stir the coals of strife,  
To rail at Fed'ralists, and praise the French.

Yet such as these, the dregs of every clime,  
Who would disgrace an Abaellino's band,  
"The blast of anarchy and taint of crime,"  
Rule those who rule Columbia's "lordly land."

To give their names and characters the Muse

Declares is more than even Apollo can,  
But most were litter'd in some foreign stew,

And in some work-house taught the rights of man.

But why to dumb oblivion fal'n a prey,  
Should these desert the democratick cause,  
When rife example teaches us that they  
May triumph over Justice and the laws?

No rogue so noted but he may aspire,  
(Treason and murder bring not sure disgrace,)

Like G——n to light rebellion's fire,  
And rise, if vile enough, to power and place.

The leader of the Pennsylvania herd,  
Whom certain punishment attends, though late,

If, when his wretched carcass is interr'd  
Some brother Jacobin inquire his fate.

His friend, who stole certificates, may say,  
I've seen him oft, with venom'd quill in hand,

Four columns scrawl of lies, in half a day,  
Then circulate the poison through the land.

From where yon shop looks into Market-street,

And brother felons gather round in flocks,  
Where Jacobins in Pandemonium meet,  
More plagues have flown than from Pandora's box.

Hard by yon steps deserted now with scorn,  
Muttering dire oaths, I've seen him shivering stand,

And tell strange tales of Jacobins forlorn,  
And courts and laws, those bugbears to our band.

One night I miss'd him at th' accustom'd place,

At Dunn's hotel and alehouse where we meet,

Another came, nor did he show his face,  
At alehouse, bookstore, Dunn's, or Market-street.

The next I heard a melancholy tale,  
On pure Democracy what foul reproach!  
That our great leader had been led to gaol,  
For lies and treasons which he dared to broach.

### EPITAPH.

Here low he lies who was a pest on earth,  
To virtue, honour, and to shame unknown,  
Low cunning triumph'd at the ruffian's birth,  
And villainy straight mark'd him as her own.

Grown old in fraud, and at no crime dismay'd,

To sophist's head he join'd a felon's heart,  
He carried on for years a liar's trade,  
And gull'd the people with infernal art.

His wily schemes 'twere useless to disclose,  
The knavish tricks on which he placed his hope,

He gain'd at last, what every ready knows  
He long had richly merited—a rope.

\* A certain imported editor has declared  
that Mr. J——n dare as well be d—d as affront him!

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, October 31, 1807.

[No. 18.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE PLANETS.

No. V.

To lash the errors of a vitious age,  
Support the honest, vindicate the brave,  
Condemn the guilty, and the noble save  
From Faction's fury and from party rage,  
Should be th' employment of a pen divine:  
But since the ablest scorn a contest low,  
Whence little good and many evils flow,  
Th' edanger, credit of the task, be mine.

HAD Phæton been half as well  
conducted by the fire-breathing horses  
of his sire, as I was by the "sight-  
less couriers" of the heavens, he  
might have driven without danger  
over the scorpion's stings, and braved  
the fury of the whole Zodiack.\* I  
saw the lustre of the Galaxy diminish  
with my approach†; the distant stars

• "Nec tibi quadrupedes animosos ignibus  
illis,  
Quos in pectore habent, quos ore, et naribus  
efflant  
In promptu regere est."

† Many and subtle have been the disputes  
about the milky way. Aristotle supposed  
that it was composed of thicker parts of  
orbs, Democritus, of inhabitable worlds.  
My friend has ascertained that it is a mere  
highway from star to star.

that had appeared but tapers faintly  
glimmering in the firmament, assume  
the magnitude and brilliancy of suns  
of fire; the constellations, that we  
are wont to regard as animals the  
most contemptible, become collec-  
tions of immeasurable orbs; and bla-  
zing comets securely wheel their  
rapid flight through fields of ether.  
When I call to mind these elevating  
scenes, which no mortal but myself  
has ever witnessed, I cannot but feel  
ineffable contempt for the littlenesses  
of the world below.

Spirits of all the astronomers prior,  
or posterior to the flood, whether Pa-  
gan, or Christian, or Mahometan (ex-  
claimed I, as I viewed with wonder  
the burnished orbs, that glittered in  
splendid majesty around) genii of  
Newton, of Thales, of Meton, and  
not less of you, ye illustrious Chinese,  
Hongti, Confucius, and Tshcou-  
cong, hover round me and blush at  
the superiority of my knowledge over  
that which you possessed, so feeble, so  
circumscribed! Gather round me all  
ye mighty shades, and learn how faint  
were the perceptions you enjoyed of  
the gravitations, the aphelions, the  
precessions, and the occultations of  
the system, you contemplated darkly  
through the medium of your decep-  
tive instruments! I called, but I  
called in vain: no responsive voice  
answered to my invitation, no admira-

m m

ing eye witnessed my delight. Seneca! said I, thou art right; the joys of heaven themselves would soon become vapid, without a participator in their fruits!

The serenity of Jupiter is perfectly emblematic of the heathen deity he represents.† He knows no change. The same perpetual calmness of the air endures forever. No seasons shed their varied influences to disturb the tranquillity that universally and eternally prevails.§ The distance of the Sun precludes excessive heat, and in his absence four moons diffuse a silver light, whose effects are in nothing different. Thus one moment is eternity: for the same breezes ever blow, the temperature of the air never changes, and the hours glide along in one unruffled course.|| It may be supposed that I could not repress my astonishment at this serenity of a whole world; that amidst so many myriads of beings, whose faculties and perceptions did not seem superiour to ours, every eye appeared to brighten each moment with delight, every brow was cloudless, every countenance was perpetually enlivened with the cheerful smile of contentment.¶ “What,” said an enlightened Jovian, “can this surprise you? Come with me, and I will show you

legislatures without folly, mobs without passion, officers without arrogance, women without vanity, rich without pride, and poor without envy. Follow me to yonder temple, and you will see priests labouring for the benefit of mankind, and governours consulting how best to promote the happiness of their people.”

His wonder equalled my own, when I informed him that any one of these would be regarded as impossible on earth. But nothing can equal his astonishment when I represented the disputes of individuals, the rancour of parties, and the bitter feuds of nations. “Surely,” said he, “you must live forever, or else so clear are your perceptions of eternity, and so great your abhorrence for your present existence, that you long to explore the depths of futurity.” With shame I answered No! A few short years only do we enjoy on earth, and fearfully we enter into worlds unknown. “Is your life then,” replied he, “strewed with ever-blooming flowers, so that you must make an exertion to vary the evenness of tranquillity and diversify its course? Tell me, I beseech you, the nature of your employments.”

The cares of nations, I proceeded, are forever employed in guarding with jealous circumspection against the trifling encroachments of their neighbours, or if their ability extend so far, in trampling on the rights of others. Within themselves, divisions are made, termed parties, whose animosities are inflamed, by subtle poisons conveyed through the medium of the eyes to the very heart itself, in the shape of falsehoods, calumnies, and slanders, spread over an extent of paper, and artfully prepared and gilded so as to meet the eye, without at first exciting disgust. The instruments in this work of infamy are potent dæmons, whose *profession is slander*, and falsehood whose *delight*. These generally appear disguised in the cloak of patriotism, their garments composed of variegated shreds, on each of which is imprinted some deceptive motto, as *the rights of man*.

† Not, I presume, the Jupiter of Horace, “*rubente dextra*,” but the  
— *hominum sator atque deorum*,  
*Vultu, quo cælum, tempestatesque serenat*,  
of the Mantuan bard.

§ Ovid must have been mistaken in representing Saturn’s as the golden age. The “*aurea proles*” seems to have its residence under the reign of Jupiter.

|| How such a state would deprive us of our accustomed conversation! The amiable and very ingenious substitute for silence is now some sage remark on the last change of wind.

¶ These inhabitants of Jupiter would seem to have taken the advice of Voltaire’s hermit,  
*Fuyez d’un doux poison, l’amorce enchantée*  
*Craignez vos passions, et sachez quelque jour*  
*Resister aux plaisirs.*

*the publick good, or candour and sincerity:* but within their bosoms, they always conceal legions of devils, and over their whole body they extend a brazen shield, on which is inscribed too often in characters of blood—**THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.** Their poisons are taken with avidity, because they are soothing for a moment to envy, hatred, and malignity,\* but they never fail to increase the disorders they were intended to cure. Should any one arise peculiarly great and good, his excellence itself will entail on him the calumny of his fellow citizens. Banishment has been inflicted on the just, death on the virtuous, only because they were preeminently just and virtuous.† Are we republicks? Such are our evils. In other governments the influence of the strong destroys the happiness of the weak—In this strain was I proceeding when an exclamation from my companion arrested me. “Why do you speak,” said he, “of different kinds of government? Surely you place in the hands of the wisest and the best the administration of your affairs, and then, call them what you will, the felicity of the people will be secure, will be always the same.”‡ “Delightful delusion! (continued I) would to heaven it could be realized: but fatally false is the belief. The noisiest brawler is the ablest statesman, the most visionary theorist is the favourite politician, and the bitterest foe to the interests of his country carries with him the greatest influence. I spring from a republick.

\* — No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny,  
The whitest virtue strikes. What King so  
strong  
Can tie the gall up in the sland'rous tongue?

† Witness the fate of Aristides and Socrates.

‡ The opinion is not singular. Mr. Pope has happily expressed it,  
For forms of government, let fools contest,  
That which is best administer'd is best.

Our rulers of the day basking for a moment in the bright sunshine of the nation's love, hang upon their smiles, and basely court their favour and support. The bright god of their idolatry is popularity: this is the polar star on which their affections are ever placed, by which they are ever guided; this directs them to neglect the improvement of art and advancement in science; this interposes between them and duty, and with a frown annihilates every good design; this directs submission to insult, and arrests the career of glory.” The smiles of my companion now became converted into a frown; and assuming a serious air he thus addressed me:

“Wretched race! blessed if you were wise, but cursed with folly! Avoid an intercourse with all here, lest you communicate your venom. Fly! fly from these now happy realms, or you may, by describing vices which had never been imagined, provoke an imitation; there may be dormant fires in our bosoms which if enkindled will involve us all in ruin.”

I stole away, blushing for my fellow mortals, and escaped as soon as possible, fearing to corrupt the purity of this blissful region.

—  
For The Port Folio.

Human nature is rational, as every body says, and as we are all disposed to believe; but like many other common observations, the remark is rather made from custom than conviction.

Authority, or general opinion, when it favours our partiality, to ourselves, is not apt to be called in question; and it is very natural to embrace all the pleasure that it affords, under the pretext of a respectful acquiescence, rather than endanger so delicate a subject by a rigorous examination.

I would not, however, have it understood that I mean to controvert so established a maxim, but merely to make some remarks on the imperfection of this ambitious character.

When I consider how much of the little I know I took upon trust; and

how much of my conduct is rather the effect of habit than rational determination; and when I find other people to be generally in the same predicament—when I find that passion prompts and prejudice modifies, even the most serious business of human life, I must acknowledge that my *reasoning pride* drops its plumes, and, like the merchant who is obliged to make some unwelcome discoveries in the state of his affairs, I am anxious to know the amount of all these drawbacks, that if indeed there should be any balance, I may know how much I am still worth in clear, sterling reason.

But even this calculation is too laborious, and I shall only attempt to form some notions of the rebate that the human understanding is subjected to, on account of prejudice; by which I mean opinions derived from education, society, or particular situations; which upon examination are found to be irrational and absurd: and I am persuaded that I shall obtain the reader's assent to the fact without any argumentation; for every one is ready to lament the folly of all mankind, except himself; and will enjoy the satire or the censure that may be exercised upon it, with entire complacency, as long as he conceives himself to be out of the scrape.

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere; nemo: Sed precedenti spectatur mantica tergo.

What has become of the opinions of the fourteenth century, even upon those subjects, which men were wont to whet their wits upon? Alas! they are buried in silence, or mentioned only as monuments of human fallibility. Is it not strange that the learning of several ages should consist in what is now conceived to be unintelligible jargon?—What if some future generation should repay us the compliment?

We conceive of nothing rightly from the mere mention of it. Mention Europe, Lombardy, Stonehenge, or the Rhine, to a child, or any person, not previously acquainted with those names, and he would form an idea for each of them, but how unlike the reality! If any person would

compare his ideas of places thus acquired with the representations of Geography, and proceed in the same manner to review his notions of persons, characters, institutions, and whatever has not been an immediate object of his senses, he would see what a dream is human knowledge, and that whatever faculties we may boast, we are very little acquainted with the reason of things. This sort of knowledge is not worthy of the name; and as it is made up of notions conceived in the absence of judgment and fostered by a blind partiality, I take the liberty to call it prejudice.

Reason is one and unchangeable, and we should infer thence that mankind would agree in their judgment of things; and unquestionably they would, if that judgment were properly conducted.

But argument is lost, clashing is the life of the world. In the church, orthodoxy is opposed to orthodoxy; and in civil society, a scheme of government cannot be proposed without dividing the people into Guelphs and Gibellines, or at least into federalists and antifederalists.

The monarchist speaks of republicanism as a sort of knight-errantry that furnishes the world with much more disturbance than happiness, and the republican, to punish his blasphemy in one word, pronounces him a slave. On these subjects, they respectively come forward, not only with zeal but with ingenuity, and discover abilities in contending for a certain favourite theory, which if they had been seasonably employed in distinguishing true and false principles, would have prevented that original discrepancy which occasioned all the bustle. Their first determinations would have been rational, and therefore consistent; whereas those fortuitous notions or prejudices, which upon various occasions were first permitted to occupy the vacant mind, being independent of one another, and unconnected by any common cause, are forever discordant and irreconcilable.

Mathematical certainty is proverbial. It seems, the principles of that

sort of knowledge are definite and self-evident. He who denies or disputes them is too absurd to deserve a confutation; and all who reason upon them strictly, agree in their principles, and draw the same conclusions. Hence this branch of learning is exempted from controversy, and pre-eminently owes its cultivation to the love of truth; for its principles are not prejudices, but simple truths: but in almost every other study or profession, even so important a one as that of morality, the proficient must fight his way—must manage his steps as he can through endless files of cavil and contradiction.

No wonder authours owe much of their fame to the singularity of their theories or rather to the oddity of their prejudices—with one, the moral sense is the root of the matter; to another nothing seems so likely as benevolence to originate all the duties of social life, and a third imagines that they may be better explained by the consideration of actual relations, without the assistance of either. Thus are they determined in the first instance by fancy or some accident, and then it will not be in the power of reason itself to cure the system of the original taint. They spin their webs out of incoherent stuff, and they cannot be either sound or entire. Their reason was constrained to dignify a prejudice; and if it failed in a task so difficult and so irksome, they may blame the folly that imposed it.

In physick and divinity I am sorry to observe that theory varies with the age, and that two of the most respectable professions in civil society are as much a subject of fashion as a lady's head-dress. The learned practitioner can tell what system it was that, with a good deal of patching, held out till Boerhaave made a new one, and how Cullen luckily prepared another by the time that Boerhaave's grew threadbare, and that now Cullen himself must give place to something newer, which, while it is new, I suppose will do as well as the rest. So is human life measured out by a succession of prejudices, and so are we destined to

dance about after a phantom that "leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind."

It would seem that prejudices take faster hold of the mind than truth, for they are maintained more pertinaciously, and defended with more warmth: whether it be that their affinity to the passions of the human heart makes them seem important to our happiness, or whether that their questionable shape and mein exposes them to more contradiction. People neither quarrel nor fight in defence of any geometrical proposition, but torrents of blood have been shed to establish the doctrine of transubstantiation—they can insist upon the expediency of divine worship with temper, but if the doctrine of predestination is brought upon the carpet, the conversation immediately kindles into contest. Whence I infer that intemperate zeal in any cause implies want of argument, and he that is not willing to trust his opinion to the issue of a fair discussion, is rather a stickler for his own prejudices than an advocate for truth.

But I must not conclude this speculation without remarking, that prejudices are not universally at variance with truth or with the true interests of society. Even demonstrable truths are frequently prejudices in relation to the mind that has been early imbued with them, and, of course affected with a veneration for them that supercedes any further proof. And as prejudices sometimes coincide with truth, we must also acknowledge that in some instances they are favourable to virtue and humanity. The story of "The Babes in the Wood" has made the red-breast an object of friendly partiality, and so far checked the wanton depredations of mankind upon the lower orders of animal life—the notion of a dead body's bleeding afresh upon being touched by the murderer, adds a horribleness to that crime, that may, in some instances, have prevented the commission of it; and the man in the moon may have taught the tender mind to beware of sabbath-breaking: So that among the

infinitude of mischievous prepossessions which trouble the affairs of human life, we have the satisfaction to find some that compensate the affront that they offer to our reason with a seasonable influence on our moral disposition.

For The Port Folio.

One of the most celebrated literary ladies of Ireland, is Miss Sidney Owenson, advantageously known to the lovers of romances by her novels of *The Wild Irish Girl* and *The Novice of St. Dominick*. These volumes, written in a very florid style, have been republished here, and almost rival in popularity the romances of Mrs. Smith. Our authoress has just published a volume of poems with the title of "*The Lay of an Irish Harp*." From this miscellany we have copied the following, which the polite reader will perceive is modelled from some of the minor poems of Burns. There is an archness and gayety in the ensuing stanzas which will divert many.

Old *Scotia's* jocund *Highland Reel*  
Might make a hermit play the deal!  
So full of gig!  
Famed for its *Cotillions* gay *France* is;  
But e'en give me the dance of dances,  
An *Irish* Jig.<sup>1</sup>  
The slow *Pas Grave*, the brisk *Coupee*,  
The rigadoun, the light chassee,  
Devoid of gig,  
I little prize; a *Saraband*  
Of Spain; or German *Allemande*:  
Give me a Jig.  
When once the frolick Jig's begun,

1 This trifle is given as it was written, *impromptu*, in the first flush of triumph after having "simply gained renown" by tiring out two famous jig dancers at the seat of a particular friend in Tipperary. There are few countries whose inhabitants are strictly natives, that have not a national dance as well as a national song. "This must have peculiarly been the case in *Ireland*," says Noverre, in his essay on dancing, "for such a natural and native taste for musick as I have spoken of, is usually accompanied by, or includes in it, a similar one for dancing.

† Then hey for spirit, life, and fun!  
And with some gig,  
Trust me, I too can play my part,  
And dance with all my little heart  
The Irish Jig.

Now through the mazy figure flying,  
With some (less active) partner vying,  
And full of gig.  
Now warm with exercise and pleasure,  
Each pulse beats wildly to the measure,  
Of the gay Jig.

New honours to the Saint be given,†  
Who taught us first to dance to heaven.  
I'm sure of vying,  
And laugh, and fun, his soul was made,  
And that he often danced and played  
An Irish Jig.

I think 'tis somewhere clearly proved,  
That some great royal prophet loved  
A little gig,  
And though with warrior fire he glow'd,  
The prowess of his heel he showed  
In many a Jig.

Nay, somewhere too I know they tell  
How a fair maiden danced so well,  
With so much gig,  
That (I can scarce believe the thing)  
She won a Saint's head from a King,  
For one short Jig.

But I (so little my ambition)  
Will fairly own, in meek submission,  
(And with some gig.)  
That for no holy head I burn,

† The influence which an Irish Jig holds over an Irish heart is strongly illustrated in the following singular anecdote borrowed from the Appendix of Mr. Walker's interesting Memoir of the Irish Bards: "The farce of the Half-Pay Officer, having been brought out at the Drury Lane Theatre, the part of an old grandmother was assigned to Mrs. Tryer, an Irish woman, who had quitted the stage in the reign of Charles II, and had not appeared on it for fifty years; during the representation, she exerted her utmost abilities; when however she was called on to dance a Jig at the age of eighty-five, she loitered, and seemed overcome; but as soon as the musick struck up the *Irish Trot*, she footed it as nimbly as a girl of five and twenty.

† At Limoges not long ago the people used to dance round the choir of the church, which is under the invocation of the patron Saint, and at the end of each psalm, instead of the "*Gloria Patria*," they sang as follows: "Saint Marcel pray for us, and we will dance in honour of you.

One poor *lay* heart would serve my turn,  
For well danced Jig.

Since then we know from "truths divine,"  
That *Saints* and *Patriarchs* did incline  
To *fun* and *gig*.

Why let us laugh and dance forever,  
And still support with best endeavour,  
THE IRISH JIG.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*For The Port Folio*

### CONRADS' AMERICAN REGISTER.

The enterprising booksellers of this name have in a state of great forwardness for publication a valuable work, entitled, "The American Register." This performance is upon a similar plan with Dodsley's Annual Register, and has long been wanted in this country, as none of the ephemeral productions of the press can possibly preserve all the valuable historical, state, and miscellaneous papers, to which every year gives birth. The useful repository which we have now in review, is edited by Mr. C. B. Brown, who has already distinguished himself in various walks of polite literature. The first part of his Register includes annals of Europe and America. This portion of his performance is entirely original; it is modelled after Burke's historical introductions, and it is written with great ability, and in a temper of the utmost moderation. In the form of a summary, a concise chronicle succeeds. A review of domestick and foreign literature, a copious collection of state papers both foreign and domestick, and various essays scientific and classical, together with many other valuable articles, either useful or elegant, make up the volume.

From "the Annals of America" we select the exordium of the author's tenth chapter. The style is honourable to him, and the sentiments will be extremely agreeable to his countrymen.

While Europe was thus laid waste by so many years of war, the United States of

America remained in tranquillity. For more than twenty-two years, their internal peace had been disturbed by no commotions of any importance. Scarcely a life had been lost, or a cottage been demolished in any intestine feud or insurrection. Though divided by accidental circumstances, existing at their first settlement, into several independent states, unequal to each other in size, population, and riches, dissimilar in habits, manners, and interests, they had never quarrelled with each other; though obliged to undergo a thorough revolution in their government, this dangerous and critical experiment was conducted and completed without the drawing of a sword; though harbouring in their bosom a nation of slaves, whose bondage was exasperated by many extraordinary circumstances of hardship and cruelty, who were drawn into union with each other, and set in irreconcilable opposition to their masters, by the indelible tokens of feature and colour, and who were roused by the example of successful revolt in a neighbouring country, yet they have hitherto avoided the calamity of a servile war. The evils of internal dissension and rebellion, instead of approaching nearer, are every day removed to a greater distance; the gulf which divides the master and the slave is becoming gradually narrower, and the ties which bind together the various members of the nation multiply and strengthen by time.

During this period, the American nation has increased in numbers and opulence, in a degree far beyond any known example. This increase indeed, is the natural consequence of their local circumstances; but those who were unacquainted with any previous instance of increase on so large a scale, could not have imagined anything resembling that which the present age has witnessed in America. 1 Twenty-two years

1 That an infant colony, settling in a fertile and wholesome country, previously unoccupied, should increase from fifty to a hundred persons, in twenty years, could easily be conceived by one that lived in the seventeenth century; but that, in the same circumstances, five millions should increase in the same time, to ten millions, is equally certain, yet the imagination of such an observer would be startled and rendered incredulous merely by the magnitude of the event. Though this rate of increase cannot be eternally progressive, yet, considering the condition of the people with regard to arts, manners, and government, and the actual extent of territory inland, it is not easy to set the due limits to it. We can discover no material obstacle to the continual extension of our settlements to the Pacifick Ocean, nor can the increase be less than

of prosperity have increased the population of the country from three millions to six millions. Each individual of the present generation is richer, is surrounded with more luxuries and comforts, than his ancestor. The increase, therefore, in money, stock, publick and private revenue, and trade, is augmented in more than a double proportion. The imagination might easily pursue the various consequences of this two-fold increase, in the additions made to the quantity of cultivated land; to the number and size of cities, towns, and villages; to the number, extent, and excellence of roads; and to the quantity of shipping. It might dwell on the improvements in the structure and economy of cities and buildings, and in dress and furniture; on the improvements in the art of navigation; on the extension of the sphere or theatre of trade and commerce; on the diffusion of literature and science; and on the increase of military strength. In contemplating these in their actual state, compared with their condition at the peace of 1783, the change would appear like the effect of magick; nor would a plain account of them obtain credit with a distant observer, till he had thoroughly reflected on the unavoidable effects of an increase in population, from three millions to six, in so short a period as twenty-two years, an increase connected, at the same time, with an evident increase of individual opulence, refinement, and luxury. These effects are magnificent, and strike the imagination with wonder in proportion as the number doubled is small or great. A colony of five hundred can only enlarge itself, in twenty years, to a thousand; consequently these twenty years are employed in furnishing additional food, clothing, and dwelling only to five hundred persons; but a nation of three millions, increasing in twenty years to six, these twenty years are obliged to furnish additional

double in every twenty years, till the whole be occupied, in the proportion of at least a hundred to a square mile. Supposing therefore, that there is only three millions of square miles of good land, connected with good climate, on both sides of the Mississippi, our numbers, in a hundred and ten years hence (little more than the life of some men), must be *three hundred millions*. Two hundred millions would people this space only in the small proportion of sixty-six to a square mile. Mighty and gigantic as this increase is, the reader must remember that the increase that has actually taken place would equally have startled a follower of William Penn, or a member of the Plymouth company.

clothing, diet, and habitation for three millions of persons.†

#### BARLOW'S COLUMBIAD.

A new epick poem, entitled *THE COLUMBIAD*, in ten books, by Joel Barlow, will shortly be published by C. and A. Conrad, in a splendid quarto. This work will be ornamented with twelve engravings, from original paintings, by English artists of the first celebrity. The typographical part, which is wholly American, is executed in a manner highly creditable to the persons employed. The paper is from the manufactory of Amies, the types from the foundry of Binny and Ronaldson, and the printing is executed by Messrs. Fry and Kammerer, with uncommon taste and elegance.

A work, like this, on a great *national subject*, will excite great curiosity; and the publishers flatter themselves that it may be deemed not only a monument of American genius, but a proof of the rapid progress of the arts, in the metropolis of our empire.

#### BRADFORD'S EDITION OF DR. REES'S NEW CYCLOPEDIA.

The indefatigable proprietor of this American edition of a very popular and useful performance, has, with

† It is evident that this source of curiosity and wonder will go on rapidly increasing for at least another century. We have witnessed certain changes in the last twenty years; but those of the ensuing twenty must be double these in magnitude and importance; and the third period of twenty years will witness changes four times greater, in extent and consequence, than those of the first. The increase, indeed, will be much greater than this, because we have good reason to believe that individual opulence, luxury, and refinement, will go on increasing in quite as great a proportion. While numbers are only doubled, the mass of general wealth will be more than doubled. The city whose population shall have doubled, will have more than doubled its former size, because the new house will be more spacious and magnificent than the ancient one, and the new created street will not only be twice as long as the old, but much superiour in all other respects.

great diligence, reached the first part of the sixth volume. The interest of this work seems to increase as we proceed. The biographical articles, though brief, are extremely amusing, and to the scientific departments it is evident that much important and local light is given from no ordinary source. The work is certainly well edited, and proofs of much ingenuity, as well as great industry are by no means wanting. In the typographical department, Mr. Carr has attained to neatness, and in a work of this kind, it is needless to aspire to splendour. The paper is manifestly *much better* than that employed, either in London or Paris, on similar occasions. The plates are *superiour* to the British engravings. The west door of the Cathedral of Carrara by Tiebout, and the figures by Murray and others, illustrative of Ornithology and Natural History, are executed with uncommon beauty and spirit. The whole work deserves that generous patronage, with which, we understand, it is very generally favoured.

DE BORDES' Edition of DODSLEY'S ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE, with a collateral version into French.

J. M. De Bordes, Professor of the French language, has published an elegant translation of Dodsley's most popular work. This translation is reputable to the Professor, and will be useful to his pupils. The following testimonies are from respectable French instructors resident in Philadelphia. It is lamentable that our author did not employ some *Englishman* to correct the preface.

To Mr. De Bordes, Professor of the French Language.

SIR,

I have often and with renewed pleasure perused your elegant, yet faithful translation of the *Economy of Human Life* by Dodsley. An advantage (far more important than that of comparing the phraseology of the two languages, in order to ascertain the difference of their genius, and of the taste of the two nations) will be derived from your edition, viz. the

diffusion of sound morals and precepts among those who understand French, to which your beautiful and animated version of a work which might with propriety have been entitled "*The Honest Man's Manual*," will powerfully contribute.

I make no doubt but the booksellers in Paris will be eager to add your production to their stock of translations from foreign literature, and that it will meet with the universal applause of men of letters.

With every wish for your success, I remain very respectfully,

Sir,

Your most humble,  
and most obedient servant,

N. G. DUFIEF.

Philadelphia, 20th October.

Philadelphia, October 18th, 1807.

MR. DE BORDES,

Dear Sir,

I have perused with the greatest satisfaction your French translation of a work entitled *The Economy of Human Life*.

Permit me, sir, to pay you my most unfeigned compliments for your having enriched our language with so valuable a treatise of morality. Your translation is elegant, bold, and imitative of the sublimity of the original; your style as chaste as the subject itself. I am of the opinion that, independently of its merit, as an instructive work of morality, it might be very useful in the hands of the lovers of our language, who have a desire of becoming acquainted with its genius.

Wishing you all the success you so justly merit, I am, sir,

Very respectfully, yours,

L. C. VALLON.

CONRADS' Edition of CARR'S TOUR THROUGH HOLLAND.

Sir John Carr, who appears to be a most resolute and persevering traveller, after amusing himself and others, by tours through France, rambles in Russia, and an excursion to Ireland, has, during the Summer and Autumn

of the last year, journied through Holland, along the right and left banks of the Rhine, to the south of Germany. It is the mode, among a certain class of criticks, to abuse our tourist, and many a joke has been published at his expense. On the whole, we think he has been in many instances treated with too much illiberality. Though he is not a profound, yet he is certainly a very amusing companion, and we have observed that the prosing and statistical class of travellers are the dullest fellows in the world. Although one would not look very eagerly for much entertainment in the description of the dull and monotonous country of "the swag bellied Hollander," yet the lively talents of our authour give interest even to Dutch canals and Dutch society. We have derived too, more information from this tour than from any other volume we have hitherto perused on the subject. Though written confessedly in great haste, yet it is not destitute of elegance, and will by no means detract from the rank the authour holds in the opinion of candid criticism.

#### PELHAM'S NEW SYSTEM OF NOTATION.

Mr. W. Pelham, a very respectable bookseller, and a man of letters, has issued proposals at Boston for a new edition of Dr. Johnson's eloquent and moral "Rasselas," with a view to exhibit a novel mode of printing, by which, with the aid of a few marks, the variable sounds of the vowels and consonants in the English alphabet may be accurately distinguished. The ingenious authour's proposals, which we have inserted at length on the covers of The Port Folio, will more fully explain the nature of this laudable attempt. If Mr. Pelham can even partially accomplish a plan so desirable, as to simplify the alphabetical principles of our language, which, as a learned prelate has observed, are in some instances scanty and in others redundant, and which tend much to the confusion of foreigners in particu-

lar, he will render a most acceptable service to the republick of letters, and we cordially wish that he may prove successful and the publick kind.

#### CONRAD'S Edition of THE MODERN SHIP OF FOOLS.

Messrs. CONRAD have just published a quaint work, in the guise of a satire, with the following old-fashioned titlepage: "*Stultifera Navis; qua omnium mortalium narratur stultitia.*" The Modern Ship of Fools ære perennius; with the following appropriate motto, "a whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back."

He, who is skilled in black-letter lore, or who has waded through the notes by Shakespeare's commentators, or peeped into the preface of Johnson's Dictionary, may remember divers allusions to a worm-eaten volume of the fourteenth century, entitled *The Shippe of Fooles*, translated into English by Alexander Barclay, a priest. This little volume, its successors, is a *mélange* of prose and poetry, the intention of which is to lash the reigning vices and follies of mankind. Our authour's poetry is better than that of his predecessour, but still we cannot compliment him highly upon its merit. The notes are better than the text, and will pleasantly beguile a vacant hour. As this is a cheap edition, not much splendour of mechanical execution can be expected. On the whole, it is neatly printed by Fry and Kammerer, but in consequence of the Philadelphia *Jehu* style of driving a work with all possible velocity through the Press, some errors have escaped the vigilance of the proof-reader.

Mr. William Spence, F. L. S. has in the press a work entitled "Britain Independent of Commerce." The object of this publication is to show, in opposition to the commonly received doctrines that Great Britain does not gain any accession of riches from her trade; that her wealth, prosperity,

and power are wholly derived from reasons inherent in herself, and consequently that she has no reason to be alarmed, though her enemies should succeed in their attempts to exclude her from commerce with any part of the globe.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay,  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

The following epigram of the classical Fracastorius has so sharp a point that we wish ASMODEO would make it visible to the English reader.

DE LEONILLA ET LYDIA.

Me lzitis Leonilla oculis, me Lydia torvis  
Aspicit: hæc noctem nunciat, illa diem.  
Has Cytherea meo stellis præfecit amore:  
Hæc meus est Vesper, Lucifer illa meus.

The following is a very spirited if not a very just description of the artifice of a *belle coquette*.

Like thistle down, that, borne with every  
blast,  
At random floats, and sticks where'er 'tis  
cast,

The maiden's wish o'er all the species roves,  
'Tis not her lover, but a man she loves,  
Plum'd for occasion, fluttering with desires,  
She flies to sate the passion she inspires;  
Hers are the freedoms of the midnight  
dance,

The squeeze, the whisper, and the meaning  
glance;

Hers sweet confusion, playful kitten arts,  
The cobweb springes for unwary hearts,  
The studied chance, where secret charms  
appear,

Alluring languors and enticing leer.

Pope, in his bitter satire on the sex thus describes female inconstancy:

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray,  
To toast "*our wants and wishes*" is her way,  
Nor asks of God, but of her stars to give  
The mighty blessing "*while we live, to live,*"

Then all for death, that opiate of the soul,  
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl:  
Say, what can cause such impotence of  
mind?

A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.

*The origin of eating Goose on Michael-mass day.*

Queen Elizabeth, on her way to Tilbury Fort, on the 29th of September, 1583, dined at the ancient seat of Sir Neville Ulfreville, near that place; and as British Bess had much rather dine off a high-seasoned and substantial dish, than a flimsy fricassee, or a rascally ragout, the Knight thought proper to provide a brace of fine geese, to suit the palate of his royal guest. After the Queen had dined very heartily, she asked for a half pint bumper of Burgundy, and drank destruction to the Spanish Armada. She had but that moment returned the glass to the Knight, who had done the honours of the table, when the news came (as if the Queen had been possessed of the spirit of prophecy) that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed by a storm. She immediately took another bumper in order to digest the geese and good news; and was so much pleased with the event, that she every year after, on that day, had the above excellent dish served up; the court made it a custom, and the people have followed the fashion ever since.

*Burke.*—The splendid eloquence of Mr. Burke, has often been the theme of praise, and his great merit as a writer and orator not only eulogized by his friends but his enemies. Mr. Hall, in his "*Apology for the freedom of the Press*," although his political adversary, yet disdaining to detract from merit through the malevolence of party motive, with the pencil of truth sketches his character in the following animated manner.

*Polyanthos.*

"He is a writer of the most splendid and unequal powers; the fascination and magic of his eloquence cannot be withstood. His Imperial fancy has laid all Nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of creation, and every walk of art. His images are so select, so rich with

colours dipt in heaven, that whoever can read his works without rapture, may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretensions to taste and sensibility."

The following account of the number of copies said to be regularly sold of the principal London Magazines and Reviews, has lately appeared in several Journals and newspapers.

	Copies.
The Monthly Magazine,	5000
Monthly Review,	4250
Gentleman's Magazine,	3500
European Magazine,	3500
Lady's Magazine,	3000
Medical and Physical Journal,	2250
British Critick,	2000
Universal Magazine,	2000
Journal of New Voyages and Travels,	1500
Philosophical Magazine,	1250
Anti-Jacobin Review,	1250
Critical Review,	1250
Monthly Mirror,	1000
Nicholson's Journal,	1000

How striking is the contrast of the sale of similar publications in France, of the most popular of which, not more than 500 copies are regularly circulated. The periodical press of Germany is in better condition, 4000 copies being sold of the Jena Literary Gazette, and nearly as many of some other literary and scientific Journals.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

With mingled regret and indignation, the Editor has been recently apprized, from authentick authority in the North, that a report has been industriously propagated, and generally believed, which had induced many to assert, as a sort of axiom, that the property of The Port Folio had passed into other hands, and that for more than two years, the Editor had merely lent his name to assist the sale of that

work. This rumour, false as well as injurious, must be instantly quelled, as dishonourable to the Editor's character, and pernicious to his property. He is the sole proprietor of this paper, of which, for years, he has had the absolute direction, and, if any emoluments arise from the subscription, the property is exclusively his. It is absolutely necessary to make this statement, because it is understood, *that MANY who would willingly patronize the work, have withheld their names, from a persuasion that they were only advancing the interest of some venal mechanick, who walked abroad with a vizor mask, disgracefully borrowed from the Editor.* It is presumed that to the men of honour and cavaliers among his subscribers, to the *real* friends of his paper and his party, and to those who have hourly opportunities of surveying his actions, and scrutinizing their motives, it is superfluous to declare from education, temper and habit, he is utterly incapable of an imposture so venal and flagitious. This for his friends. With respect to his foes, the fanaticks, the propagators of this story, however they may persevere in the malig-

nancy of their designs, or the audacity of their assertions, proofs shall be given, as long as The Port Folio is published, that the Editor is deeply interested in the work, that he writes habitually in that Journal, and that, if for no other purpose, he considers that paper his property, as affording him the means of ridiculing Absurdity, of chastising Faction, and of branding Hypocrisy.

It does not become the Editor, to dilate on the character of this Journal, or to court favour by the speciousness of profession, or the magnificence of promise. His labour has for many years been before the publick, and if he has been censured by fanatick folly and party prejudice, he has been applauded and encouraged by the most venerable of his friends, and by a NESBIT, a GIFFORD and a REEVES; by a FATHER,—by a politician, a poet, and a divine. This is consolatory. In any fortune he will remember this and be comforted. In any fortune he will remember this, AND GO ON, without the *smallest compliance* with the *vagaries* of the *multitude*, and without THE LEAST CHANGE, OR SHADOW OF TURNING. So far from the remotest intention of re-

linquishing this Journal, or making it an object of sale and barter, he will continue to publish it upon THE MOST INDEPENDENT PRINCIPLES, while that POWER, who, at least has given him spirit, graciously indulges him with the use of his eyes, however dim, or his hand however unskilful.

The approbation, with which a gentleman whose signature is G, has honoured our humble labours in this Journal, is sufficient to requite the Editor. With such a philosopher for his friend, he cares not though Party Prejudice is his enemy. The Editor dreads nothing so much as the applause of the *common people*, and, whenever he hears a shout from the shambles, he remembers the following:

When Parmenio, the Grecian, had done something which excited a universal shout from the surrounding *multitude*, he was instantly struck that what had *their approbation must certainly be wrong*; and, turning to a philosopher, who stood near him, "Pray sir," says he, *ardon me*; I fear I have been guilty of *some absurdity*.

One of our friends, who to all the fancy and fire of a poet, adds delicacy of taste, and correctness of criticism, has favoured us with some very liberal remarks on the poems of Freneau.

Two poems, which our correspondent has indicated for publick approbation, we mean The Indian Burial Ground, and The Indian Student, or The Force of Nature; we published many years ago, in a country paper, but from very mutilated and deformed copies. We have now the satisfaction to exhibit these beautiful pictures in their proper light. For the *politics* of the authour it is pretty well known that we have no peculiar partiality, but of the *poetry* of this versatile bard we must say that, by the

impartial, it will be, at length, considered as entitled to no ordinary place in a judicious estimate of American genius. As we are fully of our correspondent's opinion, we shall from time to time, publish such extracts as we think honourable to Freneau's muse. The specimens, which our friend has selected, have been, principally, sentimental. We cannot refrain from copying the following humorous effusion, a parody of Phillips's harmonious translation from Sappho.

TO A HANDSOME MILLINER.

"Blest as the immortal gods is he."

Cursed as a beggar's brat is he,  
The unlucky wight who deals with thee,  
Who still behind the counter sit,  
To catch our cash, and show your wit.  
Whate'er you prais'd, with sty design,  
Whate'er you touch'd, I wish'd it mine,  
And homespun trash from Nabby's paws,  
In your fair hand was English gauze.

'Twas this that drove Rinaldo mad  
At times, and made him look so sad,  
For ere he well could count the cost  
His cash was gone, his credit lost.

His girls grew vain—their dress and show  
Alas! soon brought his pockets low,  
With India silks their shoes were bound,  
The news went all the country round.

With constant duns his doors were vex'd,  
His house with sheriffs was perplex'd,  
His barber's bill he could not pay,  
He blunder'd, broke, and ran away.

This is certainly an effort of Genius, and if it had been published in any English Miscellany, however respectable, it must have had the commendation of the Editor.

The Conductor of this Journal, apprizes the publick that a constant regard to elegant and useful literature will always be a distinguishing feature of this publication. Though, from the easy access he has to all the foreign Journals of merit, and from the interesting nature of many of their contents, he has both the power and inclination to describe the progress of Literature and Science abroad, yet Genius and Learning at home will challenge his regard. Every topick, connected with the refined and elegant pleasures of life will be occasionally discussed and as wide a space as

possible assigned to original communications of value or of lustre.

The critical, biographical, and poetical departments will be sedulously superintended. The first from its powerful agency in reforming and refining taste, and the two last because they are, confessedly, among the purest pleasures of the studious hour, and always reward curiosity, amplify knowledge, or procure delight.

EDMUND BURKE took his seat in parliament in the year 1765, and his first speech was on the stamp act. It had all the elegance and fire of his maturer productions, and elicited the praise of Mr. Pitt, who then predicted the future greatness of this illustrious orator. This speech was certainly preserved in some vehicle of the intelligence of the day. We hope to be indebted to some curious collector for a copy.

We have never yet seen accurate and complete reports of the harrangues of this orator on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. However intemperate his language, however rash and angry his assertions, however defective his proofs on this memorable occasion, still the eloquence of his speeches attracted the admiration of the political, the fashionable, and the literary world. In this instance, Mr. Burke sedulously strove to emulate the most indignant style of Tully; and the immortal invectives of the Roman orator against Verres, Cataline, Piso and Anthony were at that time constantly in his hands, during the intervals of his publick engagement. Copies, by such an imitator as BURKE, from such matchless originals will be highly valued by the Editor.

It is a circumstance much to be regretted, while so many heavy tomes of dullness are repositied in many a library, that any particle of the productions of Genius should be lost. We wish to apply this remark to many of the speeches, letters, and tracts of Mr. Burke, which have been strangely omitted in the new edition of his works. About the year 1780, he ad-

dressed a letter to Lord Kenmare, which was published in *Dublin*, and we believe never reprinted in London. As many of the Irish booksellers who resided in the capital, at that time, have since migrated to America, some of them undoubtedly have knowledge of the pamphlet. The Editor will acknowledge his obligations to any of these gentlemen, if they will furnish him with this letter.

The second article in this day's Journal, the excellent essay on Prejudice, is from the pen of a clergyman so respectable for his talents, that we sincerely hope he will keep his promise, oblige us with his speculations, and, with all the versatility of genius bound with a light step

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

By some of the highly respectable trustees of a flourishing seminary in the state of New York, and by M. Du Bourg, principal of St. Mary's College Baltimore, we have been honoured with sketches of the plan and terms of their respective places of education. These articles shall have our marked attention. In the present state of our country, we feel it to be our duty to contribute our utmost aid to every liberal scheme of education. The worth, splendour and dignity of any nation, are in an exact ratio with the number of the **MEN OF GENIUS**, and the **WELL EDUCATED GENTLEMEN**, by whom it is adorned. To our eternal disgrace, be it spoken, we have neither a National University, nor a munificent Government, we have neither an Augustus Cæsar, nor a Caius Mæcenæ, therefore it imports every lover of letters to lend his solitary assistance to the drooping Muses, and vindicate the literary renown of America.

A full description of Mr. Peale's valuable Museum, will soon appear, and the praise worthy proprietor of that useful and amusing collection of curiosities is requested to furnish the Editor regularly and *early* with catalogues of the additions, donations &c.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

We were informed some time ago, by a friend at Washington, that a certain Secretary of the Navy, "which is neither here nor there," and a certain person much greater than the certain Secretary, had a terrible sparring about the expediency of using the torpedoes, invented by Mr. Fulton for the purpose of annoying the impudent British ships which come into our bays and harbours, notwithstanding the weight of metal opposed to them in the late proclamations. The Secretary, who has always been a gunboat man, was so provoked by the philosopher's declaration, that the submarine torpedoes of Mr. F. together with some ærial ones of his own invention, would effectually supersede the necessity of putting the nation to any further expense of building one-gun vessels, and of themselves be sufficient to liberate the seas from the tyranny under which they at present groan, that he, though generally a very meek man, furiously asserted that one gunboat was worth fifty torpedoes, and even went so far as to declare, that a single line of battleship would more effectually oppose an enemy at sea, than all the hundred thousand militia lately called from their repose, even though each one should be armed with a proclamation of the largest size, to be flourished about in the same manner that (as Mr. Barrow informs us) the Chinese soldiers perform their manual with their lanterns.\*

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\* "As we approached the city Tong-tchang-foo, we were much amused with a military manœuvre, which was evidently intended to astonish us. Under the walls of the city, about three hundred soldiers were drawn out in a line, which, however, the darkness of the night had rendered invisible. But just as we were coming to anchor, each soldier, at the sound of a gong, produced from under his cloak a splendid lantern, with which he went through a regular manual exercise."

*Barrow's Travels in China*

Our friend has sent us the following copy of verses, as the production of one of those appendages of the press, which, from their smutty appearance, have obtained the elegant appellation of printer's devils.

The only reason we have to suppose it the production of one of those imps of literature, is the knowledge of the different sizes of types displayed at the conclusion; except, indeed, the pronunciation of *have* in the third line of the fifth stanza, which is given with the true Columbian accent. This error we think the friend of Mazzei alluded to could not have fallen into, as we presume he knew that Walker authorised him to pronounce it "with the short sound of the *Italian a*." However, this is a point we don't pretend to determine, but leave it between the Devil and the P——.

J.

With Madison to oversee,  
When I penn'd my Proclamation,  
Then had I refused to be  
Emperour of the Gallick nation.

S.

When you gunboats used to build,  
And torpedoes were not thought of,  
If a foe refus'd to yield,  
Soon by douceurs was he bought off.

J.

See the British Squadron comes!  
All asleep it is supposed—  
Burst torpedoes! ocean foams!  
And the squadron's "decomposed."

S.

D——n torpedoes all! say I;  
Fulton and his nine-days wonder:  
Line of battleships let's try;  
Fire and faggot, blood and thunder!

J.

Well but, Robert, how you rave!  
Do not get in such a passion,  
And more gunboats you shall have,  
Gunboats still shall be the fashion.

S.

If so, through each Briton's heart  
May your Proclamation strike a  
Terror, when he reads "DEPART  
FROM OUR BAYS," in twelve line pica.

## MERRIMENT.

When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV, his Majesty was astonished to find, one Sunday, instead of a numerous congregation, only him and the Priest. "What is the reason of this?" said the King. "I caused it to be given out Sire," replied he, "that your Majesty did not attend Chapel today, that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the King."

—

When Captain Grose first went over to Ireland, his curiosity led him to see every thing in the capital worth seeing. In the course of his perambulations, he one evening strolled into the principal meat market of Dublin, where the butchers, as usual, set up their usual cry of "What d'ye buy? What d'ye buy?" Grose parried this for some time, by saying, he did not want anything. At last, a butcher starts from his stall, and eyeing Grose's figure from top to bottom, which was not much unlike the idea we form of Dr. Slop's, exclaimed, "Well sir, though you do not now want anything, only say you buy your meat of me, and you will make my fortune."

—

A poor man in Paris being very hungry, staid so long near a cook's shop, where they were dressing meat, that his stomach was actually satisfied by the smell of it. The cholerick cook demanded payment for his breakfast; the poor man refused; and the controversy was referred to the first man who should pass by. On the relation of the cause, he gravely decreed, that the man should jingle his money between two plates as long as he had staid, and thus pay the cook's *ears* for the benefit his *nose* had received.

—

After the battle of Senef, which the great Conde had, 1664, against the Prince of Orange, he went to pay his respects to the King. Louis XIV, happening to be on the top of the staircase when the Prince was going up, who moved slowly on account of his gout, "I beg your Majesty's pardon," said he, "for making you wait." "Do not hurry yourself, cousin," replied the King, "no man can walk fast so covered with laurels as you are."

—

A country paper mentions that a Miss Legg gave her hand to a Mr. Grasp.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, November 7, 1807.

[No. 19.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE PLANETS.

No. VI.

Imperat Cupido etiam diis pro arbitrio,  
Et ipsum arcere, ne arripotens Jupiter.

“ Love rules the camp, the plain, the grove,  
“ And men below, and saints above,  
“ For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love.”

WE have heard of the musick of the spheres; but harsh and discordant are their enrapturing sounds, compared with those, which saluted my ear as I approached the planet sacred to love. Thousands of various instruments seemed to harmonize in one sweet consonance, to lull the soul to soft tranquillity, and diffuse over its faculties their soothing influence. Bewildered by the ecstasy of her enjoyment she almost forgets to live, and faints in the raptures of the purest, chastest sounds. Such musick might have soothed the raging of the stormy sea, or arrested the wandering star, astonished in its orb. Surely, thought I, this cannot be reality: either I dream of bliss before unfancied, or I breathe the air of Heaven itself. My speedy arrival within the realms of Venus confirmed and realized my happiness. Soon as I had alighted upon this delicious orb, new objects opened on my

view; new feelings swelled my bosom, new ideas occupied my mind. On every side a Paradise more lovely than that where our first parents dwelled, expanded beyond the limits of my sight.\* Verdant meads, carpetted with flowers, and variegated with gentle streams, delighted the excursive eye; majestick trees extended their shadows over mossy banks that seemed to invite repose; while whispers of the passing breeze inspired new passions, and taught the raptures of beginning love. Perfumes more grateful to the senses than the spices of Arabia still gratified without satiety; soft winds fanned the bosom, and a feeling more than mortal purified every thing around.† Overcome by the excess of my delight, I reclined upon a bank and foretasting the joys of Heaven, sunk into repose.

\* Philosophers tell us that every one is some time or other, swayed by love, and that the soul is not perfect until that period has arrived. Although in “these degenerate days” we do not witness Sapphos plunging “from Leucadia’s frowning height,” yet the torch continues to burn with undiminished splendour.—

Parce metu, Cytherea, manent immota tuerum,  
Fata tibi.—

† Such is the fancied felicity of the poet—

Placidique tepentibus annis  
Mulcebant Zephyri —.

Surrounded with such objects and impressed with such ideas, my dreams could only be the images of what I felt; they were dreams of love. I thought a fair one, more beauteous than the Houris promised to the faithful worshippers of Alla, hailed my arrival. She invited me to follow her, and, gliding o'er the ground, she smiled with a half-averted eye, and pointed to a bower, where nature seemed to have vied with art in the graceful combination of every charm. Closely woven flowrets, with intermingled clusters of the richest fruits, hung temptingly within the reach; a silver fountain flowed before the entrance, and around, the birds flew fearlessly from spray to spray. I awoke with ecstasy: But oh! faint shadows of divine reality, how were my visions eclipsed by what I now beheld. Leaning over me and gazing with a look of tenderness, I saw an object whose smallest beauty far surpassed the colourings of imagination, or the wildest dreams of love-sick fancy. Her hair, like melted gold, flowed in graceful ringlets over her snowy neck; the mild lustre of her soft blue eyes shed around a ray of divinity; the rosy tints of her cheeks were surpassed only by the brighter ruby of her opening lips, from under which, pearls just ventured partly to display a brilliancy that seemed to ask a trial of their sweetness too. A thousand loves appeared to nestle in her bosom.† A light robe, flowing from her shoulders, conferred a grace upon a person which was perfect grace before. My feelings deprived me, for a moment, of the powers of utterance; but, with returning recollection, I broke forth in exclamations of rapture on her charms. Poetick numbers escaped from me without exertion, and I felt that my address, though unpremeditated and unadorned, was eloquent, for it was the language of love.§

† The object which comprises more various beauties than any other in nature, says Mr. Burke, is a female bosom.

‡ A bosom where a bright carulean vein,  
"Sheds a soft lustre o'er the lucid snow!"

§ One of the many strange effects of love

"Ah stranger, said she, and ambrosial sweets distilled from her lips, "you behold for the first time, and therefore you adore me, but the heart was not formed for constancy, and soon as your eye shall light on other objects repetition of your view will satiate and cloy. I will prove generous; I restore your heart which I stole from you as you slept. I will be your conductress. Come with me and I will teach you the mazy paths of love, its dangers, hopes, and fears. Henceforth, that you may escape the snares abounding everywhere, look not at the azure eye or the inviting lip, but lift the veil that rests upon the soul: view that alone, and you are secure: We all may do so, but want the courage necessary for the act." Thus saying, she cast on me a glance that restored my soul. The eye appeared to be the organ of the heart, and could convey and regain it by a single look.||

Passion being at an end, my curiosity was excited by a thousand objects, and first to know whom I so much admired and late so much adored. Smiling she replied. "The Empire of Love, the world we inhabit, is completely under the dominion of female influence; beauty is the reward of merit, and want of it the punishment of every fault. Our Queen, who unites in herself the assemblage of every charm, who with a smile can inspire the feeblest with heroism, whose agents are diffused throughout all nature, rules with undisputed sway. Her ministers in the work of happiness are Sylphs, of whom, in me, you behold one, and Eria my name.¶ On the

---

is, that it converts every man, at least in his own estimation, into a poet. From Petrarch whose "Triumphs" display some of the sweetest effusions of genius, to the poorest poetaster, who indites doggerel rhymes, all yield, if not to the inspirations, to the madness of the muse.

|| This is the *speaking silence*, the *elegant look*, mentioned by Homer in his description of the Queen of Heaven, when attired in the majesty of beauty, encircled with the zone of love, she waited on her Imperial Lord.

¶ Who will dare to doubt the inspiration of Pope? The Rosicrucian system must go

intelligence of your approach, I was despatched to protect and guard you: the musick which delighted you was mine; I witnessed your transports, conducted you to your mossy bed, and there directed the gentlest zephyrs to lull you to repose; into your soul I infused dreams of rapture, and made the most enchanting objects play around your fancy. As you awoke I assumed this shape to try your sensibility, and found you in a moment worthy of my protection. It is our duty in general to guard the fair; to you is extended an especial favour, and I trust you will merit my kindest care. You must promise to preserve, for a little time, your actions subject to Reason, for where she resides, Love can never come. This will be an arduous task, but 'tis for your benefit, and after I have disclosed to you the mysterious attendants upon this delicious, fatal passion, you may enjoy or avoid it as you will; remembering that none can remain subjects of our Queen but such as yield themselves implicitly to love." With a sigh I consented, fearful of my ability to keep my word, and conscious that if I should meet with but a faint resemblance to the charming Eria, my resolution would be vain.

Some one now passed us in man's attire: his pace was slow, his look cast downward, yet melting with tenderness, his hand was placed upon his bosom, and now and then a sigh escaped that seemed to breathe forth his soul. He appeared careless whither he went, and yet each moment cast an anxious look around: he now trembled, and his limbs almost refused to support their burthen, for the object of his desires approached. She was tall and graceful, yet her smiles were wanton, and her appearance bespoke rather an ardent than a tender soul. I asked if this could cause his fears.

longer be considered fabulous, since it is now traced to its source. My friend had given a full description of this system, but it differed so little from that in the Rape of the Lock, that I have ventured to omit it here.

Your surprise will cease, said Eria, when you know her power. She touched me with a golden wand, and instantly the eyes, which before had almost escaped my observation, assumed the brilliancy of stars; the soft tints of her complexion surpassed the beauty of the rose; every fault that I had remarked before appeared more lovely than its absence; her form became so pure that it ceased even to cast a shadow, and she looked and moved an angel.\* I was about to prostrate myself, when my conductress removed the illusion and restored my proper sight. "Blame not," said she, "him you see, who is deprived of your information, when even so well instructed, you plunge into as deep an error: remember it is the soul you are to observe in order to escape delusion. Every female is gifted with the ability thus to charm, and every one employs the magick art: the talisman that dispels the mists of error and delusion is that which discloses the mind. Let this experience prove a lesson to guide your future conduct; let it teach you to examine and deliberate, ere you fall. But come, a thousand objects claim your notice far more useful than this commencement of the passion. As you advance, snares and dangers multiply, and although the first impulse be sweet, seldom are its roses unattended by a thorn."

#### For The Port Folio.

We are always happy to communicate in this Journal any of the rare productions of Genius. The following poem by Dr. Akenside has never been published in America and but recently discovered in England. The close of the second stanza will remind

\* No magician can so speedily change an object as can love. Deformity becomes beauty, vice and folly assume the appearance of virtue and wisdom, fierceness changes into amiableness, when breathed on by this potent passion.

Quam gratiarum cura decentium,  
Ornat; labellis cui Venus insidet.

some of our friends of certain of the Gimcrack tribe not wholly unknown in this country. The description and office of Phantasy are in the very spirit of the Faery Queen.

**THE VIRTUOSO—A Fragment,**

*IN IMITATION OF SPENCER.*

**I**

Whilom by silver Thames's gentle stream,  
In London town there dwelt a subtile wight;  
A wight of mickie wealth and mickie fame,  
Book learned, and quant, a Virtuoso hight;  
Uncommon things and rare were his delight;  
From musings deep his brain nor gotten ease,  
Nor ceasen he from study day nor night,  
Until (advancing onward by degrees)  
He knew whatever treads on earth, on air,  
or seas.

**II**

He many a creature did anatomize,  
Almost unpeopling water, air, and land;  
Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies,  
Were laid full low by his relentless hand  
That oft with gory crimson was distain'd;  
He many a dog destroyed, and many a cat;  
Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drain'd,  
Could tellen if a mite were lean or fat  
And read a lecture on the entrails of a gnat.

**III**

He knew the various modes of ancient times,  
Their arts and fashions of each various guise;  
Their weddings, funerals, punishment for  
crimes;  
Their strength, their learning eke and rari-  
ties.

Of old habiliments each sort and size,  
Male, female, high and low to him were  
known;  
Each gladiator dress and strange disguise,  
With learned clerkly phrase he could have  
shown  
How the Greek tunick differed from the  
Roman gown.

**IV**

A curious medallist, I wot, he was,  
And boasted many a course of ancient coin;  
Well as his wife's he knewen every face,  
From Julius Cæsar down to Constantine.  
For some rare sculpture he would oft ypine,  
(As green-sick daimoiselles for husbands do)  
And, when obtained, with enraptured eyne  
He'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,  
And look and look again, as he would look it  
through.

**V**

His rich Museum of dimensions fair,  
With goods that spoke the owner's mind  
was fraught;

Things curious, ancient, value, worth, and  
rare,  
From sea and land, from Greece and Rome  
were brought,  
Which he with mighty sums of gold had  
bought.  
On these all tydes with joyous eyes he por'd,  
And, sooth to say, himself he greater tho't  
When he beheld his cabinets thus stor'd  
Than if he'd been of Albion's wealthy cities  
Lord.

**VI**

Here in a corner stood a rich scrutoire,  
With many a curiosity replete;  
In seemly order furnished every drawer,  
Products of art and nature as was meet;  
Air pumps and prisms were placed beneath  
his feet;  
A Memphian Mummy King hung o'er his  
head.  
Here phials with live insects small and great,  
Here stood a tripod of the Pythian maid;  
Above, a crocodile diffused a grateful shade.

**VII**

Fast by the window did a table stand,  
Where hodiern and antique varieties,  
From Egypt, Greece, and Rome, from sea  
and land,  
Were thick besprent of every sort and size;  
Here a Bahaman spider's carcase lies,  
There a dire serpent's golden skindoth shine,  
Here Indian feathers, fruits, and glittering  
flies,  
There gums and amber found beneath the  
line,  
The beak of Ibis here, and there an Anto-  
nine

**VIII**

Close at his back, or whispering in his ear  
There stood a sprite, cyleped Phantasy;  
Which, wheresoe'er he went, was always  
near:  
Her look was wild and roving was hereye;  
Her hair was decked with flowers of every  
dye;  
Her glistening robes were of more various  
hue  
Than the fair bow that paints the cloudy sky,  
Or all the spangled drops of morning dew;  
Their colour changing still at every view.

**IX**

Yet in this shape all tydes she did not stay,  
Various as the cameleon that she bore;  
Now a grand Monarch with a crown of hay,  
Now mendicant in silks and golden ore;  
A statesman now, equipt to chase the boar,  
Or cowed monk, lean, feeble, and unfed,  
A clown like Lord or swain of courtly lore;  
Now scribbling dunce in sacred laurel clad,  
Or papal father now in homely weeds array.

x

The wight, whose brain this Phantom's power  
doth fill,

On whom she doth with constant care at-  
tend,

Will for a dreadful giant take a mill,  
Or a grand palace in a hogstye find,  
(From her dire influence me may Heaven  
defend)

All things with vitiated sight he spies,  
Neglects his family, forgets his friend,  
Seeks painted trifles, and fantastick toys,  
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

For The Port Folio.

#### PEALE'S MUSEUM.

On our first introduction to the City of Philadelphia, this collection was naturally one of the objects of liberal curiosity. Though sufficiently delighted with the portraits of revolutionary heroes and sages, with the stuffed birds of the tropicks, and the uncouth animals of America, yet we perceived a deplorable want of scientific arrangement, and occasionally, perhaps a sort of carelessness, or childishness in the choice of many of the articles. The general impression, therefore, was rather unfavourable, and we were, for some time, of opinion that this boasted Museum had been overrated, and that it was rather a show for the amusement of children, than a system to excite the speculations of a philosopher. But every Opinion or Prejudice of this sort, has long since vanished away. The Museum now is entitled, not merely to the candid, but careful attention of every friend to Genius, and every lover of nature. A visit to this interesting collection of curiosities will amply reward the inquisitive stranger, and will detain awhile, from other joys, even the vacant city lounge. Real Science will scrutinize the genuine objects of her research; vulgar Curiosity will stare at wonders; and Affection or Vanity will induce many to repair to the Physiognotrace for the sake of a Silhouette, by which the ladies dream to be immortal even on perishable paper.

The reason why we have exchanged indifference for admiration, in this instance, is sufficiently cogent. When we first saw the Museum, it appeared to us an indigested heap. The *Linnean* classification has given it order, grace, and beauty. Besides, the additions are not only ample, but exceedingly valuable. A contemplative man will here find much room for meditation, and a man social and benevolent will experience much gratification from the attentions of the Proprietor, and his sons, who are equally courteous and communicative, and whose talents, industry, and zeal for the ad-

vancement of Useful Science, or Elegant Art, we are glad to perceive patronized by a liberal community.

#### A GUIDE

TO THE

#### PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

This Museum is the property of Charles W Peale, who began it in 1785, with some bones of the Mammoth, and the Paddle-Fish, which were then added to his Picture Gallery: shortly after, relinquishing his profession as a Portrait Painter, his exertions were directed, and have been ever since devoted to the present establishment. His persevering industry has been so far crowned with success—and when the plans now preparing for execution shall be accomplished, the Institution, in point of arrangement, preservation, and number, will rival in value and utility any of a similar nature.

In 1802, the Legislature of Pennsylvania, influenced by an idea of its increasing utility, granted for the use of the Museum, the greater part of the State-house, where it is now displayed in a manner better becoming the importance of the Institution, and more worthy of the State which gave it birth.

—“ Here, undisturbed  
“ By noisy Folly, and discordant Vice,  
“ On Nature muse with us and Nature's  
God!”

MILTON.

#### Quadruped Room.

This room, which is 40 feet long, contains upwards of 190 *Quadrupeds*, mounted in their natural attitudes—those of the larger kinds, with their names in gilt frames, are placed on pedestals behind wire-netting—the smaller Quadrupeds are in glass cases on the opposite sides of the room; numerical catalogues in frames over each case, state the *genera* to which they belong, and their specific names in Latin, English, and French. The *Linnean* Classification is generally

adopted throughout the Animal department.

Among the most remarkable of the Quadrupeds are—the long-clawed Grisly Bear from the source of the Missouri; the American Buffaloe or Bison; the Great Ant-Eater; (seven feet seven inches from the snout to the tip of the tail)—the Ourang Outang, or wild Man of the Woods; the Crested Porcupine, some of whose quills measure 18 inches; the American and New-Holland ditto; Madagascar Bats, (measuring 4 feet from tip to tip)—the Hooded Bat, &c. The Lama or Camel of South America; the untameable Hyæna, and fierce Jackall; American Elks; the Picary, remarkable for a secretory organ on its back; the slow moving Bradypus or Sloth; Antelopes from Africa; the Indian Musk of astonishing agility; and the Kangaroo, or Opossum from Botany Bay, &c.—Various horns of different animals.

And a large ELECTRICAL MACHINE sufficiently powerful to give a moderate shock, without the Leyden Phial.

### LONG ROOM.

Linnaeus's Classification of Birds, with the characters of each order and genus, is, (for want of space to display it better) exhibited in a gilt frame at the entrance of the Long Room. All the birds are in glass cases, the insides of which are painted to represent appropriate scenery; Mountains, Plains or Waters the birds being placed on branches or artificial rocks, &c. These cases, rising 12 feet from the floor, extend the whole length of this room, which is 100 feet, producing an uncommonly elegant display.

The first order, *Rapacious* Birds, begins in the upper row at the head of the room, and extends nearly to the centre; each succeeding order beginning at the left, and extending to the right. In frames over each case, the *genus* is first noted, then their species, and names in Latin, English, and French, referring to the numbers which are attached to each species.

There are now in this collection (including many nondescripts) per-

haps *all* the birds belonging to the middle, many of which likewise belong to the northern or southern states; and a considerable number from South America, Europe, Africa, Asia, New Holland, and the new discovered Islands in the south seas.—The variety of interesting objects in this department is too great particularly to enumerate a few; the number exceeds 760, without the admission of any duplicates contained in 140 cases.

On projecting cases, between the windows at the west end of the room, is a classification of 4000 Insects in gilt frames. Those species which are too small to be examined with the naked eye are placed in microscopick wheels with the numbers continued from the glass frames; there are also two other compound microscopes of a new construction, adapted to a large collection of choice Insects, one for opaque and the other for transparent objects, with a catalogue of each.

Projecting between the windows at the east end of the room, are Glass Cases containing Minerals and Fossils, arranged according to Kirwan. Among the Clays are some American specimens, equal to those of which the finest Porcelaine is made, in China, or France; various fine coloured Earths, proper for Pigments; a variety of handsome Chrystals and precious Stones, among which the North American Topaz. Among the calcarious specimens in Case 1, are, a Petrified Incrustation of a Bird's Nest and Eggs; a Petrified Fish from the top of a Mountain near Naples; an elegant concretion of small Cornu-Ammonis. It is of importance that this department should, and, it is hoped, ere long will, contain a more complete collection of American Minerals, accompanied with a description of the quantity, and situation where found.

In Case 2, Vesuvian Lavas, polished; curious stones; Amber enclosing perfect Insects; Sulphurs, Bitumens, Native Gold, Silver, and other ores—among which the splendour of the Iron is most conspicuous.

Case 3, contains a valuable collection of Fossil Shells from Hampshire.

England; a variety of Petrifications and Incrustations—among them the great American Oyster, Clam, and Pediculus Marinus found with the Mammoth; Shrimp, Crabs, Fishes, Ferns, &c. and an elegant polished segment of a Cornu-Ammonis, showing the cellular structure.

Case 4 contains Miscellaneous articles—among which are a lock of Silvery Hair of the beautiful Nictalops of England; various Calculi, Coins, &c. and 5 jars showing the result of Dr. Hunter's analysis of City Pump Water, viz. 220 gallons of water evaporated yielded 24 oz. common salt, 32 oz. Salt Petre, 17 oz Magnesia, and 12 oz Lime!

Over the Birds, in handsome gilt frames, are two rows of Portraits of distinguished Personages, painted from the life, by C. W. Peale and his son Rembrandt. This collection was begun in 1779, and contains various other characters of distinction beside civil and military; such as Franklin, Priestly, Rittenhouse, Sir Joseph Banks, Humboldt, &c.—Their names are in frames over each portrait, yet there is a number which refers to a concise account of each person in small frames on the opposite cases. Of seventy persons here portrayed, forty are dead—Some portraits of a larger size adorn each end of the room. One of J. Hutton of Philadelphia, who died aged 108 years and four months.

In a gallery in the centre, between the windows, is an excellent organ for the use of such visitors as are acquainted with musick.

A person attends in this room with Hawkins' ingenious Physiognotrace, for the purpose of drawing profiles.\*

### MARINE ROOM.

In the centre of the room, supported on a pedestal, stands the Chama. a shell 3 feet long, and 185 lbs. weight; a pair of them are behind the railings.

\* The attendant is allowed to receive 8 cents for cutting out each set of profiles, from such as choose to employ him.

A railing at each end of the room encloses the larger Fishes and amphibious Animals, on each of which in a gilt frame, is the respective name, viz. Sharks, Lizards, Sword, and Saw-fishes, Sun-fish remarkable for having neither flesh nor bones, being wholly cartilaginous, and equally extraordinary for its bulk and form, more resembling the head of an immense fish than an entire one.\* The smaller Fishes, Lizards, Tortoises, Snakes, Snakes with two heads, &c. are displayed in two large glass cases, on inclined shelves, with numbers referring to a framed Catalogue. The tops of the cases are ornamented with artificial Rock work, supporting marine productions, such as Corals, Sea Fans, Feathers, &c.

Between the windows, projecting 6 feet into the room, are four glass cases, containing a classical arrangement of Shells, Corals, Sponges, &c.

Against the wall are sundry skins of large Snakes; one 16 feet long (Amboiya) from South America, and the beaks of Sea Fishes.

### ARTS AND ANTIQUITY.

This part of the Museum is in the Philosophical Hall.\*

### MAMMOTH ROOM

Contains the skeleton of the Mammoth which was discovered in Ulster county (New-York) in 1801. It is the first put together, and is as valuable as it is stupendous—being an almost perfect skeleton, the bones belonging to one animal, and very few deficient. It is 11 feet 10 inches high, and 19 feet long. A particular account, by Rembrandt Peale,† of its discovery, with many interesting remarks on it, is in 92 gilt frames, hung up in a con-

\* To prevent mistakes, all donations intended for the Philadelphia Museum should be directed to C. W. Peale, with such memorandums as are interesting, and the name of the Donor.

† Pamphlets of this may be had at the Museum.

venient gallery for viewing the skeleton.

The Mammoth is a Nondescript, and, as it is called, Antediluvian animal, with carnivorous grinders; and although formerly supposed to be a species of Elephant, yet differing from it, and from all other animals in several extraordinary particulars. Since the year 1740 the Learned have been gratified with the occasional discovery of various mutilated collections of similar bones; but it was not until 1801 that C. W. Peale, after great exertions, was enabled to obtain this skeleton. Some bones of the Mammoth first gave rise to the Museum in 1785 which, 16 years after, possessed the first entire Skeleton.

Here is also part of the skull of an unknown Animal of the Ox kind, the pith of the horn measuring 21 inches in circumference—probably the horns would have measured from 14 to 16 feet from tip to tip.—This precious relic belongs to the Philosophical Society, by request of the Donor, Dr. Brown, to be placed with the Mammoth.

There are in the same room, various small skeletons such as the Monkey, Greyhound, Parrot, Ibis, Ground hog, &c. and that of an ordinary Mouse, as an object of contrast with the Mammoth.

In frames hung up against the wall, are engravings of the whole Skeleton and the detached parts of an unknown Quadruped of the Sloth kind, of great size, found in South America, and now in the Museum at Madrid. Inside the railing are similar bones found in Virginia. Encircling the door are the lower Jaw-bones of a Whale, 13 1-2 feet long.

#### MODEL ROOM.

Extending across this room, in front of the windows, is a case containing 1400 elegant casts from antique gems which are a part of the collection in the Antique Room; a Silver Salt Seller, which belonged to Oliver Cromwell, presented by Mrs. Washington; Antique Pot, Household Gods, and bas reliefs, from the cities of Her-

culaneum and Pompoi; Curiously fabricated Earthen Pots found in South America—(in case 3 is a Pot resembling these, found in Tennessee, 25 feet deep); Chinese instruments and ornaments, and a considerable variety of such as are used by the Aborigines of North and South America, such as wrought Tubes of Stone, Chrystal Hatchets, &c.

Around the room are displayed some Paintings, and a number of Indian curiosities, models of canoes, spears, bows and arrows, clubs, paddles, baskets, the Phoonka or great Chinese Fan, Chinese Match Gun, and ancient Bow-gun, &c.

Here is the beginning of a Collection of Models of useful, foreign, and domestick Machinery—such as the Chinese Plough and wheel-barrow; Cottle's Thrashing Machine; a Dry Dock; improved Spinning-wheel, &c. On the floor stands a Throne of curious workmanship, said to be executed by the King of the Pelew Islands, out of a solid piece.

In cases 2 and 3, are models in wax, the size of life, of the following characters, dressed in their real and peculiar habiliments, viz.—Chinese Labourer and Gentleman; Inhabitant of Oonalaska; a Kamskadale; an African; a Sandwich Islander; an Otaheitan; a South American; and Blue Jacket and Red-pole; celebrated Sachems of North America. These cases likewise contain a great variety of articles of Indian dress and ornaments of extraordinary workmanship.

#### ANTIQUE ROOM

Contains several fine casts from the celebrated Statues of Antiquity, deservedly the admiration of the world, such as the Apollo de Belvidere, the fighting and dying Gladiators, the Antinous, Meleager, Venus of the Capitol, Venus Calliope, the crouching Venus. Paris, together with Houdon's Diana, besides 12 Busts, and 10 Basso Relievs. We are indebted for these casts to the taste and liberality of Mr. Smith, the brother of Wm. Lough-ton Smith, Esq. of South Carolina, who deposits them with Mr. Peale un-

til they form part of an American Academy of the Fine Arts.

P. S. As this Museum, like all others, has necessarily grown into importance by means of a gradual increase from the collection and careful preservation of individual subjects; the same means pursued with unceasing care will ensure its greater perfection.—The Proprietor therefore solicits the assistance of Gentlemen travelling into foreign countries, into whose hands articles occasionally fall, which are rendered valuable in a collective view, but otherwise lost to the publick, and of little value to the possessours.

### POLITE LITERATURE.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

At the commencement of the last volume of The Port Folio, save one, a change was made in the *Orthography* of its pages, by restoring the authority of Johnson; which is indeed the only real standard of our language. This reformation, Mr. Oldschool, has had the influence which might have been anticipated from the high rank of the paper, and was unquestionably gratifying to those of your admirers, who are in the habit of looking up to The Port Folio, as the criterion of their taste in most matters of literature. But while so judicious a revision was made, and alteration was so happily applied, one error crept into your press, and has since resolutely held its place. I refer to the word *author*, which your printers invariably give us as *authour*. This orthography is not justified by Johnson, or by any other Lexicographer whom I have consulted. The true spelling of the word must be allowed, indeed, to be an anomaly; for the parent words in Latin and French have the same termination as the parents of *honour*, &c. Of course, if the rule with regard to *honour* were uniform in its application, the insertion of *u* in *author* would be justifiable. But at present it is enough for us that such an interpolation has been hitherto unauthorized. And as the error in The Port Folio probably arose from oversight, I presume I have only to point it out.

Allow me a word or two on another head. The employment of the preposition *from*, prefixed to the adverbs *whence*, *thence* and *hence*, has always appeared to me, not only redundant, but extremely uncouth. Johnson says it is a "vitious expression;" and yet instances of its use may be found in our best writers. L. Murray, if my memory is correct, is neutral on the subject. Does the Editor of The Port Folio believe, that the phrase can be justified by any principle of our language? That it is justified by authority, the following instances will amply prove.

"Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that while they are all willing to take offence, they are so equally desirous of giving nobody offence. *From hence* they endeavour to please all," &c.

GOLDSMITH'S 12th Essay.

"Friendship is like a debt of honour—the more it is talked of it loses its real name and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. *From hence*, we find, &c."

*Goldsmith's Essay 26th.*

"No problem has more embarrassed the learned, than to give an account from *whence* the Americans sprung."

*Lord Kaimes.*

"At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from *whence* it proceeded."

*Addison, Spectator No. 7.*

"Here we see the head increasing insensibly to the middle, from *whence* it lessens gradually until it mixes with the neck," &c.

*Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, p. 3 Sec. 15.*

In the first examples (Goldsmith) the use of *FROM* is shocking to one who has an ear for composition, and in both the ease and gracefulness of the style would be rather improved by expunging it. In the instances from Kaimes and Addison it may, perhaps,

be admitted that the *froms* are essential to the roundness and harmony of the periods; in the instances from Burke, I will venture to say, that the term *which* might be substituted for *whence*, with strict propriety, though not with elegance.

C.

### THE MANSION-HOUSE HOTEL.

From time to time we are careful to describe such features of this city, as may prove alluring to strangers, and are a credit to herself; and we hope, gradually, to multiply our sketches to such an extent, as, at length, to be able to present a COMPLETE PICTURE of PHILADELPHIA †

In the founding and gradual improvement of cities, men, at first attentive principally to convenience, advance naturally from use to elegance and luxury. We first think of domestic comfort, and, in process of time of external magnificence. At a certain era in the history of every metropolis, its inhabitants, from a laudable pride, are solicitous that all foreigners and visitors should leave the place with the most favourable impressions. We are naturally angry when strangers abuse our city, our character, our architecture, and our inns, and we are both naturally and justly delighted when every visitor, satisfied with the accommodation and hospitality he has received, leaves us with a reluctant farewell.

Although, as the *genuine* capital of the country, this vast and flourishing metropolis, which is incomparably the finest city in America, is constantly thronged with travellers, yet till

lately the publick accomodation for them was very indifferent. Most of our inns were low, dark, dirty or inconvenient. Even some of the principal, from their vicinity to the din of business, or from being connected with stage offices and stables were extremely noisy and offensive. Many had no *table d'hote*, and where an ordinary was to be found, it was generally ill spread, and worse attended. The lodging rooms were exceedingly narrow and inconvenient, and the wines remarkable for every thing but purity. ‡ A new establishment upon a broad and elegant plan was manifestly wanted, and is now formed both to the credit of the proprietor, and the city.

The Mansion House of the late William Bingham, Esquire, was acknowledged both by natives and foreigners to be the most elegant private building in this city. Delightfully situated in a tranquil quarter of the town, and surrounded with groves and gardens, it seemed peculiarly proper for a genteel hotel, and place of elegant resort. It was accordingly chosen for that purpose, is now established, and we believe is well encouraged. It certainly deserves the amplest patronage. The Master and Mistress of the inn, who have long been accustomed to the business, are extremely well qualified for the arduous task they have undertaken. Their manners are courteous. Their breakfast, dinner, § and supper tables are exceedingly well served, and as well attended, and the prices are very moderate.

† At New-York the general accommodations, we understand, are more than tolerable, and in some instances they are elegant. But, at Boston, there is no such thing as a genteel hotel, and in most of the miserable boarding houses the unhappy lodger is exorbitantly taxed for very indifferent fare.

§ A sumptuous dinner was recently given by a party of gentlemen to a publick character of distinction on a visit here. By many of the guests who had enjoyed the luxury of London, and feasted at the restarateurs of Paris, it was agreed that a more genial board was never spread in America. The banquet was splendid and the attendance admirable.

† Information and assistance are respectfully requested, from the proper authorities, respecting the publick institutions of this city, the Library, and Academy of the Fine Arts in particular, the greater manufactories, the noble bridge over the Schuylkill, Gray's Gardens, Bartram's do., Philosophical and Literary Transactions. The aqueduct, the architecture of the various Banks, Peale's Museum, &c. &c.

A daily ordinary is kept, at which may be found all the delicacies of the season. The thirsty guest is sure to be regaled, whether his taste leads him to sound Madeira or sparkling Champagne, whether he quaffs Claret or prefers Port, whether he drinks Gin and Brandy with the *Americans*, or Soda and Seltzer water with the *Invalids*; and at night, when the tired traveller or the exhausted Epicure seeks the balm of sleep, he finds the bed of down and the pillow of luxury.

The order and economy of this establishment, which is decidedly the most comfortable and genteel inn in America, and which, in the opinion of many unprejudiced travellers is not exceeded by some of the best houses in London at the west end of the town, remind us of a stanza in the most beautiful poem of James Thomson.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,  
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands  
crown'd;

Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food  
On the green bosom of this earth are found,  
And all old Ocean genders in his round:  
Some rapid hand these silently display'd  
E'en undemand'd by a sign or sound;  
You need but wish, and instantly obey'd  
FAIR RANG'D THE DISHES ROSE, AND  
THICK THE GLASSES PLAY'D.

In this elegant inn many of the apartments are spacious, and all are extremely elegant and well furnished. In summer the garden and shrubbery will attract the infirm, the delicate, and the contemplative; and in many a pleasant walk the merchant may, for a while, forget the cares of life and the din of commerce, and the romantick lover dream of delight and Delia. In Winter, the coffee-room, furnished with the best papers, will be thronged by many a quidnunc and lounge, eager to heat himself with politicks and a brisk fire. In the dismal nights of December, the dancers may

Trim it as they go  
On the light fantastick toe.

By the brilliant chandelier the ladies may dazzle us with all the blaze of beauty, and the gentlemen display either a graceful bow, a new coat, or a *pigeon's wing*.

— The social soul,  
Who warms him in the ruby bowl,

the choice spirit, the jocund son of Comus, or the man of letters, tired of contemplation and willing to converse, will here find Johnson's throne of human felicity. In the snug supper-room, the song and the story may go round, and Champagne and cigars chase chagrin away.

For The Port Folio

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are authorized to state, that Vols. I and II and V of Dr. CHAPMAN'S "Select Speeches," are nearly ready for publication. This portion of his highly popular work is enriched with many of the most exquisite specimens of parliamentary and forensick eloquence, with which modern Genius has charmed and convinced thousands. Among these, is a speech by the Right Honourable Sir Hercules Langrishe, delivered in the Irish House of Commons, on the 19th of July, 1793, during the debate on the bill to improve and amend the state of the representation of the people in parliament. This elaborate, logical, and brilliant harrangue, which is entirely new on this side of the Atlantic, is both in sentiment and style very nearly allied to the best manner of Mr. Burke, who was the intimate friend of the Speaker.\* This elo-

\*The Editor cannot resist the temptation of quoting the following passages. It is scarcely necessary for him to add, that these correct principles are fully in unison with his own.

"The prevailing argument, which is to silence every tongue, and convince every understanding on this subject, is, 'That the Voice of the People calls for a Parliamentary Reform;'—an argument of much weight indeed, if it were well founded!—But notwithstanding all I have heard to that purpose, I do not believe the fact to be so. The people of Ireland are many, the agitators, the writers for the publick prints, the heroes, and the historians of newspapers, are

quent Baronet argues with great ability against the frenzied schemes of the Irish reformers; and his remarks

*few*; though they speak, as it were, with many tongues.—The discontented are clamorous; the contented are silent; the songs of industry are only heard at home, whilst the trumpet of Discord is audible from shore to shore.

“I know there are several respectable persons, who think favourably of a *Parliamentary Reform*.—Several very respectable Members of this House have indulged themselves in something like enthusiasm on the subject;—they have woven garlands to decorate the offering, and prepared crowns of laurel for those who should administer the sacrifice. And yet, when they have disclosed the particular object of their idolatry; when they have stated the different plans with which they have favoured us during the course of this session, they have discovered a sufficient *diversity of opinion* indeed. Therefore I can never be persuaded, that the people of Ireland are unanimous in calling for a measure, when scarcely any two of them are agreed in their sense of the measure itself.—*Reform* is a word to which every reformer annexes his own idea.—It is a picture that every man draws from his own imagination, and sometimes colours to his own interest. Therefore if you say the people are unanimous in calling for a Parliamentary Reform, you describe a whimsical unanimity indeed; a unanimity of discordance; something like that ridiculous concert you have heard of, in which every man sings a different tune; but as they all make a noise together, they call it a concert.

“The fact is—In times like the present, when the most mischievous industry has been employed to propagate new notions of government, and new models of constitution, mere *popular clamour* is ever ready at the call of those who invite it; and there are many to be found who take up the word *reform*, or any other parole of discontent, because they know it means *innovation*, and may be commotion. For there are in all countries, however free and however happy, many to be found too restless for peace, and too turbulent for government; men out of the habits of tranquillity; men whom commerce cannot enrich, or freedom satisfy. There are to be found in all countries, many who have neither property nor industry, nor occupation; who must embrace every thing like a change, and aspire at commotion, because they know victory may be acquisition, and defeat can take nothing from them.”

may bet very profitably perused by many an American.

Mackintosh's noble defence of Pel- tier, which has become very scarce, and which is greatly in request, both among politicians and the Gentlemen of the bar is here preserved.

All the best speeches on the subject of the Slave Trade; Flood's and Grattan's on the Union; Ld. Clare's, Sheridan's on the Begum Charge; Erskine's Defence of the Bishop of St. Asaph. Curran's famous plea in the case of Judge Johnson, together with the whole of Burke's Speeches; Chatham on the Boston Port Bill; Lord Lyttleton on the Canada Bill.

Among the precious reliques of English eloquence at an earlier date, the reader will find Waller on the impeachment of Judge Crawley Lord Belhaven on the Union of Scotland, Fletcher of Saltoun on the same, Speeches of Sir Robert Walpole, Lords Bolingbroke, and Chesterfield, Sir William Windham, and Mr. Pulteney.

The Editor has preserved some of the most valuable Speeches of the famous Malone, of Lords Mansfield, Camden, and North.

Fox on the India bill  
Erskine on the Rights of Juries  
Pitt on American Peace  
Wilberforce on the Slave-trade  
Langrishe on the Catholick Petition  
Knox *ib.*  
Egan *ib.*  
Sheridan on the Assessed Tax  
Windham on Bull Baiting  
Ld. Moira on the address, and  
Windham on the Peace of Amiens  
Pitt on the Union with Ireland  
Earl of Clare *ib.*

After so full an enumeration of the valuable contents of these amusing and instructive volumes, need we add, that they richly

† Mr. Burke, on a memorable occasion, took occasion to pay him some very high compliments. “You have,” says the orator, “an exceeding good understanding, very good humour, and the best heart in the world.” In another place, Mr. Burke declares, that he honours and shall forever honour and love him, and that his services will never be forgotten by a grateful country.

deserve the liberal patronage they have gained, and that they reflect great honour upon the taste and judgment of the Editor.

#### TOUSSARD'S AMERICAN ARTILLER- IST'S COMPANION.

Messrs. Conrad have issued proposals for publishing by subscription a military tract with the above title written at the request of GEN. WASHINGTON, by Col. Louis Toussard, a skilful tactician and a brave officer, who has fought with great gallantry in America's defence. This gentleman, from his personal merit, and from the value of such a work as his, in perilous times, is entitled to the favourable regard of the publick. The nature of his performance has already been fully declared on the covers of this Journal.

#### MARGARETTA, a new novel.

During the past Summer, Mr. S. F. Bradford published an American novel, with the title of *Margaretta*. Its moral is pure, its style is neat, and some of the characters are pourtrayed with the felicity of a female. As this romance, we understand, is the production of a lady not in affluent circumstances, they, who pride themselves on fostering native talents, and assisting Merit in distress, will be easily induced to patronize this performance.

#### AMERICAN POEMS.

Messrs. Belcher & Armstrong of Boston propose publishing, by subscription, in one volume duodecimo, the Poems of Robert Treat Paine, Jr. Esq. This gentleman is well known in the literary circles of Boston, and, on many occasions, by a union of Patriotism and Poetry, has gained the applause of his countrymen, and sometimes that of foreign critics. Some of his lyrick compositions display much of the fire and enthusiasm of the bard; and as the author proposes to exhibit "maturer effort,"

and to undergo the labour of revision and correction, we anticipate that he will publish a volume, which not only partial Friendship but stern Criticism may commend.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

At the commencement of the present year, the Editor requested his Printers invariably to employ the orthography of Dr. JOHNSON, and in all doubtful cases, to consult that oracle, not as the responses are given in the common abridgment in 8vo., but according to the invaluable authority of the folio edition, with a careful attention to the authour's etymology, syntax, and apposite quotations. Moreover, in the composition of any manuscript, as the Editor had much confidence in his Printers with respect to a correct style, they were directed, whenever any newfangled, barbarous, or redundant expression should occur, to the prejudice of language, and in defiance of Johnson, that the same should be expunged without mercy. Messrs. Smith and Maxwell were accordingly furnished with the complete edition of Johnson, and with equal uniformity and approbation have pursued the path indicated by that illustrious guide.

A gentleman with the signature of C., and whose polite favour has the Boston post mark, has, in terms of great urbanity, made a few remarks, and one stricture upon the uniform standard of orthography, adopted at the commencement of vol. III of the New Series of *The Port Folio*, at the suggestion of our Printers, and with the entire consent of the Proprietor. Our courteous correspondent observes that what, in his opinion, is an error, the orthography of the word authour, resolutely keeps it place, though it has not the sanction of Johnson nor of any other Lexicographer to whom our correspondent had access. The Editor replies at once, that this error has not *crept in*, but the innovation, if our friend choose to call it so, was deliberately made, and on these princi-

ples: For the sake of uniformity; and as there is no occasion for departing from Johnson's practice in all other instances; the habit of many of the standard English writers, contemporary with Raleigh, Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson: This is fortified by the rule, that, whenever two vowels meet in a syllable constituting an improper diphthong, the last vowel only is to be pronounced: therefore the Etymology and the Genius of the language are satisfied by writing the word *author*, pronounced by the English *author*. It is observable that the Scots are so careful in this particular, have such accuracy of ear, and conform so nearly to the derivation, that they give the last syllable a sweet diphthongal sound, and pronounce the word *othòre*: Its derivation, according to Bailey, from the French *auteur*: and the uniform practice of James Boswell, not only a polite, but a remarkably accurate scholar, who, in his Life of Dr. Johnson, printed by Baldwin, in a mode scrupulously correct, has, doubtless from a rigid adherence to Dr. Johnson's own rule, printed this word in the manner above complained of.

With respect to the barbarous and redundant combination in the phrases from *whence* and from *thence*, the Editor's principle and practice have, for many years, been entirely on the side of our correspondent. We are fully aware, that high authorities for the use of the preposition, in both these cases, may be pleaded; but the argument of Dr. Johnson is irresistible, and a very great majority of the purest and most classical scholars, since his time, write, invariably, *hence* and *thence*; Dr. Parr, Dr. Knox, and almost all the Scotch literati, Blair, in particular, who is very rigid on this head. Our Printers were requested, on the first day of their labours in this Journal, always to expunge the preposition, whenever, in this *uncouth* combination it occurred. In all the authorities, splendid as they are, which our correspondent has cited, the ungraceful and unnecessary use of the preposition is not only an excrescence, but a most barren and unseemly one.

VIGIL is a midnight man and loves late hours with all the fondness of Dr. Johnson. But from social joys he can turn to the folio page, and, while meaner mortals are drenched with all the dews of oblivion, he can study profoundly;

At that dim hour when fading lamps expire,  
And the last lingering clubs to bed retire.

The trade of vulgar criticism is easily learned, and to rail without reason is no laborious service. Shee has well described this sort of carpers:

Dolts from the ranks of real service chas'd,  
Pass muster in the Volunteers of Taste,  
Soon learn to load with critick shot, and  
play  
Their popguns on the genius of the day.

We wish that "M" would realize his project. His visit would burnish the face of many a boon companion.

Come, happy friend! to hail thy wished return,  
Nor vulgar fire, nor venal light shall burn;  
From gentle bosoms purer flames shall rise,  
And keener ardours flash from Beauty's eyes.

LORD THURLOW, both at the bar, and in the House of Lords, distinguished himself by many a bold and nervous specimen of the *abruptum genus dicendi*. Where are his speeches preserved without mutilation? The offspring of such a mind, if not lovely, like the Graces, must, at least, be dignified, like Apollo, and vigorous, as Hercules.

The *Single Speech* of the celebrated Hamilton, the friend of Burke, as it is believed, has never been printed here. How shall we obtain it? It is certainly preserved in some English repository.

A complete collection of the orations of the younger LITTLETON would add materially to a friend's stock of literary curiosities. As whatever obliges him is a source of pleasure to us, we shall be happy to receive from an authentick source, the speeches in question.

Our contemplative friend "W" should guard carefully against those gloomy views of life, the offspring of that Melancholy which too often haunts the vacant hour. Nothing can be more judicious than the advice of my Lady Montague on this subject. Life, to make it supportable, should not be considered too nearly. The idle mind will sometimes fall into contemplations that serve for nothing but to ruin the health, destroy good humour, hasten old age and wrinkles, and bring on an habitual melancholy.

We are glad to receive the approbation of a man of business, who has not leisure to peruse prolix essays, but who finds occasional amusement in the Article VARIETY. It is the same in Life as in Landscape.

Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,  
To instruct our wandering thought;  
Thus she dresses green and gay  
To disperse our cares away.

"Amandus" appears to suffer from a common caprice in love; let him expostulate with his mistress in the language of Moore;—

Why knits my dear her angry brow?  
What rude offence alarms you now?  
I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true,  
But did I say she equalled you?  
Can't I another's face commend,  
Or to her virtues be a friend,  
But instantly your forehead lowers,  
As if her merit lessened yours?

Sir Walter Raleigh, we believe, is the authour of some stanzas, of sweet simplicity, the burden of which is,

If she be not kind to me  
What care I how kind she be?

In the Opera of the Duenna, Sheridan introduces Antonio, singing

I ne'er could any lustre see  
In eyes that would not look on me.

In the very tone and cadence of those delightful measures, our charming friend "Manto," whom next Summer we hope to visit, has written the song which adorns our present number. It has all the beauty of her predecessors, without any thing like the servility of imitation. Nothing

can be more agreeable to the Editor, than the correspondence of a writer of so much genius, taste, and sensibility. As distance, at present, interdicts our listening to the conversation of such a fascinating friend, we hope to peruse frequent letters from M.

E. W. the authouress of a domestic tour, and to whom we are occasionally indebted for moral poetry of a superiour character, is assured, that her recent essay is favourably received. We shall always be happy to receive her communications, either in prose or verse. We are flattered when she listens to any of our suggestions; and the advice which the Editor ventured to give, Experience has convinced him, has a basis of utility.

We have seen several numbers of The OXFORD REVIEW, and are sufficiently satisfied with their orthodoxy, and their style. The principles of the Conductors of this Journal resemble the principles of the British Critick, and have our high admiration. From a wish to diffuse so respectable, so elegant, and so useful a pamphlet among the men of elegant letters and sound principles in America, we advertised this Review some time since, and have received the names of several subscribers. These and new subscriptions as fast as received, are transferred to Mr. S. Bradford, bookseller of this city, who regularly imports all the periodical works of merit.

Orders may be addressed to the Editor, or to him, at the pleasure of the subscriber.

We hope that the Cavaliers, to a man, will patronize this work, as a joint effort of a band of real Scholars, Gentlemen, Politicians, and Christians. A literary Journal supported by the talents of the most magnificent Seminary in the world, must have irresistible attraction.

The Speech, or rather, the violent Philippick of Mr. WEDDERBURN on the examination of Dr. Franklin be-

fore the Privy Council, prior to the war between Great Britain and her colonies, has escaped the most diligent research of the Editor, who hopes, however, to obtain it by the aid of others.

In the July of 1765, Charles Townsend, one of the most brilliant wits and fascinating speakers of the age, was elevated, in consequence of his oratorical talents alone, to the dignity of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. In this situation, with his admirable and versatile talents, with his inordinate ambition, and insatiable desire to please, combined with a sense of official duty, it was impossible that he should have been a *mute*. Nay, we know that on many occasions, to use the forcible expression of a contemporary, he talked, on a vast variety of subjects, *like an angel*. Many of his harangues are referred to by the party writers of the day, and must, doubtless, exhibit shining proofs of the Chancellor's eloquence. But although we have looked into all the registers, reports, chronicles, histories, and newspapers of the time, we cannot find a single speech of Charles Townsend. Has any of our countrymen any memorial of this great man's rhetoric? And will some English gentleman assist our inquiries?

We have access to many of the speeches of the late Earl of SANDWICH, but they are either too brief, or carelessly reported. The noble Lord, who, at a very busy and eventful epoch, was at the head of the Admiralty, a man who was continually attacked by the keenest weapons of opposition, was in the habit of defending himself not only adroitly, but successfully; nay, he generally disarmed his adversaries. We should be glad to obtain *genuine* proofs of his skill as a political Fencer. At the period in

which Lord Sandwich distinguished himself, there was not an individual in the Ministry who possessed so much genius and talents for business.

The PLANETS shine beautifully.

We bid "S" be of good cheer, and continue his contempt for popular clamour; a troop may seem to overcome him, but he will overcome at last.

For, let his hapless case be falsely told,  
By the rash young, or the ill-natured old;  
Let every tongue its various censures choose,  
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse,  
Fair Truth—t last her radiant beams will  
raise,  
And Malice vanquished heightens Virtue's  
praise.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

### SONG.

Tell me not her cheek is bright  
As the dawning blush of light,  
That her honied lip bestows  
Richer sweets than Hybla knows,  
And her ever-sparkling eyes  
Shame the jewels of the skies—  
These may gain her love from thee,  
These are not enough for me.

Does her cheek with feeling glow!  
Does her lip with kindness flow!  
Do her varying eyes express  
All the bosom's tenderness!  
While, by FANCY's power refined,  
BEAMS THE GENIUS GIFTED MIND!  
Then, though void of charms to thee,  
She has every charm for me.

MANTO.

### EPITAPH.

*St. Mary Key, Ipswich, Suffolk.*  
ON JO. WARNER, AGED 22, 1641.

I Warner once was to myself,  
Both living, dying, dead I was;  
Now a warning am to thee:  
See then thou warned be.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, November 14, 1807.

[No. 20.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE PLANETS.

##### No. VII.

“Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,  
“Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;  
“Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lover's tears;  
“What is it else? A madness most discreet,  
“A choking gall and a preserving sweet.”

A PATH now appeared, that seem'd to extend as far as the eye could trace its eccentric course. In the entrance it was temptingly beautiful, at the extremity, on a lofty eminence, faintly shone a temple, whose construction and figure were not distinctly visible, but whose distant view inspired delight, and over the intermediate way light clouds were suspended. impenetrable to the sight, yet seemingly easy to be dissipated I was struck with the countless numbers that entered joyfully on the road: encircled with garlands of the gayest flowers, they danced merrily along without reflection or care; or if their course were ever impeded, it was only to admire the objects immediately surrounding them, or to cast a look of complacency on the distant temple; but the clouds, which they were to penetrate, escaped their notice, or were treated with con-

tempt. They soon vanished from my view, lost in the labyrinths or enveloped in the mists that abounded throughout the way. Their place, however, was soon supplied by others, equally heedless with themselves, and every part was thus perpetually filled.

My charming conductress led me to the path, and I discovered that the sides were everywhere crowded with figures of various kinds, the angels or the demons, presiding over the different objects and passions that accompany the course of love, or follow in its train.

Beauty first appeared smiling on her votaries.\* With one hand she forbade the approach of Science with her hoary locks and visage pale, of Prudence mildly whispering her salutary precepts, and of Reflection with her careworn brow; with the other she led on a train of charms and graces, each one scarcely inferiour to herself, and lightly moving through the maze, was cheering Hope, whose aspect promised happiness and never-ending love.

\* Let the pride of philosophy say what it will, beauty must always triumph over any other quality, though in itself more solid and important. Indeed, its very essence, say the definers, is the ability to excite love. United with grace, which indeed is a constituent part, it can warm the coldest heart. “Beauty without grace,” says the lively Ninon, “is a hook without a bait.”

Next came Desire, loosely clad, and inspiring amorous thoughts with her swelling bosom and her soul-dissolving eye. Then Wealth, who, by a single touch, could create perfection from deformity; and not less temptingly stood Ambition, encouraging the lover on his way. Beyond these, after many a winding of the road, two objects caught my view, in appearance widely different from each other, yet separated by a path so narrow, as scarcely to admit a passage between them. The one was a nymph, pale and languishing; her eye averted from every object, that offered to gratify or please; her countenance not inelegant, yet disfigured with disdain; her person well formed and even beautiful, yet impressing the beholder, he knew not why, with sentiments of disgust. It was Satiety. The other was a monster of hideous mien, whose influence, I was informed, the truest and most faithful lovers never entirely escaped. He was in perpetual pain. Tortured with imaginary anguish, he would continually clutch at a fancied foe, and embrace nothing but air: yet thus exhibiting his pangs to every one, that gazed on him, he persuaded himself that they were never known, and often forced a smile to hide the bursting tear or rising sigh; his heart, which was not concealed by his body, was lacerated with never-ending anxiety;† his lips, pale and quivering, and his large round eyes green, and always watchful.‡ They call him Jealousy. The lovers, as they approached, smiled at his terrors, and despised his frowns. Triumphant in the purity of their affection, they confidently believed he would not dare to exert his powers on them, or if he did, that his efforts

would be vain; yet beyond the spot where he stood, the alacrity with which they had before pursued their journey immediately ceased to exist; their fervour cooled; the blooming garlands, that had adorned their bosoms or wreathed their cheerful brow, faded and shed their flowers. Either they soon lost their way, and wandered separately from the path, or dragged heavily and reluctantly along to the abode of Poverty. In a barren spot, encircled with thick, impenetrable mists, and invisible at the shortest distance, had this demon fixed her dwelling. The tempests of a hundred winters seemed to have howled around without destroying it. The walls, filled with crevices, tottered to their foundations: the door swung on half a rusty hinge, and, at the entrance, nestling in rags and filth, sat, squalid, sickly, and in tears, the worthy tenant of this drear abode.

Secured by the magick influence of Eria, I passed unhurt through all these dangers, and found myself almost alone in the neighbourhood of the temple. In vain had Beauty spread her toils; fruitlessly had Jealousy darted his stings, and fixed on me his baleful eyes; Poverty had shed her tears in vain. "You have seen," said Eria, "the effects of love, commenced without caution, and mutual esteem. Through yonder sacred gates none are allowed to pass, but such as have burned with the purest, sincerest, and most disinterested flame. Beyond, is hallowed ground. It is consecrated by the Queen of Beauty to uninterrupted bliss. Within that wall, Age and Suffering can never enter. The tide of time rolls on, but to bring with each returning flood a new access of happiness: The bloom of youth glows forever on the cheek, its ardour perpetually warms the heart, and its vivacity animates the eye. Innumerable ministers of pleasure wait around to supply the minutest want and even to anticipate desire. Every sense is gratified by the richest profusion of delights. The solar rays gently sweeping over the instruments of music, tune them to sounds of sweetest me-

† The seat of love and its attending passions has never been ascertained. Some have supposed their residence to be within the brain. Burton, the modern Democritus, places it in the liver, and warmer fancies extend it over the whole system. But after all, the eyes seem to be the instruments of love, and the heart its abode.

‡ Shakspeare describes him to be "the green-eyed monster that mocks the meat he feeds on."

body. Incense the most fragrant rises before a thousand altars. Every variety of colour shines to gratify the eye; delicious viands please, while they nourish appetite, and the imagination, bewildered with the extent and diversity of its felicity, indulges in the excess of every joy. You are not yet worthy of participating in these pleasures, because you have never truly loved. But though within the realms of our Queen the purest and most perfect passion holds its throne, yet there is no region in the universe destitute of scenes like those I have described. Where there is true, unfeigned love, there must be perfect bliss; for even the delirium, that it induces, is a delirium of ecstasy. Stay with us, and I will promise, by my care, speedily to procure you admittance to that paradise: the fairest object that our world can boast shall own you for her choice; your progress shall be undisturbed, your arrival shall be crowned with the happiest success."

My desires to benefit mankind compelled me to forego such exalted happiness. My heart suffered the severest anguish, at parting from her to whom my debt of gratitude could never be discharged. She did justice to the worthiness of my motives and dismissed me with a tear.

Since my return to earth I have inquired, without success, for the bliss that was promised me by Eria. In the palace of royalty, where the gilded heart forgets its nature, I have sought for love in vain; neither dwells it under the peaceful shelter of an humbler roof; but still I live in hopes, for that tongue "with grace divine imbued" never could have given birth to ought but truth. §

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§ If Shakspeare's description be true, love formed of so many contradictions does not indeed exist on earth—He calls it

Heavy lightness, serious vanity,  
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick  
health.  
Still waking sleep, that is not what it is, &c.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*For The Port Folio.*

Dr. Abercrombie, whose reputation, as a judicious, indefatigable, and affectionate instructor, is well known to the lovers of learning, and goodness, has lately added to his numerous and acceptable services by publishing a very valuable work, entitled "Lectures on the Catechism, on Confirmation, and the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church; delivered to the students of that denomination in the Philadelphia Academy: to which is prefixed—the Catechism of said Church, an Appendix, and occasional prayers, with an Address to Parents, Sponsors, and Guardians. Published for the use of that Institution.

This religious manual is extremely well composed. It is plain, practical, and pleasing. The doctrines of the Church are familiarized to the apprehension of the juvenile student, and the elementary principles of the Christian Faith are very lucidly unfolded. This pious performance will prove not less creditable to its worthy author, than salutary to his pupils. We hope it will have what it deserves—a very liberal circulation. It is dedicated with great propriety to Bishop WHITE, and will derive additional value, and produce a wider good, if sanctioned by the approbation of a prelate so wise and amiable.

The Preface and Dedication are honourable to the head and heart of the author, and the impassioned Address to Parents, we hope, will animate them to be more than usually attentive to the formation of the moral, and religious habits of their offspring.

Messrs. Conrad have just published a new Comedy, by Morton, entitled "Town and Country." This play, though not free from the blemishes which generally deform this rapid author's page, is very popular and diverting. In spite of all the severity of Criticism, it is impossible to refrain from laughter in perusing many of the scenes.

Messrs. Conrad have in the Press, Part Second of the sixth volume of the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society.

Their first volume of the American Register, edited by C. B. Brown, is nearly ready for publication. This valuable and national work is to be continued semi-annually.

Messrs. C. have just published the Life of George Washington, Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, throughout the war, which established their Independence, and first President of the United States; by David Ramsay M. D., authour of the History of the American Revolution. This Biography is written with elegance, and will add to Dr. Ramsay's reputation. As a very favourable specimen of the work, we strongly recommend the character which the Dr. has drawn of the illustrious subject of this interesting Memoir.

Mr. B. B. Hopkins has in the Press a fine edition of Dr. Campbell's Lectures. This work is highly esteemed by the Criticks and Theologians. It is not unworthy of the authour of the Philosophy of Rhetorick—one of the most acute treatises that has appeared since the days of Aristotle.

The Rev. Mr. Collinson has a Life of the historian Thuanus in the Press which will be comprised in an octavo volume. From the distinguished rank which Thuanus held among the literary men of his age this promises to be a very interesting publication.

A beautiful and splendid edition of Shakspeare will shortly be published in twelve volumes octavo. It is printed from the text of Johnson, Steevens, and Reed, by Ballantyne of Edinburgh; and every volume is embellished with three highly finished,

and exquisite, engravings, from designs by Smirke, Thomson, Stothard, Cook, &c. This will form one of the most elegant editions of the works of our immortal Bard which has at any time appeared.

Sir John Sinclair has published in 4 vols. 8vo. a very curious and instructive work, entitled "The Code of Health and Longevity; or a view of the principles calculated for the preservation of Health and attainment of long life."

Alfred Allendale, which we presume is a mere *nom de guerre*, has published a quizzical work entitled "The World of Fashion," with illustrious Anecdotes, Scandal, Histories, and Characters.

Henry James Pye, Esq. the Laureat, has published "Comments on the Commentators of Shakspeare;" with Preliminary observations on his genius and writings: and on the labours of those who have endeavoured to elucidate them.

Vol. IV of "The Lounger's Common-place book has just appeared, and contains one hundred new and curious articles.

We are glad to perceive that the London booksellers have published the Poetical Works of Sir William Jones, with the Life of the authour, and Frontispieces designed by Dagley.

Wm. Wordsworth has published two volumes of poems. We hope that he does not continue to strike the very base string of humility.

Sir R. C. Hoare, a man of Fashion, and an elegant writer, has published a "Journal of a Tour through Ireland." This book, probably, will supersede

Carr's, and we strongly advise its republication in this country.

The ingenious Dr. Thomas Trotter has published a valuable medical work, entitled "A view of the Nervous Temperament; being a *practical* Inquiry into the increasing prevalence, prevention, and treatment of those diseases commonly called Nervous, Bilious, Stomach, and Liver complaints, Indigestion, Low Spirits, and Gout." This work has been strongly recommended to the careful perusal of all those parents who may wish to correct the hereditary tendency of those diseases in their children. The republication of this work, we think, will redound to the publick benefit, and the interest of the bookseller.

A Biography of Popular Modern Characters, with Original Portraits is now Printing under the immediate direction of several eminent literary gentlemen. This work presents us a view of the leading characters of the day.

The epistles of Ovid have appeared in London, with a new translation by the late Rev. W. W. Fitzthomas.

The Rev. F. H. Carey has translated into blank verse, the "Inferno" of Dante.

The Hon. Mr. Lambe, one of the literary and social friends of *Anacreon Moore* has published a Comick Opera entitled "Whistle For It."

New Memoirs of Pitt and Fox have just appeared. These, if authentic, and well written, would have a wide circulation, if republished here.

The Rev. Montague Pennington has published "Memoirs of the life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, with a new

edition of her poems;" to which are added some Miscellaneous Essays in prose, and notes on the Bible. The character of this learned lady has been so exalted in the opinion of the greatest scholars of the age, that a cheap edition of her works, including her translation of Epictetus, ought to be undertaken in America.

Among the new editions of the Classicks, we are glad to find, that an admirable one of Horace is published in a superb quarto, and a royal octavo, with the collations and notes of Mr. Baxter, the various readings and criticisms of Gesner, and the notes of Zeunius. This is *the* edition.

A reply to Mr. Malthus's remarks on the condition of the poor, from the pen of a gentleman of eminent abilities, is now in the Press, and will shortly make its appearance. This publication will also contain strictures upon the famous plan of education devised by Joseph Lancaster.

We are glad to see that the British booksellers have published a fine edition of the works of Archbishop Leighton, that successful assailant of the sect of Methodists.

#### SMITH & MAXWELL'S EDITION OF STEELE'S CHRISTIAN HERO.

This favourite tract, by a sprightly and distinguished writer, whose *argument was still right, though his conduct might have been wrong*, we believe was out of print abroad, and scarcely known at home, except in some country clergyman's library. With great propriety Messrs. Smith & Maxwell have published a cheap edition of this little volume, which is a memorable proof both of the piety and genius of the authour. Though, from the nature of Sir Richard's occupations and habits some crude and careless passages have fallen from his rapid pen, still, in many a neat and pointed sentence.

you may discover the chief writer in the Tatler. Many a page of this performance will remind the reader of the authour's best periodical style. We recommend it strongly to the favour of the publick. The serious part may fix the faith of the Christian, and the lighter may enchain the attention of the loungeur. There are some very fine parallels run after the manner of Plutarch, which the critic will study for their elegance, and there is a character of George I, which the politician will consider as a curiosity. There is a certain air of urbanity and elegance diffused over this book, and while we are reading it, it seems that we are in company with a man of the world, and a gallant soldier, as well as with a student. Instead of the nauseous and vulgar style of the secretaries, who

What should be great still turn to farce.

Our courteous Knight talks of religious faith in the tone of a cavalier, and we cannot refrain from a smile of approbation, whenever he mentions St PAUL, whom, with great justice, he always salutes with the title of *Gentleman*. He was certainly the polished scholar of the Apostles; he was adorned with all the erudition of the times, skilled in the intricacies of the human heart, a most artful manager of the populace, of wonderful pliancy of manners, an orator, of the first impression, and a courtier with every blandishment. He was, indeed, a Gentleman; and a Julian, and an Apostate might tolerate a sect which had given birth even to one like St. PAUL.

#### ESPIRELLA'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.

Messrs. Munroe and Francis, of Boston, intend to publish, as speedily as possible, in one\* duodecimo volume,

\* The London edition is very diffusely printed in three. One of the principal advantages we derive from the republication of British books is, a portable size, and consequent cheapness. The enormous prices of foreign books, enhanced by the illi-

an elegant, and very instructive and entertaining work, entitled "Letters from England; by Don Manel Alvarez Espirella. Translated from the Spanish by an English Gentleman.

This interesting work is a great curiosity. Remarks on England, by a student from the University of Alcala, are quite a novelty in the literary world; but the most extraordinary circumstance remains behind.

After a very careful perusal of these letters, we have acquired the right to declare, that it is the most accurate description of English scenery and manners, that in the form of a tour has yet appeared. We have not access to the original, but the English translation is extremely spirited and elegant.

#### BOSTON EDITION OF "THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CHATTERTON.

Messrs. Belcher and Armstrong propose to publish immediately "The Life and Works of Thomas Chatterton, including the Poems attributed to Rowley. The undertaking of this edition is highly creditable to the proprietors; and as they propose compressing three octavos into one, they will enable the inquisitive student to peruse the works of this stupendous genius, at a moderate rate. Mr. Southey's edition has sold for the enormous price of 12 dollars, and, partly in consequence of this exorbitancy, the biography and writings of CHATTERTON, that *varlet bright*, have remained too often undeservedly neglected on the bookseller's shelf. Of this eccentric and dazzling meteor of genius, the description by Dr. CREGORY, though scanty, is entertaining; and those poems of the unfortunate authour, which are obvious to the vulgar eye, as well as those which demand the spectacles of an antiquarian, will always be considered as a monument of miraculous precocity.

beral, disgraceful, and absurd imposts of our government; nearly interdict Literature from our country. Learning should never be taxed, and Genius disdains the idea of a manacle.

Messrs. Wright, Goodenow, and Stockwell, booksellers at Troy, have purchased, for the State of New-York and the western part of Vermont, the copy right of "Hubbard's Geography" and of his "American Reader;" two very excellent books for the use of schools. These volumes they have recently printed, and are furnished upon very moderate terms to the *Trade*. For these works, and for a popular spelling-book, orders from any part of the U. S. will be attended to, at the Rensselaer book-store.

With respect to the merit of Mr. Hubbard's books for the instruction of youth, we can speak positively. We were once well acquainted with the amiable authour, and we know that he is competent to the salutary task he has undertaken. He is a good scholar, a man of judgment, and of skill and experience in the instruction of youth. Small and cheap volumes of this nature, compiled by an authour of ability, are extremely useful in schools, and at the children's fireside. They familiarly communicate much useful information, at a moderate rate; they enlighten the cottage; they instruct the villager. In a country like ours, *useful* books will, for many years, almost exclusively, prove profitable to the proprietor. The *luxury* of literature is still at a distance.

Mr. T. S. Manning has in the Press "The Lay of an Irish Harp," and the third edition of "The Wild Irish Girl," by Miss Sydney Owenson, the Mrs. Sheridan of Ireland. Both these works merit the attention of the friends to female genius.

Wm. P. Farrand and Co. of this City, have in the Press Douglas's, Wilson's, and Cowper's Reports; Roberts on Fraudulent Conveyancing; Kydon awards, and Wilson on Partnership. From various specimens of their typography, and from a careful

comparison with the best foreign editions, we have no hesitation to aver, that these Law books, in point of correctness and beauty of printing, will have a decided superiority.

W. P. F. and Co. are preparing for Press Bacon's Abridgment with copious additions, comprising points of English and American Law, since Mr. Gwillim's notes were added.

The edition by these gentlemen of Tidd's practice is one of the best printed Law books we have ever seen. Both the type and paper are better than the London Copy.

Ezra Sargeant, of New-York, has just published a small, but very interesting volume, entitled "The Contrast," by Maria Edgeworth, and "To-morrow, or the dangers of delay." These amusing and instructive stories are judiciously selected from "Popular Tales."

Messrs. Belcher and Armstrong, booksellers, at Boston, have just published the second edition of an abridgment of the History of New England, for the use of young persons by Hannah Adams. To which is added a valuable Appendix. In the opinion of the most respectable British critics, this elegant and instructive summary is not only very creditable to the ingenious and industrious authour, but is incomparably the best synopsis of events that has yet appeared in America. Some of the first political and literary characters in the state of Massachusetts have strongly sanctioned the use of this abridgment in schools and academies. The recommendation which these gentlemen have published in most of the Boston Journals is expressed in glowing terms of praise, and a literary club of no mean renown, have advised the general adoption of this little manual. We once had an opportunity of witnessing the colloquial and literary powers of the

amiable authour, and we have no hesitation to declare, that her multifarious reading, sound judgment, correct, perspicuous, and fluent style claim for any book that she may compose, a candid and attentive perusal.

Mr. B. B. Hopkins has published a good and portable edition of Ballads and Lyrical pieces, by Walter Scott. Esq. The fame of this genuine poet has been so widely diffused by his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the most beautiful poem that has appeared since the days of GOLDSMITH, that nothing can be added to Mr. Scott's praise. In this volume he has given us various specimens of his talents in the ballad style, and from the surprizing felicity of the execution, we will venture to say, that these beautiful imitations of the English *antique*, will be regarded with more pleasure than even the elegant collection by the Bishop of Dromore. The description in one of the lyrics, of the fancied operations of the Second Sight, and the miraculous prescience of a Scottish Seer, is at once "striking, resistless, and grand." It is certain that this accomplished authour and Monk Lewis have an exclusive privilege to excellence in this sort of poetry.

Isaac Weld, Esq. has published Illustrations of the Scenery of Killarney, with numerous plates.

Robert Southey has published specimens of the *later* English poets, intended as a continuation of Mr. Ellis's specimens of the *early* English poets, to the conclusion of the last century. This very pleasing and instructing work forms 3 vols. crown octavo.

Mr. Southey is also preparing for the Press, two vols. of Poems and Miscellanies, by the late H. K. White,

of Cambridge, a most excellent and admirable man, whose genius bid fair to have placed him in the first rank of English poets. This work will be accompanied by a Life of the authour and will be embellished with his portrait and other plates.

A careful examination of the newest Magazines and Reviews enables us to impart the following news from the Literary World.

The veteran Cumberland, and Sir James Bland Burgess, have in conjunction written a poem of which criticism speaks highly, entitled *THE EXODIAD*, embracing the history of Moses from the period of his leading the Israelites out of Egypt, to his death upon Mount Horeb.

A new edition of Palmerin of England, corrected from the original Portuguese, by Mr. Southey, is in the press, a translation by the same gentleman of the Chronicle of the Cid, is preparing for publication.

Holcroft has written a new comedy entitled, *The Vindictive Man*.

The new translation of Persius, to which we alluded in No. 10, of The Port Folio, and an animated extract from which fully justifies the highest expectations, has made its appearance, accompanied by the original Latin and notes. If the whole version be equal to the specimen we have published, more vigorous poetry has not appeared since the days of Dryden.

Edward Scott Waring, Esqr. has printed a Tour to Shiraz, by the route of Kazroon, with various remarks on the manners, customs, laws, language and literature of the Persians.

Wm. Wilberforce Esqr. who is a fine writer as well as an eloquent orator, has published a Letter on the

abolition of the slave trade. It is addressed to the freeholders and other inhabitants of Yorkshire, and forms a large octavo volume.

New editions are constantly in demand of D'ISRAELI's brilliant productions, Shee's Rhymes on art, the Miseries and Comforts of Human Life, and of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances.

Thomas Tomkins has published a volume intended to enlighten and amuse youthful readers, entitled, Rays of Genius.

Mr. J. H. Rice has in the press a work of some promise, entitled, the Academick Oratour.

Walter Scott is engaged in a poetical work of great interest.

Sotheby who is one of the best poets of the age, has published a poem in two parts, entitled, Saul.

Dr. Percy of St. John's College, Oxford, and nephew to the Bishop of Dromore, is preparing with his approbation a *fourth* vol. of The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

Mr. Beloe has published several agreeable volumes containing anecdotes of literature.

The foreign Journals, to which we have constant access, furnish us with the following information. We shall often have recourse to the Reviews of England and of France, for the purpose of announcing, as speedily as possible, every new work of merit.

Mr. C. Stower has in the Press and will speedily publish a new edition of The Printers' Grammar, which will contain the improvements of the last

50 years in the theory and practice of Printing.

S. Egerton Brydges, Esq. the elegant editor of the Censura Literaria, a work lately announced in The Port Folio, has a volume of poems in the Press.

Prince Hoare Esq. has undertaken the editorship of a new weekly periodical publication, to be entitled "The Artist," which is to consist of a collection of Essays on miscellaneous subjects, which are to be subscribed with the names of the several writers.

Mr. GIFFORD has completed his edition of Ben Johnson's works.

The admirers of Shakspeare will be happy to learn that considerable progress has been made in the Printing of a new edition of his works, which is intended to exhibit, as to size, paper, type, text, and orthography, as nearly as possible, a *fac simile* of the first folio edition.

Two magnificent editions of Gil Blas are in preparation; one in the original, the other in English, both under the superintendence of Mr. Malkin, authour of the Scenery and Biography of South Wales, who has undertaken to supply, by an entirely new translation, the deficiencies of the English edition under the name of Smollet. Should this be executed with spirit and fidelity, it will furnish what has been so long wanted—an appropriate English dress for the best novel that was ever written. These two editions are to be Printed uniformly in the best manner. They will be illustrated with plates executed by the first engravers, from pictures painted by that admirable delineator of life and manners, Robert

Smirke, Esq. R. A. In such hands, it may be presumed, that this work will rival the most elegant productions of the Press, in an age when the arts of Printing and Engraving are carried to so great a degree of perfection.

The new edition of the English poets, which has been in the Press for some time, is now in a considerable state of forwardness. This collection embraces not only the series published by Dr. Johnson, but also such of the ancient poets, from Chaucer to Cowley, as appear necessary to illustrate the rise and progress of English poetry. Dr. Johnson's series will also be brought down to the present time, by the addition of our most popular authorities, from Lyttleton to Cowper. The lives of the Poets not included in Dr. Johnson's collection are written by Alexander Chalmers, Esq. The last volumes will contain the best English translations, by Pope, Dryden, &c.

A new edition of the British Essayists, in 45 volumes, is now in the Press. This work, a very large impression of which was published so late as 1803, is nearly out of print; and perhaps, *there is no instance of a work of such extent becoming so soon popular.* As a library for young persons, with which view it has generally been published, there is no collection preferable for forming the taste and conveying a knowledge of the world. The Editor has made considerable alterations and additions to the Historical and Biographical Prefaces: and The LOOKER-ON will be added to this new edition.

The new edition of "The Biographical Dictionary" is in a considerable state of forwardness, and will probably be extended to 18 volumes. So copious are the alterations and additions that this edition, in many res-

pects, may be considered as a new work. Besides the addition of several thousand lives of persons of literary merit, of all nations, a regular series of references will be given throughout the whole; a labour which, although it has delayed the work, will add greatly to its utility.

Mr. S. F. Bradford of this city has published the "Birds of Scotland," with other poems, by James Graham, author of "The Sabbath." The reputation of the last volume is so high, that the studious, and the lovers of nature will peruse with eagerness a work from the same pen which poetically describes the Ornithology of North Britain.

#### HOPKINS'S EDITION OF GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Mr. B. B. Hopkins, bookseller of this city, has recently published a very neat edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Its size is that of a neat pocket volume, and, both from its "form and pressure," it ought to be the pocket companion of studious youth in the country. By all who are emulous of a style always equable, and always easy, the works of Goldsmith should be habitually perused, and none of his elegant writings display more of the author's manner than the fascinating novel now under review. All is natural and simple, yet all is uniformly neat and polished. Goldsmith's ear was fine and his periods are sweetly modulated. His choice of words is happy, and his phrase is picturesque. A more moral, pathetical, and instructive work has been seldom produced. The English character, habits, manners, and peculiarities are hit off with the most exact precision. The very landscape is neither Arcadian nor Italian. It presents neither the vines of Champagne nor the vallies of Estramadura. It is British; and Farmer Flamborough's wish and care

"A few paternal acres bound,  
 "Content to breathe his native air,  
 On his own ground.

This volume has been very carefully printed at the Lorenzo Press, by Mr. Bronson. The publisher challenges a scrutiny of the correctness of the text. We have not discovered any typographical deformity, and the authour's sense is very fairly exhibited by a collation of the best editions.

If this little volume were perused, and its style imitated as diligently as it deserves, foreigners would have small occasion to reproach us either for oral or written barbarisms.

For *The Port Folio*.

## POLITE LITERATURE.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

(Continued from page 260.)

Falconer, Captain Thompson, and Freneau have shown that the Muses may be induced to accommodate themselves to the boisterous habits of a sailor's life, and sing as melodiously on board a ship, as on Parnassus. Æschylus was, at the same time, a poet and a sailor. Homer, Virgil, Appolinus Rhodius, and others, with the maritime adventures of their respective heroes, describe the vessels on board of which they were embarked: these, however, with little rigging, and of simple structure required no great art to introduce, with a description of all their parts, into poetry, in comparison with the complex machinery of modern navigation. When, a soldier was at once, by a mandate of his officer, transformed into a sailor, and a general, upon stepping on board a galley, became an admiral: now, years are necessary to acquire a requisite knowledge of the science of directing a ship, as well as of the language spoken on board it, which is perfectly unintelligible to a landsman; and which some of our best writers have in vain endeavoured to use. Shakspeare's "Lay her a-hold!" and Dryden's "Veer starboard sea and land," would be understood neither at sea nor on shore. Falconer first wrote a nautical

poem in nautical language, and his work may justly be termed classical in a new department of poetry.

Sannazarius, stepping out of the beaten path of pastoral, wrote his *Piscatory Idylls*; but this required little invention, and although they talked of mullets, tunnies, oysters, &c. the language and sentiments of his fishermen, and the language and sentiments of the shepherds of the pastoral bards, who have all servilely imitated each other in committing so great an outrage on nature, as to cause rivers to weep and rocks to groan whenever some country wench was supposed to be in an ill humour.

The following lines describe the building, sailing, and capture of the *Aurora* with great beauty.

Assist me, Clio! while in verse I tell  
 The dire misfortunes that a ship befel,  
 Which outward bound to St. Eustatia's  
 shore,  
 Death and disaster through the billows bore—  
 From Philadelphia's crowded port she  
 came;  
 (And here the builder plann'd her lofty  
 frame,)
 With wonderful skill and excellence of art  
 He form'd, dispos'd, and order'd every part,  
 With joy, beheld the stately fabrick rise  
 To a stout bulwark of stupendous size,  
 Till launch'd at last, capacious of the freight,  
 He left her to the pilots and her fate.  
 First, from her depths the tapering masts  
 ascend,  
 On whose tall bulk the transverse yards de-  
 pend,  
 By shrouds and stays, secur'd from side to  
 side  
 Trees grow on trees, suspended o'er the tide:  
 Firm to the yards extended, broad and vast,  
 They hung the sails susceptible of the blast,  
 Far o'er the prow the lengthened bowsprit  
 lay,  
 Supporting on the extreme the taut forestay,  
 Twice ten six pounders, at their port holes  
 plac'd,  
 And rang'd in rows, stood hostile in the waist:  
 Thus all prepar'd, impatient for the seas,  
 She left her station, with an adverse breeze,  
 This her first outset from her native shore,  
 To seas a stranger, and untry'd before.  
 From the fine radiance, that his glories  
 spread,  
 Ere from the east gay Phæbus lifts his head,  
 From the bright morn a kindred name shewon  
 Aurora call'd, the daughter of the Sun,  
 Whose form, projecting, the broad prow  
 displays,  
 Far glittering o'er the wave, a mimic blue

The gay ship now, in all her pomp and  
pride,  
With sails expanded, flew along the tide ;  
Twas thy deep stream, O Delaware, that  
bore

This pile intended for a southern shore,  
Bound to those isles where endless summer  
reigns,  
Fair fruits, gay blossoms, and enamell'd  
plains ;

Where sloping lawns the roving swain in-  
vite ;

And the cool morn succeeds the breezy  
night,  
Where each glad day a heaven unclouded  
brings,

And sky-topt mountains teem with golden  
springs.

From Cape Henlopen, urg'd by favouring  
gales,

When morn emerg'd, we sea-ward spread  
our sails,

Then, east-south-east, explor'd the briny  
way,

Close to the wind, departing from the bay ;  
No longer seen the hoarse-resounding strand,

With hearts elate we hurried from the land,  
Escap'd the dangers of that shelving ground

To sailors fatal, and for wrecks renown'd—  
The gale increases, as we plough the main,

Now scarce the hills their sky-blue mist  
retain :

At last they sink beneath the rolling wave,  
That seems their summits, as they sink, to  
lave.

Ah! the beam the freshening breezes play,  
No mists advancing to deform the day,

No tempests rising o'er the splendid scene,  
A sea unruffled, and a heaven serene.

Now Sol's bright lamp, the heaven-born  
source of light,

Had pass'd the line of his meridian height,  
And westward hung—retreating from the  
view

Shores disappeared, and every hill withdrew,  
When, still suspicious of some neighbouring

foe,  
Aloft the master bade a seaman go,

To mark if, from the mast's aspiring height,  
Through all the round a vessel came in sight.

Too soon the seaman's glance, extending  
wide,

Far distant in the east a ship espy'd,  
Her lofty masts stood bending to the gale,

Close to the wind was brac'd each shivering  
sail ;

Next from the deck we saw the approaching  
foe,

Her shaggy bottom seem'd in flames to  
glow

When to the wind she bow'd in dreadful  
haste

And her lee-guns lay delug'd in the waist ;  
From her top-gallant flow'd an *English* jack ;

With all her might she strove to gain our  
tack,

Nor strove in vain—with pride and power  
elate,

Wing'd by the winds, she drove us to our  
fate,

No stop, no stay her bloody crew intends,  
(So flies a comet with its host of fiends)

Nor oaths, nor prayers arrest her swift ca-  
reer,

Death in her front, and ruin in her rear.

Struck at the sight, the master gave com-  
mand

To change our course, and steer toward the  
land—

Straight to the task the ready sailors run,  
And while the word was utter'd, half was  
done ;

As, from the south, the fiercer breezes rise  
Swift from the foe alarm'd Aurora flies,

With every sail extended to the wind  
She fled the unequal foe that chaf'd behind.

Along her decks, dispos'd in close array,  
Each at its post, the grim artillery lay,

Soon on the foe with brazen throat to roar ;  
But, small their size, and narrow was their  
bore ;

Yet, faithful, they their destin'd station keep  
To guard the barque that wafts them o'er  
the deep,

Who now must bend to steer a homeward  
course

And trust her swiftness rather than her force,  
Unit to combat with a powerful foe ;

Her decks too open, and her waist too low.

While o'er the wave, with foaming prow,  
she flies,

Once more emerging, distant landscapes  
rise ;

High in the air the *starry* streamer plays,  
And every sail its various tribute pays :

To gain the land we bore the weighty blast ;  
And now the wish'd-for cape appear'd at  
last ;

But the vex'd foe, impatient of delay,  
Prepar'd for ruin, press'd upon his prey ;

Near, and more near, in awful grandeur  
came

The frigate Iris, not unknown to fame ;  
Iris her name, but Hancock once she bore,

Fram'd and completed on New Albion's  
shore,

By Manley lost, the swiftest of the train  
That fly with wings of canvas o'er the main.

The frigate, now, had every sail unfurl'd,  
And rush'd tremendous o'er the watery  
world ;

Thus fierce Pelides, eager to destroy,  
Chas'd the proud Trojan to the gates of  
Troy—

Swift o'er the waves while, hostile, they pur-  
sue,

As swiftly from their fangs Aurora flew,  
At length Henlopen's Cape we gain'd once  
more,

And vainly strove to force the ship ashore ;  
Stern fate forbade the barren shore to gain,

Denial sad, and source of future pain'

For then the inspiring breezes ceas'd to  
 blow,  
 Lost were they all, and smooth'd the seas  
 below;  
 By the broad cape becalm'd, our lifeless  
 sails  
 No longer swell'd their bosom's to the gales;  
 The ship, unable to pursue her way,  
 Tumbling about, at her own guidance lay,  
 No more the helmits wonted influence lends,  
 No oars assist us, and no breeze befriends;  
 Meantime the foe, advancing from the sea,  
 Rang'd her black cannon, pointed on our lee,  
 Then up she *luff'd*, and blaz'd her entrails  
 dire,  
 Bearing destruction, terror, death, and fire.  
 Vex'd at our fate, we prim'd a piece, and  
 then  
 Return'd the shot, to show them we were  
 men.

Dull Night, at length, her dusky pinions  
 spread,  
 And every hope to 'scape the foe was fled,  
 Close to thy cape, Henlopen, though we  
 press'd,  
 We could not gain thy desert, dreary breast;  
 Though ruin'd trees beshroud thy barren  
 shore  
 With mounds of sand half hid, or cover'd  
 o'er,  
 Though ruffian winds disturb thy summit  
 bare,  
 Yet every hope and every wish was there:  
 In vain we sought to reach the joyless strand,  
 Fate stood between, and barr'd us from the  
 land.

All dead becalmed, and helpless as we lay,  
 The ebbing current forc'd us back to sea,  
 While vengeful Iris, thirsting for our blood,  
 Flash'd her red lightnings o'er the trembling  
 flood;

At every flash a storm of ruin came  
 Till our shock'd vessel shook through all her  
 frame—

Mad for revenge, our breasts with fury glow  
 To wreak returns of vengeance on the foe;  
 Full at his hull our pointed guns we rais'd,  
 His hull resounded as the canon blaz'd;  
 Through his broad sails while some a pas-  
 sage tore,

His sides reecho'd to the dreadful roar.  
 Alternate fires dispell'd the shades of night;  
 But how unequal was the daring fight!  
 Twelve pounders from the foe our sides did  
 maul,

Our stoutest guns threw but a six pound ball;  
 And while no power to save him intervenes,  
 A bullet struck our captain of marines;  
 Another blast, as fatal in its aim.  
 Wing'd by destruction, through our rigging  
 came,

And aim'd aloft, to cripple in the fray,  
 Shrouds, stays and braces tore at once away.

Sails, blocks, and spars in scatter'd fragments  
 fly—  
 Their softest language was—submit or die.

Repeated cries throughout the ship re-  
 sound;

Now every bullet brought a different wound;  
 Twixt *wind and water*, one assail'd the side:  
 Through this aperture rush'd the briny tide;  
 'Twas then the master trembled for his crew;  
 And bade thy shores, O Delaware, adieu!  
 And must we yield to yon' destructive ball,  
 And must our colours to these ruffians fall?  
 They fall!—his thunders forc'd our strength  
 to bend,

The lofty topsails, with their yards, descend,  
 And the proud foe, such leagues of ocean  
 pass'd,  
 His wish completed in our wo at last.

Too many criticks judge of the ex-  
 cellence of a poet by the length of his  
 pieces. Freneau, measured by this  
 scale, would not rank high; for he ne-  
 ver detains his reader long on one sub-  
 ject. He, in too many places, shows  
 a disrespect for the pulpit, which de-  
 serves to be highly censured; but al-  
 though we touch, with much reve-  
 rence, in whatever is connected with  
 that guardian of our happiness both  
 here and hereafter, we cannot avoid  
 smiling at the odd association in the  
 stanzas on the crew of a certain vessel  
 several of whom happened to be of  
 the same name with celebrated cler-  
 gymen.

In life's unsettled, odd career  
 What changes every day appear  
 To please, or plague the e e;  
 A goodly brotherhood of priests  
 Are here transformed to swearing beasts  
 That heaven and hell defy.

Here Bonner, bruised with many a knock,  
 Has chang'd his surplice for a frock;  
 Old Erskine swabs the decks:  
 And Warts, that once such pleasure took  
 In writing hymns, here turn'd a cook,  
 No more shall sinners vex.

Here Burnet, Tillotson, and Blair,  
 With Jemmy Hervey, curse and swear;  
 Here Cudworth mixes grog;  
 Pearson the crew to dinner hails,  
 A graceless Serlock trims the sails,  
 And Bunyan heaves the log.

(To be continued.)

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

During the *present* year, the subscribers to this Journal are very respectfully requested to furnish the Editor, in letters, *post paid*, their orders, as they respect continuance, or discontinuance of patronage. This favour is very earnestly asked, that the Editor may be enabled, at the commencement of the next volume, which is to be executed in a very brilliant style, to calculate upon the number of copies that he may safely venture to print. In former years, much inconvenience, and great loss were sustained on account of the Editor's not being *seasonably* apprized of the wishes of his subscribers. Those gentlemen who do not choose to be at this trouble, or who are averse to the expense of postage, and continue silent on the subject, till the first of January ensuing, will be deemed *scatdfast* subscribers, and, at the commencement of our next volume, debited for it as usual.

The advice of David Garrick is well worth perusing by all the restless tribe, of whom "Dismal" is a right worshipful member.

Ye mortals, whom fancy and troubles perplex,  
Whom Folly misguides, and infirmities vex,  
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,

Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest,  
Obey my glad summons, to Lethe repair,  
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,  
And young ones the rovers they cannot regain,  
The rake shall forget how, last night, he was cloy'd,  
And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd.  
Obey then my summons, to Lethe repair,  
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife, at one draught, may forget all her wants,  
Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;  
The troubled in mind shall go cheerful away,  
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day.  
Obey then my summons, to Lethe repair,  
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

We regret that our friend R should relinquish his pen. Whenever he loiters in the bower of ease we are disposed to call to him with a friendly voice.

Come then, dear Robert, come away,  
Tis criminal to lose a day  
With talents bright as thine.

Let Indolence on beds of flowers,  
Consume the weary lagging hours  
ACTION'S THY NOBLER LINE.

The information from M, relative to the respective shares which Gen. Hamilton, Mr. Jay, and Mr. Madison had in the composition of that imperishable collection of political essays, "THE FEDERALIST," is curious and valuable.

A SHAVER is a well known occupation in America, we mean one that shaves without soap or razor. He may address his dependents in the words of the following stanza:

And let none of the wicked wits  
Despise my occupation;  
The greater always shave the less,  
In every rank and station.  
The rich will ever shave the poor  
The minister, an't please ye  
Well lathers you with promises  
Then shaves you mighty easy.

The gallantry of *Sir Topaz* is like  
the levity of *Lucio*

tis his familiar sin  
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to  
jest  
Tongue far from heart.

Though the allegory of *R* is light,  
yet it has a profound moral and  
a purpose,  
More grave and wrinkled, than the aims  
and ends  
Of burning youth.

The phlegm of certain speculations  
from — is the chastised offspring  
of the cloister. He is precisely what  
*Escalus* fancied *Lord Angelo* was—

— A man, whose blood  
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,  
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge  
With profits of the mind, study, and fast.

The ingenious essay of *W* brought  
to our recollection the following lines  
by the most epigrammatick of the  
English satyrists.

In malice to proud wits some proudly lull  
Their peevish reason, *vain of being dull*,  
When some home joke has stung their so-  
lemn souls,  
In vengeance they determine to be fools,  
Through spleen, that little nature gave make  
less,

Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness,  
To lumps inanimate a fondness take,  
And disinherit sons who are awake,  
These, when their utmost venom they would  
spit,  
Most barbarously tell you—*He's a wit*.  
Poor negroes thus to show their burning  
spite,  
To *Cacodemons* say they're devilish white.

The sarcasm by *L. G.* upon newly  
coined words and phrases shall soon  
appear, with a few alterations.

*H.* appears to have imbibed *Ho-*  
*race's* aversion to the sea.

Attalidis conditionibus  
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria  
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secat mare.

The two *Sosias* seem lost in the fog  
of conjecture. We think we can  
hear them exclaim

Tandem venias, precamur,  
Nube candentes humeros amictus  
Augur Apollo.

To the suggestions of *Senex* the  
reply is exceedingly easy. A timid  
and time serving editor will, at length,  
find emolument the price of sneaking  
servility. But he, who has wider  
views, must lanch out into the great  
deep, and be fully prepared for thwart-  
ing currents and furious storms.

“Instead of that narrow and das-  
tardly coasting, which never ventures  
to lose sight of Port Security, he  
should, stimulated by the audacity of  
Enterprize, and guided by the polarity  
of Reason, hazard a bolder navigation,  
and discover the mine in unexplored  
regions.”

Nothing can be more pleasing than  
the contemplation of such a band of  
ambitious youth as *P.* has described.

Ye generous youths! by Nature's bounty  
grac'd!

Whose throbbing hearts have heard the call  
of taste,

With honest ardour, in the lists of Fame,  
Risk every hope, and rival every claim.

*S.* has caught the enthusiasm of  
the poet's zeal.

— He feels

That high impulse, which the bounding  
soul  
Of Genius urges to its utmost goal.

Many of our *Columbian* correspon-  
dents are very prodigal in the use of  
the American word *amiability*. This  
is not an English expression, and how-  
ever mortifying to our patriotism, is  
wholly rejected by *Dr. Johnson*. The  
proper word is *amiableness*, and the  
authority is *ADDISON*: As soon as the  
natural gayety and *amiableness* of the  
young men wears off they have no-  
thing to commend them, but lie by  
among the lumber and refuse of the  
species.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

In the Port Folio, Vol. 1. No. 3, Old Series, you published the Fable of "The Ass become Flute-Player," translated from the Spanish of De Yriarte. I enclose you a translation of this same fable, produced on the banks of the Ohio, and published in a village newspaper. Its republication in The Port Folio may amuse some of your readers, especially those who consider "A classical imitation by a Woodman of the West," as something *wonderful*. The literary Loungers and Index Students of the City will, no doubt, discover its demerits, when compared with the translation referred to, though for myself, I must declare, it appears to me, to contain a greater share of the spirit of the original.

## THE FLUTE-PLAYING ASS.

*From the Spanish of De Yriarte.*

The fable I recite,  
Which, whether wrong or right,  
Has just occurred—and quite  
By chance.

O'er yonder pasture-lawn  
By hunger, doubtless, drawn,  
An Ass was passing on.  
By chance.

A flute was on the spot,  
Which Corydon, I wot,  
Or Thyrsis, had forgot,  
By chance;

The Ass drew near to smell,  
When, miraculous to tell,  
He snorted in *so well*,  
By chance,

That th' air which left his snout,  
Made, in its passage out,  
A most melodious shout,  
By chance!

The Ass he thought, hey! hey!  
What musick I can play!  
Tho' folks, perhaps, may say,  
By chance,

Yet, without rules of art,  
An Ass may get the start,  
And act a *clever* part,  
By chance.

If the Editor thinks the enclosed, from one whom he has been pleased to consider "a Bard of Promise," worthy his attention, he may rely on future communications from

S.

## LINES

*Addressed to a young Lady on her Birth-day.*

Time's swiftly running glass at length has sped,  
And blushing eighteen lights upon thy head:  
Thy youthful charms evince in early hour  
The budding beauty of a future flower.  
When thrice thy present years Time shall have told,  
And e'en thy friends pronounce thee growing old;  
Then, though the roses of thy cheeks be flown,  
And all the graces of thy youth be gone,  
Thou still shalt please; thy tender, loving heart  
Shall shine alone, when fleeting charms depart,  
As when the Sun his drooping splendour leaves,  
At time of eve, beneath the western waves,  
And though his glory sinks concealed from view,  
His mid-day beams absorb'd in twilight dew,  
Yet still the welkin, streaked with gold, remains,  
And every cloud its brilliant tinge retains;  
So thy affection shall, in life's last stage  
Charm, when thy Sun of Beauty sets in age.

## MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The Executors of the last will of General Hamilton have deposited in the Publick Library of New-York a copy of "*The Federalist*," which belonged to the General in his lifetime, in which he has designated, in his own hand-writing, the parts of that celebrated work written by himself, as well as those contributed by Mr. Jay and Mr. Madison. As it may not be uninteresting to many of your readers, I shall subjoin a copy of the General's memorandum for publication in "*The Port Folio*."

M. Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 54, Mr. Jay.

Nos. 10, 14, 37, to 48 inclusive, Mr. Madison.

Nos. 18, 19, 20, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Madison jointly—all the rest by Mr. Hamilton.

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The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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Published for the Editor, at the N. East corner of Second in Dock-Street, Philadelphia.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, November 21, 1807.

[No. 21.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### SPLENDID EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

SOMETIME since, a Printer in this city undertook the publication of Shakspeare's Plays according to the text of Johnson, Steevens, and Isaac Reed, with voluminous notes. The Editor of this Journal wrote the prospectus, and anticipated the success of the work. But the execution of the initial volume did not equal his wishes, nor the publick expectation. The Proprietor, perhaps wisely, determined to make it a commodious and cheap edition, and the Editor withdrew himself from the task. Partial to the fame of this immortal writer, and solicitous that his works may be generally perused, it is pleasing to him that this edition sells, though he has no interest in the work, nor responsible for its execution. Though the Editor was not treated with much frankness, or liberality on this occasion, yet he will not suffer resentment to prejudice the interest of the Proprietor, and is perfectly willing to allow, in a spirit of candour, that, if it is not a very elegant, it is a very useful edition, and ought to be purchased by those whose limited resources forbid them to indulge in expensive literature.

But still there is room for a magnificent edition, and such a one is now offering to the publick. A project so liberal ought to have been devised in Philadelphia. But *the Trade* here have strangely neglected the matchless Dramatist, and the glory of introducing him in a splendid dress is reserved for the enterprise of a Boston bookseller.

We perceive, with very great pleasure, that Mr. Lemuel Blake, a man respectable in his profession, and liberal in his temper, has proposed to publish, by subscription, the only safe mode of printing a work so voluminous. The Plays of William Shakspeare, in 21 vols., with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators. To which are added, notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. From the fifth London edition revised and augmented by Isaac Reed; with a glossarial Index, elegant plates, &c.

This spirited undertaking deserves all the publick patronage. The adventurous young man, who is engaged in this expensive and arduous task, stipulates that these plays shall be correctly printed, on an extra fine paper, a beautiful type, and page for page with the London edition. With this copy, as prepared by Mr. Reed, we are exceedingly familiar, and although it is singularly beautiful, yet

we have no doubt that Mr. Blake, if he please, may publish it with greater elegance. We say this confidently, when we speak of the typographical execution. But with respect to the *correctness* of the text, an article of the *first necessity*, and to which the most scrupulous attention should be directed, is Mr. B. aware that the assistance of an able editor is indispensable? He should be a man in whose composition the clashing powers of Genius and Industry should be united; he should be "exact without minuteness; and general without confusion;" he should be endowed with a taste both delicate, and correct, and be not meanly skilled in the dialects that prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth and James. He should have a range of reading, excursive from Spenser to *The Shippe of Fooles*, and from "The Paradise of Daintie Devices," to "Eastward Ho!" He should have no fastidious contempt for *Black letter dogs*, nor disdain to seek illustration in an obsolete *ditty*, or a two penny *Garland*. He should have an ear nicely attuned to harmony, an eye that can discern each comma with the perspicacity of a lynx, a heart warmed by

"The generous rapture of a Poet's breast," a discernment to perceive all the rainbow colours of splendid imagery, and judgment to distinguish between the voice of Passion, and the bellowing of Rant, between genuine Wit, and contemptible Quibble.

The authour of the animated advertisement which we have inserted below, is a literary friend who is competent to furnishable assistance to this edition, if his forensick labours would allow him time. The ensuing article is a shining proof of his powers. It is modelled after the best manner of Johnson. It is rhetorical, energetick, and elegant. We are warmly solicitous, that it should rouse publick curiosity, and widen the circle of patronage. Without a spirit of zeal, liberality, and literary enthusiasm, no great or splendid work can be printed in this infant country. For the sake of the authour, and for the sake of the pro-

prietor, it is earnestly wished, that many a Mæcenas may be found. Mr. Blake has been unfortunate in business, without blame, and has escaped from the fangs of Adversity with integrity and honour. On his present adventure we hope Fortune will smile and Success console him for the past. To the purchase of SHAKSPEARE no goading stimulus is necessary. It is a truly splendid equivalent for the price of his plays. It is a diamond of Golconda, for paltry pieces of silver.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Notwithstanding the multiplied editions of SHAKSPEARE, the publisher, in presenting a new and beautiful impression to the publick, comprising the critical remarks and historical illustrations, the salutary retrenchments, and valuable emendations of his numerous and learned editors and commentators, presumes that he is not idly engaged in a work of supererrogation.

It will, undoubtedly, be expected that some reason should be suggested to warrant the publication of the projected edition; and some arguments urged to show that it is entitled to encouragement, and ought to be rewarded with success.

The editions which have been republished in America, contain but a small number of the illustrative and emendatory notes which are appended to the best British editions; and from the style of their impression seem rather calculated for the closet of the mendicant student, than the library of the munificent patron.

The proposed impression will include all the notes of Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warton, Farmer, Mason, Blackstone, Ritson, Henley, Tollet, Heath, Douce, Percy, Harris, Henderson, Whalley, Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, &c. &c.; also those of Reed, the last editor, with the various readings of the Folio and Quarto editions. The last is now justly esteemed as the only genuine edition of the AVONIAN BARD.

The most successful method of republishing works of magnitude, is now ascertained to be by subscription, and in numbers. This method affords an

opportunity to the gentlemen and scholars of the country, gradually to supply their libraries with the best editions of the best authours, and in a manner the least burthensome. It enables the publisher to proceed with alacrity in his undertaking, without incurring the risk of insolvency; it induces him to persevere with unremitting exertions to answer the expectations of his subscribers.

The works of Shakspeare have passed the ordeal of two centuries, and are passing down the current of time with undiminished honours. He has received no rude shock from the envious malignity of criticism; and his poetical fame is so permanently established, that his laurels cannot be rendered more verdant by the copious contributions of the incense of the learned. Necessity was the parent of his earliest efforts; and when he obtained bread and popularity he was satisfied with his exertions. Like other dramatick writers, he indubitably acquired much celebrity in his own time, by allusions to living persons who are long since numbered with the dead; and by a recurrence to prevailing fashions, which passed away with the evanescent moment which gave them birth. No fortuitous combination of circumstances now conspire to exalt his fame.—He is the oracle of no sect, the tutelary saint of no party. He is now tested only by intrinsic excellence, and his undisputed claims to originality. When he retired from the concerns of the Drama his humanity prompted him to abandon his productions to the players, who mutilated his scenes and corrupted his text, exiled his characters, and remodelled his plots, as interest, or ignorance, as convenience or caprice predominated. This was only the inceptive stage in the progress of irreparable waste which was committed on Shakspeare by the Goths of literature; for, he suffered as much in print from the incompetence of his first editors, as he had done in manuscript from the license of the players. But at length a series of illustrious annotators arose, and ejected what was spu-

rious, and reclaimed what was genuine; explained what was intricate, and solved what was doubtful, and by labour and ingenuity restored sense and consistency to the pages of Shakspeare. Probably no writer destined to immortality was ever so regardless of his fame, or so little restrained by rule. Posthumous renown was wholly extraneous to his consideration, and he was neither fettered by authority, nor trammelled by precedent. In his compositions, as he had no model, his excursive genius ranged unrebuked; for the adoption of the ancient dogmas was yet neglected, and modern criticism had not promulged her canons. It therefore follows, that his defects and excellences are peculiarly his own. He presided over the audiences of his day with the magical wand of his own Prospero, and ages have not subdued his powers of enchantment; for with an unrivalled force and felicity of expression, he had more knowledge of the artificial modes and real occurrences of life, and more of the general laws of nature, as they are exemplified in the operations of human passions, than any other poet. He seized what was transitory, and embodied what was permanent; and he seems to have wanted nothing, but diligent attention, to have rendered his plays as perfect as they are imperishable.

Even where he is most defective, and in the scenes of his greatest obscurity, occasional flashes dispel the surrounding darkness, as the flames of Vesuvius dissipate the clouds which hover on his brow. In those scenes, where, without effort, he apparently aims at nothing beyond popular applause, he sports without a competitor, like Leviathan on the deeps; but when he rises in the majesty of his genius, he appears like the sun's coursers in their radiant ascension, extinguishing all the minor lights of Heaven.

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*For The Port Folio.*

THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

This ample and liberal foundation, consecrated to literature, contains so

many precious remains of the classical authours, and, with a few exceptions, so many valuable volumes on topicks of art, science, and polite literature, that we should be ungrateful to the directors, who have always been studious to oblige the writer, and we should be unjust to Philadelphia if we did not favourably describe one of its brightest ornaments.

In the year 1731, at a period not very auspicious to learning, a few individuals, of a contemplative and studious humour, raised the trifling sum of one hundred pounds, and made a small \* collection of books of no great variety, forming what, in a New England village, is called a parish library. From a beginning of such humility has the present establishment risen to a height of consideration, not inferior to that of some European collections

As reading is always the amusement of men, who have stepped even one inch beyond the mire of barbarism, and reading at a small expense, or at other people's expense, peculiarly delightful to men, studious of economy, this infant institution soon became popular. The books were gradually increased, sometimes by the frugal expenditure of the company, but, principally, by generous donations.

The good effects of an institution, even thus imperfect, were soon visible. Even the votaries of Dr. Franklin, at length, dimly perceived that learning, though not to be compared to stock in trade, or the craft of a profession, was still worth something. In case of misfortune, these careful men reasoned that useful information might assist them in the acquisition of property. In the very spirit of *Poor Richard*, whose poetical and economical talents can never be sufficiently admired, they repeated with all the sedateness of a bookkeeper's complacency,

When interest's gone, and money's spent,  
Then learning is most excellent.

The obvious utility of this establishment influenced some; the charms of literature attracted others, and something like zeal seemed to pervade all. Rival libraries were quickly formed. But it was soon perceived, that the Muses should never, like some other sisters pout and quarrel, or envy one another; and, at length, a lasting reconciliation took place. This harmonious union was ratified by the Charter of 1769, when the Library Company of Philadelphia was incorporated by the Penns, the royal proprietaries of the province.

Since this period, the society and institution have risen fast into consideration. Many sagacious, intelligent, and generous individuals were resolved that a cause so liberal should not be stinted, that Learning was not to be measured by a two foot rule, nor Genius, Art, and Science to be circumscribed by the calculation of the pence table. *Economy was dropped, and LIBERALITY BECAME THE RIGHTFUL SUCCESSOR.* Hence all the splendid success of such a reign. There are now seven hundred members of this flourishing institution, and in the three departments of the Library there may be found nearly *nineteen thousand* volumes. The annual expenditure for every new and valuable work is by no means penurious. A spirit of taste and munificence seems to actuate the directors. The books are mostly selected with judgment, and great docility is displayed towards those, who from a love of learning, or an ardent curiosity indicate, at any time, books to be imported. The access to these learned shelves is easy, the librarian is always prompt and obliging, the reading rooms are tranquil, the Loganian department, which, of course, is gloriously illuminated *within*, is admirably well lighted from from without by a skylight in the centre of the roof, and the whole edifice is spacious, airy, and elegant. In the recesses of each room, convenient tables, and the implements of writing are provided, and if Attention, Memory, and Imagination be on

\* The first importation of books from London amounted to forty-five pounds sterling, and the Library was at first kept by Robert Grace in a small room in *Pewter Platter Alley*!

the alert, the studious and inquisitive may here pass many a pleasing and profitable hour. In turning over the Athenian, the Roman, or the British page, they may enjoy all the charms of Genius, listen to all the pleadings of Florence, profit by the counsels of Wisdom, and partake of the triumph of Wit. Generous spirits may here forget the deformities of their country, crippled by a faulty government and correspondent manners, and turn indignant eyes from loathsome objects to the contemplation of virtuous and wise men, and better ages.

For The Port Folio.

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE PLAN OF A NEW DICTIONARY.

Mr. Noah Webster has announced to the world his intention of publishing a Dictionary on a new plan. Many have given it their sanction. Aided by formidable signatures, Mr. Webster may set criticism at defiance, and his ability to execute such a task must, therefore, be unquestionable. The names of Walker and Sheridan will soon be forgotten, and even that of Johnson himself must yield to Noah Webster.

It was once proposed by a member of Congress, in the beginning of the Revolution, to abolish, not only the *English government*, but the *English language* in the United States, and to substitute the *Hebrew* in its stead. Mr. Webster, with more propriety, is about to institute a language of his own, and ought in justice, to be styled *the Father of the American Tongue*.

As Mr. Webster's Dictionary is intended to be a complete assylum for fugitive words, no doubt the idiotisms of his countrymen will here find refuge: Thus, her's, and your's will be changed into *hern*, and *yourn*, fetch, and catch, into *fotch* and *cotch*; and roof and hoof into *ruff* and *huff*. To render his work useful to foreigners, who may pass through *Virginia*, he will tell them that up stairs is not to be used in that land of improvement,

but *up stürs*; whereas, if they travel into *Carolina* they must say *up steers*!

Novelty, as Mr. Webster correctly observes, is one great source of pleasure; and novelty will characterize the Dictionary of Mr. Webster. New laws and new customs, he asserts, have introduced new words, and combinations of words. Americans boast of their independence in polity, and why should not this independence extend to language also?

As Washington was the hero of American liberty, so Webster will become the defender of the *American language*, and consequently ought to rank with that great man in the annals of his country. We shall no longer use the word *carry*, but substitute the more expressive phrase *to tote*, as they more elegantly say in *Virginia*. *Parson* will be altered into the *New-Jersey* appellation of *domini*; and he will join the *Long Islanders* in using *stuns* instead of *stones*. When a ship enters the harbour, we must not say she *lies*, but she *lays* at anchor. When a lady reposes on a sofa, we must not say she *sits* down, but she *sets* down; and in speaking of a member of Congress, we must not say he made a *long*, but a *lengthy* speech. The word *suppose* will become obsolete, and *guess* rise up in its stead. Thus, when one predicts a storm, he must not say I *suppose*, but I *guess* there will be a storm. His alterations will, doubtless, extend farther: he will no longer retain the superlative adverb *very* in his vocabulary; and instead of observing that a thing is *very* straight, *very* good, or *very* bad, he will say *right* straight, *right* good, *right* bad, and *right* wrong.

A verb is deemed by grammarians the chief word in a sentence; consequently the more numerous our verbs are, the more forcible will be the American language. As it will be necessary, like Johnson, to quote authorities, he will have a copious catalogue of these, in which a man of his etymological research cannot fail to find a sufficient number of new verbs, or rather more properly *verbs*.

The authour of the "Conquest of Canaan," opens his poem with the verb

*to sun*,\* and, sheltered under such authority, Mr. Webster will, no doubt, give us the verb *to moon*. If he wants higher authority still, for new diction, and graceful phraseology, he has an inexhaustible source in the works of Mr. Jefferson. Thus, should it be very cold, and that he wishes to have his door shut, he will not say to his servant, *shut*, but *occlude* the door. But the greatest flight that any writer has taken into the region of new words, was by Mr. Webster himself. This was, when he brought down on earth the verb *to huphify*; a word, which, whether we speak or write it, cannot be sufficiently commended; a word that has enriched our language by its harmony and significance; a word, which, to go through its inflexions, cannot fail to have *huphified* its most excellent and *huphy* authour

L. G.

### THE USEFUL ARTS.

Directions for the use of coffee, taken from a dissertation on that berry, by M. A. A. Cadet de Vaux, in the *Journal de Physique*, 4. 53.

M. de Vaux's dissertation extends to the history, properties, and chemical analysis of coffee. *It is the most complete of any we have on the subject*: those who wish to see it at large, in an English translation, may find it in the *Repertory of Arts* and in the *Philosophical Journal*, No 72. The method of preparing coffee for use, recommended by the authour, we suppose to be that part of the Dissertation most likely to be agreeable to our readers, and have, therefore, extracted it for their perusal.

#### DIRECTIONS.

1 Choose coffee, that, when dry, has no taste of mouldiness, and which is not damaged by salt water.

2 Divide the quantity to be roasted into two equal parts.

3 Roast one portion till it is the colour of dry almonds, or bread raspings, and has lost one-eighth part of its weight.

4 Roast the other portion till it is of a brown chesnut colour, and has lost one-fifth of its weight.

5 Mix both these together and then grind them.

6 Let the coffee be both roasted and infused that day on which it is to be drunk.

7 Pour four cups of cold water on four measures, or two ounces of coffee, and, when the water has run off, set it by.

8 On the same coffee pour three cups of boiling water, and mix the water that runs off with the preceding, you should thus have six cups of coffee.

9 The moment you are going to drink the coffee, heat it over a brisk fire, but do not let it boil.

10 The infusions should be made in china, earthen, or silver pots.

The object of the ninth direction is that the aroma may be retained, which is dissipated by a strong heat or by much boiling. In a note the following two processes are mentioned for retaining the aroma: the first which is practised in India, and by some persons in France, consists, in putting into the cylindrical roaster, a little fresh butter when the coffee begins to be coloured. No more butter must be used than what will slightly varnish the surface of the berries. The butter retains a part of the essential oil that would have evaporated. It is not a bad method, but sometimes it imparts to the coffee a peculiar flavour which every body does not like.

The second process consists in spreading the roasted coffee, while yet hot and sweating, on writing paper, and powdering it slightly with sugar. The sugar absorbs the oil of the coffee and retains the aroma; but it did not appear to the authour to increase the pleasantness of the coffee, and besides renders it uncertain how much sugar should be put to each cup.

In another work, on the same subject, it is mentioned, that coffee triturated in a mortar is superiour to that ground in a mill.

\* In this place, our ingenious critick is not fully justified. The verb *to sun* is quoted by Walker. Parnell, a very correct poet, uses the adjective *moony*.

Dr. Aikin, the editor of *The Athenæum*, commenting upon this minute and curious article, remarks, that M. de Vaux is apothecary in ordinary to the French Emperour Napoleon. *The plentiful use which Bonaparte is said to make of coffee* probably caused de Vaux to turn his attention so minutely to the subject. *His directions may, therefore, be supposed the best at present known.*

A principal impediment to the use of coffee arises from the trouble of preparing it, which is by no means diminished by the French directions. It may, therefore, perhaps be useful to some of our readers to know, that a very agreeable infusion may be drawn from coffee, in the same manner as from tea, by merely pouring boiling water on it when ground, and leaving it so, a few minutes before using it. In this state it is full as strong as that which is boiled, which may be accounted for from the aroma being more fully retained in it. Its taste is somewhat different from coffee managed as usual, and though pleasant to some is disagreeable to others. It acquires, however, the same taste if it is held over the fire a minute or two, so as to be thoroughly heated without permitting it to boil; or, at least, taking it off the instant it appears to do so, to prevent the aroma from being dissipated.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*For The Port Folio*

### DEAN'S NEW SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP.

Mr. Joshua Cushing, of Salem, Massachusetts, has published, for the authour, Dean's recently improved *Analytical Guide to the Art of Penmanship*, containing a variety of plates, in which are exhibited a complete system of practical penmanship, made easy and attainable in much less time, and greater perfection, than by any other method in present use; collected and arranged by Henry Dean, W. M. and correctly engraved by Thomas Wightman. This work, where the

authour avails himself of the labours of Astle and others, is compiled judiciously, and where he trusts to his own genius is laboured successfully. His work, which deserves extensive patronage, is a valuable guide to the acquirement of an art useful and ornamental. The engravings are well executed, the plates by a young lady, Miss Payne, of Boston, are eminently ingenious and beautiful. The authour's theory is subtle and scientific. Parts of it, however, appear to be calculated rather for proficients than pupils, but the practical portion of this work, we think well calculated for the improvement of the Tyro. The number of literary and mercantile subscribers to this ingenious quarto is no defective proof of the rank, which the authour holds in the opinion of his judges, and we understand that his system is sufficiently popular. After all, writing masters, merchants' clerks, engrossers, scriveners, and notaries publick are the best qualified persons accurately to appreciate the merits of a publication on penmanship. The writer of this article speaks with the diffidence of one who scribbles with velocity on multifarious topics, and who is too much engrossed by the care of composing with purity and precision to be very solicitous about the *form* in which his letters are traced. He, who writes repeatedly for the publick eye, looking at him every seven days, must be careless though his penmanship be cramp; happy if his mind is not considered so.

Mr. James Humphreys, bookseller, of this city, has in the Press a very curious and entertaining work, received by the last vessels from London, entitled "*The Last Year of the Reign and Life of Louis XVI.*" by Francis Hue, one of the officers of the King's chamber, named by that monarch after the 10th of August, 1792, to the honour of continuing with him and the royal family; translated from the French by R. C. Dallas, Esq. We have had an opportunity to examine this volume, and find the French-

man's narrative extremely entertaining, and the translation accurate and elegant. Indeed, the reputation of Mr. Dallas is so high in the literary world that he would not affix his name to a meagre or uninteresting work.

Mr. H. has put to press "An account of the Life and Writings of that celebrated Divine, Hugh Blair, one of the Ministers of the High Church, and Professour of Rhetorick and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, by the late John Hill, L. L. D. Professour of Humanity in the University, and fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

As might be expected from the sequestered studies of a Scottish divine, though this narrative is not crowded with incidents, nor varied by adventures, though it does not dazzle the reader with the meteors of romance, nor confound him with the prodigies of Fancy, yet it is a pleasing picture of a good man, studiously and piously employed.

Mr. S. F. Bradford will shortly publish a new and interesting work, entitled "A Portraiture of Methodism," being an impartial view of the rise, progress, discipline, doctrine, and manners of the Wesleyan Methodists, by Joseph Nightingale. This, we understand, is an elaborate defence of this sort of sectaries, and will be read with vast delight by those who, from indolence, ignorance, enthusiasm, or piety, are induced to follow *fit* preachers, and partake of *love* feasts. To ears which are wide open to the vociferations of ghostly instructors, the notes of this *Nightingale* will discourse sweet musick. Of late, the world is inundated with apologies, defences, explanations, candid narratives, and impartial histories of obscure people, who, from the restlessness of dissent, form themselves into small platoons, in the regiment of society, and suppose that the rest of mankind are extremely interested in their manœuvres.

B. B. Hopkins & Co., of this city, have recently published a very elegant, interesting, and moral work entitled *Rural Philosophy, or Reflections on Knowledge, Virtue, and Happiness*, chiefly in reference to a life of retirement, by Eli Bates, Esqr. This pleasing performance is reprinted from the *fourth* and last London edition. To those, who are partial to Zimmermann on Solitude, and books of a similar description, in which the joys of the *rural reign* are elaborately enumerated, no recommendation of Mr. Bates is necessary. We have found much to admire and approve in this volume, and nothing to reprehend, except an idle, ill digested, and rash argument against classical learning. This the judicious reader will pass over, and be neither pleased with his assertion nor convinced by his proof. In all other respects, this work deserves high consideration. The style is pure, flowing, and neat, and the style, the studious, and the contemplative, will be abundantly satisfied with the author's reasoning.

Messrs. Wright, Goodenow and stockwell, booksellers at Troy, have just published the third edition of *Elements of Geography*, by John Hubbard, Esqr. Professour of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Dartmouth College.

Mr. Hubbard, who, for many years, has been advantageously known as a very respectable preceptor has distinguished himself by the compilation of many useful books for the instruction of youth. His performances are in general demand in the north and have found their way into many seminaries in the State of New-York. All Mr. Hubbard's books are very strongly recommended by the Presidents of Dartmouth and of Union Colleges. Such familiar and useful tracts deserve the attention of parents, guardians, and instructors.

B. and T. Kite have in the press, and will publish early in November

Chaptal's Chymistry, with improvements and additions by James Woodhouse, M. D., professour of chymistry in the University of Pennsylvania, in two volumes octavo. They have also in the Press, a letter on the Innoculation of the vaccine; practised by Dr. Francesco Calcagni, translated from the Italian, by Edward Cutbush, M D. A sketch of the character, and an account of the last illness of the Rev. John Cowper, A. M., written by his brother, the late William Cowper, Esq, of the Inner Temple. They have likewise issued proposals for publishing Elements of Natural Philosophy; explaining the laws and principles of attraction, gravitation, mechanicks, pneumatics, hydrostatics, hydraulicks, electricity, and opticks; with a general view of the solar system, adapted to publick and private instruction, by John Webster, with notes and corrections by Robert Patterson, Professour of Mathematicks in the University of Pennsylvania.

In one of the Boston papers we have found the following advertisement, and we copy it with alacrity, because we think the plan is liberal, and because young gentlemen destined to the mercantile profession here would dowell to form similar establishments. Why should literature be banished from the counting-house? Why should the reading of a merchant be confined to an invoice or price-current.

Though it be not necessary for a man to be a scholar in order to be successful in trade, yet it is desirable that the Merchant should have read some other volume besides his Waste Book and Ledger, and be learned in some other sciences than Arithmetick and Book-keeping, in order to make a *figure* in the world. A correct knowledge of Grammar, of Geography, of Navigation, and the principles of Commerce is very important. To this may be added, an acquaintance with the modern publications on Arts and Manufactures, Voyages and Travels, and the History and Laws of Nations.—With a desire to become accomplished in these sources of information, as well as to be eminent in their professions as Merchants, a

number of young men in Boston propose to form a Social Library, for the improvement of their leisure hours; and they humbly solicit the concurrence, and aspire to the patronage of all who are willing to assist good intentions and to favour laudable efforts.

Subscription Papers at No. 3, Court street, No. 12, Cornhill, and No. 5, Marlborough street.

Wm. P. Farrand & Co. have lately published what they call a *Premium*\* edition of a very valuable professional work entitled Selwyn's Abridgment of the Law of Nisi Prius, Part I.

This work will be completed in *three* parts nearly equal in size. The second and last parts are in a state of forwardness. The Decisions on the Statute of Frauds, Policies of Insurance, and Promissory Notes will be given under their appropriate titles in the second and last parts.

To the above advertisement the American publisher thinks it only necessary to add, that each of the parts of this work will be printed in a style of uniformity with this volume early after their appearance in England.

\* \* We are requested to apprise the gentlemen of the bar, that the *second* part of this work has just appeared in England, and will, very shortly, be republished here.

Messrs. Farrand & Co. have employed Messrs. Fry & Kammerer in the typographical department. These gentlemen acquit themselves of their task with equal elegance, accuracy, and assiduity. Their Law Printing is *incomparably better than the English*.

## THE EMERALD,

A BELLES LETTRES PAPER.

Mr. Oliver C. Greenleaf, a very respectable young bookseller at Bos-

\* In order to ensure correctness, the publisher of this book has subjected it to a critical examination in the following manner. Two proof sheets have been put up for public examination; one at the publisher's countinghouse, the other at the city library, and a premium of one dollar has been offered for every error that might be discovered: hence it is designated a *premium* edition.

ton, who is esteemed by men of letters for his information, by men of business for his industry and integrity, and by his friends for the civility of his manners, we perceive, with pleasure, has become proprietor of *THE EMERALD*, a spritely literary Journal, which, under various direction, has acquired and maintained a good character, even in Boston, a place that does not regard literary attempts with too much lenity. This paper is to appear again in a new guise, for it is incident to almost every establishment of this nature in America to undergo more metamorphoses, than are recorded in the lays of OVID. The Prospectus of this New Series is modestly and elegantly written, and the objects of the proprietors are eminently praise worthy. Periodical Essays, Dramatick Criticism, Biography, Poetry, Wit, and Humour, and the *Quicquid agunt homines* are to form the materials of their work. Satire too is to show her frowning face; a department of this Journal is to be "devoted entirely to the overthrow of Absurdity, by the force of Ridicule;" and both local and national extravagancies are to be controlled by the thong of that severe executioner. This determination of our spirited editors is entitled to our warmest encomium; but are they aware of the arduous duties of their office? They may be assured it is no sinecure; and whether the "whims" of Boston, in particular, or of the country in general are to be derided, we doubt whether twelve octavo pages, every week, would give ample room and verge enough to trace all the absurdities of the *disjointed time*, or even to enumerate half of their names.

While thus endeavouring to render a service to these gentlemen, we are "like one, who beateth the air." We have no distinct view of their character or pretensions. Darkling we pursue our purpose. Of the names, habits, and occupations of the owners of that sparkling gem, *The Emerald*, we are profoundly ignorant. The wits of Boston, like the Circassian beauties at Constantinople, may be well enough known by a few, *inside of the Haram*,

but they are perfectly invisible to the rest of mankind. There is little intercourse between Philadelphia, our magnificent metropolis, and Boston, the first town in New England, famous for salt fish, and civil fury.\* In our researches into much of its present history, we have nothing to assist us, but the dim light of conjecture. Even the blaze of orient gems, even the effulgence of *The Emerald* itself is not strong enough to assist our inquiring eye.

But while thus lost in mist and vapour, we still pursue our course, because our scope is to assist our brethren.† Though the editors of *The Emerald* are personally unknown to us, yet their Prospectus and objects are sufficiently familiar, and we sincerely commend both. We wish, fervently wish, that many of the factious and foolish newspapers of this distracted country might perish without a mourner. But the establishment of every literary Journal, we hail, as the dawn of brighter days, as the harbinger of Beauty and Utility. The periodical paper, which now invites the publick favour, we think will deserve it. Their hopes of success are sanguine, and we should regret if the proprietors should be disappointed. Their hopes have certainly a wide basis on which to lean the anchor. Promises gratuitously granted, and kindnesses generously conferred. To such

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\* See Butler.

When civil fury first grew high,  
And men fell out they knew not why,  
When hard words, jealousies, and fears  
Set folks together by the ears,  
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,  
For dish of tea, and north end punk!

† Without any other knowledge of them than the presumption that they are of the *brotherhood of literature*, and members of the *harmonious family of the Moses*. In other respects, the Editor is lost, like his illustrious namesake, in the book of Genesis.

"And a certain man found him, and behold, he was wandering in the field: and the man asked him, saying, what seekest thou? and Joseph said, I seek my brethren. Tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flock."

generous spirits, to literary adventurers, ambitious of an honest fame, and willing to labour for it, as for *hidden treasure*, we will address no other invocation, than the *God speed you* of old English warmth and affection.

#### PHILOSOPHY FOR STUDENTS.

Mr. William Schultz, a Dane of liberal education, and who, we understand, is indebted for his scientific attainments to the Military Academy of Copenhagen, proposes to publish, by subscription, at the press of Messrs Smith & Maxwell, a translation from the Danish of an instructive work, entitled "Philosophy for Students" in three parts; this will form an ample and elegant octavo, and for the very moderate price of two dollars will be delivered to subscribers.

This elementary work, which the translator avers is concise, perspicuous, and adapted to the juvenile capacity, we think will be a useful addition to the catalogue of school books. We are informed that the original is a standard work in many of the seminaries of Denmark. What has been generally approved in a country by no means cold to Literature and Philosophy, but a benignant Mother and a fostering Nurse to both, certainly deserves an unprejudiced examination by the liberal in general, and especially by those, who, from education or habit, are qualified to appreciate the learning of Denmark.

#### ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY.

We understand that Messrs. Etheridge & Bliss of Boston, are publishing, by subscription, a very elegant edition of Rollin's Ancient History, in eight volumes octavo, illustrated with numerous maps. The amiable Frenchman, who was the authour of this laborious, accurate, and instructive work, was at once an elegant scholar and a primitive Christian. His *Course of Belles Lettres* has scarcely been surpassed by his numerous com-

petitors and successours. Few books are more instructive; and so sagacious and just are his precepts on the subject of Rhetorick, in particular, that he has been aptly denominated the Quintilian of France. His Ancient History, without the lumpish heaviness of Hooke, and the fantastick flourish of Gibbon, is at once a solid and spritely performance. The piety of the authour is as conspicuous as his learning. With alchymist art he amalgamates moral sentiment with historical tradition. Although his narrative appears in the modest guise of a companion for youth, yet it will prove no unsuitable associate of the pensive sage. It will not only *allure children from their play, but old men from the chimney corner.*

The publishers profess that this shall be superiour to the foreign editions: woven paper, new type, and the maps of D'Anville, executed by our first artists recommend the work. We hope that a performance, so meritorious as this History, which has defied the criticisms of a century, will, in America, find numerous readers, and that an ample subscription will reward the enterprize of the proprietors.

#### LEWIS AND CLARKE'S TOUR TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Messrs. Conrad have issued proposals for publishing, for the authours, *A Tour to the Pacific Ocean*, through the interior of North America, performed by order of the government, by Captains Lewis and Clarke.

This work, we understand, is under the immediate superintendence of the former of these gentlemen, and is proposed to be divided into two parts, and the whole comprised in three large octavo volumes elegantly printed. The contents of this work of much expectation have been already very fully declared on the covers of this Journal, and from the nature of the undertaking and the character of the tourists, we have no doubt that it will be perused with avidity by a great majority of the Americans. Works of

this kind are exceedingly popular in this country, and the naturalist and the geographer may derive some valuable information from the banks of the Missouri, and the wilds of the west. Our tourists propose, moreover, to publish, on a large scale, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers be obtained to defray the expense, a Map of North America, from the ninth degree of longitude west to the Pacific Ocean, and between thirty-six degrees and fifty-two north latitude. This map will comprehend all the recent discoveries, and that section, which is least known of this vast continent. It will be compiled from the best authorities and corrected by a series of celestial observations made by Captain Lewis during his tour.

Captain Lewis, in his proposals, modestly observes, that his late voyage was not undertaken with a view to pecuniary advantage, and he pledges himself that the estimate which he will make of his literary labours shall be of the most moderate description. An adventure daring, romantick, and perilous, like a lengthened tour through a savage wilderness, undertaken from no venal motive, and described artlessly and diffidently, deserves to be scanned with candour; and although the authour and his patrons are the political foes of the writer of this article, yet he will not refuse to notice, with applause, Enterprize associated with courage, and Curiosity in quest of Science.

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HUMPHREYS' EDITION OF ODDY'S  
EUROPEAN COMMERCE.

Mr. J. Humphreys has just published a very interesting work entitled *European Commerce*, showing new and secure channels of trade with the continent of Europe: detailing the produce, manufactories and commerce of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany as well as the trade of the rivers Elbe, Weser, and Ems; with a general view of the trade, navigation, produce, and manufacto-

ries of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland; and its unexplored and improvable resources and interior wealth by J. Jepson Oddy, Member of the Russian and Turkey or Levant Companies. This very copious title is a very fair description of the multifarious contents of this book, with which every merchant of an adventurous or inquisitive character should be perfectly familiar. The American editor, with great judgment, has expunged what the lawyers call *irrelevant* matter, and by his useful retrenchments, and by the superiour economy of the American to the British press, the publisher sells a book for *three* dollars which could not be afforded in its foreign dress for less than *eighteen*. To the cause of usefulness Mr. Humphreys thus imparts very valuable assistance, and in justice to this worthy man it must be affirmed, that he is entitled to the publick favour both for the *choice* and cheapness of his books. He is so attentive to commercial literature, in particular, that he deserves the whole mercantile patronage of the city.

—

THORNTON ON THE PAPER CREDIT OF  
GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. James Humphreys has just published "An Inquiry into the nature and effects of the Paper Credit of Great Britain by H. Thornton, Esqr. Member of Parliament." This commercial work, which conveys much useful information to the inquisitive merchant and the bank director, forms a large octavo, neatly printed on good paper, and is sold at a just price. Those criticks in England, who are the most profoundly skilled in researches of this nature, and, indeed, who are preeminent for their knowledge of fiscal transactions have declared, in a tone of commendation, which is never heard from them except the undisputed merit of a performance challenges the critick's praise, that this book, with no ostentatious profes-

sions, and with no admixture of superfluous matter, contains the largest portion of new information that has, for a long time, been offered to those, who either for the pleasure of speculation, or with a view to publick life are engaged in the researches of political economy.

#### BANCROFT'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

Messrs. Thomas and Andrews have just published a valuable specimen of Biography, with the modest title of "An Essay on the Life of George WASHINGTON, Commander in chief of the American army, during the revolutionary war, and first President of The United States. This interesting volume is the production of the Rev. Mr. Aaron Bancroft, a very amiable and respectable clergyman of Worcester, in Massachusetts, and a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He has distinguished himself as a fluent and unaffected writer. In his preface, the authour candidly states, that publishing the life of Washington in *one* volume, at a moderate price, he should enable those of his fellow citizens who are not in possession of Judge MARSHALL'S valuable work, to leave to their posterity a memorial of a man who was pre-eminently distinguished as a soldier and a statesman.

General Washington was from his youth devoted to his country: his character, therefore, cannot be pourtrayed without bringing into view many important publick transactions. The plan of the writer has been to notice no individual or event further than was necessary to display the principal character.

A few facts which have not before been published, were received immediately from the confidential friends of Gen. Washington, or from gentlemen who in respectable official situations were members of his family during his military command.

It has been the endeavour of the authour to display the character of the man who is the subject of the work,

by exhibiting in a connexive view, his actions and his writings; and he has as far as possible made this exhibition in the person of Gen. Washington.

This is a liberal and manly exposition of the plan of this Biography. It is not, by any means, intended to supersede the elegant and elaborate work of the Chief Justice of The United States, which is alike honourable to the accomplished authour, and the illustrious hero.

Mr. Nightingale, of London, has made considerable progress in a work entitled "A Portraiture of Society;" as taken from a view of the assemblies, associations, institutions, societies, meetings, and clubs, in and near the metropolis; whether religious, charitable, literary, philosophical, political, commercial, or recreative; interspersed with criticisms, anecdotes, and biographical sketches. Carefully compiled from original and authentick sources; designed to introduce the countryman and the foreigner to whatever in society is useful, important, and amusing. This work will be embellished with select views of the most beautiful and magnificent halls and other publick buildings in the cities of London and Westminster; and also with portraits of several well-known publick characters, clergymen, statesmen, and oratours.

Dr. Ramsay has transmitted to London a manuscript copy of the Life of Washington. In this copy many alterations and improvements have been made for the benefit of the British reader. It will very shortly be ready for publication.

The Rev. Samuel Blatchford, A. M. Principal of Lansingburgh Academy, has prepared for the Press a Translation of Moore's Greek Grammar, which we apprehend will be considered a valuable acquisition. We understand that it comes forward under the auspices of Union College, Mr. Blatchford having been persuaded to undertake the task by the President and Professours of that institution. The following is the title:—"Elements of the Greek Language, exhi-

bited for the most part in *New Rules*, made easy to the memory by their brevity, being a Translation of Dr. Moore's celebrated Greek Grammar, to which are added Greenville Ewing's Continuation and Syntax."

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sorrowful glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay,  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

### THE TAILOR'S LAMENTATION,

A PARODY ON

*When Time who steals our years away.*

Some rogue has stole my shears away,  
And stole my thimble too;  
My scissors they are gone astray,  
Ah me! what shall I do?

My needles rusted are, alas!  
My yard of little use;  
And all my hopes now, by the mass,  
Depend upon my goose.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,  
We'll drink till we are blind.  
For every day new cloth shall come,  
And cabbage leave behind.

Come, Judy, bring the ball of thread,  
I'll work with Pat and thee;  
And when we've earned our daily bread,  
Thou shalt get drunk with me.

And as I trim this coat with lace,  
This thought shall clear my mind,  
That future profit I can trace  
From remnants left behind.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,  
We'll drink till we are blind,  
For every day new cloth shall come,  
And cabbage leave behind.

But mark! at thoughts of silver lace,  
Which makes this coat so gay,  
A cloud o'erspreads my Judy's face,  
And drives each smile away.

So like this gaudy coat, my dear,  
Unless you dry your pipes,  
Your shoulders quickly shall appear  
Right well belaced with stripes.

Then whiskey bring, 'twill banish gloom,  
We'll drink till we are blind,  
For every day new cloth shall come,  
And cabbage leave behind.

### Cleanliness.

A gentleman once told me, that cleanliness was nearly allied to godliness. This is rather bold; but as it might have originated from a nice sense of physical purity, I would not very harshly condemn it. I believe every one who practises cleanliness, will feel the excellent effects produced by a suitable attention to this minor virtue. The intellect is gratefully affected; the blood courses through the system, and gives vigour and activity. Beauty is also the consequence of purity, Cosmeticks only mar the skin. They destroy the swell of the muscles, and the clear blueness of the veins: they tear to pieces the nice network of the skin, and reduce to dull uniformity of colour the various tints, which should illuminate the countenance. They also insinuate poison into the body, and soon the fine elasticity of the system gives way to morbid clayiness, and sluggish creeping of the blood succeeds to its former rushing and rapid activity. But look at a French woman, after she has come out of the bath. She is a perfect Venus, risen from the froth of the sea; a celestial light beams from her eyes; her lips breathe the fragrance of health, and her voice is sweeter than the musick of the Graces at the banquets of the Gods. Such are truly the divine effects of physical purity. The French women are almost amphibious, and this is one great reason why they are so beautiful. I am afraid my countrywomen are not entitled to high praise for regular attention to cleanliness. I indeed know some, who use the tepid bath and a clean napkin, instead of discolouring themselves with vile washes, dews, and creams from the perfumer; but are there not too many gentlemen and ladies, who pass many months, without feeling the luxury of complete purification? Were I to peruse the subject to niceness of detail, I should have a plenty of subject for many pages; but I hope that the neglect has rather arisen from forgetfulness and inattention, than from dislike to purity or sympathy with uncleanness.

*Author's son.*

## LINES,

*On seeing the portrait of a lady, recently taken  
by Mr. Stuart.*

Not Scotia's Queen with every grace,  
Of perfect form, and peerless face ;  
Nor Sophonisba's conquering charms,  
Which filled a nation with alarms ;  
Nor Inez—whose hard fate for years,  
Steep'd a fond husband's couch in tears ;  
Could e'er such winning grace display,  
When youth and bloom had pass'd away ;  
As o'er that brow, which Nature's hand,  
Form'd all to conquer and command,  
In softened majesty is seen,  
And speaks attractive virtue's queen.  
Saint-like benevolence is there,  
Shines in that look, that gentle air ;  
Such touching grace, and winning ease,  
So formed for earth, and Heaven to please,  
With conquering power they melt the heart,  
And prove a Stuart's matchless art.  
For e'en like life the shadow glows,  
And more than T——'s beauty glows.  
For though tis Beauty's brow serene,  
Yet all the virtues there are seen ;  
Contending which shall bear the sway,  
And lead the willing heart away.

But not e'en Stuart's art alone,  
Could e'er those speaking charms have  
shown,

Had not indulgent Nature made,  
Her mind with charms that never fade—  
Opposing Time's too potent sway,  
And lending night the blaze of day.  
For sense, and wit, and courtly ease,  
That win us ere they seem to please,  
With native grace around her move,  
And win the weakened heart to love.  
Thus blessed—she every blessing gives,  
And in her life each virtue lives.

And when he paints the hero's face,  
Adorned with every manly grace ;  
And rigid honour's steady reign,  
And Wit, and Humour's laughing train,  
Still must success his efforts crown,  
For Genius marks him all her own.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

## APOSTROPHE TO THE SUN.

*Versified from Ossian.*

O thou who roll'st above in azure field,  
Round as my father's battle-sounding shield,  
Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy ever-  
lasting light ?  
Thou comest in thy awful beauty forth,

The faint stars, shrinking, vanish in the  
North,  
And cold and pale sinks down the maid of  
night.

Thou mov'st alone, O Sun, for who can be  
Thy rival, or companion of thy race.  
E'en the oak falls; the hills themselves de-  
cay,  
E'en the cold ocean shrinks beneath thy  
face.

The moon is lost before thee in the sky ;  
The tempests flying vanish from on high ;  
The lightning shudders in its proudest  
force:

Thou dost alone in equal glory rise,  
Triumphant ruler of the boundless skies,  
Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When thunder rolls and vivid lightning flies,  
When the dark tempest lifts its gloomy  
form,

Thou lookest in thy beauty from the  
skies,  
And laughest at the raging of the storm.

But unto Ossian's eye thou look'st in vain.  
The bard shall never see thy light again ;  
No ray of thine shall cheer his aged  
breast ;

He sees thee not, whether thy yellow hair  
Flows on east clouds, and lights the morn-  
ing air,

Or trembles at the portals of the west.

But thou, perhaps, like me, art for a time,  
Perhaps the boundary of thy years is drawn ;  
Yes, thou shalt slumber in thy path sublime,  
Sleep in thy clouds, nor hear the voice of  
morn.

Exult, O Sun, then, in thy youthful might ;  
Age is dreary, damp, unlovely, night.  
Behold the glimmering of the wasted  
moon,

When it shines through the hurrying of the  
clouds,

And hoary frost the leafless mountain  
shrouds,

And snow and rattling hail around are  
blown.

The gloomy ghost bestrides his cloud of  
rain,  
Sweeps o'er the hills and frosty forest-  
grey ;  
The north wind howls and eddies o'er the  
plain,  
The traveller shrinks benighted on his  
way.

CARLOS.

*For The Port Folio.*

## MEMORY.

Come, plaintive Muse, on gentle wings,  
And bring thy myrtled harp with thee :

With tender fingers bend the strings,  
And thrill the soul of sympathy.

No martial thunders, bold and rude,  
No noisy song of thoughtless glee,  
Shall on the pensive sounds intrude  
Which wake the fairy Memory.

Thou, swift-winged Goddess of the mind,  
Rise, placid mourner, rise from rest;  
Fly to the hours that lag behind,  
And bid them enter to my breast.

There wake the sorrows long repress'd,  
The hoard of griefs so sweet to me,  
Brood o'er the sighs which they suggest,  
And kiss thy cypress, Memory.

Fly to the maiden, fly away,  
On dove-like pinions swiftly fly.  
Around her snowy bosom play,  
And catch the burthen of her sigh

When sleep sits dewy on her eye,  
Oh! bid her fancy dream of me;  
Still flutter o'er her pillow nigh,  
And she will bless thee, Memory.

And to my Raymond,\* distant far,  
Fly hills, and woods, and vallies o'er,  
This mournful salutation bear;—  
Farewell, my friend, for evermore.

When tender grass is springing o'er  
The spot where I at rest shall be;  
May Friendship and may Love deplore  
Their low-laid votary's Memory.

CARLOS.

*For The Port Folio.*

*A Paraphrastick Translation of La Cheminee.*

Parnassian air, Parnassian dews  
Befit not my too frigid muse,  
Her vigour's gone, her wing is old;  
Fancy and feeling chill'd with cold;  
Yet some has said, that she, elsewhere,  
Had sung some lays with pleasing air.  
To warm her, then, and tempt her pride,  
I'll bid her sing the *Fire-side*.

† D. H. Raymond, student in Yale College; writer of beautiful effusions lately printed in The Connecticut and United States Gazettes under the title of "Segar," as well as many others well worthy of the eye of the publick that never appeared in print.

Thou pleasing sum of social joys!  
When age and youth, and girls and boys,  
The wise and dull in concert found  
In Winter evenings thee surround;  
While some at work, some grave, some gay,  
Thy light and heat abet the play  
In some young breasts, who strive to hide  
A warmth rais'd at the *Fire-side*.

The aged soldier, when his scars  
He loves to show, and talk of wars,  
With aid of poker's sounding rattle  
He represents th' alarm of battle.  
And—as as a dream rais'd by his fancy,  
With rapture speaks of love and Nancy:  
Thus flights, not e'en to age deny'd,  
Are cherish'd by the *Fire-side*.

==  
EPIGRAM—for the Ladies.

A sweeter blush was ne'er suffus'd,  
Than that which rests on Laura's face;  
And still she is, by some, accus'd,  
Of borrowing, what thus gives her grace.

But I, young Laura, will defend  
From such a slander, and retort it,  
For I, as lovely Laura's friend,  
Was present when the dear girl bought it.

==  
MERRIMENT.

An East India governour, having died abroad, his body was put in ar-rack, to preserve it for interment in England. A sailor on board the ship being frequently drunk, the captain assured him the next time he was guilty of that offence, he should be severely whipped; and, at the same time, forbade the purser, and, indeed, all the ship, to let him have any liquor. Shortly after, the fellow appeared very drunk. How he got the liquor no one could guess. The captain, resolved to find out and punish the person who had thus disobeyed his orders, promised to forgive him, if he would tell whence he got the liquor. After some hesitation, he hickuped out "Why, please your honour, I tap-ped the governour."

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, November 28, 1807.

[No. 22.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE PLANETS.

No. 8.

THE GEORGIUM SIDUS.

“Aliquid nostris de moribus.”

JUV.

“Solvite tantis animum monstris,

“Solvite Superi; rectam in melius

“Vertite mentem.” SEN.

**HUMILIATING** were my reflections, in finding myself placed among beings of a superiour order. The inhabitants of the planet, in which I found myself again a stranger, are in figure and deportment elegant and fascinating. The graces of their stature, lofty, noble, and commanding, are increased by the modesty of unassuming greatness. A certain air surrounds them, which inspires respect; a dignity of address, which at once conciliates esteem, and repels familiarity. Such an index to the mind could not deceive me.—I found the correspondence strict, and if I was pleased with the appearance and manners of my new associates, I was still more delighted with the readiness of their wit, the depth of their judgment, and the soundness of their understanding.

Great interest was excited by my appearance among them. To this, however, I had been accustomed in

my excursions through the heavens, and, as usual, it afforded me an introduction to the better orders of society, and of this I took advantage. I was interrogated much of my native earth, and, in return, received many singular histories from my new acquaintance, one of whom, with great politeness and hospitality, attended me inseparably, and insisted on my remaining at his house, or rather palace, during my residence in this remote orb. It was my good fortune, which placed me there, for I soon found as much difference to exist between men here, as on the earth, and my host was very high in the estimation of his fellow mortals, and very deserving of their distinctive respect.

I learned, that in this planet there are no governments, each of the inhabitants is independent, and integrity they regard as the only barrier against the inroads of vice and corruption, and it renders superfluous the restraints of law. They have been induced to destroy all their governments, from a conviction that the more laws exist, the more violations are the consequence.

What delighted me more than any thing I had ever witnessed before, was the unclouded serenity and cheerfulness of every face. I eagerly inquired whether life had no cares; and if subsistence was procured without

difficulty. Surely, I thought, this is the spot, where nature throws off all reserve—No longer coy, she needs not to be pressed for her sweets, but freely offers her exhaustless store, and flings profusion round a happy land!—No: I was deceived; and soon found that the necessities of life were, with difficulty procured, and that a flinty, sterile soil, yielded with reluctance to the ploughshare's force. Luxurious, indeed, were this once martial race; but their delicacies were not the spontaneous products of a genial clime. Whence then, I demanded, are they derived? This question produced some embarrassment, because it was one seldom thought of by the polite and well-bred Archones; this was the name of the nation into which I had been received.

The information I obtained from my host was, that the soil produced certain vegetables, by which the various animals were supported, and that these animals, as well as vegetables afforded by culinary treatment a vast variety of the most delicious viands—That a nectar was procured from certain juicy products of the autumn, which could inspire with joy and gladness the coldest hearts, and sooth the mind oppressed with grief; rob it of care, and in its room infuse the rapturous delights of Fancy's gayest dreams; but how or by whom prepared he could not tell. The entrance of a valet relieved the master's difficulty, and he was directed to satisfy my curiosity. From him I learned, that a race called Erebi had long before been brought in conquest from their native country, where a successful war had placed them in the victor's triumphal train. These Erebi are by no means of the same species with their conquerors, the Archones, but a gradation between these and the brute creation, although they appear to possess the same faculties, and are formed precisely upon the same plan; indeed so nearly do they resemble the Archones in figure and appearance, that superficial observers would suppose them of the same nature and species, which mistake I actually made, and

supposed them, until my friend undeceived me, in all respects equal. Philosophers have determined that a difference exists, and the doctrine is now practically enforced, and the Erebi perform all the labours necessary for the existence, comfort and luxury of the inhabitants of the country into which I had entered. They appear, say the Archones, designed by nature for the employment. They are compelled to till the ground for its owners. If they perform the task faithfully and with industry, a reward is allotted them of the produce, sufficient for the support of life, and which their hard labour enables them to enjoy with all the zest of hunger; but if sickness obtrude, or an adverse heaven frown upon the sod, great is their reverse of fortune. The owners refuse to assign the proper cause of the scarcity, and punish, with rigour, the wretched victim of their disappointed avarice. Their wives and children share the cruel fate. Often their destiny is so severe, that mothers tear the newborn infants from the breast and rob them of that life, which they had just bestowed, to save them from the evils which themselves had borne. This cause, together with accidental deaths from starvation, and excess of labour, together with the neglect of every attention to their health, renders it necessary to supply, annually, fresh hands to the plough. The Archones foment discords among the Erebi, and the wars which result enable them to furnish a constant supply, because whichever party conquers the captives become alike the property of the Archones.

This wonderful detail much surprised me, and doubtful of the accuracy of my informer, I appealed to my host for the truth of the account; he assured me, that it was true, and that necessity compelled them to continue a practice imposed upon them by luxury and avarice.

And is it possible, I exclaimed, that here, where all is happiness, where not a sigh is heard, and where every bosom is void of care, such a system should be the foundation of your felicity?

city? Happy you undoubtedly are—Every tongue proclaims it—Every eye, sparkling with pleasure, tells us that all is gayety and peace around. No, replied my host, you are deceived. Thorns infest our couches; rankling cares corrode our peace. The smiles we wear, conceals the heart's distress; but, could you look within, a picture, black as despair, would meet your view. We know not at what moment the tranquillity we boast may have an end. The Erebi have become more powerful than we, their strength and numbers far exceed our own. Revolts have already begun, and daily do we learn of new plots for our destruction. Some fools\* have told them they are men, and our equals; elate with the thought, they would be our superiours. In our vicinity, they have formed for themselves societies, in which they hold the highest rank, and possess privileges from which they exclude their former masters.

Upon this representation, alas! how different were my views! All that had before appeared manly and noble, now sunk into the basest effeminacy. All that had appeared fair and delightful, now was clouded in gloom. Those talents and endowments, which had excited my warmest admiration, served but to augment my detestation of the crimes, to the commission of which they were prostituted. Into the mantling bowl Fancy infused poison. The richest dainties palled upon my palate. Pleasure fled, and I left, disgusted, the deceptive scene.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I am the more induced to offer you these pieces for publication, as you have before spoken, with kind approbation of productions from the same pen. They are "*Sketches from Na-*

*ture*", and you will observe that the subjects of them are chosen from the moral, as well as from the natural world.

It is not always that a landscape painter would select his native village or city, as a subject for his canvas.—Scenes with which we are familiar from youth naturally lose their novelty and value. Thus the inhabitant of the neighbourhood of Niagara views the stupendous cataract, which he has known from boyhood to age, with few of those sublime emotions which fill the breast of a stranger. But the observation is too trite to require illustration.—We often overlook the beauties of our own surrounding fields, while stretching the eye to distant scenes. Hence, we hear of painters, who travel far from home, on a tour of landscape discovery. For my own part, Sir, I would act differently.

Indeed, as an admirer of beautiful scenes in nature which lie scattered around me, unhonoured by the painter, I have often wished that I had the pencil of a Radcliffe, to give them all her life and expression, all her *claro obscuro*, and brilliant colouring.

#### SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

##### A Landscape.

Boston is encircled on the West by a beautiful basin, into which a small stream, known by the name of Charles-River, discharges itself after creeping through some of the neighbouring villages. On a clear summer morning, the view from a rising ground on the "Common", over this basin to the opposite shore, is extremely picturesque and enchanting. Indeed, the landscape has been often admired by strangers: and while such views as the falls of Niagara in America or the mountains of Switzerland in Europe, may create nobler ideas of the *Sublime*, this scene is surpassed by none in communicating to the mind whatever is understood by the *Beautiful*.—On the right appears the populous village of Cambridgeport, which already aspires to the rank of a mart of trade and commerce. After resting the eye for a moment on a rude illshapen Cupola, which rises in the midst of its buildings, you observe at some distance the spire of the elder church and the plain unadorned edifice of the University; while still farther to

\* Similar has been the folly of certain commoners in a terrestrial legislature, Wilberforce at their head!

where the ground opens, you discover through the vista the summits of distant hills, which carry the view into the interior of the State.—Such is the prospect on the right, but the scenery before you is indescribably luxuriant. From the shore, the ground becoming gradually more elevated, separates, as it swells, into various hills, which seem to repose in peace on the bosom of the water. These beautiful hills present a magnificent tapestry, decorated with all the richness of nature, orchards, groves, lawns, and pastures, displaying every variety of verdure, from the deep foliage of forest trees, to the softer colours of the corn-field; while the work is spangled o'er with many a gay and airy villa, which gives relief to the picture. On the left, as far as the eye is permitted to stretch, this beautiful view is closed by the Blue Mountains, which tower over the surrounding country in gloomy grandeur, adding a tinge of sublimity to the whole scene.

How often have I resorted to these grounds, in those pure moments of the morning, when the sun sheds his virgin beams on this side the hills, and while the grass has not yet been shorn of its dew. Then, while the earth teemed with rich vegetation and the air was perfumed with all the fragrance of the morn, I have imagined to myself for a time, that created nature was silently pouring forth its incense to the Author of all Being.

#### Characters.

*Camilla* has a wholesome featured visage, and a strong sturdily built figure. Without any pretensions to female softness, shall I say purity, she combines all the spriteliness and frivolity of her own sex with the more turbulent dispositions of the other. She is a romp. She is a man spoiled. The cast of her person is masculine, and so also are her habits and manners. She aspires to be thought "independent," and the distinguishing feature of her character is carelessness of the feelings of others. When all around her have been involved in anxiety and grief, I have seen her continue as noisy and unfeeling as ever; and so far does she push this affectation, that I should not be surprised to find her whistling at a funeral, or jumping the rope in the midst of an earthquake.

*Camilla* too can lampoon with admirable skill, and swear with all the ease of an old practitioner. It seems to me impossible to love such a woman, and yet *Camilla* has not been without her suitors; but alas! like bees, who perch upon a juiceless flower, they touch only on the surface and soon fly off—What then are her prospects of future happiness? Probably her volatile temper will grow saturnine; probably from being a romp in youth, she will be a termagant in age.—

*Camilla* was evidently intended for the washing-tub, but that arch jade Nature, who so often makes herself merry at the cost of us mortals, dropped her, as if by chance, on a pile of guineas.

*Camilla* mistakes the true character of woman.—She is anxious to be thought eccentric, and she despises equally the lecture of her monitor, and the scorn of the world.—Whoever affects this stubborn contempt for surrounding circumstances and characters, has a hard lesson to learn. The world may live without us, but we cannot live without the world; the soil can flourish without the plant, though the plant cannot thrive without the soil. In our passage through life, it is often at least prudent to yield to the whims, the inconsistencies, and even to the injustice of mankind; it is safer to bend to the storm with the osier, than be uprooted with the oak.

How opposite to *Camilla's* is the character of *Eudora*,

Admired *Eudora*,

—worth

What's dearest to the world!

So perfect, and so peerless.

*Eudora* presents to the eye, a light, ærial form, "so delicate, that as it floats upon the gaze, it seems like the incarnation of some ethereal spirit, which a sigh too roughly breathed would dissolve into its kindred air." Though her features may not be formed to draw the common stare of admiration, yet they discover something so interesting, so unearthly, so much virtue, so much sense and intelligence, that we regard her at once with reverence and affection. And her whole soul is not less angelick. It is now long since I saw *Eudora*, but the image of her gentle, unobtrusive character is still vividly impressed on my mind. Sincere, humane and conciliating, it seems her highest ambition to be distinguished for all the mild and silent virtues; and at that age when most of her sex are won by the glitter of life, it is said that she still loves seclusion even in the metropolis, shrinking as it were intuitively from the seductions of the scene. Happy disposition. She possesses that feminine softness, that pensive aspect of character, which engage the feelings in her favour, even on a transient acquaintance; and she is all simplicity and innocence, for she is unacquainted with those interests which give rise to artifice and affectation. I have heard *Eudora* observe with the utmost ingenuousness, that, though seldom gay herself, she was always made happy by the smiles and cheerfulness of others. *Eudora* has too much virtue not to be religious, and too much understanding not to comprehend her faith, her religion is pure and undefiled before God and the Father, for she delights

to kindle the smiles of happiness around her, and, at the same time, to keep herself unspotted from the world.

Long may it be before the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl broken;—may the sweetest gales of happiness bear her softly down the current of Time, and at last land her safely on the shores of Eternity.

## CRITICISM.

*For The Port Folio.*

*The Independency of the Mind, Affirmed. A Poem, in two parts, with occasional notes.*

The following preface will sufficiently explain the intention of the author.

“ The discussion of a question in conversation lately with a friend, gave rise to the following Essay. The controversy originated in his advancing, as a position, That the atrocities committed in France during the Revolution, proceeded from each other in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of acting otherwise than as the people did act; which he illustrated by the simile of bricks placed on end, and falling, through a long line, in consequence of a blow given to the first one, just hard enough to knock it down. This position was denied; and a few evenings afterwards the line from Young’s Night Thoughts, with which this poem commences, being read, was claimed by both disputants as a text suitable to their respective opinions.

The writer is too much of a recluse to be very anxious concerning the rank in which this little work will place him as a poet. Though the fire of his eye is not dimmed by age or infirmity, he has lived long enough to know, that human applause, or human censure ought not to be the capital consideration of his mind. Nor is he fond of controversy with any one, whose ear is disingenuously shut against the voice of fair and dispassionate argument.

He is a lover of mankind; a friend to the diffusion of true knowledge; and he is earnest in his endeavours to spread before the view of other minds, those ideas respecting the great principles of Being, which he has found, after much anxious search, to be most satisfactory to his own.”

We were surprised to find a poem of this nature, dated at “ Locust Bridge, on the Ohio; and in this age of amatory poets, it is no small merit to have

“ — sat on a hill retir’d,  
In thought more elevate, and reason’d high  
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and  
fate,  
Fix’d fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.”

On the subject of the controversy we give no opinion; our business is with the poet.

The production before us appears to have been hastily written, as there are several errors, which a careful revision would have easily detected. The author has taken the style of COWPER for his model, and in many passages imitated it very closely. This similarity must strike the most unpractised ear in the following lines, with which the poem commences :

“ Objects are but th’ occasion; man’s th’ exploit.”

—Were I a preacher, and were this my text,  
And as diffusive as the theme my strain,  
In what an orbit should my spirit move,  
Discursive, through th’ expanse of intellect!  
But since alone the subject, not the voice  
Of the grave teacher, nor his learned skill,  
To cut and mince, divide and subdivide,  
Is mine by adaptation, I restrict  
To narrower bounds the poet’s tethered range.

And again :

The tenant of this mansion-house, the world,  
Receiv’d it from his Lord in such fit case  
As needed no repair,—good, perfect, great.  
His tenure was in *Socage*; and he held  
By right of *sufferance*. Fealty, alone,  
Comprised the services he had to do;  
A service of the heart, which, freely done,  
Secur’d him the *domain*. His was the soil,  
To dress and till,—the usufruct all his.  
For him the harvest ripen’d in the field;  
And herbs and flow’rs beneath his footsteps  
sprang,  
To catch his roving eye, and on the breeze  
Pour’d their rich odours to regale his sense,  
Eager to mingle with his spirit, theirs.  
For him the fruitage cluster’d on the bough,  
Inviting to be pluck’d; and Earth’s broad  
lap  
Displayed her vast fecundity for him.  
Nature’s *bright* side was next him;—for his  
Lord  
Cast with his smile a happiness throughout,  
A sunshine of the soul: that smile with-  
drawn,  
Leaves Nature as she is—dull, dreary, dark.  
Man soon withheld that homage, which he  
owes  
To his superior, whereupon the smile  
Of happiness was pendant, broke his tenure,  
And drew the shade of Nature o’er his soul

The joys of Paradise are his no more,  
And Eden decks not her parterre for him.

The following is somewhat in the  
tone of Dr. Young:

—Is this too much to say of Earth's frail  
worm,  
A mere Ephemeron, which buzzes round  
This atom world, and spreads his mealy  
plumes,  
Vainly to glisten in that sun's bright beam  
Which sees, ere noon, his garish pinions  
fade?

But while we find much to praise in  
the matter, we discover some inaccuracies  
to censure in the manner. There  
are several words used, which can be  
found only in a *Columbian* vocabulary;  
and an affectation of others, that have  
long been obsolete: as, *gemmeous* ore,  
dross *despumed*, *theorick* plans, glori-  
ous *regentship*, *thund'rous* neck, &c.  
from the Miltonick elevation of which,  
there is a great descent to such ex-  
clamations as,

So *lobs* of clay (and seeing men are clay,  
How *pat* the chosen simile comes in!)

Thou, as a *bit* of a philosopher.

That 'tis no *chancework-job* thus to perform.

Men's diet ought to *jingle all in tune*.

Nor will she *grudge the sweating and fatigue*.

I, as sage Reason's royal advocate,  
Though feeble in the way of argument,  
And feebler still to *squeeze it into verse*.

Every reader must be struck with  
the tautology of

Th' *astriuctive* bias, convolutive bent.

And,

Their sympathies, and their *inflexious* turns.

Such lines as

Make Horror and Ruin rule over all,

bid defiance to all measure; and  
naughty and naughtiness, which fre-  
quently occur, are downright nursery  
language.

On the whole however, we are pleased  
with the performance, the first  
part of which only we have seen, and  
exhort the authour to "persevere in  
the race" he is running. He has read

profitably, thinks justly, and, with  
some attention to the melody of his  
versification, will write ably.

## MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

### AN EXAMINATION

*Of the causes that have retarded the  
progress of literature in The United  
States.*

(Continued from page 389.)

In The Port Folio of the 20th of June last,  
an acute and elegant writer, whose signature  
is Falkland, and who has often contributed  
valuable essays to this paper, instituted an  
Examination of the causes which have re-  
tarded the progress of literature in The  
United States. This speculation concluded  
with a promise that the subject would be  
resumed. The authour having fully and un-  
answerably demonstrated that American lit-  
erature is in its swaddling bands, and ex-  
posed in the cradle, is naturally led to in-  
quire, why the darling child, like other fa-  
vourites, is not nourished and fostered un-  
til it reach maturity. This question he now  
proposes in this paper. The queries of  
Falkland are distinctly made, and will  
produce nothing but an embarrassed an-  
swer. He draws a curious, but very accu-  
rate picture of the origin and literature of  
some of those fugitives, who under we know  
not what pretext of civil and religious liber-  
ty, wandered to the Wilderness of the West.  
Leaving this gloomy sketch, orayoned as it  
were, with a charcoal, our candid artist,  
willing to look at his subject, in a more fa-  
vourable light, places his dear country in her  
*independent* attitude, surrounds her with all  
the emblems of Peace and Tranquillity,  
gives her a placid countenance, and sup-  
ports her by Patriotism and National Pride.  
While surveying so splendid a group, we  
naturally look for Learning and Genius  
among the figures, and expect to discover  
both the poet and the patron. We see Wealth  
in the foreground, and Wealth in the back-  
ground, and unexampled prosperity every-  
where. But the temple of the Muses, and  
the munificent Mæcenæ are sought in vain.

To drop the metaphor: Falkland having  
traced our progress from a *lair of wild beasts*  
to the abodes of Peace and the mansions of  
Luxury, states, in terms hard to be gainsayed,  
that *now*, with our immense resources, and  
without the *shadow of an apology*, Literature  
languishes in a most inglorious and disgrace-  
ful obscurity, *because men leave in cold neglect  
every liberal pursuit; because Avarice is the*

tutelar power of the country; because we are distracted by feuds and factions of the most rebellious and virulent character; because our modes of education are shamefully and egregiously deficient; because Classical learning is in the lowest repute; because we have not a NATIONAL UNIVERSITY with all the endowments of an Oxford; and lastly, because the government itself is inauspicious to the votaries of the Muse. These circumstances are copiously enumerated by our friend, and not without a just indignation. Without dwelling with him on some of the primary causes which obstruct the progress of learning in this country, we will briefly advert to two, which the hardiest and most frontless of the vapouring tribe may not dare to defend.

In our immense territory, there is not an American but who would be fired with indignation, at the mere surmise of any lack in our pecuniary resources. On the contrary, whether you visit the hovels of the poor, or the Banks of the City, nothing is more distinctly heard than the tale of our unprecedented prosperity. The country is fertile beyond belief. The opulence of many individuals would shame the revenues of Oude or Oriza. Of the precious metals, and of their representative, paper, there is a surplus quantity. Our Treasury, its officers and the Chief Magistrate tell us so, in a tone of boasting exultation, is overflowing with plenty. Individual and national coffers are heaped, and pressed, and running over. As it is the general vaunt, we presume it will hardly be denied. If, for any magnificent or meritorious purpose, it were necessary for the fiscal chests to be doubled, such is the copiousness of our means, the multiplication might be made without a murmur!

What then prevents the ample foundation and liberal endowment of a *National Seminary* not one jot, or one tittle inferior in its pretensions to those of Oxford and Cambridge?

Nothing but the narrow genius of a pseudo-economical administration.

Now this naturally brings us to the most curious part of our subject, which leads to results altogether of a romantick, enigmatical, and inexplicable character.

The chief ruler of our republic is a person by the name of Jefferson, formerly, we believe, an *obscure provincial advocate* in Virginia, and afterwards a voyager to France, where he contracted a fondness for false philosophy, and French idioms. He has written a book, made certain experiments, is reputed to be of a studious humour, is a member of the French Institute, and of some other learned societies. He affects the language, habits, and manners of a philosopher, and is a man of science and letters, or,—he is nothing.

Next to him is the Secretary of State, a Mr. Madison, another Virginian Attorney, who makes many pretensions to skill in the occult sciences, and who is believed by many well-meaning persons to be one of the most learned of the Columbians. He is undoubtedly more deeply tinctured with literature than the great majority of his friends, and, *aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus*, he too is either a Scholar, or he is nothing.

Thirdly, our Secretary of the Treasury, who, according to his own account, has plenty of money at his command, is a stranger from Geneva, who kindly sojourns among us, and takes care of our national property. This alien officer is confessedly a man of splendid talents, and a profound scholar, and it is not a little comforting, both to our patriotism, and our pride, that the man of the greatest abilities in the administration is a foreigner.

Here then we have the three greater officers of our government,—a literary triumvirate, though not exactly resembling that of Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus, yet pretending a love for Learning, and carefully enregistering themselves on her roll of admirers. Will these great men condescend to inform the country, by the next post, what portion of national affluence is employed in the foundation of Colleges, in the encouragement of Artists, and in the support of useful and ornamental learning?

To every one, however slightly he may survey the subject, the cause which will primarily suggest itself is, *the youth of the country*. Nations, in their progress to maturity are uniformly marked, at different stages, by certain employments, which they exclusively follow. With them, infancy and adolescence are the seasons of active exertion, and provident industry. The field is cleared, and rudely tilled to supply the proximate necessities of life, ere the parterre is decorated, or the garden adorned. The simple habitation of the rustick precedes the stately edifice of luxurious expense. The arts, coarse and mechanick, are adopted and practised, while the liberal are neglected and despised. The useful is preferred to the ornamental.

But, in a more advanced state of society, when an ample leisure arises out of an exemption of these pressing exigencies, pursuits, elegant and refined, solicit national regard, and become studiously professed.

Prior to this auspicious period, with no people, whose history is recorded, have letters flourished. They have

glimmered transiently through the obscurities of the night, but have maintained no permanent illumination.

But it has been said with some degree of plausibility, by those who have tried to depreciate our genius, that our literary sterility is, in no respect, entitled to this defence, because our origin was *peculiar and distinct*. It is true, that an example exactly parallel to ours has not existed. Most nations, nursed in barbarism, have moved on to the heights of civilization and learning, by slow and impeded progression. They have been their own guides, and without any collateral aid, have pioneered their way. We, on the contrary, were a section of a polished people who carried with us, in our emigration, a part of whatever Europe had to boast at the time, and though remotely separated, were not deprived of her science, her arts, and philosophy.

These, we must confess, were singular advantages. Circumstances, however, attended our infancy, which countervailed them, and rendered it, perhaps, not more favourable than the primitive condition of any other people.

Let it not be forgotten, that our ancestors came, emphatically, to a *new world*! When they arrived, this continent was a dreary, inhospitable, and dismal desert, in which nothing was to be seen but the wild products of nature, and little to be heard, save the howl of the "tenants of the forest," or the whoop of the rude savage.

Neither did The United States receive a fair proportion of the European community. They were colonized chiefly by the refuse of its population who fled from Europe, or were transported hither to expiate their crimes. With these, was mixed a more respectable description, who, intoxicated by the fumes of Puritanism, sought an asylum from what *they conceived*, a religious and political persecution.

The latter class comprehended a few tinged with learning. But a wilderness is not precisely the seat of the Muses. The literature, there-

fore, which was imported into the colonies did not prosper. For a century succeeding its colonization, the country gave birth to no literary production which is not beneath criticism. The small number of individuals who casually cultivated letters, wasted their talents on topicks of polemick divinity, or in speculations equally idle and unavailing.

Fortunately, the common character and dispositions of the early inhabitants accorded better with their situation. Bold, hardy, active, and adventurous, they were a race capable of encountering danger, and of overcoming any complication of toil and difficulty. Like mariners wrecked on a desolate shore, without the hope of escape, their first care was, to provide for the wants of existence, and next to improve their settlement. How diligently the work of improving the country was commenced by them, and has since been prosecuted by their successors, its present elevated rank in the scale of nations incontrovertibly proves.

Whatever benefit, moreover, we may, originally, have derived from our intimate connexion with Europe, it seems probable that it was ultimately injurious.

The facility with which it procured us foreign literature, and particularly that of the parent state, so well adapted to our taste and our wants, may be supposed to have repressed the exercise of our own genius, and to have retarded the increase of native productions. The effect, indeed, of such dependence must be, to break the springs of emulation, and to smother the kindling sparks of ambition.

At the revival of letters, we saw its influence clearly manifested. The literary annals of Europe, for a considerable period after that noted event, contain no one work of originality, nor a single new contribution to the stock of human knowledge. This is justly ascribed to the servile veneration entertained for the writings of antiquity. Prompted by their enthusiasm, the literary votaries of the age under review, were penetrating the

recesses of monasteries, where the "literary misers" had secreted, or exploring the ruins where the devastating Goth or Saracen had buried these treasures. There is no trace of an exertion of their own minds, except it be in the study and collation of the works which their industry had redeemed.

But as soon as genius asserted its privileges, and loosened the trammels which had restrained its flight, it soared again into its chosen regions of invention and discovery, and gave to modern literature its brilliant achievements.

These, unquestionably, were the remoter obstructions to American literature. But from the moment we assumed a rank among the independent nations of the earth, their influence was so far reduced by the amelioration, which the country underwent, as to justify the prediction, that we should speedily become as illustrious for our literary proficiency, as we had been previously commended for our extraordinary commercial, and economical success. If we have failed to realize a prospect on which the pride of patriotism delighted to dwell, we are to reproach for the disappointment, our own supineness and neglect. For surely, since the revolution, The United States have possessed many, and might have commanded all the advantages, which the culture of letters exacts.

While Europe has been distracted by external war, or convulsed by internal commotion, by the ruin of its states, and the overthrow of its empires; while its regular governments have been dislocated from their sockets, and even the frame of civil society itself broken and deranged, we, exempt from the ravages of the tempest, have continued our rapid career, with no abatement of prosperity, or interruption to our peace. Seizing the auspicious occasion, "we should have beckoned to our securer shores, the trembling virtues, the patient industries, the curious researches, and the forsaken Muses," and by the gra-

ciousness of the reception, "*naturalized*" them among us.

But interwoven with the happy condition that the country has enjoyed, causes are discernable which have depressed the ascendancy of its genius, and dwarfed the growth of its literary renown.

Conspicuously among these, we mean to notice, is, *that want of patronage which leaves in cold neglect, every liberal pursuit.*

We are taught, that letters have alone flourished in those countries, where they have been admired, and their professors honoured and protected. Without such treatment, they may have burst forth in casual brightness but have never shone with the steady lustre which gilds and ennobles the reputation of a people. Homer, and Bacon,\* and Shakspeare are not exceptions. They were prodigies whose appearance cannot be reconciled with the usual course, or settled laws of mental development. Their origin was one of those anomalies which sometimes occur, seemingly to mock the regularity, and break the order of Nature's operations; to excite the amazement of the ignorant, and confound the speculations of the learned.

Literary distinction, we maintain, is the result of assiduous care and liberal attention. Though of celestial origin, Genius, if not brought to a benignant soil, and "invigorated with the enlivening beams of encouragement, will wither in the bud, and give its fragrance to the winds."

But in the United States, Literature is niggardly patronized, and slenderly befriended. Government, we need not be told, holds out to its disciples, neither the temptation of honour nor the allurements of pecuniary recompense. Individuals have done as little to promote its interests. No Mæcenas, or Pollio has appeared among us, to animate its course.

Booksellers, who in Europe have often proved its benefactors, are in

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\* Roger Bacon, who lived in the 10th century; the discoverer of gunpowder, &c.

this country, with some limited exceptions, venal traders, who would rather sap by extortion than support by a liberal interposition, its helplessness.

Literary exertion receives its only encouragement from the public at large, which is weakened by its diffusion, and shorn of all its grace and efficacy, by the manner of its dispensation.

To supplicate for support;—to beg as a mendicant, the alms of charity, degrades the dignity of letters; and yet, who has ventured to publish a work without the solicitation of subscriptions? In these humiliating applications, the only resource of literature, Genius, instead of being greeted with the smiles of kindness, and the courtesy of benevolence, is often repulsed by the scorn of the irascible, and the insolence of vulgar greatness.

(To be continued.)

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

### Parke's Chymical Catechism.

Mr. James Humphreys has just published a Chymical Catechism, for the use of young people, with copious notes for the assistance of the teacher; to which are added a vocabulary, useful tables, and a variety of amusing experiments by S. Parkes, Manufacturing Chymist, with the following motto from Fourcroy.

“Tout homme que recoit une éducation libérale compte aujourd'hui la Chimie, parmi les objets les plus indispensables de ses études.” This popular introduction to a useful Science is a handsome volume large octavo. In Nicholson's Philosophical Magazine, a work which as a scientific work holds a high rank among the most esteemed of the journals, we find a very favourable character of this Catechism. The object of this publication, says Mr. Nicholson, is to unfold the Science of Chymistry to *artizans and young people*, by way of question and answer. It is written in an elegant

and popular manner, and rendered as amusing, as it is instructive. The answers are concise and fitted for the memory, occasionally the subject is dilated and difficulties cleared up by a more ample illustration, and this is very properly brought forward in the form of notes. The publication of this work is another proof of the care Mr. H. constantly manifests to publish the most *useful* books for the benefit of some of the most active and interesting members of society. Chymistry should compose a part of the education of every youth, designed to be a manufacturer. We are told by high authority that every person who has received a liberal education at this enlightened period justly ranks a knowledge of Chymistry as an indispensable acquirement. It is *absolutely necessary* for the manufacturer, and it is useful and ornamental to a man of letters. To the attainment of the *principles* of Chymistry and a knowledge of some of its most interesting results, all that is requisite while we are in the *portal* of the Science is a brief, intelligible, and elementary treatise rendered attractive by a series of simple yet striking experiments, and making *Amusement* the handmaid of Instruction. This is precisely the character of the volume before us. But let the authour speak for himself. He says the text of his treatise was undertaken without any view to publication, being intended merely for the instruction of an only child. Finding, however, as he proceeded that it would unavoidably attain a larger size than he expected, and conceiving that its catechetical form gave it a simplicity and plainness not usually found in works of this nature, he was led to think of the propriety of publishing it. Other considerations then presented themselves; and from a high opinion of the value of Chymical knowledge, and the vast importance of inspiring a taste for it in early life, he imagined it might not be thought presumptuous, were he to give to the world what had cost him so much trouble to complete, and what he considered to be better calculated to teach the rudiments of the science in

young people than any other book with which he was acquainted. Having endeavoured to give the whole rather an inviting appearance than otherwise even to youth, he presumed that such a performance might prove exceedingly useful in those seminaries where the preceptors have not had leisure or opportunity to study more elaborate treatises, and that it would also enable parents who are not qualified by previous acquirements to instruct their children in the elements of Chymistry, than which there can be nothing more essential in whatever line of life a youth may be destined to move. But a more powerful motive was the desire to exhibit in a popular form, a body of the most incontrovertible evidence of the wisdom and beneficence of the Deity, in the establishment and modification of those laws of matter, which are infinitely and beautifully varied, and whose operation is too delicate to be the object of general notice. For if it could be proved to the satisfaction of youth that matter is subject to a vast variety of laws which escape common observance; and that, in the adjustment of those laws, the most minute attention, if it may be so expressed, has been paid to our convenience and comfort—it was imagined such a detail would tend to make a more indelible impression on the young mind than the display of the same goodness which come under our daily notice and observation.

If, as Tilloch has observed, Chymical research conducts to the knowledge of philosophical truth and forms the mind to philosophical enlargement and accuracy of thought, more happily than almost any other species of investigation in which the human intellect can be employed, then the study of this science cannot be too strongly recommended.

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*Etheridge & Bliss's edition of Doddridge's  
Family Expositor.*

Messrs. Etheridge & Bliss, booksellers at Boston, have published three volumes of that clear, candid and liberal performance of the pious Dr. Doddridge, *The Family Expositor; or a Paraphrase*

and Version of the New Testament; with critical notes and a practical improvement of each section—Containing the History of our Lord Jesus Christ—as recorded by the four Evangelists, disposed in the order of an Harmony. This is the first American from the eighth London edition, is accurately printed from it page for page, and will be comprized in six vols. octavo.

Though the writer of this article is not a member of that sect, of which Dr. D. was one of the brightest ornaments, yet a *Church of England man* may find much in these volumes to admire and approve. Like Dr. Watts, Dr. Doddridge was one of the most Catholick of the Dissenters, and had no disposition to rail at men, like Priestley, or to burn them like Calvin. Our learned, industrious, and accomplished authour has promoted the cause of Christianity. As it is elegantly remarked by his editor, he was beloved and respected by Christians of all denominations; by his own countrymen and by foreigners, by the wealthy and the poor, by the *\*EPISCOPALIAN* and the dissenter, by the mitred dignitary, and the village Curate. Doddridge was an excellent classical scholar. He was not content to read the Gospel with enthusiasm and sensibility, but with *understanding* also. When he scrutinized the sense of Scripture he did not, with the vain-gloriousness and self-sufficiency of a *gifted* visionary, imagine that the light of his understanding was sufficient. He lighted as well as he could, his taper of human reason, but then, to produce a brighter radiance, he brought the torch light of Athens, and the Classick lamps of antiquity.—Prior to his critical disquisitions on theological topics he studied HOMER with assiduity, and enriched his mind from the treasury of modern and ancient eloquence. Such was “the mildness of his spirit, the fervour of his piety, and the extent of his knowledge, that his works have been translated into most European languages, and have been admired in proportion as they have been read.”

*\* This is indeed a high and honourable distinction.*

A work of such a noble nature, the offspring of such a liberal mind, deserves the most generous encouragement. We understand that the public manifest no penurious spirit on this occasion. Liberality in this instance, as in many others, is generous policy. He who casteth his bread upon the waters will find it again after many days, was the opinion not only of one of the most magnificent of princes, but of one of the wisest of mankind, who in this respect, as well as in many others, may be considered a perfect oracle.

These valuable volumes are enriched with a very interesting Biography, very elaborately written in a spirit of cordial friendship, by Dr. Kippis, one of the respectable editors of the *Biographia Britannica*. The perusal of this narrative will invigorate the mind; for if any stimulus can remove the palsy of indolence, or any spell lay the phantom of procrastination, if any voice can persuade to perseverance or accelerate the pace of industry, it is the distinct enumeration of the literary labours of DODDRIDGE and the account of his economy of time.

Messrs. B. B. Hopkins & co. Booksellers of this city, have recently offered to Criticks, Theological Students in particular, and Classical scholars in general, one of the most copious catalogues of rare books and valuable editions ever exhibited in this country.—For particulars we refer every scholar to the covers of *The Port Folio*.

But among this mass of Biblical, Grecian, and Roman literature, we must particularly indicate to learned curiosity the two greater Polyglotts. The first beautifully printed by Plantin, seconded by Cardinal Spinosa, and patronized by Philip II of Spain. The second, the Leipsic edition, with the Latin version of Schmid, and the German version of LUTHER. The Bible of Bertramus of Geneva.

The edition of the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament, printed by Plantin and edited by Montanus.

The Bible of Buxtorf—Wetstein's admirable edition.

Hutter's *wonderful* Polyglott Greek Testament.

Henry Stephens's Greek Testament :

*And above all,*

Mill's edition of the Greek Testament, published in folio, at Oxford, at the UNIVERSITY Press, 1707. of which critical and splendid edition, the learned Michaelis thus speaks :

The infancy of criticism ends with the edition of Gregory, and the age of manhood commences with that of Mill. It has, moreover, been justly remarked that this publication is undoubtedly one of the most magnificent that ever appeared, and the edition of Wetstein excepted, probably the best and most accurate *exemplar* of the sacred text. This distinguished performance was the labour of thirty years, and Mill finished it only fourteen days before his death.

In the Prologomena of 168 double columned pages the editor has given a masterly detail of the various editions and versions of the New-Testament, and an accurate account of the relative excellence of the MSS. which he has quoted or referred to. These prologomena are pronounced by Harwood to be "a treasure of Sacred criticism;" Michaelis observes, that, notwithstanding those of Wetstein, they still contain a great deal of matter not to be found in his edition, and of the matter, which is common to both, some things are explained more clearly by Mill. The Prologomena are followed by an index of the various MSS. editions, and versions therein mentioned: and an index of the more remarkable passages of scripture explained. The body of the work comprehends about 809 pages; the text is from the third edition of Robert Stephens: this is followed by an appendix of 64 pages to the former notes. The type is large, clear, and beautiful, impressed on excellent paper; the various readings and parallel passages amounting to about 30,000 in number, are placed below the text in smaller characters. See Dibdin's Introduction to the Knowledge of rare

and valuable editions of the Greek and Latin Classicks, Polyglott Bibles, and the Greek Septuagint, and Testament.

The works of the more eminent fathers, of St. Basil, the two Gregorys, Ambrose, Eusebius and Irenæus, among which we regret that we cannot perceive the eloquent Homilies of St. Chrysostom.

The Bipont edition of the Greek and Roman classicks, among which without adverting to the authours of the middle age, and the *Scriptores de Re Rustica*, we perceive many of the Greek Philosophers and Historians, and among the Latin, Cicero, Quintilian, Tacitus, Livy, Cæsar, Ierence, Celsus, Sallust, the Plinys, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Phædrus, Juvenal, Quintus Curtius, Suetonius, &c.

#### ALSO

Foulis's folio Greek Homer, magnificent.

Wolfius's do. accurate.

Burman's do. accurate.

The OXFORD Xenophon.

The Glasgow Tacitus, &c.

#### Carey's editions of School and Family Bibles.

Mr. Mathew Carey, Bookseller of this city, has constantly in his press, a very great variety of accurate and elegant editions of the Holy Bible. He has spared neither pains nor expense, to render his copies of the Sacred volume worthy of the publick approbation. Many of the most pious and learned of the clergy, and several eminent lay scholars have borne cheerful testimony to the merit of these editions. The paper, printing, maps, and plates will sustain a rigorous scrutiny, and the copies, in particular for the use of schools and families, are sold at a price sufficiently reasonable. In some of his editions the Apocrypha is retained; in others it is omitted. Some elegant bibles are ornamented with plates, others at a cheaper rate, have none. Here the Scotch Psalms, and there a Concordance and maps are published. In short, the praiseworthy proprietor of this blessed book, has neglected no mechanical means to suit the taste or

to meet the finances of every purchaser.

#### POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

FRENEAU'S POEMS.

(Concluded from page 315.)

Our authour has, in a very desultory manner, rambled from subject to subject, but satire appears to be his favourite one. Here, however, we cannot, in general, praise him. He is far from being elegant in the choice of his language, which is, for the most part, downright railing; and this we do not think sufficiently justified by the examples of the ancient satyrists, the vulgarity of whose expressions affords no favourable ideas of their own manners. His subjects also, which are local, have lost much of their interest; and we are unwilling to recal the recollection of feuds long past. In the phrase of the aborigines, the tomahawk is buried, and we wish not to dig it up. It is the more to be regretted, that Freneau wasted so much of his time in this manner, as he has convinced us that he is capable of better things. As a proof of that kind of satire, which can

"Tickle, while it gently probes the wound." we select the following lines from The Life of Hugh Gaine, which we are disposed to mention with much encomium.

Now, if I was ever so given to lie,  
My dear native country I would not deny:  
I know you love Teagues, and I shall not conceal  
That I came from the kingdom where Phelim O'Neale  
And other brave worthies ate butter and cheese,  
And walked in the clover fields up to their knees:  
Full early in youth, without basket or burden,  
With a staff in my hand, I passed over Jordan,  
I remember my comrade was doctor Magraw,  
And many strange things on the waters we saw;  
Sharks, Dolphins, and sea dogs, bonettas, and whales,

And birds at the tropick with quills in their  
tails,  
And came to your city and government seat,  
And found it was true you had something to  
eat;  
When thus I wrote home—"The country is  
good,  
They have plenty of victuals and plenty of  
wood:  
The people are kind, and, whate'er they may  
think,  
I shall make it appear I can swim where  
they'll sink;  
And yet they're so brisk, and so full of good  
cheer,  
By my soul, I suspect they have always new-  
year,  
And therefore conceive it is good to be here."  
So said, and so acted—I put up a press,  
And printed away with amazing success;  
Neglected my person, and look'd like a fright,  
Was bother'd all day, and was busy all night,  
Saw money come in, as the papers went out,  
While Parker and Weyman were driving  
about,  
And cursing, and swearing, and chewing  
their cuds,  
And wishing Hugh Gaine and his press in  
the suds.  
Ned Weyman was printer, you know, to the  
king,  
And thought he had got all the world in a  
string,  
Though riches not always attend on a  
throne,  
So he swore I had found the philosopher's  
stone,  
And call'd me a rogue, and a son of a bitch,  
Because I knew better than him to get rich.  
To malice like that 'twas in vain to reply—  
You had known by his looks he was telling a  
lie.  
Thus life ran away, so smooth and serene—  
Ah! these were the happiest days I had  
seen!  
But the saying of Jacob I've found to be true,  
"The days of thy servant are evil and few!"  
The days that to me were joyous and glad,  
Are nothing to those which are dreary and  
sad!  
The feuds of the *Stamp-Act* foreboded foul  
weather,  
And war and vexation all coming together:  
Those days were the days of riots and mobs,  
Tar, feathers, and tories, and troublesome  
jobs—  
Priests preaching up war for the good of our  
souls,  
And libels, and lying, and Liberty-Poles,  
From which, when some whimsical colours  
you wav'd,  
We had nothing to do, but look up and be  
sav'd—  
You thought, by resolving, to terrify Bri-  
tain—  
Indeed, if you did, you were damnable bitten;

Well, as I predicted that matters would be  
To the stamp-act succeeded a tax upon Tea:  
What chest-fulls were scatter'd, and tramp-  
led, and drown'd,  
And yet the whole tax was but three pence  
per pound!  
May the hammer of Death on my noddle de-  
scend,  
And Satan torment me to time without end,  
If this was a reason to fly into quarrels,  
And feuds that have ruin'd ear manners and  
morals;  
A parson himself might have sworn round  
the compass,  
That folks for a trifle should make such a  
rumpus,  
Such a rout as to set half the world in a rage,  
Make France, Spain, and Holland with Bri-  
tain engage,  
While the Emperour, the Swede, the Russ,  
and the Dane  
All pity JOHN BULL—and run off with his  
gain.  
But this was the season that I must in-  
ment—  
I first was a whig with an honest intent;  
Not a rebel among them talk'd louder or bol-  
der,  
With his sword by his side, or his gun on his  
shoulder;  
Yes, I was a whig and a whig from my heart,  
But still was unwilling with Britain to part—  
I thought to oppose her was foolish and  
vain,  
I thought she would turn and embrace us  
again,  
And make us happy as happy could be.  
By renewing the era of mild SIXTY-THREE.  
From this very day till the British came  
in,  
We lived, I may say, in the desert of Sin;  
Such beating, and bruising, and scratching,  
and tearing,  
Such kicking, and cuffing, and cursing, and  
swearing;  
But when they advanced with their nume-  
rous fleet,  
And WASHINGTON made his nocturnal re-  
treat,\*  
And which they permitted, I say, to their  
shame,  
Or else your *New Empire* had been but a  
name,  
We townsmen, like women, of Britons in  
dread,  
Mistrusted their meaning, and foolishly fled.  
Like the rest of the dunces, I mounted my  
steed,  
And galloped away, with incredible speed.  
To Newark I hastened,—but Trouble and  
Care  
Got up on the crupper, and followed me  
there!  
There I scarcely got fuel to keep myself  
warm,

\* From Long-Island.

And scarcely found *spirits* to weather the storm :  
 And was quickly convinced I had little to do,  
 The Whigs were in arms, and my readers were few,  
 So, after remaining one cold winter season,  
 And stuffing my papers with *something like treason*,  
 And meeting misfortunes and endless disasters,  
 And forced to submit to a hundred new masters,  
 I thought it more prudent to hold to the *one*;  
 And, after repenting of what I had done,  
 And cursing my folly, and idle pursuits,  
 Returned to the city, and hung up my boots.  
 As matters have gone it was plainly a blunder,  
 But then I expected the Whigs must knock under,  
 And I always adhere to the sword that is longest,  
 And stick to the party that's like to be strongest :  
 That you have succeeded is merely a chance,  
 I never once dreamt of the conduct of France—  
 If alliance with her you were promis'd, at least,  
 You ought to have showed me your *STAR* in the east,  
 Not let me go off uninformed as a beast.  
 When your army I saw without stockings or shoes,  
 Or victuals,—or money, to pay them their dues,  
 Excepting your wretched Congressional paper,  
 That stunk in my nose like the snuff of a taper,  
 A cart load of which for a dram might be spent all,  
 That damnable bubble, the *old Continental*,  
 That took people in at this wonderful crisis,  
 With its *mottoes* and *emblems*, and cunning devices,  
 Which, bad as it was, you were forced to admire,  
 And which was, in fact, the pillar of fire,  
 To which you directed your wandering noses,  
 Like the Jews in the desert conducted by Moses,  
 When I saw them attended with famine and fear,  
 Distress in their front, and Howe in their rear,  
 When I saw them for debt incessantly dunned,  
 Nor a shilling to pay them laid up in your fund,  
 Your ploughs at a stand, and your ships run ashore—  
 When this was apparent, and, need I say more ?  
 I handled my cane, and I looked at my hat,

And cried—"God have mercy on armies like that !"  
 I took up my bottle, disdaining to stay,  
 And said—"Here's a health to the *Vicar of Bray*,"  
 And cocked up my beaver, and strutted away.

Ashamed of my conduct, I sneaked in to town,  
 Six hours and a quarter the sun had been down,  
 It was, I remember, a cold frosty night,  
 And the stars in the firmament glittered as bright  
 As if, to assume a poetical stile,  
 Old Vulcan had give them a rub with his file.

"Till this cursed night, I can honestly say,  
 I ne'er before dreaded the dawn of the day,  
 Not a wolf or a fox that is caught in a trap,  
 E'er was so ashamed of his nightly mishap—  
 I couldn't help thinking what ills might befall me,  
 What rebels and rascals the British would call me,  
 And how I might suffer, in credit and purse,  
 If not in my person, which still had been worse.

Having thus rambled through Freneau's Poems, with a spirit of no illiberal criticism, it may not be amiss to mention our regret at the authour, in several places, giving us cause to censure him for principles, which, in this country, are rarely in union with genius. Providence, while she permits the pest of Jacobinism to range at large among us, has kindly shown her in her foulest colours; she displays no elegance of form, no fascination of manners, no persuasion of eloquence, but rude and deformed, is equally disgusting to the spirit of philosophy and to the eye of taste.

We have mentioned some causes of the little encouragement given to our *bards*; but we confidently look forward to a time not distant, when we may say, in the words of Cicero: *Rudem enim esse omnino in nostris poetis, aut inermisima signitia est, aut fastidii delicatissimi. Mihi quidem nulli satis eruditi videntur, quibus nostra ignota sunt.*

Should another edition of these poems be published, we recommend, that the 455 closely printed pages of the present one be diminished to less than half that number, by the omission

of a large part of its contents, and give the following as a table of all that is worthy of preservation.

The Deserted Farm-House  
 The New-England Sabbath-day-Chace  
 The Wish of Diogenes  
 Epitaph on a man killed by a pretended Physician  
 Humanity and Ingratitude  
 The Desolate Academy  
 Advice to a Friend  
 The Vernal Ague  
 The Market Girl  
 The Jug of Rum  
 The Indian Student  
 The Oratour of the Woods  
 On the Sleep of Plants  
 The Prisoner  
 Quintilian to Lycidas  
 The Indian Burying-ground  
 The Almanack-maker  
 The Scornful Lady  
 The Vanity of Human Existence  
 The Drunkard's Apology  
 On Tobacco  
 The Bay Islet  
 The Man of Ninety  
 Santa Cruz  
 On the Death of Captain Biddle, of the Randolph  
 The Seaman's Invitation  
 On several of the crew of a certain Ship, of War, that happened to have a name similar to those of celebrated foreign Clergymen.  
 The British Prison Ship as far as we have quoted  
 Amanda's Complaint  
 Stanzas addressed to an Old Man  
 On the Ruins of a Country Inn  
 The Political Balance, or the fate of Britain and America compared, 1782  
 Sir Henry Clinton's Invitation to the Refugees  
 On General Arnold's Departure from America  
 Prophecy of the Indian King, Tammany  
 Political Biography; or the Life of H. Gaine  
 On the Departure of the British forces from Charleston  
 On General Washington's retirement from public life, after having, with a patriotic army, established the Independence of the United States of America  
 The Friend Arch, occasioned by rejoicings in Philadelphia on the acknowledgment of the National Independence

Pewter-Platter Alley, in Philadelphia  
 The Hurricane  
 On the New-Years' Festival  
 On the Vicissitudes of Things  
 Devastations in a Bookseller's Library  
 Sketches of North American History  
 To Lydia, a young Quaker Lady  
 Log-town Tavern  
 Hatteras  
 The Newsmonger  
 The Wintry Prospect  
 The Invalid  
 The Drunken Soldier  
 Carribeana  
 An Authour, on Authourship  
 Slender's Journey  
 The Wanderer  
 St. Catharine's Island  
 Marcella in a consumption  
 Addressed to a Deceased Dog  
 To the Memory of a Lady  
 To a Dog, occasioned, &c.  
 To Clarissa, a handsome shop-keeper  
 To Cynthia  
 Balloons  
 To Cynthia  
 Federal-Hall  
 Neversink, or the Heights near Sandy-Hook  
 To Zoilus, a severe Critick  
 To Cracovius Putridus  
 To My Lord Snake, a title hunter  
 To Misfortune  
 Epistle supposed to be written by Dr. Franklin, deceased, in answer to certain silly effusions of poetical panegyrists  
 THE COUNTRY PRINTER  
 To Mr. Churchman, on the failure of his Petition, &c.  
 The Pyramid of the Fifteen American States

Fontenelle, at the age of 97, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed before her, without perceiving her, in order to place himself at table—"See," said Madame Helvetius, "how I ought to value your gallantries, you pass before me without looking at me." "Madame," said the old man, "If I had looked at you, I could not have passed."

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

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Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, December 5, 1807.

[No. 23.]

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE PLANETS.

No. 9.

—Bellum quoque saepe solebat  
Spectare, equé illâ rigidi certamina Mar-  
tis.

Heroes are much the same, the point's  
agreed,  
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.

ALTHOUGH in all the planets, I was enabled, by the peculiarity of my earthly education,\* to comprehend the language used, yet nowhere was it so perfectly intelligible to me, as in the world where I now arrived. No tedious circumlocutions were employed to express and obscure the simple

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\* If my friend means that he was taught language in *Nature's Method*, his assertion must prove ruinous to the late ingenious philosopher, who supposes himself to be the first that discovered the art. The dark treatises of Condorcet and Locke could not possibly have effected the purpose; and the recent monument of madness, on the subject, did not illumine the world until long after the education of my friend was finished.  
“*Tantas componere lites!*”

idea, as it originated in the mind, but it found an easy channel through the exclamations and interjections that appeared to compose the whole extent of language. One word is equal to a hundred, if uttered with due emphasis, and accompanied with proper expression and animation of countenance; and the enlightened residents of Mars are endowed with powers of pronunciation, that our earth-born fancies cannot possibly conceive. What volumes of Rhetorick, then, would they not have preserved, were it not that they are so eternally employed in speaking, as to deprive them of leisure to meditate or write! Such were my first impressions; I found afterwards that I was somewhat mistaken.

My introduction was rather inauspicious. Observing several persons engaged warmly in conversation, and expressing themselves most audibly, I ventured to approach, from motives of innocent curiosity, when they gazed furiously upon me, and uttered expressions of violence, impressing me with the ideas of every opprobrious epithet that can be imagined. I very humbly began to apologize for my intrusion, but each one seemed to gain, from my humility, new ardour and anxiety to inflict a chastisement, for what I supposed, at most, a venial fault. The very extravagance of their rage, however, preserved me from

jury; for their ire was soon aroused against one another, for interfering with that which each conceived his privilege, exclusively to perform. They all produced weapons, terrible in appearance, and, seemingly, horrid in their potency: their countenances blazed with fury, and their eyes shed streams of fire. With these appearances of destructive anger, they approached one another, leaving me a cool spectator of their conduct. All the weapons were struck together at the same moment, when a smoke was emitted, and each intrepid champion marched in triumph from the bloodless field.† After witnessing this encounter, so furious, yet so little fatal, I felt some reluctance at addressing others that I met, apprehensive of similar treatment, and wandered along shunning too near an approach of the numerous heroes that surrounded me.

I saw many battles similar to that I have described, and always observed, that the noisiest and most ardent in quarrel were they whose vehemence soonest abated on the approach of danger.‡ Satiated, at length, with the repetition of these occurrences, I began to wish for some person with whom I might converse and from whom I might receive information with respect to the curious scenes passing before my view. On a sudden, the fierceness that a mo-

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† There are many of these captain Parolles, or Bobadils, in society; but the Bobadils of a certain administration are the most conspicuous in *this* world. Perhaps, in the plenitude of their sagacity, they deem it just and wise to fright their adversaries with threats they never mean to execute.

Utilius bellum putat esse minari,  
Quam gerere; atque suas ipse præconsumere vires.

‡ Such are they who, as *Mercutio* says, "would quarrel with a man for having a hair more or less in his beard; or for cracking nuts, because they have hazle-eyes; or for coughing in the street so as to awake their dog; who are as full of quarrel as an egg is of meat, and yet have been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling."

ment before had glowed so terribly on the brow of every one, subsided into the meekest lenity; a palor usurped the place of the fiery redness of the cheeks, and trembling weakness agitated their Herculean limbs. Anelectrick shock could not have operated more instantaneously, or with greater effect. Every energy seemed paralyzed, and sufficient exertion only remained to enable them to steal into obscurity, and conceal themselves in the first hiding-places they could find.

The cause of this miraculous transition appeared. It was a soldier of majestick mien, and manly countenance. His face exhibited the finest combination of mildness and severity; of intelligence and modesty; of determined resolution, and graceful affability. His person was formed for dignity and ease. He seemed unconscious of the effects of his presence upon the minions that fled at his approach, yet pity and contempt were faintly marked in his features. I felt a reverence and love that convinced me I need fear no insult, and I addressed him with confidence. He received me with elegant cordiality; he perceived that I was a stranger, and declared that to be a passport to his heart. I was at ease in a moment: the feelings occasioned by my former treatment were instantly dispelled, and affection was engendered with admiration. My inquiries were freely made and as freely answered. The difference so conspicuous between himself and his fellow beings, the nature of their existence, their government, and their employments were objects of my anxious curiosity. All were thus explained:

"The subjects of our monarch, whose sway is absolute, are divided into two great classes, perfectly distinct, and separate from each other. They whom you first beheld, constitute one division, to the other I have the happiness to belong. Our employment is war, and war is perpetually maintained among the different nations that dwell on the globe. Those who are devoted to this pursuit are actuated by a principle of the purest, noblest, and most

animating kind; a principle that enables us to glory in the loss of liberty, or life, when demanded by our country, because it will forever enliven the laurel that adorns our tombs; a principle, whose undeviating observance prevents the necessity of using our swords against each other, and directs them only to the general foe. § This ruling deity is Honour; from its precepts we never swerve, its laws we never disobey. As its consequences, it produces fidelity and virtue, firmness in action, urbanity in deportment, and integrity in trust. Faithful to our duty, we boast not of our deeds; for, if truly brilliant, no obscurity can conceal, no darkness hide them long; and if at first covered by malice, or envy, they will, at length, shine forth with the greater splendour. Honour is our incentive, and fame our bright reward. || The hope of living forever in the remembrance of posterity, soothes the bitterest tortures, and alleviates every care. You have seen, 'tis true, different characters. The wretches you

just now beheld are inferiour beings, whom the luxuriant soil has thrown up from its corrupted bed. Like vapours, they rise up to fright the hour of darkness, and, like vapours, vanish at the approach of day. Possessed of no feelings, and capable of no good actions, they flutter, for a moment, in the sunshine, boast, frown, and menace, then sink into the ground and putrify, until a genial warmth revivifies them to curse the world again. They sometimes disguise themselves in borrowed robes, and, by concealing their real character, obtain appointments worthy of different objects, but soon as danger, or death appears in view, their trappings fall away, and they crumble into their native dust."

I expressed my surprize that among nations composed of such beings as himself, and his associates, wars should exist at all, when so correct was their demeanour as to preclude the necessity of hostility, and to preserve eternal harmony and peace. 'If,' said he, 'we were all such, the cause of your wonder would exist no more. But unfortunately, they compose but a small proportion, compared with the myriads who differ from them. Injuries are committed, and insults given by the weak, the vicious, and the timid, who leave the toils and dangers of war to those with whom it did not originate. Besides, long and uninterrupted custom has enabled us to brave its fury with serenity, and smile, with conscious purity, on its ravages, convinced that we caused them not. Our nature is so constituted, that we must die in battle; we have, therefore, every incentive to surround our fall with the splendid light of glory. You may, if you please, soon witness a contest, in which thousands will pass serenely through the iron gates of death; but if you do remain, you must share their fate.' I could not but adore this hero; he was more than mortal. But as the loss of my discoveries would be too serious to the world, I felt obliged, however reluctantly, to bid him and his fellow-champions adieu.

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§ "From the time of Henry IV's coming to the throne of France, to the year 1607," says the Duc de Sully, "4000 French gentlemen were killed in duels." Voltaire, in his *Siecle de Louis XIV*, observes, that for twenty years after the reign of Francis I, although ten of them were years of war, yet more gentlemen fell in duels than in publick combat. One of the most remarkable of these battles was that between the Duc de Beaufort, and the Duc de Nemours. Each brought four friends to the field, who fought at the same time with their principals. The combat proved fatal to the Duc de Nemours, and his second, the Marquis de Villars, killed his adversary, Hericourt, whom he had never seen before; and against whom, of course, he could have entertained no enmity. The French are a people, "*nonnunquam sine Marte*."

|| Among the stars, as well as on earth, honour resides chiefly in monarchies. Montesquieu was right in asserting that it was the spirit of such a government. It is not, by any means, *procul dubio*, that he had correct ideas of the spirit of a democracy; if he had lived in this enlightened nineteenth century, he would have found it to be—economy, or if I may say so without a solecism,—pulsillanimity.

*For The Port Folio.*

# AN EXAMINATION

*Of the causes that have retarded the progress of literature in The United States.*

(Continued from page 346.)

It is not difficult to account for the slight regard shown to literature in the United States. Notoriously, the characteristic spirit of our people is commercial, and wherever it predominates, pursuits, not auxiliary to its purposes, are in low estimation. The soul, engaged in the acquisition of money is narrowed to the exclusion of every other impulse.

*Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus.*

Avarice, is one of those dominant passions, which eradicates, at once, generous feeling, and noble sentiment.

It is the *Bohun Uphas* of the mind, which suffers no intellectual vegetation within its noxious sphere.

In such a state of society, property becomes the criterion of eminence, and the means of power. Those, who might be enlisted into the service of the muses, and who would not disgrace it, are in consequence diverted into the path only which leads to consideration; and, literature, derelict, and forlorn, is consigned with her kindred arts, to loneliness and insignificance; to pine neglected and despised.

The violence of our political dissensions may contribute to the same effect. The contests of parties, if duly restrained, arouse, undoubtedly, mental activity, and are not altogether hostile to letters. But when pushed to an intemperate extreme, the publick attention is estranged from the tranquil haunts of learning, and its mild delights, to the pending scenes of tumultuous excitement.

These acrimonious divisions are no less mischievous, by destroying the harmony which ought to subsist among literary men. With common views, they should establish a confederacy to promote them. But, in the season of political contention, they are often led

into the field, arrayed under opposite banners, to war against their mutual interests. In such conflicts, talents are, at least, lent to the temporary and immaterial concerns of party, which otherwise might be employed in enterprises of general utility, and extensive duration. They occasion prejudices also, rancorous and illiberal, which, deceiving judgment, induce an uncandid estimate of literary merit, and a partial and capricious appropriation of its honours and emoluments.

The tribunals of criticism becoming corrupted, its decisions are no longer respected, and literature degenerates, and runs in a feeble and turbid stream.

Connected with that want of patronage, which we have deplored, and perhaps arising out of it, are our *defective schemes of education*. Few will deny that it is rare to meet, even among our most leading characters, with the extent and profundity of erudition, or those literary accomplishments incident to the scholars of Europe. The causes of our inferiority cannot be mistaken. Confessedly, the system of education adopted in every seminary of the country is superficial, and the space allowed for its completion improperly limited. From it, some branches of knowledge which are essential to a liberal education are entirely excluded, and even those retained, are not thoroughly taught. Thus, in many of the colleges, the physical sciences, the least dubious sources of intellectual opulence are neglected, and in no one, is Classical learning adequately appreciated or studied. Through the prescribed course of instruction, the Student is carried with such precipitation, that he catches in his hurried progress but a glimpse of the surface, and leaves untouched what, lying deep and hidden can only be gained by patient research, and long continued application.

To the neglect of Classical learning, we are disposed, especially, to attribute the depravity of style, which, too often taints not less the oral, than the written productions of the country. Eloquence, we have before remarked, has found a congenial soil in the United States. In vigour of reasoning

originality of thought, or boldness of ornament, the publick speaking of our country, has never been excelled. But when we come critically to analyze it, and to try it, by a standard severe and accurate, we shall see its diction turgid and redundant, without the delicate embellishments of a correct taste, or the polish of an exquisite finish. With as much force, these strictures apply to our written compositions. Though bearing sometimes proofs of genius, rich and luxuriant, they are clothed, for the most part, with a drapery of uncouth deformity and wild licentiousness.

We shall not stop here, to vindicate at length, the utility of classical learning. It has indeed been sufficiently confirmed by the experience of ages, and by the sanction of indisputable authority. Was it not the recovery of the Classics, which dispelled the dominion of ignorance and barbarism, and introduced the reign of civility and manners into Europe?

Have we heard of Classical literature being contemned, or repudiated in those schools, where the human mind has been most highly improved?—Who, of those illustrious men that have widened the horizon of knowledge, and raised an unperishable monument of literary glory, has denied its importance, or refused to cultivate it. All, on the contrary, have united to declare, that the writings of Greece and Rome, which have descended to us, contain the soundest canons of criticism, and the most perfect models of taste; and have done equal homage to their influence in chastening the productions of the moderns.

To the puny objections which have been urged against Classical learning, we mean not to reply. Unanimity is not to be expected on any subject—There will always exist some Ther-sites to cavil, and Zoilus to censure. But, these invectives have more commonly come from flimsy sciolists, who like an Atilla, or an Omar, would invade the districts of refinement, destroy with deadly hate the accumulated

lore of antiquity, and overwhelm all that is great and beautiful in literature.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

### REMARKS ON THE EPOPEA.

Mr. Oldschool, if the following remarks be found to be neither *too strange* nor *too unaccountable*—your giving them a place in The Port Folio, may amuse some, and excite the inquiry of others of your readers.

If the object and end of all Poetry be to please and to instruct, and if the Epick, which is of the highest kind, be particularly established on that basis, it becomes a matter of not idle speculation or useless inquiry to examine *how* we are instructed, and *why* we are pleased by the distinguished writings, which claim our attention in this way.

The ordinary and proper business of Epick Poetry, is to extend our ideas of human perfection, or as the critics express it, to excite admiration. In order to do this in any tolerable degree, characters must be magnified, and accommodated, rather to our notions of heroic greatness than to the real state of human nature; hence the use of fiction: for if admiration is to be excited by setting before us images of whatever is great and noble in the human character, it is necessary, for this purpose, that the Poet should give his heroes, not only all those intrinsic qualities which make men admired, but that he should magnify them likewise by a skilful management of outward circumstances.

We do not form our notions of persons or things, from their real qualities only; circumstances of a foreign nature, and merely accessory have as great an influence as *these* in determining our approbation and dislike. This would show the importance of mythology to Epick Poetry, for nothing can render a person of greater consequence in the eye of the world than the opinion that superiour powers regard him with a peculiar degree of attention, and are much interested in all that relates to him. Of persons thus considered as the favourites of Heaven, or as chosen for the accomplishment of its im-

portant purposes, poets may say such great things, and represent as performing such high exploits as would appear ridiculous if represented in the character of real history. This argument in favour of poetical mythology, with another which might be taken from the advantage it has in point of ornament, and a third from its use in allegory, have determined almost all the Epick writers to allow it a place in their compositions, and it is to the manner in which this poetical license has been used that the following observations will apply.

The personification of the Divine attributes, by making subordinate duties of them, to direct human actions, and to produce physical effects is an invention for which we are indebted to Homer: and it may be questioned whether any invention, which the efforts of human genius, in succeeding ages has produced in this way, has ever equalled it. We do not say that Homer made the best use of his own invention, or it may be, that we do not understand his Theology, for it *seems* to be a texture of Fables, which represent the Divine nature under images, by no means proper to make it beloved and revered.—But that his Mythology can be used in a way perfectly consistent with the sublimest morality, and to the purpose of high poetical ornament and use, has been made apparent by the excellent Archbishop of Cambray, in his *Adventures of Telemachus*.

But the object of the present remarks is to endeavour to show that the *true God* should never be introduced in the machinery of the Epick Poem. Horace has already said

*Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus Inciderit.*

And if these gods should never be made to appear but on the most important occasions, who are only the personification of the attributes of wisdom, fortitude, &c. and these again the creatures of human intellect, surely it may with propriety be affirmed that the Supreme Being should not on any occasion be made an agent or interlocutor in such representations—for the imagination being a faculty that apprehends nothing in the way of cha-

racter that is not human, and according to the analogy of that nature of which we ourselves are conscious, so, to represent the Deity in this manner and contrive for him a method of acting and particular sentiments must deserve another epithet than Reverence or Piety.—If the Mahometan Caliph who was requested to decide whether the Alexandrian Library should be preserved or not, said that if the books there, contained *only* what accorded with the *Doctrines* of the *Koran*, they were superfluous; and if they contained any thing contrary thereto they were obnoxious, and therefore ought to be destroyed. Surely it may with great propriety be said, that when the Supreme Being has condescended to accommodate himself to the capacities of weak and ignorant mortals, by a revelation of his will, it must be more than superfluous to attempt to add to that Revelation, and presume to do that for him which he only has a right to do for himself.

It will, no doubt, be observed, that against this reasoning there can be produced the authority of great literary characters; Milton, Klopstock, and Cumberland, in their respective Epick Poems of *Paradise Lost*, *Messiah* and *Calvary*, have adopted the plan, which is here arraigned, and that it looks much like temerity or vanity, to challenge the propriety of that which has received such general approbation. To this we answer that we consider the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, as the greatest effort of human genius, and the most sublime of all sacred Poems. Its beauties are above our praise, and we have been accustomed to approach them with an admiration almost bordering on idolatry, but let not the faults of the author, be thrown into the shade, for the purpose of enhancing the lustre of his genius, when thrown into competition with a more unexceptionable model.—He wants no such injudicious aid, nor would the negative praise of avoiding his blemishes, constitute a fund of merit, to those whose genius and ambition may lead them to emulate his inventive powers, though they may successfully avoid his errors. We cannot but regret the representation of the Supreme

Being, as discussing the subtleties of School Divinity, whether it be after the manner of Thomas Aquinas, as in the 3d book, or as endeavouring to settle the difference between Calvin and Arminius, afterwards. These disquisitions, though excellent in themselves are improper, if not impious, when made to proceed from the Deity, as if the narrowness of human prejudice could furnish a *dictum* for the Divine nature. If the introduction of the Deity became requisite from the design of the poem, his conduct and sentiments should have had their prescript from Scripture solely, and not from commentators. With little less reluctance, do we undertake to find fault with Mr. Cumberland, to whom the literary world are so much indebted.

We would cheerfully join in the praise bestowed by two criticks of high authority, Dr. Drake and the authour of the Pursuits of Literature, who both concur in assigning him a very distinguished rank both for his talents and literary attainments. Of his various works the late Epick Poem of Calvary is not the least distinguished. The first mentioned critick says, that "it is imbued with the genuine spirit of Milton, and therefore destined most probably to immortality, the sentiments (says he) of the superhuman agents are replete with Miltonick vigour and sublimity, but there is something very dreadful, and we trust something very much misapprehended in dwelling upon the idea of *eternal torments*; in teaching that far the greater part of the human race will liquify in fire through everlasting ages. In the 7th book, myriads of miserable beings are represented as plunged into perpetual and unmitigated flames,

— "that sparkling blaz'd

"Up to the iron roof, &c.

"Who for mercy call,

"Age after age implored and still deny'd."

And here, as if the Deity must act according to the narrowness of human conception, or to the dogmas which *school divinity* inculcates, "Our Saviour at the sight of these agonizing wretches is described as drawing from his soul

"A sigh of natural pity as from man  
"To man, although in merited distress,  
But this it seems, was a transient sensation—for soon :

"His human sympathy gave place,

"To judgment better weigh'd—and riper thoughts,

"Congenial with the God-head."

"From conceptions such as these the soul shrinks back with horror—incredulity alone can sooth the pain it suffers; for that sin and torture should be eternal, can neither accord with the justice or mercy of the Deity; and that a Being so loving to mankind, so melting soft to pity as our Saviour is always represented in Scripture, should, in his Divine nature, throw off every particle of compassion, would appear to many and devout Christians, and who seek out their Salvation with fear and trembling, to convert the God they should adore and love, (by this representation) into a perfect Demon.—Fortunately (he adds) an opinion so repulsive is neither accordant with reason nor our Religion,"—and then undertakes to subvert the foundation on which such a sentiment is raised. It is more than metaphorically true, that Death is the offspring of sin: and though Milton's Allegory of Sin and Death, as well as his Metaphysicks, and abstruse Theology may not have their proper place in an Epick Poem, yet are they in themselves relatively of distinguished excellence. Cumberland however, in consonance to the above received opinion, is obliged to consider death rather as the symbolical power that preys upon mortality, than the symbol of future punishment. He seemed to have forgot that the Apostle had said that "the wages of Sin is Death" as opposed to the reward of "Eternal Life" (immediately subjoined) to those not under its influence.

But the same authority says, that "Death the last enemy shall be destroyed."—If so, Sin must be destroyed, and then is misery not eternal. Indeed, we might well suppose, that the Deity, whose every dispensation, both in Nature and Revelation seems directed to effectuate the happiness of the subjects of his moral government, will find a way to destroy sin

and save the sinner ;—for he has said that “ sin is the thing that he hates ;” and that “ he wills that all men should be saved,” &c.

But should this adversary finally frustrate the purpose of his mercy, by holding in eternal and irremediable misery the far greater part of the human species, then may *Calvary* become a dirge, or funeral ditty to *Paradise Lost*, and elegies of lamentation be sung, instead of hosannas for *Paradise Regained*.

How much more consolatory is it to view the truths of religion when dressed in another garb, and when we can have as much confidence in the commentator. The late celebrated Cowper, who for learning, genius, and piety, was inferior to few, after accompanying the prophecy of inspiration into the vista of futurity, where impiety and dissension are viewed as giving place to universal righteousness and peace, adds,

“ Thus heavenward all things tend for ; all were once

Perfect ; and all must be at length restored—  
So God has greatly purposed, who would else  
In his dishonoured works, himself endure  
Dishonour, and be wronged, without redress.

#### TASK b. 6.

If our readers are now prepared to charge us with leaving our subject for Theological disquisition, we will resume more particularly the consideration of the machinery of the *Epopœa*. In the first part of our observations, we admitted the usefulness, in a considerable degree, of a Poetical Mythology to the successful management of an Epick Poem ; although Lord Kaimes and others argue differently—and although some attempts have been made in the *Epopœa* to leave it out. We have also endeavoured to deny the propriety of introducing *the true God*, into this machinery, either as an actor, or interlocutor ; because it seems impossible to confine imputed speeches of this kind within the prescript of Revelation,—and for actions suitable, human nature is inadequate to judge.

To this opinion, we may, probably, not have many adherents, as it may

not have become much a subject of consideration. We have, however, one good authority—the famous Bailieu, who in speaking on the same subject, comprehends the substance of it in two lines :—

“ Et fabuleux Chrétiens, n'allons point, dans  
nos songes,  
Du Dieu de Vérité, faire un Dieu des mensonges.

Whether the nations of the East have had a Poetical Mythology, detached from the Zindavista, the Shaster, and Koran, or deduced from their respective systems of religion, or indeed, whether any of their poets attempted the regular Epick, we know not, having only seen some of their Lyrick effusions, &c., as translated by Sir William Jones and others, from the Persick and Arabick.

The nations of Northern Europe had their respective systems of Mythology. Tradition it would appear furnished the Gothick Scalds of Scandinavia, and the Celtick bards of ancient Caledonia, with materials of Mythology suitable for the purposes of the *Epopœa*, as appears by the Edda, and by the Poems of Ossian. The Welch also had their respective creed in preternatural agency. Indeed, various are the kinds of belief in the powers of supernatural agents : yet it is to be hoped, that however useful this kind of machinery may be to the conduct of the Epick Poem, none will be found to favour the introduction of that which may extenuate our exalted ideas of the truths of our Religion and reverence of the Deity.

QUIDAM.

For The Port Folio.

#### AN INDIAN PLAGIARIST.

The following anecdote has run its merry round through most of the newspapers, and has been acknowledged with vast applause, as a new and splendid proof of *Savage* sagacity and genius. It seems to be the mode of late, so nobly jealous are we of our country's honour, to consider an Indian and an American with an equal

eye, and to boast of the talents of a Wabash with as loud a tone of vaunting as the Bostonians, ever employed in recounting the glories of the fifth of March, or the fourth of July. In publick and private, we have expressed all our scorn for Indian pretensions, and Indian principles. The luxury of Literature, the highest polish of civilized life, and not the torpid existence of a bear, are the objects of our admiration. Shakspeare, describing the travels of a *Gentleman*, remarks, with great propriety, that he will hear *sweet discourse*, and CONVERSE WITH NOBLEMEN. This should be the ambition of a Cavalier, and not to listen to the owls and war-whoop of a Western Wilderness. An Indian is a *natural brute beast*. He has not so much sensibility as the wolf he kills. He is neither an orator, nor a poet, nor a musician. Between him and the bear that growls through the forest, there is a perfect resemblance. Like him, for half the season he is torpid, and like him, he presents every image of dulness, ruggedness, and ferocity. Let us strive to imitate OXFORD SCHOLARS and accomplished courtiers, and babble no more about Cherokees. Let *Cornplanter* remain involved in the smoke of his wigwam. Let *Red Jacket* drink in peace his rum from *New England*, and *Little Billy* sleep in the woods undisturbed; but, for God's sake, my dear American brethren, whether ye be red or white; whether ye make foolish speeches at a town-meeting, or hold a *lengthy* talk at a council fire, do not ostentatiously boast of barbarism, nor plume yourselves upon stupidity.

As, ever since the frugal days of Dr. Franklin, of original memory, it is fashionable to *avail ourselves*, as it is genteelly expressed, of all the light we can obtain from Europe, the sagacious Indian who makes such a glorious figure in the subsequent paragraph, and whose profound intelligence and "accuracy of observation" are themes of admiration among his *white brethren of the East*, is likewise condescending enough to *borrow* a little wisdom. As we were diverting our melancholy, the other day, with the delightful roman-

ces of Voltaire we found the following passage in the Oriental tale of Zadig. We have copied the original, *verbatim* and followed it up with a faithful version. In this interesting story, as in a mirror, may be discerned the shadows of "the little old man," with his appendix "the short gun," not forgetting "the small dog," with the very natural conclusion of a "bobtail."

Thus far in sport, but we cannot terminate this article without expressing the utmost contempt for that depraved taste which can relish a composition of this sort.

The polite reader will be edified by the style of our Indian Sage, and he will naturally compare it with those poignant and polished sentences of the French wit. The parallel will completely justify our theory, and demonstrate its correctness. The *Indian* paragraph, though not *artless*, is rude as the rocks of Scandinavia. The passage from Zadig is full of the glory of Invention, and the brightness of Genius; it is embellished by Taste, and consummated by Art. It is the style of Refinement and Civility.

It would be a pity, says the Editor of some *Vermont Journal*. not to preserve the following Anecdote, which displays so much of that accuracy of observation which is known to be one of the characteristic of our red brethren of the West.

An Indian, upon his return home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After taking his observations upon the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. After going some distance, he met some persons of whom he inquired, if they had not seen a *little old white man*, with a *short gun*, and accompanied by a *small dog* with a *bobtail*? They replied in the affirmative, and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give so minute a description of a person whom it appeared he had not seen. "The thief, I know, is a *little man*, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height. I hung it standing on the ground;—that he is an old man I know by his *short steps*, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a *white man* I know by his turning out

his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be *short*, by the mark which the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree against which it had leaned; that his dog is *small*, I know by his tracks; and that he has a *bobtail*, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was talking down the meat."

*From Zadig.*

Il se retira dans un maison de campagne sur les bords de l'Euphrate. Là il ne s'occupait pas à calculer combien de poncees d'eau coulaient en une seconde, sous les arches d'un pont, ou s'il tombait une ligne cube de pluie, dans le mois de la souris, plus que dans le mois du mouton. Il n'imaginait point de faire de la soie avec des toiles d'araignée, ni de la porcelaine avec des bouteilles cassées; mais il étudia sur tout les propriétés des animaux, et des plants; et il acquit bientôt une sagacité, qui lui découvrait mille différences, où les autres hommes ne voient rien que d'uniforme.

Un jour, se promenant auprès d'un petit bois, il vit accourir à lui un eunuque de la Reine, suivi de plusieurs officiers, qui passaient dans la plus grande inquiétude, et qui couraient çà et là, comme des hommes égarés, qui cherchent ce qu'ils ont perdu de plus précieux. "Jeune homme," lui dit le Premier Eunuque, "n'avez vous point vu le chien de la Reine?" Zadig répondit modestement; "C'est une chienne, et non pas un chien." "Vous avez raison," reprit le Premier Eunuque—"C'est une épagneule très petite," ajouta Zadig; "elle a fait depuis peu, des chiens; elle boite du pied gauche de devant; et elle a les oreilles très longues."—"Vous l'avez donc vue?" dit le Premier Eunuque, tout essoufflé—"Non," répondit Zadig, "Je ne l'ai jamais su si la Reine avait une chienne.

Précisément dans le même temps, par une bizarrerie de la Fortune, le plus beau cheval de l'écurie du roi s'était échappé des mains d'un palefrenier dans les plaines de Babylone. Le Grand Veneur, et tout les autres officiers couraient après lui, avec autant d'inquiétude que le Premier Eunuque après la chienne. Le Grand Veneur s'adressa à Zadig, et lui demanda s'il n'avait point vu le cheval du Roi. "C'est," répondit Zadig, "le cheval qui galoppe mieux; il a cinq pieds de haut, le sabot fort petit; il port une queue de trois pieds et demi de long; les bossesses de son mors sont d'or à vingt trois carats; ses fers sont d'argent à onze deniers."—"Quel chemin a-t-il pris? où est il?" "Je ne l'ai point vu," répondit Zadig, "et je n'en ai jamais entendu parler."

Le Grand Veneur et le Premier Eunuque ne doutèrent pas, que Zadig n'eût volé le cheval du Roi, et la chienne de la Reine; ils le firent conduire devant l'assemblée du

Grand Desterham, qui le condamna au knout, et à passer la reste de ses jours en Sibérie. A peine le jugement, fut il rendu qu'on retrouva le cheval et la chienne. Les Juges furent dans la douloureuse nécessité de reformer leur arrêt; mais ils condamnerent Zadig à payer quatre cents onces d'or, pour avoir dit qu'il n'avait point vu ce qu'il avait vu; il fallut d'abord payer cette amende, après quoi, il fut permis à Zadig de plaider sa cause au conseil du Grand Desterham; il parla en ces termes:

"Étoiles de Justice, abîmes de Science, miroirs de Verité, qui avez le pesanteur de plomb, la dureté de fer, l'éclat du diamant, et beaucoup d'affinité avec l'or, puisqu'il n'est permis de parler devant cette auguste assemblée, je vous jure par Orasmaï, que je n'ai jamais vu la chienne respectable de la Reine, ni le cheval sacré du Roi des rois. Voici ce qui m'est arrivé: je ne prenais vers le petit bois, où j'ai rencontré depuis le vénérable Eunuque, et le très illustre Grand Veneur. J'ai vu sur la sable, les traces d'un animal, et j'ai jugé aisément que c'étaient celles d'un petit chien. Des sables légers et longs imprimés sur de petits emmanches de sable, entre les traces des pattes, m'ont fait connaître que c'était une chienne, dont les mamelles étaient pendantes, et qu'ainsi elle avait fait des petits il y a peu de jours. D'autres traces, en un sens différent, qui passaient toujours avoir rasé la surface du sable à côté des pattes de devant, m'ont appris qu'elle avait les oreilles très longues; et comme j'ai remarqué que le sable était toujours moins creusé par une patte, que par les trois autres, j'ai compris que la chienne de notre auguste Reine était un peu boiteuse, si je l'ose dire.

A l'égard du cheval du Roi des rois, vous saurez que, me promenant dans les routes de ce bois, j'ai aperçu les marques des fers d'un cheval: elles étaient toutes à égales distances. Voilà, ai-je dit, un cheval qui a un galop parfait. La poussière des arbres, dans un route étroite, qui n'a sept pieds de large, était un peu enlevée à droite et à gauche, à trois pieds et demi du milieu de la route. Ce cheval, ai-je dit, a une queue de trois pieds et demi, qui par ses mouvements de droite, et de gauche, a balayé cette poussière. J'ai vu sous les arbres qui formaient un berceau de cinq pieds de haut, les feuilles des branches nouvellement tombées; et j'ai connu que le cheval y avait touché, et qu'ainsi il avait cinq pieds de haut. Quant à son mors, il doit être d'or à vingt trois carats, car il en a frotté les bossesses contre une pierre, que j'ai reconnue être une pierre de touche, et dont je fais l'essai. J'ai jugé enfin par les marques que ses fers ont laissées sur des cailloux d'une autre espèce, qu'il était ferré d'argent à onze deniers de fin. Tous les Juges admirèrent le profond et subtil discernement de Zadig, &c.

## TRANSLATION.

He retired to a villa on the banks of the Euphrates. He did not employ himself in computing how many inches of water flow in a second, under the arches of a bridge, or whether there fell a cube line of rain in the month of the mouse more than in the month of the sheep. He never dreamed of making silk of cobwebs, or porcelain of broken bottles; but he chiefly studied the properties of plants and animals; and soon acquired a sagacity that made him discover a thousand differences, where vulgar mortals see nothing but uniformity.

One day as he was walking near a coppice he saw one of the Queen's eunuchs running towards him, followed by several officers. He appeared to be in great perplexity and was run to and fro like men distracted, eagerly searching for something they had lost of great value. Young man, said the first eunuch, hast thou seen the Queen's dog? It is a bitch, replied Zadig with great modesty, and not a dog. Thou art in the right, returned the first eunuch. It is a very small she Spaniel, she has lately whelped; she limps on the left fore foot, and has very long ears. Thou hast seen her? said the first eunuch, quite out of breath. "No," replied Zadig, "I have not seen her, nor did I so much as know that the Queen had a bitch."

Exactly at the same time, by one of the common freaks of Fortune, the finest horse in the King's stable had escaped from the jockey on the plains of Babylon. The principal Huntsman and all the other officers ran after him with as much eagerness and anxiety as the First Eunuch had done after the bitch. The principal Huntsman addressed himself to Zadig, and asked him if he had not seen the King's horse passing by. "He is the fleetest horse in the King's stable," replied Zadig, "he is five feet high, with very small hoofs, and a tail three feet and a half in length; the studs on his bit are gold of twenty-three carats, and his shoes are silver of eleven penny weights." "What way did he take? where is he?" demanded the chief Huntsman. "I have not seen him," replied Zadig, "and never heard talk of him before."

The principal Huntsman and the First Eunuch never doubted but that Zadig had stolen the King's horse and the Queen's bitch. They, therefore, had him conducted before the assembly of the Grand Desterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to spend the rest of his days in Siberia. Hardly was the sentence passed when both the horse and the bitch were found. The Judges were under the disagreeable necessity of reversing the sentence; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold for having said that he had not seen what he had seen. This fine he was obliged to pay, after which

he was permitted to plead his cause before the counsel of the Grand Desterham, when he spoke to the following effect:

Ye stars of justice, abyss of Sciences, mirrors of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardness of Iron, the splendour of the diamond and many of the properties of gold: Since I am permitted to speak before this August Assembly, I swear to you, by Ormades, that I have never seen the Queen's respectable bitch, nor the sacred horse of the King of kings. The truth of the matter was as follows. I was walking towards a coppice, when I met the venerable eunuch, and the most illustrious chief huntsman. I observed on the sand, the traces of an animal, and could easily perceive them to be those of a bitch-dog. The light and long furrows, marked on little eminences of sand between marks of the paws, plainly discovered that was a bitch, whose digs were hanging down, and that, therefore, she must have whelped a few days before. Other traces of a different kind, that always appeared to have gently brushed the surface of the sand, near the marks of her fore feet showed me that she had long ears; and as I remarked that there was always a slighter impression made on the sand by one foot than by the other three, I found that the bitch of our August Queen was a little lame, if I may be allowed the expression.

With regard to the horse of the King of kings, you will be pleased to know that walking in the lanes of a wood, I observed the marks of a horse's shoes all at equal distances. This must be a horse, said I to myself, that gallops excellently. The dust on the trees in a narrow road that was but seven feet wide was a little brushed off, at the distance of three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horse, said I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which being whisked to the right and left, has swept away the dust. I observed under the trees, that formed an arbour five feet in height that the leaves of the branches had recently fallen; whence I inferred that the horse had touched them, and that he must, therefore, be five feet high. As to his bit, it must be gold of twenty-three carats, for he had rubbed its bosses against a stone, which I knew to be a touchstone, and which I have tried. In a word, from the marks made by his shoes on flints of another kind, I concluded that he was shod with Silver eleven deniers fine. All the judges admired Zadig for his acute and profound discernment, &c.

## POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

Prefixed to DR. ABERCROMBIE'S excellent Lectures, recently published, and which, very deservedly, are liber-

ally commended by many a pious preceptor, is a very earnest and seasonable exhortation, in the form of an Address to Parents, Sponsors and Guardians.—This appeal to the Reason, Religion, and Sensibility of Christians is extremely striking and pathetick. The amiable authour, with great energy, insists upon the importance of a domestic initiation into the principles of piety. He shows that this is too often criminally neglected. He calls with the voice of anxious alarm, upon those who are most deeply interested in this behalf to rouse from this state of supineness, and instruct their tender charge to forsake the vanities of childhood, and inspire them with the fear of God, and a reverence for his commandments.

We have obtained permission to copy this small section of a truly useful and pious performance, and are convinced that if all, who are concerned in the government of young persons, will not merely read, but regard the injunctions of one, whose opinions are certainly entitled to great respect, both as a Teacher and a Divine, both the temporal and Spiritual interests of the rising generation will be VERY ESSENTIALLY CONSULTED.

## AN ADDRESS

TO  
PARENTS, SPONSORS, AND GUARDIANS.

*Professing Christians !*

THE general and truly lamentable inattention of parents with respect to the instruction of their children in religious knowledge, induces the present publication.

It is, indeed, a subject of very alarming and distressing observation to every serious, every real Christian, that the rising generation are so cruelly, so criminally neglected at home, as to their spiritual and eternal interests; and that in so high a degree, that it requires not the spirit of prophecy to foretel, that unless an immediate reformation of conduct towards them takes place, they will be a generation of INFIDELS. This assertion is founded not merely upon vague supposition, or groundless apprehension, but upon the irresistible conviction resulting from experience.

Since the first establishment of the Institution over which I still preside, a period of eight years has elapsed; during which I have been in the practice of examining my pupils once every week in the Catechism of that denomination of Christians to which they respectively belonged. The majority have always been Episcopalians; yet of them I have never found, of the aggregate number, five, who, at their entrance into the Academy, could answer any five questions in the Catechism, or who had received any religious instruction, but that which they had occasionally heard in the Church.

Dreadful, cruel inattention! That in a Christian country, children, many of them youths of fifteen years, the offspring of parents calling themselves Christians, should at that age, be as ignorant of the principles of the Christian religion, as the savage that roams the wilderness!

O Parents, Sponsors, Guardians! Awake from your spiritual lethargy! Rouse yourselves from your infatuated devotion to worldly objects; your criminal, fatal indifference to the spiritual and eternal welfare of those whom Providence hath placed immediately under your authority and direction. Blush at your deficiency—and tremble at the consideration of the unavoidable, the awful consequences which *must* result both to you and to them therefrom. Can such inattention be reconciled with *real* affection, and a sincere regard for either their temporal or eternal interest? Remember, that their souls are in your hands—and that their souls are *immortal*. Return not the talent unimproved, to God who gave it to you.

“Be wise, nor make  
Heav’n’s highest blessing vengeance—O be wise,

Nor make a curse of immortality.

Say, know ye what it is?—or what ye are!  
Know ye th’ importance of a soul immortal?  
Behold the midnight glory; worlds on worlds!  
Amazing pomp!—Redouble this amazement;  
Ten thousand add, and twice ten thousand more,

Then weigh the whole.—One soul outweighs them all;

And calls th’ astonishing magnificence  
Of unintelligent Creation, poor.”

*Young’s Night Thoughts, N. 7.*

Consider the high degree of responsibility attached to your characters—consider the powerful operation of habit—the important influence of *early* impressions upon the human mind—and, awful reflection! that the eternal salvation, or the perdition of the children entrusted to your guidance may, and probably will, depend upon the principles and opinions they imbibe in their youthful years; for

“As the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined.”  
Teach them, therefore, in the very dawn of their existence to fear God, and to keep his commandments—to love him as the giver of

life, and of every good gift to man—Tell them that they are *rational* beings, and consequently accountable for their thoughts, words, and actions. Tell them that they are *immortal* beings, that this world is a state of probation, and that their happiness or misery in the next state of existence will depend upon the desires of the heart here, and “the deeds done in the body.”\* Lead them, therefore, in the way to Heaven. Instruct them by your precepts, and persuade them by the powerful influence of *EXAMPLE*. Endeavour to convince them of the value of Time, of its rapid and irrevocable flight, and the inconceivable reward or punishment which will hereafter await the improvement or neglect of so invaluable a talent—That their future respectability or insignificance in society, the comfort or misery of their parents, the soothing approbation or the bitter reproaches of their own conscience, and the nature of their condition in the world of spirits, will probably be derived from the principles they form, and the habits they acquire at the commencement of the journey of human life—That a compliance with the duties and claims of Religion, is in no degree incompatible with the enjoyment of the innocent amusements and virtuous pleasure of social life, but, on the contrary will increase and refine that enjoyment—That the native dignity of Virtue, and the commanding authority of true Piety, will ever procure the veneration, esteem, and affection of the wise and good; and as invariably repress the insolence of folly, and repel the disgusting ebullition of vulgarity and vice.

By frequently offering such suggestions as these, you will familiarize their minds to the contemplation of divine truth, and induce the performance of their religious obligations.

Thus will you discharge your duty to them, to society, and to God: and thus will you render them blessings to the world, and heirs of eternal felicity and glory.

One of the leading causes of the deplorable deficiency of religious character in our youth is, the general neglect of the proper observance of the Sabbath; and their absence from the publick worship of God.

This disregard of so positive, so important a duty arises,

First, from *your* cruel omission to instil into their minds, proper sentiments of religion, of the comfort it bestows, of the duties it enjoins, and of the inestimable blessing which it offers.

Secondly, from the baneful influence of *your* irreligious example in absenting yourselves from his sacred Temple, on the day which God hath hallowed to his own peculiar service.

No wonder, indeed, that infidelity and profligacy, a disregard of God, and an apparent contempt for his publick worship, prevail,

when parents are many of them rarely,

\* Rom. 2. 6.

of them never seen within the walls of the Sanctuary; when on that sacred day they are rioting in luxury, amused by dissipation, dozing in indolence, or immersed in business; attending “one to his farm, another to his merchandize”—who, so far from calling upon their children to accompany them to the house of God, and to unite with them there in prayer and praise, never either in publick or private pray *for* them or *with* them—who suffer them to grow up “without God in the world;”† notwithstanding the solemn promises made to God at their baptism, that they should be “instructed in all the principles of the Christian faith, and brought up in the fear of God, and to obey his holy will and commandments,”‡ in order to enable them to resist the allurements of an ensnaring world, the wiles of their great spiritual enemy, and the seductions of their depraved inclinations: for the want of which promised instruction, so many “having no root in themselves,”§ are easily born down by the torrent of sensuality, and intoxicated by the inebriating poison of modern Philosophy, “deny the faith as it is in Jesus,” and thereby

“Wipe off the blessed Cross as a foul blot

“From their dishonoured brow.

“If Angels tremble!—’tis at such a sight.”

Parents, Sponsors, Guardians! Is the Christian Religion a delusion, and the Word of God a lie? Are its promises and threatenings unworthy of your regard? Believe ye the divine authenticity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the declarations of the son of God himself, of the Law, the Prophets, and the Gospel? I know that ye *believe*: Why then will ye not obey? “Why will ye die?”||—Why will ye be accessory to the spiritual death of those committed to your care? Would to God I could persuade you to be Christians, in deed and in truth, as well as by profession?—That I could awaken and direct your attention to the most important—the *spiritual* interests of your children!—That I could convince you of your perilous situation, and withdraw you from the precipice upon which you are carelessly slumbering. Remember, that however their plea of involuntary ignorance, while under *your* care, may, at the inevitable day of judgment, induce the mercy of God towards them—your *voluntary* disregard of their immortal souls will assuredly occasion *your* condemnation,” when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with his mighty Angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them who know not God, and who obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the

• Mat. 22. 5.

† Eph. 2. 12.

‡ See Catechism.

§ Mark 4. 17.

|| Ezek. 18. 31.

Lord, and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, in that day.”\*

Seeing, brethren, that these things are so, ought ye not to fear?—ought ye not “to consider your ways?”†—ought ye not to “weep for yourselves and for your children?” for, behold the days are coming, in the which,” O negligent Parents? “ye shall say, blessed are the barren, and the wombs which never bare, and the paps which never gave suck. Then shall you begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us.”‡

These remonstrances, I am sensible, are superfluous, and in no degree applicable to some of the characters who may peruse them: the number, however, of faithful stewards, with respect to the rising generation, is, I fear, so very small, as to render a discriminating clause unnecessary. The assertions are founded in truth: and the unerring voice of Conscience will direct their proper application.

With sincere and ardent prayers, that my feeble exertions to promote the salvation of souls may be blessed with success,

I am,

Your affectionate friend and servant,  
JAMES ABERCROMBIE.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*For The Port Folio.*

*D’Israeli on the manners and genius of the literary character.*

Among the polished, the polite, and the witty scholars of Great Britain few are more distinguished for vivacity of thought, and brilliancy of expression, than Mr. D’ISRAELI, a very elegant and versatile authour, who has particularly distinguished himself in the formation of those beautiful garlands for which the wits of France and Italy are so eminent; where the Graces arrange those lovely flowers, which Taste herself has selected. By far, the most original, ingenious, amusing, and eloquent of his productions, is an Essay on the manners and genius of the literary character. This is almost

the only performance from the pen of Mr. D’Israeli, that has not been snatched with avidity by our booksellers, for republication. We recommend it very strongly, as a work that would be not only an object of some, but of liberal curiosity. It abounds in anecdote. The style is in the authour’s best manner; and men of letters, whether they consider this little volume, as a defence or an apology, will be grateful for his Justice, or delighted with his Address. It is, undoubtedly, the most acute analysis of the peculiarities of the studious, and the liveliest picture of sequestered genius, that has ever been exhibited. The artist, who is himself an Authour by profession, and whose motto, from his infancy, has always been *vacare literis*, is peculiarly well qualified for the delicate and delightful task he has undertaken. He paints himself, and he paints his brethren; and his likenesses essentially resemble sometimes those of Sir Peter Lely, and sometimes those of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

*American edition of Tibullus.*

In the course of the past summer, Mr. L. M. Sargent, a young gentleman of Boston, of respectable Poetical and Classical attainments, issued proposals for publishing by subscription, an elegant and correct edition of the works of TIBULLUS, in which the text is proposed to be regulated by a careful collation of the best editions, and is to be accompanied by the various readings, the biography of the Poet, and such notes as are absolutely necessary to the student. The praise worthy editor, in his address to the publick remarks very justly:

It has often been lamented, that, in this country, excepting those few of the ancient classicks, which are particularly read in schools and colleges, very little attention is paid to the Greek and Roman authours. Many reasons have been assigned for this material defect in education, and, among others, none more plausible than the careless manner, in which these branches of learning are taught in our Universities—

\* 2 Thes. 7. 10.

† Hag. 1. 5.

‡ Luke 23. 28—16.

There can be no doubt respecting this particular cause; but the scarcity of classical authours, in this country, is a reason, equally efficient, in giving rise to the above complaint. If the subscriber can, in the least degree, afford a remedy for the present evil, by presenting the literary part of the community with a cheap, correct, and elegant edition of the works of Tibullus, he will be thereby amply recompensed for the trouble, attending the execution of his design.

A project so spirited and so useful, we hope will be sufficiently seconded. The editor requires but 500 subscribers to justify the attempt and the price demanded which is only a dollar is a very trifling premium in exchange for the works of a Roman Knight, the contemporary and the friend of Ovid. How grateful to every lover of the muses to call a Tibullus our own, who has been pronounced the Poet of sentiment, and the Prince of elegy, whose style is so elegant, whose taste so pure, and whose composition so irreproachable, that he is superiour to all his rivals. Criticism declares that he has a secret charm of expression which translation cannot reach, but which can only be understood by the heart.—

Taste affirms that he had a particular relish for those rural delights which so well accord with the passion of love, and that in elegy he deserves the palm of unrivalled excellence. Though gentle he is not dull; though humble he is not mean. The sympathy of the reader ever attends him. He speaks to our souls when he describes his own, and is almost the only poet, who has been able to arrive at fame, by singing of his pleasures. The labour of composition was to him a new enjoyment, because it was the delightful task of painting the scenes through which he had passed. He had more than one mistress. Delia is the first object of his affection and inspires the sweetest of his songs; but Nemesis and Neära replaced her in their turns. He had the happy art of attaching those to whom he was himself attached; the two former attended his funeral, and exhibited un-

equivocal symptoms of genuine sorrow.

#### ODDY'S EUROPEAN COMMERCE.

This instructive work, which Mr. J. Humphreys has recently published, forms two large octavos, and is sold at the very moderate price of three dollars. It is certainly one of the cheapest books, that has ever been printed in America. This is a practical, useful, and perspicuous performance. All the critical Journals of Great Britain harmonize in praise of the authour, who is described as a man of intelligence, with the liberal views of a scholar, and the practical aims of the merchant. His sagacity is the steady companion of a sound Judgment. His premises are correct, and his inference undeniable. Mr. Humphreys very justly observes in his proposals for this profound work, which contains a treasury of important facts, and a body of just principles, that as the country, the trade and commerce of which is chiefly the subject of this book, is at present, the unhappy seat of miserable war, it is impossible to say how far those parts of Europe which have hitherto enjoyed the benefits of its immense trade, or America, may be affected by the issue. But surely it must improve the mind of every reflecting American merchant that he may be materially interested in the event and therefore that the knowledge to be attained from this work may prove the source of business of immense value to him, even as well as to his country.

We think that a work of this description, calculated not for the temporary purposes of the politician, nor to protract the reveries of the speculative, not confined to the meridian of scholars and statesmen, but addressed alone to the reason and interest of the merchant and manufacturer, cannot fail of success in this great commercial capital.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

## FROM "THE ART OF PUNNING."

Q. Who was the first drawer?

A. Potifer.

Q. Where did the first Hermaphrodites come from?

A. Middlesex.

Q. What part of England has the most dogs?

A. Barkshire.

Q. What men are the best soldiers?

A. Red haired men; because they always carry their *fire-locks* upon their shoulders.

Q. Why are Dissenters, &c. called vermin?

A. Because they are *in-sects*.

A certain poet and player, remarkable for his impudence and cowardice, happening many years ago to have a quarrel with Mr. Powell, another player, received from him a smart box on the ear. A few days after, the former having lost his snuff-box, was making strict inquiry if any body had seen his box. "What," said another of the theatrical punsters, that which George Powell gave you the other night?"

## MORTUARY.

Departed this life on the 24th ult. in the 73d year of her age. Mrs. ELIZABETH DRINKER, the wife of Henry Drinker, Esq. a lady whose sweetness of disposition and singular propriety

of conduct, endeared her through life, to all who had the happiness of knowing her. In her youth she possessed uncommon personal beauty, which the gentleness of her temper preserved, in a great degree, to the last; for her countenance was a perfect index of a mind, whose feelings were all attuned to harmony. She had received an education much superiour to what was common for young ladies in this country, sixty years ago; and the writer of this article, can most feelingly attest, how much her conversation abounded with proofs, that "the heart of the wise teacheth the mouth, and addeth learning to the lips." Her chief happiness consisted in the discharge of her domestick duties; and in every part of her conduct, she might be pointed out, as an example of the affectionate wife and tender mother. At the same time that she was perfectly free from all bigotry of sentiment, or narrowness of feeling, she was a firm believer in the doctrines of Christianity, and studiously inculcated them into the minds of her children, not only as a rock of salvation in another world, but as a harbour of refuge from the cares and afflictions of this. Her fondness for literature she always retained, and, for many years, amused herself with recording in the evening, her reflections during the day. In a diary, which she kept nearly from the time of her marriage to the evening preceding her last illness, it may safely be asserted, that there is not to be found a single misrepresentation, or illiberal observation; for her words flowed from her heart, and that was a source which was ever pure and serene. In truth, to no one can be applied, with more perfect propriety, the inspired language of the Scriptures, that "Her ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace."

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, December 12, 1807.

[No. 24.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE LAY PREACHER.

Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year.

IN the initial book of the Kings of Israel, which, as it records, in a very noble style, some of the most memorable events in Jewish history, deserves the profoundest attention, perhaps there is nothing more pleasing and instructive than the biography of the prophet Samuel. A circumstance, apparently trivial, which occurred in his infancy, will form the subject of our present speculation.

We deliberately adopt the phrase "apparently trivial," because the circumstance in question, though it might not be noticed by the quick glance of hasty Observation, led to the most important results, and contributed to the formation of one of the most splendid characters ever portrayed by the historian.

Descended from respectable ancestors from Mount Ephraim, his father, who appears to be a tender husband, an affectionate parent, and a truly religious man, was in the habit, as might be naturally expected from so exemplary a character, of migrating, annually, from the solitude of Mount Ephraim to the city of Shiloh. But

this journey was not undertaken from the ordinary motives of curiosity, restlessness, indolence, or pleasure. He did not forsake his rural retreat to gaze at the magnificence of a metropolis, or to hearken to the "hum of men." No: the object of his journey was of a more noble nature, and worthy of the pious pilgrim. *He went up out of his city yearly to worship and to sacrifice in Shiloh*, and to adore, in the Jewish Temple, the Great Parent of the Universe.

Nor was his devotion of the sullen and monastick kind. There was nothing selfish, melancholy, or austere, in his religious service. His family accompanied him, and kneeled at the same altar. Hannah, his beloved consort, was so struck with the solemnity of the Temple, and the Beauty of Holiness, her heart was so softened by the spirit of Piety, and her head so convinced of the propriety of her plan, that, in an hour of melancholy, yet sober enthusiasm, she resolved to dedicate her first born son to the Church. In the simplicity of the Hebrew idiom, she *vowed a vow* that she would give him to the Lord all the days of his life. This good resolution did not evaporate in the idle words of a fanattick visionary. It was not the mere babble of a superstitious crone, who mistakes the heat of the heart, and the giddiness of the head, for the emotions of rational zeal. The determination to dedicate her son

to the priesthood was worthy of a discreet and amiable woman, who probably saw, with the keen eyes of Sagacity, assisted by the light of Prescience, that Samuel would prove a personage, eminent for his rank and piety; that he would dictate the operations of a campaign, and preside at the deliberations of a cabinet; that he would predict the fate of empires, and assist at the coronation of kings; that his warning voice would restrain the madness of the people, and his pious orisons ascend to the Heaven of his God.

All this was gloriously accomplished. While yet a child, he was distinguished by the particular partiality of Providence. He was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and invested with the robes of religion. Though devoted to the service of God, he acquired popularity among men. During an important era in his life, he was judge of south and west Israel, and afterwards of the other quarters. This vicerealty included a power nearly absolute. With the *voice potential* of Sovereign authority, he could exclaim unto the north, give up, and to the south keep not back, bring thy sons from afar, and thy daughters from the ends of the earth. He was scarcely weaned, before we find him ministering in the Jewish Tabernacle and superseding in religious ceremonies and offices the elder priesthood. In the maturity of manhood, he administers justice, guards the purity of the national worship, and promotes the peace and dignity of Government. He concludes famous treaties. He erects magnificent altars. Such was the splendour of his reputation, and such the opinion of his discernment, that the stranger Benjamite, who lived in remote obscurity, far from the scene of Samuel's glories, describes him as an **HONOURABLE MAN**, and adds, what every page in Samuel's history proves, that *all that he saith cometh to pass*. He is saluted with the sacred title of seer, and even the *ungovernable populace*, awed by his abilities and sanctity, will not eat in the high place of the city, until he bless the sacrifice. He pours the oil of honour and gladness on the

head of a Sovereign, and then, with all the skill of a Statesman, and all the power of a Premier, dictates the course of Regal Polity. Though almost perpetually conversant with courts, he is pure from their corruption. He is a faithful servant to his prince, but he is too a vigilant guardian, and an honest monitor. While others flatter, he rebukes Saul, and although his sovereign was of a moody, sullen, and untractable spirit, yet Samuel never shrinks, when it was necessary to adopt either the ardour of Expostulation, or the acerbity of Censure. Though he *thought as a Sage*, when he reflected upon the vices and follies of this monarch, yet *he felt like a man*, when he deplored their consequences. Obligated to estrange himself from his infatuated Sovereign, he still cherished a sort of paternal solicitude for his welfare, and when the gloomy King, in a fit of capricious disgust, *went up to his house*, and the prophet *came no more to see him until the day of his death*, nevertheless, as it is expressed with equal artlessness and affection in the sacred history, nevertheless Samuel mourned for Saul. In the decline of life, when most men, satiated with worldly grandeur, slide carelessly down the slippery descent of Age, this consistent and illustrious character is erect, and guarded to the last. Conscious of his spotless integrity, and of his fervid zeal in the publick service, he challenges a justification of his integrity, in one of the noblest, most rhetorical, and pathetick passages that can be found in the pleadings of any oratour, in any age. He said *unto all Israel*, "Behold I have hearkened unto your voice, and have made a King over you. And now behold the King walketh before you: and I am old and gray headed, and behold my sons are with you; and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day. Behold here I am: witness against me before the Lord, and before his Anointed: whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I stolen? or, whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe, to blind mine eyes therewith?"

And I will restore it you." And they said "Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand." "The Lord is witness against you, and his Anointed is witness, that ye have not found aught in my hand." And they answered, "He is witness."

This is the *finis coronat opus*, this is leaving Life's bustling scene, with such excellent companions as Honour, Spirit, and Dignity. The circumstances of this transaction give it a peculiar effect. It was a *provoco ad populum*. It was an appeal to the *populace*, to the mutable, miscellaneous, ungrateful, and ignorant *rabble*. It was, moreover, not only to a *mob*, but to a Jewish mob, than which the herd of Swine, of whom the Devil himself once had the absolute possession, does not exhibit a stronger picture of baseness, wildness, perverseness, and desperation. But even before such a rash and stupid tribunal, the manly voice of Innocence, with Dignity and Integrity in her train, commanded Silence, and won Applause; and what renders more signal this triumph of Genius, Virtue and Rank, is, that it was obtained at the very moment, when the intrepid prophet and indignant sage was reproving the herd for their ingratitude, obstinacy, and rebellion.

Having thus abridged the history of this great and good man, as concisely as the nature and multitude of his illustrious actions would allow, we will now look back to the text, from which the *vulgar* Critick may think we have strayed, but which the Reader of Sensibility will soon perceive has always been the *radiant point* of our speculation.

One eventful year in the life of Elkanah, the Father of Samuel, he and all his house went up to offer the yearly sacrifice and his vow. But on this occasion one of the dearest of his domestic companions did not accompany the annual pilgrim in his journey to sacred Shiloh. *Hannah went not up*. This did not arise from female caprice or any decay of devotion. Her reason was a valid one; for she said unto her husband, I will not go up, until the

child be weaned, and then I will bring him, that he may abide there forever. The favourite object of this tender mother was to give her son an excellent education, to instil into his mind all high, holy and honourable principles, and to lead him to the fountains of Wisdom. When the *child was young*, she took him up with her to the Temple, and after presenting her gifts, according to the oriental custom, and making sacrifice, she remarked to the venerable high Priest, that for this child, she had prayed, that her maternal wish was answered, and that as Heaven had granted her petition, to the service of Heaven this son should be devoted.—He accordingly actually officiates at the altar, *being a child girded with a linen ephod*. Here some dissipated or mercenary mothers would have left him to take his chance, either to *live by the altar* like a priest, or to *perish* like one of its miserable victims. But the matron, whom we now commemorate, had not only a tender heart, but a liberal spirit, a steady judgment, a perspicacious discernment, and that generous Prudence, which is the *Queen Regent of all the Virtues*. She knew that Youth, Innocence, and Inexperience ought to be *assisted* in their struggle through the thorns and brakes of the wilderness of this world. She was not satisfied with a single burst of maternal affection, or with bounding her benignity by lines of distance, or a term of years. She was fully apprized that a youth, engrossed by contemplation and study, would either have no leisure for domestick cares, or that in the abstraction of literature, he would wholly lose sight of them: that hence he would be sometimes the natural prey of Fraud, and sometimes the fated victim of Penury: and that all the learning of the East would not procure him from strangers either the *linen ephod* of the child, or the mantle of the man. She was determined, therefore, habitually to take care, that neither his mind, his health, nor his studies should sustain any detriment from the rude collision of petty cares. But as he was of a sober and studious humour, that the tranquillity of his her-

mit cell should never be violated; and that he should enjoy uninterrupted leisure to acquire that fund of information, and those useful habits, which might ultimately redound to his own honour, and the general good. In accomplishing so judicious a design, she employed no Agent, but her own heart, and no Deputy, but her own skill.

The importance of such a provision has been abundantly verified, in the history of Samuel's successful career. Had he been left solitary at Shiloh, neglected by his friends, exposed to the artifice of some, and the temptation of others, he never would have *propheased* any thing, but his own ruin; and instead of being a judge, would, in all probability, have been a prisoner.

Wise and benignant mother! With how much enthusiasm and sensibility wilt thou always be apostrophized, by every son, in every age, who has felt the fostering warmth of Maternal Affection.

In addition to thy acts of kindness, from the dawn of Genius to its glorious meridian, thy periodical assiduity of attention shall be ever remembered. That little vestment, which, to render the present more valuable, was brought, not by one of thy handmaids, not by a careless, or venal slave, but by thy *gracious self*, will outlast the weaving of the noblest looms. Like the regretted handkerchief of the fabled Moor, in the unequalled tragedy of the matchless Dramatist, "the worms were *hallowed* that did breed its silk." It made her son amiable, and there was magic in its web. But if the *little coat*, made by a Mother, was not, as a poet's fancy might suggest, of a silken texture, it was of wool from a Gideon's fleece, and watered with the kindest dews of Heaven.

For The Port Folio.

### POLITICKS.

As distant as Heaven is from Earth, so is the true spirit of Liberty from extreme Equality.

The natural place of Virtue is near to Li-

berty; but it is not nearer to extreme Liberty, than to servitude.

Montesquieu's "*Spirit of Laws*," b. 8 c. 3.

Great success in a nation is the particular cause of the corruption of the people. Jealous of their magistrates, they soon become jealous like wise of the magistracy; enemies to those that govern, they soon prove enemies also to the Constitution.

*Ibid.* ch. 4.

Fellow citizens, take care, lest in her magistrates, you attack the Federal Constitution, and in the person of her rulers, you overturn the State. It is just that corrupt magistrates should be amenable to the people, but there is a danger lest the people condemn an obnoxious magistrate, who acted in defence of the Laws. It is with prophetick agony I behold upon what shallow grounds, and with what slight consideration, the people of the United States, but more particularly in the State of Pennsylvania, are wont to arraign at the bar of Impeachment, just men in office.

"The trial by impeachment is founded on a popular right, coeval with the Constitution. When employed on extraordinary occasions, and against illustrious offenders, it is accompanied with a solemnity, a dignity, and an awe, which correspond to the greatest conceptions of the human mind. Ordinary offences are left to the trial by Jury; common delinquents are punished, or acquitted, by the judgment of their peers; but crimes of such a magnitude as to threaten the liberty, or involve the infamy of a nation, are submitted to the solemnity of an *Impeachment*, that the dignity of the trial may be adequate to the enormity of the offence. The represented majesty of the people advances to the charge, assumes the high office of public accuser, and brings the crime to trial before the collected wisdom, learning, justice, virtue, and sanctity of the nation. A solemn appeal is made to the judgment of the world; and when crimes are charged by which the happiness of whole nations is affected, and States and Princes reduced to misery and ruin, Monarchs and Kingdoms are called upon to behold and

admire the solemnities of Law, and the triumphs of Justice, in the procedure of a nation, to vindicate their character and their honour before the august tribunal of mankind.

"The grandeur, however, and the celebrity of this mode of trial, point it out only as proper for enormous crimes, and on extraordinary occasions. *If, through the prevalence of party spirit, or factious combination, an eminent character, respected abroad, and at home, should be impeached for meritorious services, under the name of high crimes and misdemeanors; the effect of the trial, and the benefit of the example would be lost, and the Impeachment construed into an Ostracism.*"

*English Review for September, 1786.*

Much do I fear, that the watch-words of American freedom, *Liberty* and *Equality*, are as vaguely construed by those of my countrymen, in whose mouths they are familiar, as lately they were by the infatuated citizens of a sister Republick. How aptly might be addressed to the political demagogues of the present day, the noble remonstrance of an unfortunate civick officer, of that republick, in answer to the ungenerous cavils of a French citizen about the disparity of rank;—"My friend," said he, "as men, as citizens, we are equal; if government has thought proper to burthen me with the weight of a magistracy, rendered doubly oppressive by the censures of those, who are to be governed, why should you repine? how can I do injustice, when I also am amenable to the same laws which I dispense to others? cease, then, to murmur, and consider me as the guard, the watch, the centry of your liberties, and be assured, that in protecting your rights, I secure my own."

*For The Port Folio.*

Mrs. C. Smith, in her last poetical volume, which, alas, is truly a legacy, has fully vindicated her pretensions to the laurel. Her love of Botany, as well as of Poetry, often leads her to the fields,

and she suffers not a flower to remain unsung. The thought, in the following, is fanciful, the descriptions are accurate, and the moral excellent.

*The Horologe of the fields.*

*Addressed to a young lady, on seeing, at the house of an acquaintance, a magnificent French Time Piece.*

For her, who owns this splendid toy,  
Where use with elegance unites,  
Still may its index point to joy  
And moments wing'd with new delights.

Sweet may resound each silver bell,—  
And never quick returning chime,  
Seem, in reproving notes, to tell  
Of hours spent, and murder'd time.

Though Fortune, Emily, deny  
To us these splendid works of art,  
The woods, the lawns, the heaths supply  
Lessons from Nature to the heart.

In every copse and sheltered dell,  
Unveiled to the observant eye  
Are faithful monitors, who tell  
How pass the hours and seasons by.

The green-rob'd children of the Spring  
Will mark the periods as they pass,  
Mingle with leaves Time's feather'd wing,  
And bind with flowers his silent glass.

Mark where transparent waters glide,  
Soft flowing o'er their tranquil bed;  
There, cradled on the dimpling tide,  
Nymphæa rests her lovely head.

But, conscious of the earliest beam,  
She rises from her humid rest,  
And sees, reflected in the stream,  
The virgin whiteness of her breast.

Till the bright day-star to the west  
Declines, in Ocean's surge to lave,  
Then, folded in her modest vest,  
She slumbers on the rocking wave.

See Hieracium's various tribe  
Of plummy seed and radiate flowers,  
The course of Time their blooms describe,  
And wake, or sleep appointed hours,

Broad o'er its imbricated cup  
The Goatsbeard spreads its golden rays,  
But shuts its cautious petals up,  
Retreating from the noontide blaze.

Pale, as a pensive cloister'd nun,  
The Bethlem star her face unveils,  
When o'er the mountains peers the sun,  
But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands  
The humble *Arenaria* creeps:

Slowly the purple star expands,  
But soon within its calyx sleeps.

And those small bells so lightly ray'd  
With young Aurora's rosy hue,  
And to the noontide Sun display'd,  
But shut their plaits against the dew.

On upland slopes the shepherds mark  
The hour when as the dial true,  
Cichorium to the towering lark  
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue.

And thou, "Wee, crimson spotted flower,"  
Gather'st thy fringed mantle round  
Thy bosom, at the closing hour,  
When night-drops bathe the turfy ground.

Unlike Silene, who declines  
The garish noontide's blazing light,  
But, when the evening crescent shines  
Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus, in each flower and simple bell,  
That in our path untrodden lie  
Are sweet remembrancers, who tell  
How fast the winged moments fly.

Time will steal on, with ceaseless pace,  
Yet lose we not the fleeting hours,  
Who still their fairy footsteps trace  
AS LIGHT THEY DANCE AMONG THE  
FLOWERS.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

#### ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

By the politeness of many friends in this city, we are pretty regularly furnished with the best British papers. From our brother Editors, we receive all the leading Gazettes of our own country, together with an immense mass of village papers. These *folios of four pages*, we do not consult for the news, but for amusement; and while the Quidnunc seeks for a battle of Bonaparte, or a naval triumph by Sir Sidney, we hunt after poetry and merriment. One department of newspapers to which loungers in general pay very little attention, attracts our peculiar regard—We mean the Advertisements. These are often written in a style of such quaintness and absurdity, or of wit and humour, as to supply us liberally with food for mirth. It has been unjustly asserted by foreigners, that uncouth advertisements are peculiar to America. But the fact is, that the

London papers overflow with whimsical articles of this class. We shall select, with the utmost impartiality, from domestick and foreign gazettes. The first curiosity of this kind which we present to the publick is a *poetical* morçeau by honest Dick Willis, a cordwainer of Lexington, in Kentucky. This rhyming disciple of St. Crispin thus sings over his last: but if his shoes be not a little smother than his lines, we doubt whether the damsels of the west will ever become his constant customers.

TO THE PUBLICK IN GENERAL.

*Elegance combined with Utility, in*

WILLIS'S NEW-FASHIONED SHOES.

In ancient times the bards foretold,  
The rhyming trade would ne'er grow old—  
'Tis true, in these more modern times,  
Mechanicks manufacture rhymes;  
Murphy and Shaw have tried their part  
To imitate the rhyming art,  
And WILLIS, in these rhyming times,  
Must surely weave a web of rhymes.  
Ladies here I beg to mention,  
Claimants of his first attention,  
Handsome shoes in every part,  
Is Willis's master-piece of art—  
He shoes does make which Queens might  
handle,

The neatly plain, the brilliant spangle,  
Improves new fashions as they rise,  
And makes some spangled shoes with ties,  
Cossack boots, and fair-tops too,  
Made neater here than any shoe,  
All sorts and sizes well assorted,  
Made of leather the best imported.  
And now to tell you where he lives,  
And strict attention there he gives,  
To orders sent both far and near,  
He'll fit you well, you need not fear:  
Main street, next door to neighbour Noel,  
Those who know this possess a jewel;  
But not to make description fainter,  
'Tis opposite Mentelle the painter;  
Adjoining the shop of Aaron Woodruff,  
Who makes you shoes quite good enough.  
To tell you this, my mind did labour,  
Who'd not be friendly with a neighbour.  
If ladies send a pattern shoe,  
He'll make them neatly to fit you.  
Believing this the best expedient,  
He now remains their most obedient,

RICHARD WILLIS.

*Two or three apprentices will be taken to the above business.*

Lexington, August 18, 1806,

For *The Port Folio*.

## CURSORY SKETCHES

IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THE BORDERS  
OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

To — at Coldenham, New-York.

Few Tourists can plead stronger inducements for indulged excursive propensities, than those which have roused the languid spirits of —. The thoughts of my heart, its sorrows and joys have mingled in sweet communion with thine. And now, my dear S—, when the wing of imagination takes a gay expanse, and is stretched over scenes of Summer beauty, and boundless variety, I shall have the pleasure of holding a mental prism to the eye of Friendship; and whether health should languish, or regain with the mind its wonted elasticity, *still* I shall solace myself with the reflection, that unerring wisdom marks the allotment of humanity, and when "enjoyment is denied assist us to resign." A morning of clouds brightened as we alighted to water our horses at the Buck. To save the trouble of future explanatory notes, know that our parlour conversation embraces a heterogeneous mass: our mercantile friends discuss their schemes of business. Literature and the arts, sometimes steal on the evening hour, and in the political department, we pass by a sudden gradation, from the splendid career of Imperial Bonaparte to the minutiae of home affairs. In this colloquial range, I have heard the stages in our journey designated by the sign posts at the inns, hence when I write from the Buck, the Paoli, &c. let imagination supply the measured distances, and release me from the toil of pointing to the stones on the road side, whose inscription tells us we are 10 or 20 miles from P—. At our first halting place, social attractions drew my attention to a group of playful children under the care of a servant who answered inquiries respecting their destination, by noticing her mistress in an adjoining apartment. R. B. L. and his family were returning to their residence in Virginia, an ac-

quaintance of distant date, was unexpectedly renewed, it led through many pensive retrospects to the period of blissful novelty and youthful joy. As we rode along the turnpike on our right, we caught a glimpse of *Wynnewood*, and *St. Mary's*. These seats of cheerful hospitality contrast their airy aspect with the forest's venerable gloom. Ancestral predilection spares the overarching branches under whose shadow Content has roamed, and Peace reposed upon the shield of Piety. The light green foliage of spring was now blending with the full luxuriance of June, and as I gazed with admiration on immediate objects, Fancy took her accustomed range, imperceptibly deepening those penciled views, which Memory had rescued from the grasp of Time. The paternal inheritance of —, revives anecdotes of primitive days. In the early settlement of Pennsylvania, this tract of pleasant country was purchased by a respectable family, emigrating from Wales; the old mansionhouse is situated on the verge of the highway leading to Lancaster, the avenue through which this fertile country *now* carries its vast sources of agricultural wealth to the capital, was *then* an Indian foot path. Beneath this humble roof William Penn, the eminent founder of provincial happiness, had appointed a meeting for Divine worship. The lady Juliana (his sister) with some difficulty, ascended an outside flight of steps, to survey the room in which they were to assemble, she remarked that "it was a *brave* room," and though not constructed with architectural taste, here the sentiment of the heart arose on the wing of Faith; need I add, the homage was accepted and blessed. The friendly intercourse maintained with the aborigines, strikingly displays the guileless manners of the first settlers of P—. At the season of Autumn fruits, it was not unusual for small parties from the nearest settlements, to visit their civilized neighbours, to drink of their cyder, and to partake of the rich abundance of their peach orchards. In one of those excursions, the elders of the

the house were absent; an interesting child of the family had sheltered herself in the bed curtains, timidly shrinking from the bold port of savage ferocity: at the return of her friends, the Indians pointed out her hiding place, mirthfully scanning the slender covert she had chosen. In latter times I dined with a quaker lady in Philadelphia, whose father occasionally entertained the "heads of the tribes." A venerable Indian chief and several young warriors presented themselves, in company with some gentlemen of the city: their grave demeanour at table, strict temperance, and marked observance of their leader's example strongly exhibit those peculiar traits, which are distinguishing in the native American. After thrice filling their glasses, the chief put his aside, and looked expressively at the young warriors, who understood the silent hint and declined the offered wine. One of them possessed all those dignified contours of beauty, which announce uncommon energies of mind: he took his glass, and bending his head to an elegant youth, who sat opposite to him, said "it is right that *we* should drink some wine together: for you and I are the handsomest men at table." His unexpected sally, relaxed the features of his associates.

———"Smiling in such a sort, as seem'd to scorn their spirits,  
"That would be moved, to smile at any thing."

The development of character is always interesting, whether in the untutored mind of a savage, or in the lights and shades of cultivated society: but I shall leave less fallible Logicians to determine, whether, in this instance, vanity was *innate*, or assumed with the powder and blue cloth of civilization.

*Adieu.*

Again, my dear S——, evening's soft silence steals upon Creation, the moon's pale beam descries my outward avocation, such as it was, in other times: but Oh! how changed in heart! and though the nocturnal hour gives its mild hues to the scene around me,

though the glimmering lights of Heaven shine in their wonted orbit, each illusion of hope, has vanished.

W——'s "last sigh dissolved the charm,  
"The disenchanted earth, lost all its lure.

In October, all was serene, touching and impressive. At the season of peasive charms I travelled in company with W——. Remembrance restores him with many a heartfelt emotion, his figure animated by those enthusiastick feelings, which novelty elicits from a mind, untarnished by collision with the world, his dark eye wandering over the fading landscape, selecting every beautiful spot in the valley, now casting a delightful glance on the warm tints, which sunny Autumn scattered on the forest, and now resting on the dim perspective where the gray mist was lingering on the hills. The glowing garniture of Summer has given a new character to the natural world.—The limestone country, commencing at Downingstown, is rich in soil and highly cultivated. We rode through a luxuriant vale, enlived by numerous farm houses, abounding with fields of grain and grass, in glossy verdure.—Recent showers had given to the air its utmost sweetness, every gale was fragrant, and every leaf seemed polished by Nature's finest touches; yet so chill and humid was the evening atmosphere that when we arrived at our lodgings, we found the prudent German traveller, seated with his family at the fire side. *Here* the gentleman of our party, laughed heartily at our expense. We had interrogated the sober looking folks at the fire, respecting the object of their journey; it was natural that *ours* should excite equal curiosity. The Lancaster Fair was to commence in a few days: our pensive friend glided into the room with some books of instruction and entertainment; their brilliant bindings attracted notice, and we were modestly asked, if we had been to purchase goods at Philadelphia. "They take you for *Pedlers*," whispered P—— triumphantly "carrying your stationery to the fair." He intreated us never again to contend for the genius of

a German, protesting that nothing but a total want of *acumen*, could have prevented discovering, from the *quality* of our countenances, how far removed was "Indus from the Pole." We were willing to incur all the pointed shafts of this raillery, as it was so highly to the taste of our pleasant travelling companion.

The turnpike to Lancaster has redressed many inconveniencies, but the dull uniformity of the road wearies the eye, as its dissonance grates on the ear. We were feelingly alive to the harsh encounter of iron and stone, as the carriage wheels rolled sullenly over a surface, from which reflected sunbeams sent a dazzling glare: and as we slowly gained upon those *rolling* hills, whose gradual ascent exhausted all the patience of all the ladies, our advanced guard, would calmly shelter himself from meridian heat, under the shade of the forest, or point out those prospects which diversified the upland view. Long journeys, through solitary wilds, and barren moors, had familiarised our cheery guide to every possible travelling vicissitude. Far different are the sensations of those, to whom cross occurrences are strange and new. Yet our spirits quickly regained their elasticity; sudden transition relieved fatigue; and the mind unbent, in social chat acquired a firmer tone, by interchanging sentiment with those, who were traversing the same ground and of course required the same mental indulgences. At the close of day after riding 72 miles, met the L— party, at Lancaster. His lady (in the true spirit of her sex) seized the last glimmerings of twilight, to go a shopping, whilst R. B. L. enlivened the parlour at the inn, by conversation versatile and interesting. I was gratified with the high encomiums passed on my native state: the weight it held in the scale of national importance, its benevolent institutions, its ameliorated penal laws, its agricultural improvements, encouragement of Arts and Science, and *even* its *Abolition* society, obtained due praise from this liberal minded Virginian: but, he regretted that party spirit preyed upon its vital strength, that political animosity

had unsheathed a destroying sword, more fatal to its prosperity than a phalanx of foreign foes.

Our accommodations, at Captain Slough's, were such as *invite* repose. Neat chambers and a well furnished table, offer those refreshments, so grateful to faint and wayworn travellers. The charm of this inn, was celebrated by the Duke de Liancourt, and if a discontented foreigner, found *one* solitary enjoyment in a tour through the United States, it is not extraordinary that its simple inhabitants should meet with many things to admire and many things to commend.—Persons of every description were flocking to the fair. It was pleasant to see so many faces drest in smiles. As we rode out of town, a novel scene presented, an immense display of fashionable articles of commerce and toys of every kind. The tygers, the Arabian horse, the wax-work and every thing worth the attention of the enlightened people of Lancaster, was now exhibited to the eye of curiosity. We sometimes met *three*, on one horse gayly riding to this festive scene, and observed the rose-complexioned lasses, on the foot path, with their holiday slippers, in their hands. It was quite an amusing spectacle, the sunburnt brow of industry was so distinctly marked with ease and happiness, that its influence extended to our little party in the carriage, and many a rustick salutation was met with answering courtesy.

Llwelllynne, had purchased a trumpet at the fair, it was the delight of his heart to excite mirth and laughter; his shrill instrument seemed to rouse all the merriment in the country, but to avoid publick *notoriety*, we were obliged to impose silence on the *petit* musician.

Columbia.

"From Susquehanna's utmost Springs  
"Where savage tribes pursue their game,  
"His blanket tied with yellow strings,  
"The Shepherd of the forest came."

Here oral tradition tells us the Indians in time of war, precipitated their prisoners, from the point of Chickasrock into a watery grave. Few persons

have the temerity to walk to the edge of this pouring precipice, from whose cragged height, the dizzy eye looks down appalled. We dined at Columbia. The necessary conformity to the boatman's hour, and the formidable prospect before us, lessened the calm enjoyment of a meal which *fresh rock fish*, would have rendered agreeable. This noble river rushed with such a swell against the land, that timidity was predominant over every other sensation. Yet trusting in the superintendence of that Omnipotent Being who formed and controled the world of waters, on whose beautiful surface we were lanching, our courage revived, and we contemplated, with mixed emotions, all those grand objects which elevate the mind from things temporal to things eternal.

The dark projection of the rock, before alluded to, a small island, whose drooping trees shadowed the Susquehanna's winding currents, the solemn roar of the falls, and the light dashing oar, meeting the rippled wave, presented the most interesting and impressive combination of images, that the ladies of our party had ever contemplated. A quick passage brought us to the opposite landing. We now held our course over rough roads, through a country variegated by hill and dale and pebbly rivulets, pleasantly contrasted with the tedious sameness of turnpike travelling. The altered soil, and broken grounds, reminded us that *stones* were to be collected for the Mineralogist at home. Our advanced guard carelessly threw the reins on the neck of his horse, and slowly plodding beside him, critically inspected every fragment that wore a metallick hue, the rustick gaze, pursued him with eager curiosity.

"Some thought him wondrous wise,  
"And some believed him mad."

Whilst we who were happily exempt from *gravitation* strong enough to attract us to the earth, were inviting experiments to exclude sunshine, and admit the breeze, and laughingly so-lacing ourselves with the consciousness hat

"One science only, could one genius hit."

Heat and fatigue subdued the spirit of our minds before we arrived at York Town: but our hostess displayed so much neatness in her house, and so much civility in her manner, that the evening wore away, and sweet repose recruited us for the next day's excursion.

Passing rapidly through these flourishing settlements, or only making them a transient resting place, gives us no opportunity to discriminate their local advantages. The night closes on our arrival and we take the wing of the morning to prosecute our tour, of course we have but a cursory view of the towns, their situation or improvements. With a lowering horizon and damp atmosphere we forded the Cadorus, dined at Hanover, and should have deemed ourselves very fortunate, if a decent shelter, had intervened between us, and the impending shower. Diurnally we are taught, by sad experience, that blessings are not sufficiently valued, till privation brings home those secret convictions, at which the heart recoils upon itself; it was perhaps necessary to encounter difficulties, duly to appreciate the conveniences we had relinquished. Our carriage shielded us from the rain: yet sympathy cast many a look of kind condolence on our fellow traveller, who undismayed, endured the "pitiless storm." A thousand scarecrows had been held up to view, in order to abate the force of these inconveniences, which were inevitable in this day's ride: but it was all in vain, when exhausted and dispirited we reached our lodgings at *Tawnytown*, forever memorable in the annals of fair ladies. All the aromatics in creation would have *wanted* their fragrance here. Sleep had refused its gentle visitation, when the morning dawned, and the matin song was chanted by nature's gay choristers, our minds harmonized with the Hymn of Praise. On comparing *ours*, with the depressed situation of the coloured people in Maryland, their down cast eye, their dejected air, their mute surprise at the interest which individuals had excited—all these character-

istick traits of Slavery, made such a powerful appeal to our sensibility, that Humanity and Gratitude mingled their incense at the Altar where each sigh is heard, and each tear recorded.

*Adieu.*

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

In a prior number of The Port Folio, we published a very incorrect and surreptitious copy of a justly celebrated Anacreontick by Capt. Morris, of jovial memory. The copy, to which we then had access, and which was the only one extant in America, we have since discovered, was not only deformed by the blunders of the transcriber, and the mistakes of the Press, but also was mutilated by the omission of one of the most pleasing stanzas. An English gentleman has, in a very obliging manner, communicated to the Editor, a complete and correct copy, as it is sung by the authour. It has been asserted, that the best drinking songs are of French birth; and that even the German language abounds in compositions of this cheerful complexion. But neither the *Chansons a boire*, of frisky France, nor the merry ballads of the Ringau, excel some of the English drinking songs, written by real scholars and men of genius. Among the first, in point of invention, imagery, vivacity, and versification, we think, that the critick may rank the following. The apology for copious libations to the jolly god, is as plausible as Wit can devise, or Eloquence urge; and, although both the Logician and the Moralist may detect, and deplore the sophistry of the argument, yet, both the philosopher and the man of the world will harmonize, in a favourable opinion of the authour's ingenuity, and of the skill, with which he selects, and the dexterity which he displays in the management of his topicks. The second stanza, which is brilliantly ornamented by an *original* metaphor, that Poetry has derived from Painting, is beautiful, like a circle, because true and complete.

The antithesis, in the commencement of the third, where the authour pathetically regrets the ravages of Time, is finely expressed, and the succeeding lines, where we see the Power of wine struggling with Despair, and commanding Hope to stay, might furnish a subject for the Painter.

The comparison in the fourth stanza, probably was never conceived by any other imagination, than that of its eccentric authour. The fifth stanza, we suppose would be sanctioned by a majority of experienced Solomons, who, after trying all the varieties of life, find that "*there is nothing new under the sun*," and that to gratify their senses, it is necessary to cheat them. This even Dr. Johnson tacitly allows, in the moral of his *Rasselas*. The next stanza, which is the additional one, that has never appeared in America, contains a very gay thought, something like the Italian and Spanish *concetti*; the correctness of which we submit to the Ladies. The next, in which the authour alludes to his Jacobinism. in the year 1794, expresses the usual language of a malecontent, and though we shall hardly vouch for the correctness of his politicks, we cannot abstain from commending the beauty of his poetry. To conclude; if Capt. Morris had confined himself to compositions of this chaste and classical nature, we think he would have attained more celebrity than a WALLER, a CAREW, or a SUCKLING. But, unfortunately, he has tarnished the splendour of his literary escutcheon, sometimes with the mud of political obloquy, and sometimes with the smut of the stews; and while Purity and Goodness would have deserved all his homage, he has too often chosen, like Lord Bolingbroke, to celebrate the courtesan of the hour.

I'm often asked, by plodding souls,  
And men of sober tongue,  
What joy I find in draining bowls,  
And tipping all night long?  
Now, though these cautious knaves I scorn,  
For once I'll not disdain  
To tell them why I drink till morn,  
And fill my glass again.

'Tis by the glow my bumpers give  
 Life's picture's mellow made,  
 The fading lights then brighter live,  
 And softer sinks the shade;  
 Some happier tint still rises there,  
 With every drop I drain,  
 And that, I think's a reason fair  
 To fill my glass again,

Then, many a lad I liked is dead,  
 And many a lass grown old,  
 And, as the lesson strikes my head,  
 My weary heart grows cold.  
 But Wine, awhile holds off Despair,  
 Nay, bids a Hope remain,  
 And that, I think's a reason fair  
 To fill my glass again.

My Muse, too, when her wings are dry,  
 No frolick flights will take;  
 But round a bowl she'll dip, and fly,  
 Like swallows round a lake;  
 Since then the nymph must have her share,  
 Before she'll bless her swain,  
 Why that, I think's a reason fair  
 To fill my glass again.

In life, I've rung all changes through,  
 Run every pleasure down,  
 Tried all extremes of Fancy too,  
 And lived with half the town,  
 For me, there's nothing new or rare,  
 Till wine deceive my brain,  
 And that, I think's a reason fair  
 To fill my glass again.

Then don't we find love's fetters too  
 With different folds entwine?  
 While nought but Death can some undo,  
 There's some give way to wine.  
 For me, the lighter head I wear,  
 The lighter hangs the chain;  
 And that, I think's a reason fair  
 To fill my glass again.

Though vexed and hipped at England's fate,  
 In these degenerate days,  
 I can't endure the ruined state  
 My sober eye surveys;  
 But through the bottle's dazzling glare  
 The gloom is seen less plain,  
 And that, I think's a reason fair  
 To fill my glass again.

And now I'll tell, to end my song,  
 At what I most repine,  
 The cursed war, or right or wrong,  
 Is war against all wine.  
 Nay, Port, they say, will soon be rare,  
 As juice of France or Spain,  
 And that, I think's a reason fair  
 To fill my glass again.

After all, though the above is one of  
 the most correct specimens of the En-

glish Drinking songs that perhaps  
 can be found, some of our graver  
 readers may think that there is already  
 enough of the dulcet *poison* in the  
*cup*, without the additional zest that  
 the power of Genius has imparted;  
 we shall, by way of antidote, exhibit a  
 counterpart, which moralists may  
 call, if they please, The Philosophy  
 of Drinking, which a Cornaro, or a Sir  
 William Temple might approve.  
 This, too, is the production of a gay  
 writer, and a man of the world, the ce-  
 lebrated Hugh Kelley, the authour of  
 False Delicacy, and many other pleas-  
 ing comedies, the Editor of The  
 Publick Ledger, a literary paper re-  
 markable for the ingenuity of its es-  
 says, and the principal contributor to  
 another periodical work of no ordin-  
 ary reputation. Though he mingled  
 much with mankind, yet his mind was  
 never contaminated with vicious prin-  
 ciples, his heart though warm, was  
 pure, and in all his writings, he ap-  
 pears the votary of Benevolence, and  
 the champion of Morality. The fol-  
 lowing effusion has no resemblance to  
 the songs of the Epicureans, but is  
 so pure and correct, that it might have  
 been indited by a Christian Divine.

#### THE BOTTLE.

By *Hugh Kelley*.

While the bottle to humour and social de-  
 light  
 The smallest assistance can lend,  
 While it happily keeps up the laugh of the  
 night,  
 Orenlivens the mind of a friend;

O let me enjoy it, Thou bountiful Power!  
 That my time may deliciously pass!  
 And should Care ever think to intrude on the  
 hour,  
 Scare the haggard away with a glass.

But instead of a rational feast of the sense,  
 Should Discord preside o'er the bowl,  
 And Folly, Debate, or Contention com-  
 mence,

From too great an expansion of soul:  
 Should the man I esteem, or the friend of  
 my heart  
 In the Ivy feel nought but the rod,  
 Should I make fair Religion a profligate  
 jest,  
 Or daringly sport with my God,

From my lips dash the poison, O Merciful  
Power!

Where the madness or blasphemy hung,  
And let every word, at which Virtue should  
lour  
Parch quick on my infamous tongue.

From my sight let the cause be eternally  
driven,  
Where my reason so fatally strayed,  
That no more I may offer an insult to Hea-  
ven,  
Or give Man a cause to upbraid.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Mearns'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Among the few English song writers, who have mingled reflection with their mirth, SHENSTONE may be properly enumerated. His compositions of this class are remarkably innocent. But, we are obliged to add, that they are often insipid. There is one, however, which cannot fail to please the readers of taste in general, and is sure to delight the Ladies, in particular. The image in the first stanza is so picturesque, that one unskilled in the graphick art may lament his want of power to *embody* the idea of the bard. In the second stanza, the love of nature is expressed with all a poet's partiality, and the decided preference of Beauty, to Bacchus, Reason, as well as Woman will approve.

Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join  
To plunge old Care in floods of wine,  
And, as your dazzled eyeballs roll,  
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is Hope so wholly flown,  
Nor yet is Thought so tedious grown,  
But limpid stream and shady tree  
Retain as yet some sweets for me.

And see, through yonder shady grove,  
See yonder does my CHARMER rove,  
With pride her footsteps I pursue,  
And bid your frantick joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire  
Is that my charmer's eyes inspire;  
I scorn the madness you approve,  
And value Reason next to Love.

### A MODERN SONNET.

Farewell! thou beauteous animal, fare-  
well!  
Thy patience so much longer than thine  
ears  
None but a Yorick's tender pen could tell,  
And call from Christians' eyes a flood of  
tears!

But what availed thy patience, or thine  
ears?  
Or what the love-lorn notes thou once  
did'st pour,  
When, as thy fav'rite passed, thou stood'st  
in gears,  
Tied with a halter at my grannam's door?

O! as she passed, how thou didst raise thy  
tone,  
And mighty proofs of love thou didst re-  
veal,  
And sometimes thou wouldst bray, and  
sometimes groan,  
Expressive of the passion thou didst feel!

Thou had'st more worth than Macedonia's  
King,  
Than Julius Cæsar, or than Bonaparte!  
The friend of man, and not his foe, I sing,  
They drew a dagger, and you drew—a  
cart.

Detested names! Oh! what a fatal *three*,  
Thank Heaven, before thee, *two* are gone  
to dust,  
The other soon, I hope, will follow thee,  
For, follow thee, assuredly he must!

Yes, he must die, though Frenchmen cry  
alas!  
Thus falls the Hero, and thus falls—the  
Ass.

The following dedication of a volume of  
poems, by an affectionate mother to a gal-  
lant soldier, her son, is worthy of the par-  
ties.

To John Banks Hunter, Esq., Captain  
in the second Battalion of Royals, sta-  
tioned at Gibraltar.

Dear John,

From the moment in which I saw  
you embark from the pier at Rams-  
gate, for the expedition to Holland, in  
1799, till that in which I received ac-  
counts of your safe return from Egypt

in the present year, 1802, I have been too seriously anxious to be poetical on your subject. Now, on the return of peace, I present you with this small volume: you are already acquainted with part of its contents, but there are some things in it which you have never seen. I have great pleasure in dedicating this publication to a worthy young man, and a brave soldier, whom I am proud to call my son.

I remain, with sincere esteem,

My dear John,

Your faithful friend,

And very affectionate Mother,

ANNE HUNTER.

—

In these places, says Gosson, a quaint writer, speaking of play-houses, in these places you shall see such pushing, shoving and shouldering to get at the women, such care for their garments that they be not trod on, such eyes to their caps that no chips light in them, such fellows to their backs that they take no hurt, such *nuzzling* in their ears to say I know not what, such presenting of pippins, such toying, such smiling, and smirking, such winking, such *rivalship* and *outgeneral-ling* in settling who shall *man* them home, that in good truth it is no small part of the comedy to mark their behaviour.

—

Grovelling calculators, says an indignant authour, whether in business or politicks, consider refined and generous pursuits as romance and folly; and without either a sense of honour, or regard to nature, truth and justice, study, in all things, not what is graceful, excellent, and right, but what at the moment seems advantageous or prudent.

—

We believe firmly in the witch-craft of many a *young* Sorceress, and from Hall's travels in Scotland, we derive the following anecdote, respecting this sort of enchantment.

A young gentleman of considerable property near St. Andrew's in Fife, some years ago having been on a jaunt to see Edinburgh, as he was riding between Sterling and Alloa, a fine young

healthy woman on horseback, who had been at Sterling, came galloping up, intending to pass him; but that when her horse was exactly abreast of his, notwithstanding repeated attempts on her part and the servant attending her, her horse would not go one inch past this gentleman. This naturally brought on a conversation, and they travelled some miles together, at last where two roads separate, her horse suddenly galloped off the great road, she saying farewell. This gave the gentleman scarcely any concern, and he and his servant rode on. But when they reached Alloa where he remained all night, he became extremely uneasy and almost distracted, that he did not ask her address. After a sleepless night, and chiding his servant for not asking the lad that attended her, where they resided, instead of proceeding on his way to Fife, he returned the way of Sterling, making inquiry every where about the young woman he had seen, towards whom he felt a *sympathetic attraction for which he could not account*. In pursuit of her, having hunted about for two days, like one out of his senses, he at length discovered the place of her abode, which was at her father's, a farmer in the Carse of Clackmannan. If pleased with her conversation, when on horseback, now that he saw her in a neat, plain, clean, country dress, he became *violently in love*, and proposed marriage. Notwithstanding that he was young, rich and handsome, yet she would not comply. Having returned to his house and staid a few days, *finding no peace*, he set out again to try his fortune with his fair acquaintance, in whom he saw every day *new beauties*. Several journeys of this kind being made, he, at last, *gained her affection*; and now having been married for years, they have five children, and are the happiest couple in the world.

—

It is remarkable, says a recent writer, that there is seldom any thing in the whole circle of human industry or economy that ever rises to great magnitude or extent, that does not derive its origin from a small and almost imperceptible beginning. The Roman Empire, undoubtedly the greatest re-

corded in History, if we measure greatness by its extent, multiplied by its duration, arose out of a handful of robbers, perched on a few contiguous heights; little better than Primrose hill in the vicinity of London. The kingdom of Italy, established in all the power, pomp and magnificence of Bonaparte will never rise to the grandeur of ancient Rome. The most flourishing states and towns are not always those, which have been planned before hand. The City of Washington, though situated so happily and so noble, may never, and certainly will not in the course of many years, equal that of Boston, which to use the words of Sir William Temple, speaking of the United Provinces of the Netherlands "was brought forth with violent throes, and nursed with hardfare." Great empires, states, cities, towns, and other societies like the "Kingdom of Heaven" may be compared to a grain of mustardseed, which, indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs and becometh a tree so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.

Archbishop Laud wished for an act of Parliament, authorising the people to amuse themselves on the Sabbath day, in any way they pleased.

#### BALLAD.

*From Arion and Orilla.*

On one parent stock two white roses were growing,  
From buds just unfolded and lovely to view;  
Together they bloom'd, with the same sunbeam glowing,  
And anointed at night by the same balmy dew.

A spoiler beheld the fair twins, and unsparing,  
Tore one from the stem, like a gay victim drest.  
Then left its companion—his prize proudly bearing,  
To blush for an hour ere it died on his breast.

But, ah! for the widow'd one—shrivell'd and yellow,  
Its sleek silver leaves lost their delicate hue;

It sicken'd in thought—pin'd to death for its fellow,  
Rejected the sunbeam, and shrunk from the dew.

Then where, ruthless spoiler! ah! where is thy glory,  
Two flow'rs strewn in dust, that might sweetly have bloom'd—  
A tomb is the record, which tells thy proud story,  
Where Beauty and Love are untimely consum'd.

#### SOLDIERS' DUET.

*From the Comick Opera "Sprigs of Laurel."*

*Lenox.* I like each girl that I come near,  
Though none I love but Mary,  
Oh she's my darling, only dear,  
Bewitching little fairy.

I ask a kiss, and she looks down,  
Her cheeks are spread with blushes,  
By Jove, says I, I'll take the town,  
Me back she gently pushes—  
I like each girl, &c.

*Sinclair.* When off 'twas blown, and 'twas my place,  
To fly for Mary's bonnet,  
So charming looked her lovely face,  
There I stood gazing on it.

Dressed all in white she tripped from home,  
And set my blood a thrilling,  
O, zounds, says I, the French are come,  
Sweet Mary looked so killing.  
I like each girl, &c.

*Lenox.* When to our colonel, at review,  
A Duchess cried so airy,  
"How does your royal Highness do?"  
Says I "I thank you Mary."  
I like each girl, &c.

*Sinclair.* To quick time marching, t'other day,  
Our fies played Andrew Carey,  
To every girl I gave the way,  
In compliment to Mary.  
I like each girl, &c.

#### ADDRESSED TO MISS ELIZA R—.

I saw thee first a rose leaf grow  
Just sprouted from its parent tree;  
I saw thee next a rose-bud glow,  
With blush of sweet SIMPLICITY.

I came again, and thou wert blown  
In Beauty's richest majesty,  
But though the rose mature had grown,  
I found the bud SIMPLICITY.

Oh long in health and beauty glow,  
 An honour to thy parent tree;  
 But whilst thy *blushing roses* blow,  
 Oh keep thy bud *SIMPLICITY*.

## SONG.

Said a Smile to a Tear,  
 On the cheek of my dear,  
 And beam'd like the sun in spring weather,  
 In sooth, lovely Tear,  
 It strange must appear,  
 That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,  
 A soft balm to impart,  
 To yonder sad daughter of grief,  
 And I, said the Smile,  
 That heart now beguile,  
 Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then said the Tear,  
 Sweet Smile, it is clear,  
 We are twins, and soft Pity, our mother;  
 And how lovely that face  
 Which together we grace,  
 For the wo and the bliss of another?

## TO SLEEP.

FRIEND of the wretch, who claims no other  
 friend,

Lull thou my children, O! assuasive  
 sleep!

In stealing stilness on their couch descend,  
 And bind those eyes which open but to  
 weep;

O'er their flush'd cheeks, their fever'd bos-  
 som, breathe,

And steep the bitter cares in sweet repose;  
 Then twine, in happy hour, thy poppy wreath,  
 With Hope's white bud and Fancy's thorn-  
 less rose!

To fairy climes in dreams transport my boys,  
 And feign delights they ne'er as truths  
 must know,

Yet hold! vain prayer, alas! to dream of  
 joys

But aggravates our sense of waking wo!  
 So, the lorn lonely slave whose dungeon's  
 gloom

Spreads round his vision a perpetual night,  
 Mourns as he muses on his earliest doom,  
 The vanish'd years of liberty and light!

## MERRIMENT.

A gentleman having engaged to fight a main of cocks, directed his feeder in the country, who was an Irishman, to pick out two of the best, and bring them to town. Paddy having made his selection, put the two cocks into a bag, and brought them with him in the mail-coach. When they arrived, it was found that upon their journey they had almost torn each other to pieces; on which Paddy was severely taken to task for his stupidity, in putting both cocks into one bag. "Indeed," said the honest Hibernian, "I thought there was no risk of their falling out, as they were going to fight on the same side."

Oliver Maillard, a Cordelier, had the reputation of being one of the most famous preachers of his time. Having glanced, in his sermon, at some trait applicable to the conduct of Louis XI, the irritated monarch desired the preacher to be told that he would drown him. "The king is master," replied Maillard: "but tell him that I shall arrive sooner in Paradise by water, than he will with all his post horses."

*Lon. pap.*

A gentleman having a servant with a very thick skull, used often to call him the *King of Fools*. "I wish," said the fellow one day, "you could make your words good: I should then be the greatest monarch in the world."

This was the apology of an Irishman, who being upbraided with *Cowardice*, said "he had as bold a heart as any man in the army, but his cowardly legs always ran away with it."

## Epitaph in a country Church-yard.

Two lovely babes lie buried here,  
 As ever blessed their parents dear;  
 But they were seized with ague fits,  
 And here they lie as dead as nuts.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, December 19, 1807.

[No. 25.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### CLASSICAL LEARNING.

*For The Port Folio.*

IN a late Port Folio, we announced, with an exultation which we warmly felt, that, by the favour of a friend, we had access to some of the MSS of Dr. NESBIT, the late venerable and learned Principal of Carlisle College. The following are his introductory remarks on the utility and beauty of CLASSICAL LEARNING. This union of persuasion and argument in favour of those immortal authours, who have adorned the fairest ages of literature, we hope, will be attentively regarded by all, who are ambitious to write and to speak well. When a taste for the beautiful reliques of antiquity shall induce the aspiring youth and studious gentlemen of the country, patiently to explore the imperishable pages of Demosthenes, Cicero, and Virgil, the arts of Composition and of Eloquence, so honoured and valued in every free government, will flourish, as in another Athens, or Rome, and the orators and writers of America may safely challenge a liberal comparison with the best efforts of the most rhetorical speakers, and purest writers of the other hemisphere.

The perspicuous, instructive, and elegant Lectures, in which the merits and character of the classical writers are discussed ably, as well as agreea-

bly, will be published in course, and form an article in The Port Folio, of such genuine merit, that, however censured the Editor may be for the choice, or the composition of other essays, for the publication of this he is sure of the commendation of every scholar in the country.

### ON THE ANCIENT LANGUAGES AND A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

KNOWLEDGE, however excellent in itself, and however beneficial to mankind, has always had some enemies; so that those who are engaged in the pursuit of it, need not be surprized if they do not meet with respect from the multitude. They may comfort themselves, however, by reflecting that those, who despise knowledge, are ignorant of its worth, and therefore that their judgment in a matter with which they are not acquainted, is of no weight or authority.

The enemies of Learning pretend that the study of Languages, in general, is useless; and they apply this observation, with apparent triumph, to the study of the Latin and Greek Languages, because they are not now spoken in any part of the world, and the most valuable works in both have been faithfully translated.

The study of languages has always been a part of the education of youth, among civilized nations, and the Greek and Roman languages have been so long in possession of the esteem of mankind, that it is probable they will continue to make a part of polite education, in spite of all the endeavours of the ignorant, to represent them as useless.

What idea those people have of usefulness, who represent the study of the dead languages as useless, is extremely easy to guess. They mean, that a student will not make money by understanding these languages. But is money the only object in the world worth the seeking, and the art of gaining money the only one in which youth are to be instructed? The greatest admirers of money will not pretend this. But although this were actually the case, and money the great object of human diligence, yet it must be owned, that that kind of education which is recommended by the admirers of money is often as ineffectual for the end in view, as the study of Greek or Latin. And those who are taught these languages, are, at least, in no worse situation than others, for discovering the most probable means of acquiring wealth, with this additional advantage, that if they acquire it, they are *more capable of enjoying it with dignity, and propriety.*

The eminence to which the Greeks and Romans arrived renders their language and history an object worthy of curiosity, besides that their writings are the only means by which we can know any thing of other nations, they being the only people, who cultivated the study of letters, and took care to transmit the knowledge of interesting facts and eminent characters to posterity.

To acquire a sufficient knowledge of these celebrated people, we ought to study their Language, their History, their Religion, their Laws, and those customs, that prevailed in private life, which so often throw much light on national characters, and give us a more exact knowledge of remote ages. These are to be discovered chiefly in their poetry, and such performances as describe Life and Manners, as the gravity of History seldom descends to describe the transactions of private life, however interesting they may be to posterity.

When we consider, that of all the literary performances of the Romans, sixty books only, have been preserved to our times, and many of these mangled and defective, while no less than three thousand Greek authours are still extant, we may admire the ravages of war and the caprice of fortune; and be convinced, at the same time, that the study of letters was much more prevalent in Greece, than in the Roman empire.

Those who have only a superficial acquaintance with the ancients, will find their works insipid and disgusting, from the confused ideas of their manners, which their imperfect reading has enabled them to make, and from the injudicious comparisons they are apt to form, of ancient to modern times.

For the right understanding of ancient authours, we ought to consider the times wherein they lived, their notions of Religion and Morals, the state of Science, and the

form of Government, under which they wrote, and the notions which their circumstances led them to form of human nature, as without this knowledge, their writings must appear unintelligible, as well as trifling to modern readers.

The ancient writers may be divided into several classes: poets, historians, orators, and philosophers. Some few works of criticism have likewise been preserved. Of these the poets are the most ancient and most celebrated, though we have the works only of a few of them. As poetry is the most ancient mode of composition, it admits of great variety, and has been successfully applied to many subjects. In the ruder ages, the maxims of moral wisdom, the traditional History of ancient times, the rude Elements of Science, the Laws of States, and the Maxims of the common Arts of Life, were all delivered in verse; and this mode of composition being the fittest to commit to memory, was suited to those ages, wherein writing was unknown, and constituted all the learning of those early times. Homer, the most ancient poet extant, and, at the same time, the most voluminous, could neither write nor read. His poems were recited by himself, and consigned to the memories of the bards, or rhapsodists of Greece and Asia, from whom Lycurgus collected them, and Solon and Pisistratus are said to have digested them into the form and order in which they now appear.

*(To be continued.)*

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For The Port Folio.

## CURSORY SKETCHES

IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THE BORDERS  
OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

To — at Coldenham, New-York.

*(Continued from page 379.)*

My dear S——, will trace our route, this morning, through a country, wrapt in hazy gloom, the landscape dimly seen, and the frequent recurrence of water, fordable, though turbid and deep, giving conspicuous variety to the borders of the Southern state. We stopped to make inquiries, respecting agricultural subjects, and were told that when the Hessian fly, was making some depredations on the wheat, in 1805, they were so numerous, as totally to obscure the Sun. Thus do travellers, receive and circulate intelligence, to which common sense refuses credibility. Heavy rain met us at Woodbu-

ry, where we dined. The rapid winds suddenly, brought up a column of terrific blackness, flashes of lightning and reiterated peals of thunder, scattered the ash-coloured clouds across the Eastern hemisphere. We were on a considerable elevation, which commanded a grand view of the passing storm. Our progress was impeded a few hours; when the rural world reassumed an animated glow. The air was perfumed with clover bloom, the rose of June unfolded its damask leaf, and the snowy blossoms of black-berries, gayly decorated the hedges. Here we saw a Roman Chapel, half imbosomed in trees, amongst which the flowering poplar, was distinguishingly beautiful. From a schoolhouse, on the road side, a number of youthful voices, sent forth a simple strain. The mountain's dark verge now towered in prospect, and as a sunbright radiance tinged the blue horizon,

The mind, o'er Heaven's illumined arch,  
Mused on the Architect Divine.

We checked our horses, to survey  
this romanick spot, I shall never forget  
the melody of that impressive moment.

Within the solitary grove,  
As Zephyr fann'd the quiv'ring spray,  
Building its little bow'r of love,  
And breathing soft, a melting lay,  
The pensive vesper song was heard,  
Hymn'd by a tuneful Southern bird.  
E'en now, on Fancy's raptured ear,  
The plaintive trill vibrates again:  
The woodnote wild, so soft, so clear;  
Its cadence sweet, its soothing strain,  
And all its mellow tones impart,  
Thrilling remembrance to the heart.

After crossing the Monocky, we gladly marked our near approach to Fredericktown. Its pleasant situation together with a large and airy house of Mrs. Kimbler, promised us agreeable accommodations. Her absence was supplied by the attention of her daughter; the order and regularity of her household, happily conduced to the ease and comfort of strangers, who were gratefully sensible of those kind offices, which sooth and alleviate life's weary hour. In the evening, as the Church bell rang, a Maryland gentle-

man observed it was to remind the people of Frederick, that *Sunday* was approaching. The Sabbath arrived; but not with all those accompaniments, which usher in the day at home. The loaded waggons were pursuing the usual routine of business, and the coloured inhabitants, who were released from labour, wasted the interval in noise and riot. Our friends, the L— party, rejoined us here. We mutually appreciated the happiness resulting from a due observance of the Sabbath. R. B. L. smiled at the warmth of our eulogium, on all that we admired. He renewed a polite invitation to his habitation, predicting that every local prepossession would vanish, if Virginia's pleasant attractions met our view. Yet, in this part of our tour, there was a shade of "darkness to be felt." L— anticipated our sentiment and sighing said, it was a grievance harder to be endured by masters than slaves: but tell me not that I am not *national* when I acknowledge the cordial urbanity, and openness of character, southward of Pennsylvania, which obtains a vast superiority over the retiring coldness of our state manners. Travellers, in quick succession, gave an endless diversity to the scene, which now exchanged the L— family for a coach full of Carolinians: gay variety and pleasing manners rendered Col. L. M. and his party a valuable addition to the society at the inn. They had collected some brilliant petrifications at a cave near Staunton, in Virginia: It was described with very many allurements, for the curious: but it was not our object to penetrate into caverns; or to investigate the earth's internal structure, all that was beautiful or novel on its surface, we traced with interest and delight. To the politeness of a young gentleman of this family we owe several specimens to enrich *Caroli's* cabinet at home. Here The Port Folio arrested our attention; with avidity, we each selected a number, greeting it, as the face of a friend. Its early writers, with some interesting anecdotes of Florian and Ithacus, enlivened conversation, and imperceptibly placed us in the same literary circle. From the civility of some, and the talents of

others, our pleasures multiplied and the sphere of our enjoyments enlarged. We were perpetually reminded of the different result of habit and education in the American character. It would seem incredible that the slight barrier of rivers, or the small space that forms the boundaries of Pennsylvania and Maryland, should produce manners so dissimilar, and mental features so distinctly marked. Before the sun was invisible, we ascended the *house top elevation* to view the vicinity of the town, and were highly gratified with a distant prospect of mountains, on which the daystar left its warm lustre; the miniature beauties that surrounded us, were tinged with a faint glow, yet so mutable was the colouring, that as we gazed, Twilight wove her dim veil.

*Fredericktown.*

A clear morning, at 7 o'clock, had by general consent, assembled the ladies in their riding habits, and the gentlemen in travelling equipment. As the only expedient to relieve the toils of the day, Col. L. M. recommended a double portion of patience to us, who were to meet the fatigue, which they had happily surmounted. Here we parted, with many kind wishes and warm adieus. The roads were extremely rough, and so cut by heavy waggons, that before we had advanced three miles from Frederick, the screw which fastened our traces was broken, and on the ascent of a rugged hill, we alighted, fearfully anticipating a pedestrian tour. The invincible spirit of P—— received a check, when he beheld a feminine triumvirate, silently wandering with the petit musician, as their escort, yet, ever fertile in means, the accident was quickly repaired, and excessive weariness was beguiled by the reward that was to recompense our exertions: 20 miles in advance marked our approach to Harper's ferry. The base and acclivities of the hills were completely covered with a rich bloom of pink and white laurel. This attractive shrubbery, was rendered singularly beautiful by contrasting the blushing tints of its buds, with the whiteness of the full-blown flower. Evergreens,

and other small trees extended their branches into the carriage, whilst clusters of wild violets filled the gale with their fragrance, but this was the softened lineaments of nature, the grand outline that now presented, the pencil and the pen would delineate in vain. Stones and rude fragments of rock had rendered the soil scarcely discernible. On one side a cragged pile rose in terrific grandeur, projecting over the road, and threatening instantaneously to crush the feeble atoms, that were below. The aching eye looked out dismayed, the solemn roar of distant waters broke upon the ear, and the bold and rapid waves of the Potomack now murmured, as they rolled along. Before us vast mountains towered, on whose awful heights a deep blue veil seemed suspended. This chain of wonders lifted the heart in adoration of that Power, by whom "mountains were molten, and vallies cleft." Here the Shanandoah mixes its waters with the Potomack, presenting an impressive picture of wild magnificence, in the passage of those stately rivers, through the mountain's chasm, disjoining immense piles of rock and forcing their way through the Blue Ridge, whose cloud-capt eminence frowned, awfully sublime.

This moment, my friend, was the first in my life, wherein realities exceeded the measurements of fancy.—We dined on the Virginia side, but the novelty of our situation, gave us slight appetites. A deep-toned bell summoned the workmen to the armoury and the arsenal, our attention was directed thither; but the works of art were so inconsiderable, compared with the sublimity of nature, that all curiosity respecting them sunk, whilst in mute astonishment, we saw the sun retiring from the visible horizon, and the gloom of evening suddenly approach.

"Deepening the murmur of the falling floods,  
"And breathing browner horror on the woods."

Sleep was banished from our pillow, and we traversed the chamber at midnight to view the stars glittering

over the summits that encircled us.—When we beheld the nocturnal world clothed in its sombre mantle, and listened (amid nature's dread silence) to the hoarse murmur of water falling over rocks, and dashing against the shore, we rendered homage to those attributes Omnipotent, in creating and mercifully placing boundaries to the waves. Gladly we marked the faint beam of morning, and saw the sun casting its glories over the river's intermingling currents. A broad glare of light was diffused on surrounding objects, as we ascended the high grounds, leading to Shepherdstown. A new creation seemed starting into existence, and fancy doubtfully realized the romantick scenes, from which we had so recently emerged. On the borders of Virginia, the landscape softened into perfect tranquillity: the woodlands were solitary, the traces of inhabitants indistinct, and cultivation lost that animated charm, which we observed in the cheerful haunts of agriculture in Pennsylvania. We often wanted water in this day's excursion. The springs were at a distance from the huts. At a lowly roof we obtained a pellucid draught for ourselves, but the kindness was not extended to our horses, an ancient black woman protested against their drinking out of her *new tin bucket*, we had no right to dispute her privileges, and as our languid looks beguiled her of an egg, we thankfully accepted a gratuity, with the aid of which, we pursued our ride to Martinsburg, 200 miles from home. This spot, though elevated, wore an unpleasant appearance. A gloomy prison, shattered houses, and an air of desolation reigned. The inn was commodious and our repast in handsome style. At eventide we heard a number of workmen, singing a patriotick song, in praise of America's hero. We became reconciled to our situation (perhaps) in consideration of this grateful tribute to Washington.

*Adieu.*

(*To be continued.*)

## POLITE LITERATURE.

*For The Port Folio.*

If we could retrace the progress of nature in an individual, up to the origin of his animal existence, and take into consideration all the accidents whereby he might, in any manner, have been affected, we should be able to give some account of those peculiarities of constitution, or temperament, which make such a diversity among mankind. If I were endowed with such discernment, I confess I should take a particular pleasure in discovering the immediate causes of that extreme sensibility, that rather suffers, than enjoys, the common lot, and scorns the dulness of vulgar wishes. I would remark the delicate structure of the organs, the vivid elasticity of the fibres, and the exalted form of the spirits; which altogether make up a mass of sensation, if I may use the expression, and result in habits but little suited to the ordinary business of human life.

Although this or any other temperament may be derived with our very being, it is extremely probable that it undergoes considerable alteration, especially in that susceptible period of life, when education undertakes to mend the workmanship of nature.

Those who are bred to labour acquire sinew and athletick ability; and as the hand, that is insured to the axe-helve, contracts a callosity that knows nothing of the sensations of touch, so it is probable that laborious employment superinduces an apathy on the mind itself, that suppresses the ardour of imagination, and defies the incitement of poetick images, however beautiful or interesting. Even liberal education may have different effects, as it directs the attention of the student to objects of fancy and taste on the one hand, or to the more abstract studies of pure science on the other. In the former case, Knowledge and Sentiment go hand in hand; the heart and the head are jointly cultivated; and nothing is well understood until it is recognized by its appropriate passion: in the latter, the progress is merely intellectual, and every object assumes an air of severity, that tolerates no emotion, and prohibits the play of fancy as mere impertinence. Hence the reader must excuse me, if I should not expect to find much amiableness in a profest mathematician—the answering look, the sympathetick glow, in a cold configuration of angles and right lines, that owned no relation, and paid no regard to any thing, but the axiom upon which it was built.

It must be owned too, that climate has its effect upon the temper—that even different qualities of the atmosphere within the same climate may be attended with considerable varieties of human nature. Not only do the equatorial ardours produce an excitement, unknown in the frozen regions

of the north, but the inhabitants of the highlands within our own observation, are as superiour to their neighbours of the swamp in spriteliness as in situation; and at a time when sensibility made good its pretensions to, or rather its identity with genius in Athens, the poor Boeotians were excused for their stupidity on account of their breathing a thick air.

There is indeed a very evident difference between sensibility and learning, and it will be granted too, that there is no necessary connexion between sensibility and intellect; but of that enterprising, creative complexion of mind, commonly called genius, it is the basis. A feeling heart is easily affected; and the frequent impressions that it receives are too *home-felt* to be disregarded, or soon forgotten. Rather by rumination and reflection they are repeated, and propagated through a succession of sensations, which become more and more refined, as they are oftener subjected to the revisions of the judgment, and reduced to the order of philosophick decorum. Hence two advantages which, while they indicate, conduce not a little to the perfection of genius, viz. the mind is kept in action; and, by the infinite variety of aspects, with which the imagination is continually solicited, it is furnished with subjects in which the novelty of fiction confers an additional charm on the congeniality of nature.

The exhibitions, both of nature and art, are thrown away upon a phlegmatick disposition. It never feels itself accommodated by any thing but the necessities of life, or the most common instances of utility. A man of this cast would not be a hundred pounds poorer than he is for all the endowments that ever were attained by study, or displayed by genius. His indifference is proof against the charms of the beautiful, and the magnificence of the sublime; and were there no other witness but himself, it would never be known that there are any such characters in nature. But, on the other hand, the man of feeling not only receives those characters by a complete impression, but perceives their harmony, with an enthusiasm, that sets all his faculties at work, and fertilizes his soul. What is thus committed to him is not *hid in the earth, or laid up in a napkin*. He multiplies those enchanting pictures, with the mutual variety and uniformity of their original; and, if education has furnished him with the aids of language, images forth his mental offspring to people the regions of literary enchantment. Then sensibility is the only soil in which Nature can sow her beauties with certainty of increase.

If the counsels of wisdom lay hold on the pupil's heart, or if his mind yields to the voice of instruction, it is because he was formed of a finer mould, and the elements conspired more harmoniously in his constitution. A natural flexibility prepared him for

the plastick hand of education, and completely answered the designs of a judicious tuition, in all the accomplishments of intelligent and social life. The youthful modesty that reddens on his cheek, as the blossom of future excellence, flatters the wishes of parental fondness, and promises to repay the pains of discipline a thousand fold.

That mode of humanity that is sometimes called politeness, and without which human life would be a most inhuman spectacle, is so much owing to sensibility, that I imagine that if the rudest clown that ever wore a hob nail could, by some physical process, be extricated from that slough that he has contracted from his manner of life, he would immediately become an example of all that is valuable in cultivated manners. Sensibility itself is easily pained; and it will be cautious of giving offence in a way that is so open to retaliation; while a sympathetic regard to the feelings of others improves the behaviour into one of the most amiable forms of benevolence.

In a moral point of view likewise, we might, without refining too much, attribute many advantages to sensibility. Sensibility is a nice discerner, and is often shocked at an action of which a man of ordinary feelings would make no matter of conscience at all. As disgust at what is villainous, and abhorrence at what is wicked, counteract the temptation to the one and the other, so the contemplation of a good action gives a pleasure (it is so sublime that I can hardly call it by so common a name) a pleasure, I say, that outweighs a thousand precepts in determining a man to be good: and so, while vulgar souls forbear to rob on the highway, for fear of being hanged, he who is endued with a genuine delicacy spontaneously pursues a course of virtue as the road to happiness.

But here I must give place to a recollection that is but too strongly enforced by repeated observation. Sensibility is not always equitable. Men of feeling sometimes (I wish it were seldom) lose the command of themselves, and by an excess of passion, expose themselves to all the pain, without the bliss of dying. What terrible discord, what thrilling dissonance was that? Why, nothing less than the cry of violated harmony. The instrument had been finely strung, and hundreds have witnessed the sweetness of its tones; but some rude shock has disordered it, and by the conflict of shrill sounds we are reminded, with regret, of its former subserviency to our pleasure. In like manner we may account for the agonizing paroxysms of Sensibility, and sympathize with the keen sensations of a heart, too tender for the rudeness of a scuffling world.

But if the watery surface is easily ruffled, and nothing in nature is more turbulent than the sea in a storm, the horrible tempest is

compensated by the succeeding calm, diffusing a tranquillity that no other element can equal: and let it be remembered that the quiet intervals of minds, whose extreme quickness of feeling leaves them too much at the mercy of every wind that blows in this squally period of our existence, is attended with a delightful consciousness, in comparison with which the composure of other men is mere dulness.

M. L.

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*For The Port Folio.*

### THE USEFUL ARTS.

*On the separation of saline matter, and sebacick acid from the butter commonly called firkin, or keg butter; thereby rendering it equal in point of goodness to fresh.*

The celebrated chymists Scheele and Crell, have paid particular attention to the acid contained in fat, by which we understand tallow, lard, butter, train oil, spermaceti, &c. They have obtained it by distillation from those substances, and by forming soaps with alkalis, as the potash; the oily parts they separated by mixing it with a solution of alum, (supersulphate of alumina and potash, in chymistry), and heating them gradually. Now, as sebacick acid combines with various substances, it unites, in this case, with potash, and forms a salt known in chymistry by the name of sebate of potash; this sebate of potash, meaning the acid of fat, combined with the alkali, is obtained from its solution, by evaporating the liquor until crystallization takes place: but in chymistry, we find that we must decompose this sebate of potash, to obtain pure sebacick acid; for this purpose, we distil in a retort, this salt, with half its weight of sulphurick acid; we then decompose it, in consequence of the develtent power of sulphurick acid overcoming the quiescent affinity of the constituent parts of the salt, we procure the acid in the recipient, and a sulphate of potash in the retort. Having shown what is meant by sebacick acid, we come now to speak more particularly of the subject in question: viz. the purification

of butter. To accomplish this, desideratum, as it is undoubtedly of much importance, particularly to the seafaring gentlemen, we must resort, for principles, to the science of chymistry: but in the purification of salt or keg butter, we must separate two substances to effect our object: to wit, the saline matter, muriate of soda, common salt, and the sebacick acid, or acid of fat, which is analogous to the principle of rancidity: which property butter is apt to contract, by exposure to the air, the oxygen being absorbed to constitute the acid, with the radical or base; it is by a somewhat similar process, the rancidity of oils takes place; viz. by a certain principle in the oil, perhaps animal mucilage, decomposing oxygen gas of the atmosphere, and absorbing oxygen; the principle of acidity.

Having given our preliminary remarks, we come now to the

#### *Separation of saline matter.*

To separate the saline matter, in keg butter, we may precipitate nearly all the salt, by melting it in a vessel: for this purpose, for several reasons, we must prefer an iron vessel; for instance, a skillet; on applying heat, the calorick repulses the attraction of aggregation, causes the butter to melt, and assume the fluid aggregate: gravity then begins to act, and precipitation, of course, to take place; the saline matter separates to the bottom, and the melted butter is nearly free from salt, and contains only the sebacick acid, which is to be freed by a subsequent process:—by decantation, as the strata are quite distinct, the butter may be freed from the residuum. Copper, or glazed earthenware vessels should not be used for this operation, as they are injurious to the health; because the acid in the butter, by using copper vessels, combines with that metal, produces a greenish compound, the sebate of copper: and, by using glazed vessels, the same effects would ensue, as the oxydes of lead, which enter into the glazing, as a component part, would, by this means, be partly dissolved; and this would form

a poisonous salt, the sebate of lead. Having thus separated the greater portion of the salt, our next object, which we should direct our attention to, would be, to disengage the remaining portion with the sebacick acid. This may be accomplished in two ways: to wit, 1st, pour the butter, when melted, and gone through the first operation, into another skillet, and immediately add a quantity of warm water,\* which must be kept in that state, for some minutes; afterwards the whole may be thrown, or the butter alone, if possible, into a churn containing boiling water. By this means, together with agitation, all the remaining saline matter will be dissolved and the sebacick acid will be disengaged. Alcohol, or rectified spirits of wine, also has the property of disengaging the sebacick acid from fat, butter, &c.

Query: Would it not answer to separate the acid in rancid butter; to mix the melted butter with potash, thereby forming a combination of butter, and alkali: afterwards, to add alum in solution, as the acid† of the alum would unite with the potash, thereby disengaging the latter from the butter, which would float on the surface; the sebacick acid, in consequence of a reciprocal affinity, would unite with the argillaceous earth of the alum, forming a sebate; and as all the substances, (except the pure butter), would either precipitate or be held dissolved in the water, the butter, might easily be separated? however, this is merely an idea thrown out, according to certain principles.

Cold, acting upon the melted butter, which we have purified by the former process, counteracts the repulsive effects of heat; of course, assists the attraction of cohesion, and the body assumes a solid form; hence a separation of the aqueous portion, holding the saline matter and the sebacick acid in solution; may be easily accomplished.

(To be concluded in our next).

\* Rosewater may be used, to make it more agreeable.

† Sulphurick acid.

For The Port Folio.

## THE LAY PREACHER.

"Now when much time was spent, and when sailing was now dangerous, Paul admonished them, and said unto them, Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives. Nevertheless the Centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things, which were spoken by Paul."

This affectionate admonition so modestly, so courteously, so benignantly expressed, claimed and deserved all the Centurion's regard. But this appeal, both to the reason and the passions of a Roman soldier was ineffectual. The warning voice of Sagacity, the counsel of Prudence, and even the silver tones of Eloquence itself, neither convinced nor persuaded vulgar Obstinacy. Why? "because the Centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things, which were spoken by Paul." The genius of Foreknowledge herself personified by an Apostle, rears her aspiring form on the Cretan strand, and darts her eyes of keenness across the Adriatick Gulf. She sees, in the gloomy distance, every image of night, and tempest, and terror, she sees the shattered mast, and hears the howl of the tempest, and the shrieks of the mariner. She exclaims in her most friendly voice to the Centurion and his companions: Beware, my Julius, beware my brethren, weigh not anchor, winter at Crete, unfurl no sail, till genial Spring time come, and South winds softly blow.

Is it possible that men will not listen to such a monitor? Is the deaf adder always an emblem of human perverseness, which will not hearken to the voice of the charmer, charming ever so wisely? Yes, it seems to be a characteristick of our nature, often to treat with contemptuous neglect, advice the most salutary, and prophesyings the most authentick, and to rush with desperate zeal, hoodwinked to perdition.

But I shall not detain my readers with moralizing, which they may think dullness, when it is in my power to

describe a voyage, which I am sure they will pronounce entertaining.

To understand the full import of Paul's caution, the centurion's carelessness, and the sinister consequences, which followed from the latter, let us look into the last chapter of the Acts. It is short, but it is exceedingly copious of amusement and instruction.

In consequence of the zeal of St. Paul, in defence of the Christian Faith, he is accused, tried, and condemned before a provincial Tribunal. He appeals, and is ordered to embark for Rome. This voyage to Italy commences with every evil omen. The accused Apostle first enters into a ship of *Adramyttium*. But the winds are contrary. After being tossed about, and crossing two seas, the desired haven is still at a distance, and at Myra, an Alexandrian vessel receives our illustrious wanderer. Here again navigation is checked. Some torpedo seems to cling to the keel. The winds will not suffer the ship to pursue her course. *They sail'd slowly many days.* Their lagging progress is finely described, by almost every word in the context. The line labours almost as much as the ship. They could hardly pass one of the petty islands in the Mediterranean. They have not yet lost sight of Candia. Meanwhile, Autumn advances. Much time has been lost, and though the Halcyon now sits brooding on the unruffled wave, yet Winter and Tempest and Trouble are at hand. The deceitful tranquillity of the sea and the sky did not delude Paul. He needed no almanack to foretel him of the foul weather, which approached. nor took an observation, except by the glass of Experience and Sagacity. He discerned mischief at the very verge of the horizon, in *the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand*. He told his fellow passengers plainly, that the voyage would prove perilous, not merely to the vessel and cargo, but to themselves. He doubtless enforced his admonition with all the arguments, which his dexterous logick could so adroitly employ, and all that blandishment, which his graceful elocution could lavish. In short, he appealed directly

not only to their good sense, but to their interest, and to their fears. If Wisdom, Authority, Genius, Learning, insinuating manners, and versatile talents were ever combined in one man, and all employed for the benefit of his fellow men, it was on this occasion. Julius, the centurion, in whose custody Saint Paul is detained, had just witnessed the astonishing powers of the Apostle, in the course of his arduous trial before King Agrippa, and the captious Festus; before a Jewish Viceroy, and a Roman Procurator, both of them his mortal enemies. On this interesting occasion, the Apostle displayed so much eloquence, assisted by all the powers of Reason, Innocence, Truth, and Nature, that even his austerer Judge, relenting, is almost won over to Christianity, and both Agrippa and Festus, with a harmony that does them honour, agree that this fascinating man deserved neither death nor disgrace, and that he might have been liberated, had he not appealed to a higher tribunal. The centurion was so forcibly struck with the generous qualities of this great man's mind, that though he held him as a prisoner, he treated him with the utmost humanity, and, on their arrival at Sidon, he had so much confidence in his honour and integrity, and so much compassion for his misfortunes, that, as it is beautifully expressed in the original, Julius courteously intreated Paul, and gave him liberty to go unto his friends to refresh himself. Yet with all these favourable impressions, this polite, and gentle, and generous soldier, like too many men of the world, was swayed by ignorant, mechanical, and mercenary people, and trusted vulgar Credulity rather than Philosophick Genius. Although he had such recent experience of the abilities of the Apostle, *nevertheless*, I am ashamed to add the miserable and disgraceful conclusion, nevertheless, the centurion believed the master and the owner of the ship, more than those things, which were spoken by Paul. A venal owner of the cargo and an ignorant mariner, who, as it appears had scarcely a chart to steer by, put to si-

lence even the tongue of an Apostle. Thus does the "learned pate duck to the golden fool," thus, in common life, is the honourable merchant supplanted by the vulgar pedler; thus, is the scholar often defeated by the dunce, and thus does the long-eared ass of drudgery sometimes gain more attention than the fleetest zebra, that ever bounded over the hills. The pilot and the owner easily persuade the credulous centurion. The crew too, always restless and fond of change, are eager to depart. Because, in their absurd opinion, the *Fair haven*, where they were at anchor in safety, was not perfectly commodious to winter in, *the more part advised to depart thence, if, by any means, they might attain to Phœnix*. These mad mariners consulted nothing but their own impatient humour, listened to nothing, but to that deceitful breeze, which is courted to waft them to some *other port*; and, when the South wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, with all the credulity of foolishness, and all the rashness of desperation they set sail, in defiance of Paul and of Prudence herself.

Let us mark the consequences of so romantick an adventure, instigated by the *voice of the people*, and pursued by an opinionated owner, a fool-hardy pilot, and a crew of madcap mariners, who, probably, with all the plausibility of pert Pretension, talked to the goodnatured centurion about tides and currents, as though inspired by the very Genius of the Sea.

But not long after there arose a tempestuous wind called Euroclydon; and now we shall have a fine specimen of the skill of these selfwilled sailors. They are in the utmost confusion and consternation. They abandon the vessel to the mercy of the storm. She reels to and fro, with a motion more giddy than the drunkards who have thus exposed her. The description is so emphatical and picturesque in the original, that it merits transcription. "And when the ship *was caught*, and could not bear up into the wind, *we let her drive*. And running under a certain Island, which is called Claudia,

*we had much work to come by the boat which, when they had taken up, they used helps, undergirding the ship; and, fearing lest they should fall into the quicksands, strake sail. and so were driven*. And we being exceedingly tossed with a tempest, the next day they lightened the ship, and the third day we cast out with our own hands the tackling. And when *neither sun nor stars in many days appeared*, and no small tempest lay on us, *all hope that we should be saved was then taken away*.

VIRGIL's description of a storm in the first book of an Epick poem, which is the boast of ages, and the darling of Criticism, may be more elaborate, yet is not more affecting than the above narrative.

But the misfortunes of these miserable mariners are by no means at an end. During the space of a fortnight, a most tremendous interval, the storm rages with unmitigated wrath. They are buffeted by all the billows of the Adriatick Sea. At starless midnight, dreading the peril of hidden rocks they cast four anchors out of the ship, and WISHED FOR THE DAY. Infatuated, intimidated men, how often did ye wish not only for the dawn of a serene morning, but that ye had listened to the voice of the Saint and the Sage, and not have loosed from Crete to have gained this harm and loss.

Though Paul had been so maltreated by these misguided men, he does not attempt to revenge himself in the height of their calamity. After calmly expostulating with them on the enormous absurdity of their conduct, his very next accents are those of comfort and consolation. He exhorts the dejected mariner to be of good cheer, assures him that no life shall be lost, predicts, as from the beginning, the shipwreck, as a punishment for their temerity, then renews his topicks of cheerfulness, and apprizes them that they will reach the island of Malta in safety.

Thus terminates the voyage of this crazy Alexandrian skiff, whose owner was Self-Love, whose helmsman was Rashness, and whose sailors were

Blindness, Caprice, and Obstinacy. As might be expected, even by an individual of far less penetration than Paul, this illmanaged and illfated vessel ran aground, and a pitiful figure she makes on the shore, with her head stuck in the sand, and her stern broken with the violence of the waves. The cargo gluts the sea, the ship is wrecked on the strand, and on disjointed planks and broken boards, overwhelmed with fear, harrassed by hunger, drenched with rain, and benumbed with cold, instead of a secure haven and a comfortable home under the clement skies of their regretted Italy, the mariners find themselves on a barren rock and among a barbarous people.

Shakspeare, somewhere, describing a herd of a similar character to the crew in the text, remarks, that *they'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk*. Our rash mariners had all this facility. Without making a wry face, they swallowed every word of the owner and master of the ship, with as much ease as they would a sugar'd medicine, but it proved to be the bitterest pill they had ever taken, and, as we have seen, aggravated all the horrors of their sea sickness to a tenfold degree.

We have now finished a narrative of this sinister voyage, which, we are afraid, as far as our own pen has been employed, will prove as fatiguing to our readers, as it was to the remonstrating Saint, and the rebellious crew. One natural inference shall now be drawn, which may be considered as the moral of this essay.

In every country, in every age, how often has this despicable farce of human perverseness been exhibited? How obstinately do men shut their eyes against the radiance of Reason, and stop their ears, to exclude the voice of Truth.

In seasons of political peril, for example, how often has a sagacious statesman, whose wisdom and prescience have been tried, as it were, in a balance, and uniformly stood the test of an unerring standard, cautioned in vain, both the officer and the mariner not to embark madly in the crazy

ship Desperation. Some narrow calculation, some short-sighted policy, some giddy humour predominated over Experience, Prudence, and Genius. Men rush to their ruin. The *Euroclydon* rises. The bleak North-east of Adversity howls in every ear. The fatal *Levanter* sweeps the sea and the sky. The *fountains of the great deep are broken up*, and our bark and the crew are dashed on the quicksands of Destruction.

#### ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following exquisite specimen of style, we borrow from a Boston paper, and recommend to those orators who, in future, may display their abilities on the Fourth of July, to take lessons from Mr. Choice, the *American*. As the Proprietor of the following invaluable articles, is, to use his own expression of a *singular turn*, he will probably obtain much credit from a people, who as it is reported, being full of notions themselves, will not be offended with a little eccentricity in another.

Our American advertiser, unlike many a presuming Englishman, who visits us, is no *travelling man of deceptions*, like that cursed MOORE, for instance, who went about, seeking whom he might devour, and debauched all the wives and daughters in the land. But, though some men *think light of many things*, *Honesty and Justice will have sway*, and Peter Choice be a chosen vessel exhaling all the *aroma* of the East. In consequence of profoundly plunging into discoveries, and the delight he feels in beholding machinery going on in a sort of patriotick journey, for the good of the country, he has found a relief for the eye, and a relief for the tooth, a reviver of hair, and a *restorer of lips*. God bless him. Those *pretended* ivory and *swine's hair* brushes, which have rubbed the enamel from our teeth, and driven all patience from our souls, are superseded by a skilful *Regulator*; and as for his Cordial of Life, if, as the

name imports, it should turn out to be *French Brandy*, by St. Cogniack, Mr. Choice, your customers will be innumerable.

## NEW INVENTIONS,

BY PETER CHOICE, *an American.*

As the publick are troubled with *many travelling men of deceptions, making their appearance too often, which makes them think light of many things that are brought forward at the present day; but honesty and justice will have sway.* There is once in a while a quack offers his medicines, but they are a mixture of ignorance and boldness. They never have any practice, nor any education fit for the undertaking.

You will often find them running down all other discoveries, as impositions and falsehoods. Such men are not friends of society. They never spend any thing for knowledge or information; their only object is to accumulate wealth. On the contrary, a man striving to do good plunges into discoveries, values neither time nor money to do good to society; *money is not his only object.* No, his object is, to relieve the distressed, and ease the labours of man. He *delights in seeing machinery and discoveries going on for the benefit of the country.*

The Proprietor humbly offers to the publick the following invaluable preparations.

The Transparent Eye Relief, cures all humours and redness of the Eye, and strengthens the sight. It is allowed to be superior to any thing of the kind, heretofore made use of. Price 25 cents per bottle.

The Invaluable Tooth Relief, which by its *virtue*, will effectually relieve the teeth from all pain, and will restore them to their whiteness. It is superior to any tooth-powder, for cleaning the teeth, and besides, it leaves an excellent sweet breath. One bottle of Invaluable Restorative will do as much service, as three boxes of common tooth-powder. It will also preserve the teeth from being affected. Price 25 cents per bottle, with directions for using.

A new invented Tooth Regulator, which is superior to any tooth brush, for cleaning the teeth. It will, by using, cleanse the teeth from every thing disagreeable, with ease. It will last years longer than any tooth brush, and is less hurtful to the gums, than those *pretended ivory and swine's hair*, which are often rough and disagreeable, by its being made of silver, with a sponge at one end, and a piece of flannel at the other. Price from 75 to 150 cents a-piece.

The invaluable Lip Restorative—This will cure the lips of all rough and soreness, and

make them smooth and beautiful. Those who are much exposed to the wind in cold weather, ought to provide themselves with a box of this Invaluable Restorative, as a remedy for sore lips. Price 25 cents per box.

The Cordial of Life; which will effectually remove the most obstinate colds, coughs, &c. in a short time, and it will also relieve the distressing headache and dizziness, *caused by a nervous debility.* It is preferable to any thing for children, for a cold: *one bottle of it will entirely remove a cold.* Price 25 cents per bottle.

The powerful Hair Reviver, which removes all dandruff from the hair, cleanses it from every disagreeable smell, and gives it a pleasant perfume; it will make the hair easier to curl, or grow to any length wanted, by frequently applying it. It needs no recommending. Price 25 cents per box, with directions for using.

The proprietor of the above is of a singular turn, *wishing to be useful to others, as well as himself.*

The above articles may be had of the Proprietor, Peter Choice, at his house, opposite Moody Chase's Tavern, Haverhill, Massachusetts. *Patent Right secured.*

## LEVITY.

For The Port Folio.

In a former number of The Port Folio, we published the quizzical Chinese song of Hoang Ho. We presume that Hoang Si, who makes his appearance in the ensuing stanzas is his brother. We are not positive as to the birth place of these verses; we found them like a bantling in a basket, in Dr. Aikin's Atheneum, a miscellany of merit. Whether they boast a Chinese or a British birth they have pretensions to the favour of the liberal.

### THE CHINESE LOVER.

In Pekin's stately city dwelt  
A lady matchless fair,  
Throughout all China there was none  
That could with her compare.  
Twas more than beauty, more than wit,  
That fir'd her speaking eye;  
With one sweet glance she stole the heart  
Of Hoang Si.

Her cheek outvied the mountain snows,  
Her brows by nature, were  
More thin, more beautifully form'd,  
Than others pluck'd with care.

'Twas on her cheek, and on her brow,  
And in her deep set eye,  
Love bade his arrows lurk, to wound  
poor Hoang Si.

Why, sweetly tottering, mov'd the maid  
In garden and in grove?  
Too little were her beauteous feet  
To bear the queen of love!  
Why strove she not, by look or word?  
But stood with downcast eye,  
Love gave her silent voice to speak  
To Hoang Si.

When Hansi mov'd, all other grace  
Eclipsed was, and gone;  
As taper lights when Phœbus shines  
As night at break of morn.  
Like little diamonds dropped in snow,  
Were her bright eyes, but, ah!  
Relentless parents bade them beam  
On Song-lin-Shah.

O why did Fortune make her rich?  
Or why was I so poor?  
I met the lustre of her eye  
And thought my bliss secure,  
Till richer proffers favour woo'd,  
Successful, woo'd, for, ah!  
Too cruel Fate! herself she gave  
To Song-lin-Shah.

Far from my breast my reason fled,  
And left me quite forlorn;  
I wandered to the deserts drear,  
With all my garments torn.  
I taught the caverns to complain,  
I made their echoes cry,  
Reverberative to my moans,  
Poor Hoang Si.

I have been in the Indian lands,  
And on the Persian sea,  
But never, never could regain  
My heart's sweet liberty.  
Oft have I play'd the pipe of peace  
And borne the sword, yet ah!  
Could ne'er forget the beauteous wife  
Of Song—lin—Shah.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

The Ballad of William and Margaret, of which Andrew Marvell was contented with the authourship, and David Mallet of the reputation, has been often successfully burlesqued.—The following parody is merely tolerable.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,  
When night and morning meet,  
In glided cook maid Margery's Ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like thick clouted cream,  
Before it has been churn'd,

And clay cold was her brawny fist,  
That oft' fore fires had burn'd.

So shall the fairest face appear.  
When youth and years are flown;  
Such is the robe we all must wear,  
When Death has knock'd us down.

Her bloom was like the best house lamb,  
Her skin was soft and sleek,  
Not even rump steaks could excel,  
The colour of each cheek.

But love and disappointment had  
Brought Margery to her death,  
To drown her grief, she took to Gin,  
Which soon stopp'd up her breath.

Billy, awake, thou faithless man,  
Leave snoring for a while,  
And hear a long and dismal tale,  
How you did me beguile.

The Watchman's call'd past three o'clock,  
Awake my Billy dear,  
Most drunken blades are sleeping off  
The fumes of punch and beer.

William, remember when you gave,  
To me this letter broken,  
It was forever to remain,  
As a true lover's token.

Why did you say, you'd marry me,  
And not that promise keep;  
Why did you say my eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep.

How could you say my face was fair,  
It might the lily mock,  
Behold it now has changed its hue,  
And whiter than my smock.

Why did you say my lips, for red  
Excell'd my scarlet cloak,  
And why did I, young, artless maid,  
Believe what you had spoke.

My fingers oft' you did admire,  
When I've been raising paste,  
And swore among your female friends,  
None had so small a waist.

Ah, cruel youth! those days are past,  
When I did look so gay,  
Instead of kindling amorous flames,  
I'm now for grubs a prey.

But hark! I hear the housemaid stir,  
Billy, my love, adieu,  
I hope you'll sometimes think on her,  
Who died for love of you.

The clock struck five, up William got,  
And scratch'd his itching head,  
Then leisurely pull'd off his cap,  
And, yawning, left his bed.

He slowly walk'd to the Church-yard,  
Where Margaret was laid,

Then heav'd a sigh, and pensive cry'd,  
Adieu, thou charming maid.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,  
And thrice he wept full sore,  
Then wip'd his eyes, and blow'd his nose,  
And thought of her no more.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stray,  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

### LATE LORD KENYON.

A splendid Monument has been lately erected in the Parish Church of Hammer, in the county of Flint, to the memory of that truly great character, the late Lord KENYON. It is of the usual pyramidical shape, and is divided in height into nearly two equal parts; the lowest is occupied in the centre by a projecting pedestal, containing the following dignified and most appropriate inscription:—

#### LLOYD LORD KENYON,

Baron of Gredington, in the County of Flint,  
Lord Chief Justice of England.

In the Execution of his high and important  
Magistracy, he was eminently distinguished  
for

Learning, Discernment, Firmness, and Integrity;

Not only was he qualified to administer the  
Laws with Fidelity, Promptitude and  
Vigour, but, as the Guardian of the  
Publick Morals,

To instruct, admonish, and reform;

For

The authority of his high station, great and  
weighty

In itself, was strengthened, graced, and dignified,  
by the religious simplicity of

his own character,  
And the untainted purity of his Habitual  
Conduct.

Dear to his Family,  
In every Office and Relation of Domestick  
Life,

He has left a Name,

To which they look up with affectionate and  
honest Pride,

And which his country will remember  
With Gratitude and Veneration,

So long as her Happiness and her Glory  
shall continue to depend on the great  
and united Principles of  
Religion, Law, and Order.

Born, October 5th, 1732. O. S.

Died, April 4th, 1802.

On the right hand of, and adjoining the pedestal is a spirited figure of watchful Justice, with the Libra, and unsheathed sword; on the left hand is a beautiful figure of Religion, bearing the Cross, and Book of Life, opened in Proverbs, at the verse, "*The memory of the just shall be blessed*" From the top of the pedestal rises a Gothick niche, from which a grand curtain being supposed to be thrown back, a sitting figure of his Lordship is seen, in his Parliamentary robes, and though small is esteemed a very striking likeness.

The whole monument is of fine white marble, the figures are in *alto relievo*, and the design and execution such as must add to the increasing reputation of John Bacon, jun. the Sculptor.

### CROSS READINGS.

#### FROM THE BALANCE.

A fire lately raged in—the heads of Burr, Adair, and Comfort Tyler, which did great damage to the inhabitants.

The new treaty with Great Britain—died last night, with a cold caught in the passage.

The President, we understand, has declined the honour of another—trip to Carter's Mountain.

The late freshet has done much damage to 1600 pair ladies' and gentlemen's shoes.

All persons are hereby forbid harbouring—the Stratford new Bridge—seen by Cap. Buddington, in company with five others, going towards Boston.

#### FROM THE EMERALD.

Thirty pipes Cogniack brandy—for four or five gentlemen of the court.

Many articles of foreign intelligence—were unfortunately consumed by the fire.

UPLAND cotton—for the young ladies' academy.

Lost, supposed to be stolen—five miles of the Newburyport turnpike.

The senate yesterday, by yeas and nays,—took a few boxes of Hamilton's worm destroying Lozenges.

An act to suspend the operation of—any quantity of distilled spirits.

Several ladies of distinguished fashion—will be sold by publick auction to the highest bidder.

Taken by execution—the new representatives to Congress.

A wet nurse wanted—for the benefit of Harvard College.

The southern mail establishment—has been indicted for disorderly conduct.

The theatre during the season—has lost its main stays, and been in a very leaky condition.

The third subscription assembly—contained many articles of no value, except to the owner.

A man was lately detected in—preaching to a large congregation.

#### IMPROMPTU,

On hearing the honourable Mrs. Coventry, accompanied by the young Spaniard, playing the Delightful air, "*La Belle Lolotte*."

Let the Belles of the Court and the City lament,

That the Graces, all three, are to Coventry sent ;

And so are the Muses in spite of Apollo,  
And the Fashions are daily expected to follow ;

While our Wits the reproach of the adage forego,

For to Coventry now, 'tis an honour to go.

G. B.

Perhaps no poet of equal pretensions is so little read as Richard Savage : many remember his misfortunes, but few mention his verses. Why it has so fallen out it is difficult to say. Pope commended his muse, and Johnson pronounced him a genius ; and one would suppose, that the suffrages of such men were a sure indication of his durable renown. But if the Bastard be excepted, there is little now by which he is recalled, beside the Epi-

gram on Dennis, and the Biography of his Friend. Among the wits of his day, he was as brilliant and ragged as Apollo could wish ; and though his life was irregular, his muse was correct. Poor Savage ! in the melancholy records of that description of gentlemen denominated bards, thy history is mournfully preeminent, and, though thy song may be neglected, thy errors will be remembered for a humiliation to genius.

*To the genius of the late Mrs. C. Smith, we are indebted for the following Stanzas.*

#### HOPE, A ROND<sup>EAU</sup>.

*Parody on Lord Strangford's "Just like Love."*

Just like Hope is yonder bow,  
That from the centre bends so low,  
Where bright prismatick colours show,  
How gems of heavenly radiance glow,  
Just like Hope !

Yet if to the illusion new,  
The Pilgrim should the arch pursue,  
Farther and farther from his view,  
It flies, then melts in chilling dew,  
Just like Hope !

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The Cacoethis scribendi must certainly be the epidemick of the day, or I could not have been tempted to write on so hackneyed a topic as the following ; however, if the trifle finds a place in The Port Folio, you may, perhaps, hear again from

#### LURCANIO, THE WANDERER.

TO LAURA.

*Le beaulte n'est ung fruit de garde.*

Beauty, Love is but a flower,  
Born to bloom its transient hour ;  
Like the fragrant vernal rose  
While the zephyr gently blows,  
But when storms and tempests rise  
See it withers, droops, and dies :  
So the cruel hand of Time  
Scatters beauty e'er its prime.  
Think, O, think, how swift away,

Flies each fairy-footed day;  
 Soon, too soon the cares of age  
 All our feeling must engage.  
 Why then waste the moments now?  
 Why defer thy lover's vow?  
 For the lustre soon shall fly  
 From thy mildly beaming eye,  
 Soon thy swelling coral lip  
 Age shall of its freshness strip;  
 Soon thy glowing cheek shall lose  
 Modest Beauty's roseate hues;  
 Soon thy polish'd ivory brow,  
 Time with furrows deep shall plough;  
 Soon the snows of age shall shed,  
 Tints of silver o'er thy head;  
 Soon thy graceful form decay,  
 All thy beauties fade away;  
 Soon the universal doom  
 Must conduct us to the tomb;  
 Why then waste the morning now?  
 Why defer thy lover's vow?

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

#### POOR MARY.

*"He simply told the village tale."*

Stav stranger—see yon drooping fair,  
 Why stream the tears from either eye?  
 Why loose her locks of auburn hair,  
 And pale her cheek? Say, stranger, why?

The lily now usurps the place  
 On Mary's cheek, where bloom'd the rose;  
 Her eye once beam'd with ev'ry grace,  
 Which now with pearly tears o'erflows.

What bids those pearly tears to flow,  
 And dims the radiance of those eyes?  
 Why bears the maid that garb of wo,  
 Say, why does Mary heave those sighs?

"The tale is sad. Young Henry lov'd  
 The weeping maid; his love was true,  
 And Mary soon his vows approved,  
 For Henry's matchless worth she knew.

Each youth and maiden bless'd the pair,  
 Their love became the village theme,  
 But joy was darken'd by despair,  
 And vanish'd like a morning dream.

For, ah! the bud of love scarce bloom'd,  
 (Their guiltless hearts with hopes elate,)  
 When to the grave untimely doom'd,  
 Poor Mary mourn'd her Henry's fate!

'Twas this that caus'd that look of wo,  
 And chang'd to pale that rosy hue,  
 For this those tears of sorrow flow,  
 And dim her eyes of heavenly blue."

Sweet maid, farewell—thy sorrows claim  
 A tear from gentle Fity's eye,  
 And when we sigh poor Mary's name,  
 That Echo should responsive sigh,  
 Poor Mary.

S.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

#### ODE, ON WINTER.

*By Lucas George.*

Stern Winter comes to bid us mourn,  
 And lays the face of Nature bare; ;  
 His voice on wings of winds is borne,  
 He brings ten thousand forms of care.

A growing tempest veils the sky;  
 The moon is hurried through the clouds;  
 Now light, now dark, she passes by  
 The angry stars the storm enshrouds.

Hark! the wind roars among the trees;  
 The savage hides within his cave;  
 Wild uproar rages on the seas;  
 The sailor trembles on the wave.

Safe to my chamber I retire;  
 A thousand gloomy thoughts prevail;  
 I draw the chair, and stir the fire,  
 And listen to the passing gale.

A spirit on its wings I hear,  
 That sternly says, or seems to say,  
 Remember, man, thy time is near,  
 The time that calls thee hence away.

From the fair fields of life and pride,  
 Thy wandering soul is doomed to fly,  
 To worlds far distant, wild, and wide;  
 Think, Oh! how awful tis to die;

Thus, every gale, that rudely blows,  
 Brings a memento to the mind,  
 And terror more gigantick grows,  
 And aims a dart with every wind.

Great Authour of this awful scene!  
 Thy works with wonder I adore,  
 Teach me to think on what has been,  
 And what it is to be no more.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.

Vol. IV.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, December 26, 1807.

[No. 26.]

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### POLITE LITERATURE.

*For The Port Folio.*

IN the Works of Sir William Jones, there is a speculation on the poetry of the Eastern Nations, which is not the least agreeable of the writings of that wonderful and versatile authour. This agreeable essay, which we have perused a hundred times with still renewing pleasure, first led us to the acquaintance of the Persian Hafiz, some of whose odes are certainly not much inferior to those of Horace himself. But Sir William Jones, who, according to his own account, was perfectly smitten with the beauties of the Oriental Muse, was not satisfied with celebrating her charms in one language. On this delightful topic he wrote a dissertation, with equal copiousness and elegance, in the French language. As this is not translated in the English edition, and as the original abounds in extracts from the Persian poets of the most fascinating character, we are extremely pleased to be the first to present, in an English dress, so interesting an article to our readers. The version is faithful and elegant, and the critick will be at a loss, which most to admire, the taste of Sir William or the invention of the Orientals.

#### A TREATISE

#### ON ORIENTAL POETRY.

The poetry of the Eastern nations is fertile in strong expressions, and bold metaphors, in sentiments replete with energy, and descriptions animated with the most lively colours. Notwithstanding these truths so generally acknowledged, this sweet and sublime

poetry has found criticks as unjust as severe. Those among them, who have endeavoured to degrade the most conspicuous beauties into unjustifiable faults, have attributed them to ignorance, and inattention, to the flights of a deranged Imagination and negligence in the distinction and arrangement of ideas. But since it is agreed by connoisseurs, that the works of the Asiatick authours are often admirable, the task of examining whence proceed these real beauties or these imaginary faults, is little necessary in this treatise. When a poet, to elocution and elegance adds ornament and grace, we cannot refuse him the title of an excellent poet. Besides, it is well known, that authours, of whatsoever nation they may be, who have distinguished themselves by their lively and inventive genius, have neglected that scrupulous exactness, of which more moderate poets are so tenacious. The former have contented themselves with a general resemblance to each other, and have presented to the mind all that is grandest and most striking in nature, the affected regularity of the latter renders their pictures dull and inanimate, and causes the beauty of the outline to disappear under the minute detail of petty circumstances.

Without then entering in this place into an investigation, followed by all the causes, which give this surprising vivacity to the Oriental images, we

will content ourselves with speaking of the advantages the Asiatick authours possess over us in many points.

They have rich and plentiful idioms: they breathe in a warm and fertile climate: they are surrounded by objects as beautiful as cheerful: they enjoy an agreeable tranquillity: and they consecrate their leisure to a passion, which contributes to inspire them early with a poetical talent.\*

The Arabian language is expressive, strong, and sonorous: we may call it the most copious of all languages: for each tribe of this nation has words which are peculiar to itself. Their poets make use of all these words, which become of general adoption in proportion as the work, which collects them, becomes celebrated, as when many small streams, uniting, form a large and plentiful river.

The Persian language is full of sweetness and harmony, adding to the richness of its own basis, that of many words, which it has received from the Arabian language. It surpasses the latter in one beauty very essential to poetry, which is the use of compound words, to which the Arabians are so opposed, that they employ long circumlocutions to avoid them. In general, no idiom can enter into comparison with the Persian for the delicacy and variety of its compound words, of which we will quote a few, notwithstanding the difficulty that lies in translating them into another language: as, Gulfechan, strewing with roses; Zumrudfam, colour of emerald: Gul-rokh, rosy cheeks; Semenbui, with the odour of jasmine; Guntcheleb, with lips of roses.

We find in the Persian language many other similar words, but to which we can give no beauty in our European idioms, even in decompos-

ing them, as we have just done with the above; although they possess a great deal of elegance in the Persian.

We may say, on the subject of the Arabian and Persian languages, what Lord Chancellor Bacon said of the Latin and Greek: the first of these two languages seems formed for civil and military pursuits: the second, for the cultivation of the arts: the details and exact distinctions of the arts and sciences requiring compound words, little necessary in what only regards war and the rules of society.

The second advantage, which the Asiatick authours have over us, to become good poets, is the easiness and variety of the measure they use in their verse. They have all the quantity and diversity of numbers, of which Hephæstion speaks and Pindar gives the examples, with this distinction, that as they have more long than short syllables, they ordinarily substitute the grave and solemn for the lively and animated. The Persians, in their heroic poems, almost always make use of trochaick verse of eleven syllables, as,

Bê zebânehud ker che dâred sâd nurâ

Their lyrical verses are often of the measure of a short followed by three long: as,

Bedêh saki mei bâhi ke der gênnê  
Mekhâi yaft.

Rhyme is very ancient among the Arabs, from whom the Provençal and Castilian poets have received it, but in the Asiatick, it does not connect the sense as in the European verse, the idioms of this people being very full of words of the same termination. We find in some of the longest Arabian Poems the same rhyme continued alternately throughout the whole work. In many Persian odes, each distich finishes with the same word, and then the rhyme falls upon the penultimate syllable: as,

Saki beâr badê ke amed zemâni gul  
Chan bulbulan nazul kunein ichâni gul.

\* There is hardly an elegy, a panegyrick, or even a satire in their language, which does not begin with the complaints of an unfortunate, or the exultations of a successful lover.

† For the conveniency of their measure, and sometimes for their singular beauty.

“Boy, bring the wine, for the season of roses has arrived,

"As well as the nightingales, let us repose on beds of roses."

It is, perhaps, as much owing to this casiness of Oriental versification, as to the heat of the climate, that Asia has produced younger poets than any other part of the world. They relate of the celebrated Abderrahman, the son of Hissan, that having been stung by a wasp, when he was an infant, and that insect being unknown to him, he ran to his father, complaining, "that he had been stung by an insect spotted with yellow and white like the border of his garment;" they add, that these words being pronounced in the measure of an Arabian verse as elegant as natural, Hissan discovered the talent of his son for poetry.

Tarafa, one of the seven poets, whose elegies were suspended on the walls of the Mosque of Mecca, gave at the tender age of seven years singular marks of his brilliant genius. They relate of him, that travelling with his uncle Motalammes, and their caravan having stopped to refresh itself on the banks of a clear rivulet, he amused himself with spreading snares to catch skylarks: but that not having taken any of them, when the caravan began to move, he composed, on this occasion, the following verses:

Thou enjoyest thyself, Oh, lark! throughout the extent of the plain;  
Thou enjoyest a free air, sing then and multiply in safety:  
Fly, and peck round about, all that thou canst desire:  
The bird-catcher retires, do thou rejoice at his departure;  
The snare is taken away, and thou hast nothing more to fear;  
But, rather fear, fear always, for in the end thou wilt be taken.

It is also, without doubt, to the same causes we ought to attribute the facility and vivacity of the Arabs in their impromptus: the following story taken from a book called Succardan, is a proof of it—A poet, who followed the Court of Haroun Alraschid, having one day entered into the apartment of this prince, found him with one of his favourites, and a basket of roses placed before them. After a gracious reception, Haroun commanded the po-

et to compose a couplet, and to make in it some lively allusion to the colour of these flowers; upon which he replied:

Cainho louna khaddi mächúki yakbelho  
Fomoél habibi waka abda behi khogelan.

They resemble the cheeks of a beautiful maiden, which, at the approach of a lover, ready to ravish a kiss from them, are covered with a lovely blush.

The lady immediately answered:

Cainho louna khaddi hein yadfani  
Catiò rashid leamri yougeb algostan.

They rather resemble my cheeks, when the hand of Alraschid presses my own, as a signal for me to retire.

These four verses are very elegant in the Arabick, but we have not translated the last words, because they make an allusion to a particular custom of the Mahometans little conformable to our ideas.

(To be continued.)

## CLASSICAL LEARNING.

For The Port Folio.

(Continued from Page 386.)

The figurative speech of the Eastern Nations which arose from penury of proper phrases, as well as warmth of imagination, must have very early given rise to Poetry, and the Mythology, or traditionary History of their gods, opened a wide field to Fancy. We can trace this Mythology no higher than Homer, who has been considered as the oracle of succeeding ages, though it is evident that he was not the author of it, but received it from earlier ages. Whether the Heathen Mythology arose from ignorance of the Oriental Languages, perversion of hieroglyphical writing, or from an impatient and heated imagination, is not agreed among the Learned. Perhaps all these causes contributed to its rise; but its existence is a most remarkable fact in the history of mankind. That savage and wandering tribes should forget their own origin, and the traditions, they once had of the origin of the world, is not surprising; but that they should have substituted, in the room of ancient tradition, a system of ingenious and beautiful, though absurd, fiction, is truly astonishing. All nations, or whom we have any knowledge, have their Mythology, but that of the Greeks and Romans being much more ingenious than the rest, has been most celebrated and adopted, as an ornament of Po-

try, even by those who have embraced other systems and religious creeds.

The Greeks and Romans, whose Mythology was the foundation of their religion, endeavoured to discover their own gods, under different names, among other nations, and to reduce the Mythology of Egypt, Asia, Germany, and Gaul, to their own standard, but as error is infinite, whatever resemblance may appear in some circumstances, between the Mythology of different nations, there is no reason to believe, that they were derived from a common source.

A modern philosopher, Mr. Hume, is of opinion, that the belief of a plurality of superior beings, selfish, lustful, vindictive, and capricious, as the heathen deities are commonly represented, is so natural and probable, that it is either the true account of the system of the Universe, or at least takes place in some other inhabited planets. He might have asserted, with more justice, that when men had lost the knowledge of the true GOD, they feigned deities as like themselves as possible, under whose protection they hoped that they might gratify their passions with impunity.

Notwithstanding all the ancient authors that remain, it is scarcely possible, to determine what degree of belief was generally given to the Grecian Mythology. They had their infidels, no doubt, as we have now; though it is probable, that the vulgar of all ranks believed the fables without scruple. As to men of knowledge and philosophy, it is impossible to determine what was their opinion. Cicero and Plato, in different parts of their works, appear sometimes to believe, and sometimes to disbelieve the popular system.

The young man in Terence, who defends his lewdness by the example of Jupiter, and sundry passages in the Poems of Ovid, sufficiently evince, that the belief of the immorality of the heathen deities had its weight, in corrupting the morals of their worshippers. Longinus observed, that Homer had represented his heroes as gods, and his gods as men. It was not till after the appearance of the Christian Religion, that the stoick philosophers began to allegorize the scandalous history of their deities, though the use of their names to signify those parts of Nature over which they were supposed to preside, is to be found in authors before that period.

But as we are concerned with Mythology, at present, in a critical, rather than a moral view, we shall consider only its effects on poetical compositions, and the advantages which the heathen poetry derived from it. The warm imagination of the Orientals could not bear the labour of philosophising; nor ever thought of inquiring after truth, in the way of reasoning. They chose to rely on their imagination, rather than to use their reason. Too

and ascend, by steps, to a first one, they pushed to a conclusion, and imagined a number of first causes, according to their own conceit, and as much resembling themselves as possible. Unable to conceive a Being who pervaded and ruled all nature, they imagined a number of subordinate deities, among whom they parcelled out the Government of the World as they thought fit. According to them, all Nature was alive, and peopled with imaginary deities of different kinds, each holding their several departments under the control of a supreme ruler. The belief of these produces a wonderful effect in poetry, and seems to give life and animation to every part of nature. The skill of the Grecian painters and statues, and the elegance of their works, which were everywhere to be seen, appear to have confirmed the belief of the popular religion. These artists rendered the conceptions of the Poets visible to all, and taught the vulgar to form more distinct notions of their deities, and the several attributes ascribed to them by the Poets, who were, in some sort, the Prophets or Divines of those ages. The success of the artists, in rendering the objects of their worship visible, produced not only more distinct notions, but an additional attachment to the religion of their country. The policy of the Roman Church has in the manner borrowed the aid of images, to attach the ignorant to their religion, with astonishing success.

But whatever superstition was occasioned by the Heathen Mythology, it seems to have had a considerable effect in elevating the conceptions of their writers, especially of their poets. They imagined that they had correspondence and communication with their deities, and that the excellences of their composition were derived from their inspiration. Their hymns and addresses to them contain many just thoughts and devout sentiments, expressive of the dependence of mankind on a superior Being, though tainted in many places by the popular and traditional superstition of their times. Their fictions have been celebrated by many ages, and adopted by all succeeding poets.

If it is asked what use these fictions can serve in our times, we answer, that besides enlarging and diversifying our ideas, they introduce us to the knowledge of human nature, and exhibit to us its wonderful power of deifying its own vices and weaknesses, and consoling its own corruption, by a fancied resemblance to superior beings. For it was out of the human character, exalted by fiction, that the false gods of Paganism were formed, which occasioned the observation of Longinus, that Homer had made his men gods, and his gods men. Quintilian piously laments this licentiousness of fiction

*For The Port Folio.*

## CURSORY SKETCHES

IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THE BORDERS  
OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.*To — at Coldenham, New-York.**(Continued from page 389.)*

From the wilds of Virginia, an intuitive glance pervades the peaceful retreats at *Coldenham*, thy heart, dear S—, appreciates its value, and the sigh which escaped, at the moment of tender recognition, throws a magical illusion over time and space. My pen is now pointed over rough and tedious roads: recent showers rendered travelling extremely disagreeable. At midday we reached Williamsport, where the Conogogee glides serenely into the Potomack, but the latter is here a placid object, compared with the dashing course of the waters at Harper's ferry; yet so interesting are rivers, (whether winding gently, or rushing with rude impetuosity over rocks, and through obstructed channels) their effect is always calculated to sooth or to enliven. In the undulating waves of Potomack, I bathed my hands in memento of our return to Maryland. The sky was unclouded, the air invigorating, red and white roses seemed to vie with each other, in luxuriant bloom and balmy sweetness. The country was so profusely embellished with this unequalled flower (that through the *land of roses*), we passed delighted to Hagerstown. Its aspect was so pleasant, that we determined to allow ourselves a few days repose, and were stationary so long as to admit a survey of character. At every resting place we met Physicians. If we opened a book, its title page was emblazoned with M. D. We were asked with surprise, why we travelled southward in pursuit of health, when the *infallibility of a foreigner*, in Philadelphia granted those blessings *gratis*, which we were seeking with expense and weariness. Conversation at our lodgings was varied and pleasing, and though the Esculapean tribe were everywhere so numerous, as to induce

an inference that the Science of Medicine was a predominant passion in America, Tissot and Boerhaave now gave place to Burns and Cowper, and to the *College of Physicians* succeeded a judicial character, whose polite address, and full-toned flexible voice, immediately attracted attention. Those who know the heart of a stranger, can easily imagine with what interest those courtesies are reciprocated, which obtain a passport to the understanding, though the medium of polished manners. On the map of the mind we retraced our tour, social ease diffused a charm over Geographical research. With Judge B—, we marked the aspiring mountain and the fertile valley, timidly trod upon the precipice, measured the cliffs, and projections of the rocks, and in the wild magnificence of nature, heard the winds murmur, and the waters roar. An extremely humid atmosphere detained us at Hagerstown several days. Impatient to pursue our journey, we proposed recommencing it on the morning of the sabbath: some difference of opinion existed, respecting this trespass, and at breakfast we submitted a case of conscience to B. whom we prayed to become our advocate and judge; assuring him, that if we had been Roman Catholics and he our confessor, he would have been perfectly safe, in granting us absolution. On the part of the *prosecution*, it was urged that the ladies were committing a double trespass, a breach of the law, which interdicts Sunday riding, and as they had freely censured this infringement at Fredericktown, by *their own verdict*, they were now condemned. Our creed was simply stated: "All places which the eye of heaven visits," might be rendered favourable to devotion, if its vital spirit animated the heart, and whether at Hagerstown, or Green-Castle, mental oblations would ascend with equal purity and fervour, to him by whom the Sabbath was ordained.—The Comptroller General of our party, adverted to the circumstance of the waggoners, at F—, who were probably slaves, and amenable to their employers; whilst in the present in-

stance, the act was voluntary perhaps, not expedient, and certainly not necessary, but the plea of *anxiety* was warmly urged in defence of the ladies, with enlightened policy those duties were inculcated, which the Law and the Gospel enjoin, *civilian grace*, shielded the defendant, gently scanned the trespass and transferred the offence to him, who by *original* transgression became responsible for feminine high crimes and misdemeanors. After some pleasantries interchanged, and mutual valedictions, we rode pensively, to dine at Green Castle. A numerous congregation were assembled at Church, the breeze was hushed, all rural sounds suspended, nature seemed solemnized, and in sympathy with outward objects, we pursued our tranquil course to Chambersburgh. Kindness and civility was again displayed in Pennsylvania, but society, conversation and manners were totally transposed, the colouring varied, and we were half inclined to believe that we felt the *trade winds*, blowing uniformly from one point of the compass, though our charts had not *precisely* stated that inland situations were accessible to the monsoon. There is some pleasant scenery in this vicinity, and in the town many commodious houses; it was every where neat, and the inhabitants looked respectable; but we could not regret leaving it and giving wings to our flight to Shippensburgh; here we were sensible that we approached towards *home*, and in proportion as its distance lessened, our impatience increased. We were told that the court was in session at Carlisle, and after enjoying comfortable accommodations so long, it was necessary to arm ourselves against the inconveniences of a crowded inn. The publick buildings at Carlisle, the air of mingled gayety and business, the resort of strangers on judicial appointments, combined to render our entrance agreeable. To the politeness of a young gentleman of the law, we were indebted for the only chamber that the house afforded; we slept but were not refreshed. Travellers, in America are, probably, more susceptible of the vicissitudes in our climate than any

other class of people. At home, a changing sky seldom interrupted our pleasures: but now, a clear atmosphere was peculiarly charming and as clouds and rain presented a gloomy contrast, their recurrence seemed more than usually frequent.

The first Summer month was far advanced, wet, chilling days rendered fires necessary, in some part of our southern tour. Strawberries and peas were offered as rarities, several weeks after their appearance in Philadelphia. This day's excursion would have passed without a remark, if the rapid motion of our carriage had not been suddenly arrested, by its axle-tree breaking on a rough descent. It rained; we were two miles from our destined port, our experienced guide assumed a gay air, and tried to amuse us with tales of camps and martial exploits. On the *western expedition* he had rested with the cavalry in a barn which he pointed out, with far greater ease than we endured a temporary delay on the road. Our coachman was despatched in search of implements to repair the accident, and as muscular exertion was more useful than mechanical genius, by lashing a rail to the axle, we were enabled to proceed, at a slow pace, to the Susquehanna. Crossing the ferry, Harrisburgh appears in view, extending to the river's verge. At Berryhill's inn, we were conveniently accommodated and received polite attention, during our short sojourn. Here the Library bell rang, to indicate the literary tourist that he might read; and to announce the hour, at which books were to be replaced. A sound, very soothing and sweet, touched the chord of musing melancholy: Doves were plaintively cooing, throughout the day. Our vicinity to the water and the dampness of the air explained this musical phenomena, for such it seemed, to those who had heard a solitary dove note, but never before, had listened to those mingled melodies. General P— whom we had met at Lancaster, was returning with his invalid lady to Centre County; natives of the western world, their views of life were sketched amid profound soli-

tudes, and thence diverging from rude barbarity, to the pleasures of social intercourse. His gigantick figure and mild address appeared to discriminate his civil and military character; in the former, his sensibility had been excited in a singular manner. Some of the numerous ills, incident to humanity, had so depressed the mind of a young person in his neighbourhood, as to occasion a derangement of intellect: She was a mother, and the safety of her infant required that it should be placed under the superintendence of those, by whom maternal duties would be kindly supplied. This separation was a keen addition to her mental malady; she eluded the watchfulness of her friends and wandered in search of the civil officer, by whose authority she was told at lucid intervals the child was provided for. General—was riding out; in the gloomy obscurity of the forest, her pale figure suddenly met his view. Roused to an uncontrollable height of frenzy, she seized the bridle and threw herself at his feet; the horse thus checked, was thrown with his rider into the greatest consternation. Disregarding the danger of her prostrate attitude, with earnest supplication she demanded her child. It was in vain, that she was soothed and assured of kindness and protection, no effort could resist her strong grasp, in an agony she urged him, as he hoped for happiness to restore her loss, nor was it possible to disengage himself, until a promise was extorted that he was at *that moment*, on his way to obtain redress for her injuries. This affecting occurrence was detailed with so much simplicity and tender interest, as to place the narrator in an amiable light; we, who mutely heard the tale of woe, were impressed with heartfelt gratitude to Him, who holds in his hand the balance of the understanding, and has power to preserve or destroy its equilibrium. On leaving Harrisburg, we passed through embowering shades of willows, whose drooping foliage interposed between us and the surrounding country. At an unexpected angle in the road, the Susquehanna suddenly breaks upon the view, ex-

tending a smooth expanse of water, now darkly shadowed, and again glittering with sunbeams. Nothing can be more picturesque than the landscape, as the river winds along its green margin, changing its scenery into such multiplied rural forms, that the eye and the mind expatiate through regions of romantick beauty and rich fertility. Perched on a lofty situation dimly discernable to common opticks, we marked a solitary habitation in the vicinage of Middletown, and as the poet's glance sometimes reverts from "*heaven to earth*," my dear S—, will not be disappointed, that after all those sublime contemplations, *ours* rested with complacency, on the fanciful design of a patch-work bedcover, which presented itself in the chamber where we enjoyed the blessings of "balmy sleep." The Swetara's wide, impetuous stream sweeps the foot of the hill immediately as you part from Middletown; we inhaled the morning air, as our carriage wheels divided the waves, and as our career has been so rapid and our route circuitous, I must take breath, before we cross the Conawaga mountain.

*Adieu.*

(To be Concluded in our next.)

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For The Port Folio.

## THE USEFUL ARTS.

*Method of destroying insects which infest houses, from a letter to Mr. W. Nicholson. Phil. Journ. No. 71.*

Mr. N.'s correspondent, after mentioning the great annoyance he suffered from bugs, in a house, which he had taken after a gentleman remarkable for his inattention to their removal, states, that he in vain tried the remedies of washing the joints of the bedsteads, taken asunder for that purpose, with boiling water, and then in a hot decoction of *cucumis colocynthin*, or bitter apple; as in six weeks, the bugs were as numerous as before: they were then washed with spirits of turpentine, with no better success.

and even a strong solution of oxymuriate of quicksilver was used for the same purpose, without removing the evil.

In the next spring, he had all loose paper taken from the rooms, the skirting boards removed, and the rooms fumigated with oxymuriatick gas: the walls, which were papered, were then painted.

The joints of the bedsteads were then painted with three coats of oxyde of lead, mixed with linseed oil, and a little rosin, to form a thick coat over the wood.

This method of proceeding so effectually answered the purpose, that, except a few, which were found in parts where the paint was abraded, and one or two sometimes found on the furniture, the bedsteads continued free from these insects, for two years; and remained so since, with no further precaution but painting the joints every second year with a thin coat of white lead.

The remedy mentioned for the nauseous evil complained of, though not new, deserves circulation, as many may not yet have heard of it. Another remedy was, a few years ago, published for the same ill, as extremely effectual; the name of the authour of which is not recollected; it consists of a strong infusion of cantharides, applied to the joints of bedsteads, and other places infested: as this might be apt to evaporate, perhaps a preparation of the cantharides in oil, similar to that called by the farriers blistering oil, might be found more effectual.

Glauber mentions, in his works, the efficacy of oil drawn from sea coal, in destroying insects in general; it perhaps might have good effects in the particular application which is the subject of this paper: but the most certain precaution against these insects, as well as against the more serious evil of the communication of infection, is the use of iron bedsteads, which are already common in hospitals, and other publick institutions; and though the coarseness of the ap-

pearance there might excite a prejudice against their use in elegant houses, yet this objection is easily removed by the consideration, that iron admits of more varied and beautiful forms for any utensil than wood, and that, independently of this, the varied ornaments, which painting and gilding afford, might render iron bedsteads superiour in beauty to any wooden bedsteads now in use.

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*Description of Mr. Lloyd's Patent Boiler, for quick boiling and saving of fuel.*

The bottom of each of Mr. Lloyd's boilers is introverted, so as to form a cavity which would nearly hold as much as the boiler itself, if it were reversed; the sides of this cavity are somewhat conoidal, and from the top a pipe passes out at one side through the cavity of the boiler to the air; the whole boiler or kettle is surrounded by an external case a little distant from it all round, closed at top, and having a small opening at the side to give vent to the smoke. The small pipe adds somewhat to the effect, but is not absolutely necessary. For large boilers, the cavity at the bottom need not be so large in proportion as that described, if it rises into the boiler a third of its depth it will probably be sufficient. The flame and radiant heat of the fuel is reverberated in all directions in the cavity of the hollow bottom, and must have much more effect than what can be produced by its unconfined lateral action against the extreme sides of a number of upright pipes, however well arranged.\* Indeed Count Rumford has shown in former papers the value of the lateral action of fire against the sides to be so small, that we are surprised to see him recommend his apparatus, in which the chief effect produced must arise solely from a similar lateral action of the fire.

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\* This alludes to a similar experiment of Count Rumford's. He has invented a new boiler and presented it to the National Institute.

*On the separation of saline matter, and sebaccick acid from the butter commonly called firkin, or keg butter; thereby rendering it equal in point of goodness to fresh.*

(Concluded from page 392.)

Having shown the first method, we shall proceed, in the next place, to the means of effecting it by Charcoal.

Mr. Lomitz, an ingenious European chymist, has lately discovered, that oxyde of carbon or charcoal possesses the desideratum of counteracting rancidity; no doubt, it prevents the process of rancidity from taking place, by carrying off the oxygen (for which it has a great affinity) in the state of carbonick acid gas; but when the subject has contracted rancidity, I presume it must act by decomposing the sebaccick acid itself, and reducing it to its radical or base, which is principally composed of carbon and hydrogen; and, consequently, from this data it must happen, that, as the acid is decomposed, the butter must regain its original properties, which it had when first made. Others advance, as their opinion, that charcoal acts *universally*, by absorbing all fetid gases: however, it is needless to advance *hypotheses* upon this subject; but we shall state the

#### MODE OF USING IT.

After the separation of the salt by a former operation, we must melt it in a skiliet; and then throw in several hard lumps of new made charcoal,\* which must be kept in that state for a space of thirty or sixty minutes, or until the fœd smell of rancidity disappears: when this part of the process is finished, we must filter the butter, when kept fluid, through a fine linen rag, into a churn, containing boiling water: which must then be agitated occasionally, in the manner before directed, and, if it was found agreeable, some rose-water may be added, to give it a flavour. Considering the many advantages of charcoal, in a variety of cases, I shall close my essay by noticing its principal applications. It is well known, that the internal surfaces of casks are frequently charred, (or converted into a caly substance) to preserve their contents from corruption, as it is more especially the case with water casks. Wood, also, when buried in the earth, is preserved a great length of time, hence the reason of the charring of the ends of posts set in the ground to preserve them. Coal is even found naturally formed in the earth, as stone, or fossil coal, which is of secondary

formation, owing to the truly igneous portion of the wood becoming charred, in Nature's Laboratory; buried by some revolution which the earth has suffered, owing to that indestructible property of coal, I have no doubt, but if the surfaces of the logs (which convey the water from the engine house to this city) were charred, that they would last for ages to come.† And, in fact, it would not only contribute to that effect, but it would render the water purer, by separating any *foul airs*, which it may have contracted. This puts me in mind of its utility, when rolled up in clothes, which have contracted a disagreeable smell, by discharging the noxious qualities which they are apt to imbibe. Being a powerful antiseptick, it greatly preserves meat, hams, &c. and acts as an excellent preservative of the teeth; hence it is used in powder as an excellent dentifrice.

Having thus gone through, elucidating the means of purifying butter by various modes, which are founded, not on vague hypothesis, but by experiment, and on chymical principles, I shall close the essay, by hoping that it may benefit the economist and the seaman; which if it does, the writer of this will be gratified.

Js. C——h:

#### THE FINE ARTS.

*For The Port Folio.*

Under this head, whenever we describe the works of Genius abroad, we of course, avail ourselves of Foreign authorities:

A statue of Hebe, by Canova, attracts the admiration of all the connoisseurs of Rome. The bust of the goddess is naked and the rest of the body is covered with an aerial drapery. She is represented pouring out ambrosia for the gods, and the execution is of the Greek taste, in its utmost purity.

Mr. Pocock, is publishing in London, in Thirty-three plates, royal quarto, Sketches for Rustick Cottages, Rural Dwellings, and Villas; composed in the ancient English, the Grecian and Roman styles; with plans and descriptions, and critical observations on character, scenery and situation proper for such buildings.

\* Common coal will answer, but it must be previously exposed to heat, by itself, to extricate moisture or bituminous matter.

† This, if I remember correctly, was the case of a certain aqueduct mentioned in history.

Mr. Dearn, Architect to his Royal Highness, the Duke of Clarence, is publishing in Twenty plates, large quarto, sketches in Architecture, consisting of original designs for cottages and rural dwellings, suitable to persons of moderate fortune, and for convenient retirement, with plans and appropriate scenery to each, with general observations.

Mr. J. A. Atkinson, is publishing a picturesque representation of the naval, military, and miscellaneous costumes of Great Britain, in 100 coloured plates, with a descriptive essay on the subject of each engraving.

John Loudon, Esq. F. L. S. author of *Observations on Landscape Gardening*, and many other valuable works, connected with Rural Improvement, has published a *Treatise on forming, improving, and managing country residences*, and on the choice of situations appropriate to every class of purchasers. In all which the object is to unite in a better manner than has hitherto been done, a taste founded in nature with economy and utility, in constructing or improving mansions and other rural buildings, so as to combine architectural fitness with *picturesque effects*, and in forming Gardens, Orchards, Parks, Pleasure grounds, Shrubberies, all kinds of useful or decorative plantations, and every object of convenience, or beauty, peculiar to country seats, illustrated with 32 engravings.

*For The Port Folio.*

### THE LAY PREACHER.

"Establish thee among them, that they should make them days of feasting, and of joy, and of sending portions one to another, and gifts to the poor."

The pastures having been clothed with flocks, and the vallies covered over with corn; the joyful earth having imbibed the rain in his due season, the first rain and the latter rain; the blessings of the upper, and the nether springs having been felt by grateful

millions, from our remotest border, to the utmost bound of the everlasting hills; having eaten our bread without scarceness, and tasted the cup of exhilaration; having lived like the privileged Sidonians, careless and secure, it now imports us to remember, with the most lively emotions, that the year is CROWNED WITH GOODNESS, and that CHRISTMAS comes, with Joyfulness, and Plenty in his train.

During these jocund holydays, so justly honoured, and so cheerfully celebrated by the Christian Church, I have always felt a serene delight, whether thinking of the decline of one year, or the birth of another. No dissonance destroys the harmony of my feelings; and as I walk pensively, at eventide, through the streets of the city, and listen to the vesper bell of the Chapel, or the chimes from the Church, I exclaim, with the enthusiasm of Horace, exulting on the natal day of Cæsar,

*Hic dies vere mihi festus.*

I rejoice to hearken to the high sounding cymbals, and to listen to the voice of praise, accompanied by the psaltery, and the harp, by stringed instruments and organs. I never liked a metaphysical and an abstract devotion; but, conscious, that Imagination, as well as Reason, is a part of our nature, strive that the heart should be warmed by gorgeous ceremonial, as well as the head be edited by sacred lessons. The solemn chant of a cathedral service, the unspotted whiteness of Episcopal lawn, even the array of an altar, and the *peal of an anthem*, create the most salutary associations. When I cast my eye upon the vivid evergreen, that decks the Church at this festive season; when I see many happy and benevolent faces, lightening up before me; when I listen, with rapture, to the organist, and behold a carolling Christmas, with blended dignity and gaiety in his air, I am naturally led to reflect that Christianity is a cheerful religion. I pity those unhappy Puritans, who, at a season of singular folly and phrenzy, metamorphosed our comfortable faith into an abject superstition. For Methodism itself is not more repug-

nant to the genius of Christianity, than austere penance, whining tones, and a sad countenance. In all the Gospels, in the Acts of the Apostles, and in all their Epistles, in the Revelation on the Island of Patmos, and, in short, in every part of the Christian Code, it is a memorable circumstance, that cheerfulness is constantly enjoined upon men, and gloom and hypocrisy as constantly decried. By that eminent Personage, whose birth we now celebrate, no stress is laid upon rigorous fasting. But gayety is positively enjoined, even on days of abstinence. He mingled freely with men of the world. He came eating and drinking. At the nuptial rites at Cana, wine is miraculously given, to gladden the feast; and the *fanatick* Pharisee, and the masked hypocrite are constantly admonished, that long prayers, and vain repetitions, and disfigured faces, and the sounding of trumpets, by which, probably, a *nasal twang* was meant, constitute no portion of vital piety. On the contrary, the very reverse is most emphatically enjoined. *Be of good cheer*, is the general salutation. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad. Rejoice evermore, and again I say rejoice; fulfil my joy. Be of good comfort. Use hospitality one to another, without grudging. Gird up the loins of your mind, these are the cheery precepts of primitive Christians, who are of higher authority than John Pym, or Praise God Barebones, or Oliver Cromwell, although these stupid schismatics, ridiculously called themselves a *Gospel preaching Ministry*. "I determined," says the intrepid Paul, "that I would not come to you in *heaviness*, and my joy is the joy of all." Innumerable passages of this nature demonstrate, that sorrow, anxiety, doleful cant, and woful visages are wretched substitutes for the lovely cheerfulness of a rational faith. Paul and Peter, and James, and John were no ghostly teachers, like those, which Mr. Hume so justly as well as contemptuously describes. Their metaphors, as well as many in the four Gospels, are drawn not from the conventicles of Cant, and the black forest of Hypo-

crisy, but from the cheerful haunts of men, from the gayety of banquets, and acts of benevolence and sociableness.

Mirth, in moderation, kind affections, social principles, the union of Hope with Joy, and essential Charity towards all, ESPECIALLY UNTO THEM WHICH ARE OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH, are the lessons of Christianity and the Church.

Let us, therefore, with alacrity and gladness, celebrate the high festival, which gives its name to these the fairest days in the Calendar. Let our faces be laved with the sweetest waters of Purification, and all our garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia. Let those, who are called a Royal Priesthood, and a peculiar people, be "anointed with the oil of gladness, *above their fellows*." As our increase has not been given to the caterpillar, nor our labour unto the locust; as our vines have not been destroyed with hail, nor our sycamore trees with frost; as we have successfully cultivated a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths, that spring out of vallies, and hills; a land of honey, barley, and wheat, we ought not, when we have eaten, and are full, to forget those, whom sickness, or Age, or Penury has numbered on its dismal tablet. But let the fervour of ardent Charity warm every good heart, and extend every liberal hand. Let each individual, whom it imports, obey that excellent exhortation, which, though it occur in the Apocrypha, is perfectly canonical in the estimation of many a generous critic. If thou have abundance, give alms accordingly; if thou have but little, be not afraid to give according to that little, for thou layest up a good treasure for thyself against the hour of necessity.

When, as good stewards, we have kindly ministered to one another, the glad some rites of the season will claim our care. Exhilarating Musick and innocent Mirth may freely mingle with the powers of Benevolence, Gratitude, and Devotion. Every liberal Lutheran may then call for the plea-

sant-harp, with the psaltery, and exultingly exclaim

Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,  
And some with graceful motion dance ;  
Let instruments of various strings,  
With ORGANS joined God's praise advance.

Let them, who joyful hymns compose,  
To cymbals set their songs of praise ;  
Cymbals of common use, and those  
That LOUDLY SOUND ON SOLEMN DAYS.

Hail, happy holydays, gayly I greet  
your blest return. In my pilgrimage  
through the obscurity of many a gloom,  
my year, how gladly I meet your festal  
train, which, like the Iris of Gospel  
promise, after the darkness and  
destruction of a deluge, smile sweetly  
through the stormy sky, and gild  
every vision of Hope. Ye come, all  
benignant, to burnish the memory of  
hours, that are past, and to give a gay  
assurance of those, which are to come.  
As, after a tedious absence, and a tempestuous voyage, the weather-beaten  
mariner exults to behold his family  
pictures again, and to feel the fond  
pressure of encircling arms, so does  
the cheerful Christian rejoice in the  
society of these twelve sisters, a holy  
family, as bright and fair as ever glowed  
in the beauteous tints of the Italian  
or Venetian pencil.

Delightful days, ye come, an enchanting group, with robes of *lawn* and  
*whiteness*, and each a face of benignity,  
as it were the face of an angel.  
"Verdant myrtle's branchy pride" is  
the coronet of each brow. Charity  
and Cheerfulness, Mirth and Musick,  
Gratitude and Generosity are in your  
train. At your gladsome approach,  
sullen Care vanishes, like the mist of  
midnight, and Festivity carols with a  
note more jocund than the bird of  
midsummer.

O happy days ! to hail thy wished return,  
Nor vulgar fire, nor venal light shall burn ;  
From gentle bosoms purest flames shall rise,  
And keenest ardours flash from Beauty's  
eyes.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,  
Not balmy sleep, to labourers faint with pain,  
Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,  
Are half so charming as your sight to me.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow ;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind :  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy ?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all ! but do not stay.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy ?

A gentleman speaking of the *Carmen Seculare* of Horace, in company where a learned alderman was present, his worship gravely observed, that, "in the line of his business, he had frequently employed men from every company of porters and carmen between Tower-hill and the Old-Swan, and he would be bold to say, that there was no such company as the *Carmen Seculare* from one end of Thames-street to the other."

Goldsmith, amid the studied periods of a dedication, a form of composition which Pomp, and Dignity, and Stateliness, challenge as their own, displays all his enchanting ease of composition, in his dedication of "The Traveller."

Of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations ; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Musick come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and, at length, supplant her ; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet however this art may be neglected, by the powerful, it is still in great danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindarick odes and chorusses, anapests, iambicks, alliterative care, and happy negligence.

Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it ; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say ; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art, still more dangerous. I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a prudent one. Him they dignify with the name of poet : his tawdry lampoons are called satires : his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all.

In his dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds—

I can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of the art, in which you are said to excel, and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry, than you.

In his dedication to Saml. Johnson.

By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you, as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the publick that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind, also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

The last stanza in the following verses by one of the greatest poets of the age is exceedingly pathetick.

### THE DYING BARD.

*By Walter Scott, Esq.*

Dinas Emlinn, lament ; for the moment is  
nigh  
When mute in the woodlands thine echo  
shall die :  
No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall  
rave,  
And mix his wild notes with the wild dash-  
ing wave.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade,  
Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall  
fade :

For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the  
tongue  
That viewed them with rapture, with rap-  
ture that sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their  
pride,  
And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's  
side ;  
But where is the harp shall give life to their  
name ?  
And where is the bard shall give heroes their  
fame ?

And oh, Dinas Emlinn ! thy daughters so  
fair,  
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the  
dark hair ;  
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their  
eye,  
When half of their charms with Cadwallon  
shall die.

Then adieu, silver Teivi ! I quit thy loved  
scene,  
To join the dim choir of the bards who have  
been :  
With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the  
old,  
And sage Taliessin, high harping so bold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn ! still green be thy  
shades,  
Unconquered thy warriors and marchless  
thy maids !  
And thou, whose faint warbling my weak-  
ness can tell,  
Farewell ; my loved harp, my last treasure,  
farewell !

Smoking is in itself not reprehensi-  
ble, and to some, may be beneficial—  
but let it be consistent with person,  
time, and place. By the family fire-  
side, in the hour of relaxation, in the  
social circle of men, by those, who

may claim the respectable privilege of age—*anywhere*, provided, in all cases, that the practice be not offensive to any present.

For myself, I am no enemy to smoking, as an innocent indulgence; and in a company of my friends, when cigars are introduced, I aid in raising the blue cloud, and find it very useful in telling a story by way of *punctuation*, or in marking the proper pauses, thus, a single *puff* serves for a *comma*—*puff*, *puff*, a *semicolon*; *puff*, *puff*, *puff*, a *colon*; *four puffs*, a *full point*. I have even gone farther: I suppose a pause, with the cigar kept in the mouth, to represent a *dash*—longer or shorter in continuance: *notes of admiration* and *interrogation*, may be easily expressed on similar principles.

Taking the cigar from the mouth, and knocking the fire from the end, may be considered as the conclusion of a *paragraph*; and throwing it into the fire, is necessarily the *end of a Chapter*.—*N. Post.*

In the Senate of the United States five members, nearly one sixth part, are gentlemen of the name of *Smith*. This circumstance induced a facetious Philadelphian to observe, that in future, instead of asking what is on the *tapis*, we must inquire, what is on the *anvil*.

The following sneer at the *Babylonish dialect* of some of our countrymen occurs in Boswell's Life of Johnson.

The present Earl of Marchmont told me, with great good humour, that the master of a shop in London, where he was not known, said to him, "I suppose, sir, you are an American." "Why so, sir?" said his Lordship; "Because, sir," replied the shopkeeper, "you speak neither *English* nor *Scotch*, but something different from both, which I conclude is the language of *America*."

HEREFORD.—*Hoax*.—The following extraordinary circumstance took place last week in this city, in the execution of which, the depredator displayed a considerable degree of inge-

nuit, and every attempt to trace him has been ineffectual.—A man came to an inn in Broad street, and professed himself a dealer in smuggled tea; from his general conduct he soon acquired the good graces of the landlord, he had constantly a party of friends to breakfast, dine, and sup with him, and gave his entertainments in a dashing style. Soon after his arrival, two bags of tea came by the coach, for which the landlord paid carriage, and the gentleman wanting a pair of shoes, his good-natured host waited with him on a shoemaker, from whom they procured them, the innkeeper being responsible for the payment. At the end of about four days, when a score of between six and seven pounds had been run up at the inn, a purchaser was obtained for the tea, and paid the smuggler twenty pounds in part; and, by his desire, the dealer took his bargain to the house of a friend for him, being afraid of encountering the *Argus eyes* of the Excise at his own. After the merchant had delivered his goods, he met one of his new friends, from whom he requested the loan of a new silk kerchief he had round his neck, which was readily lent him, and he then walked off in the new shoes with it, and has not since been heard of. (On opening the bags, they each contained a little fine tea on the top, the rest was sand. On the second or third day of the fellow's arrival, a watchmaker from the Hay, who partook of his convivial entertainments, became anxious he should buy a watch of him, to which his friend kindly acceded, on condition that he should wear it a few days, in order to ascertain how it would go, previous to payment: it is almost superfluous for us to state, the watch went with him.

#### FROM THE PASTIME.

We copy the following from a paper in Gen. Hamilton's hand writing. It is published in its original form.

#### Translation from Collectanea.

It is an error as great as it is common, to rely on *situation* as a *screen* to

vice. Men are apt to say to themselves—in this case we may indulge our criminal propensity because the peculiarity of our situation will exclude suspicion. But situation is very often an index rather than a mask. A state of things, different from what a particular situation would dictate, will, in spite of the greatest circumspection, occasionally exhibit appearances which are incompatible with the situation; converting it into a mirror to reflect the crime, rather than a mantle by which it is disguised. Thus the false *Mavius*, under the cover of exaggerated pretensions of friendship to the unsuspecting *Philo*, seeks to conceal the intrigue he meditates with *Livia*; but the frequency of his visits to the wife, in the absence of the husband, discovers that his attachment is more to *Philo's* wife than to *Philo*. Thus also the incestuous *Rhetia*, writing to her son *Clutus*, prompted on the one hand by her reliance on the shelter of situation, restrained on the other by the involuntary fears of conscious guilt, betrays her odious passion by the half-indulged, half-suppressed ardour of her expressions, and by the mysterious ambiguity of her phrase. Who can help seeing that she does not employ the temperate, the simple language of maternal affection? Who is so dull as not to perceive the lewd blandishments of the mistress in the chaste garb of the mother? Better had it been for all of them had they been acquainted with this salutary, this eternal truth, *That to appear to be what we desire to seem, it is necessary to be what we would appear.*

It may be made a question, whether a period of pure simplicity and innocence ever existed? Seneca expatiates in praise of those times (epist. xc.) and the poets have been lavish in their description of the golden age: but the history of mankind has no proofs of the fact. An ingenious writer says, "The first man who was born into the world killed the second—when did the times of simplicity begin?"

*Murphy's Tacitus.*

The vulgar opinions respecting the time of continuing in the warm bath, are extremely absurd, and are fully refuted by the practice of the French physicians, and the theory of Count Rumford. But it is remarkable, that though the practice of continuing a long time in tepid water is supposed to be a novelty and an innovation, yet it is by no means so. Jones, a physician of eminence, in the fifteenth century, in his book, with the quaint title of "*The bathes of Bathe's ayde, wonderful and most excellent against very many sicknesses,*" says expressly, that persons of a hot temperament, weak and thin, should stay in the bath from five to six, in the morning, and the same in the evening. Others are directed to remain *two hours* in the morning, and *an hour and a half* in the evening. Thus we see that even the old physicians recommended not only a long continuance in the water, but a repetition of the practice, *on the same day*. That this doctrine is perfectly sane and judicious, is verified at his hour, by the practice of every Parisian, who frequents the *Thermæ* of this city. The reasoning of Count Rumford, on this subject, is invincible, and the experience of every bather, who is exhausted, either by corporeal or mental fatigue, demonstrates, that it is remaining too short a time in the tub, or using water *too hot*, which defeats the intention.

Some of the votaries of Tobacco, perhaps, would be willing to be tormented with a toothach, provided a physician like the famous Butler were to prescribe. A person once applied to this medical humourist, who was annoyed by a violent fluxion on his teeth. Butler told him that "a hard knot must be split by a hard wedge;" and directed him to smoke tobacco, without intermission, till he had consumed an ounce of the herb. The man was accustomed to smoke: he therefore took *twenty-five pipes at a sitting*. The story adds, that the disorder was cured, and did not return for seventeen years.

*To a lady who wished the authour a good night.*

Dear Nancy, why wish me good night?—as  
I live,  
It is needless to wish what you freely can  
give.

*The stinging things of Mr. Jefferson.*

AN EPIGRAM.

Tom some time since, sent a *hornet* to Boney,  
Who found it a *bee*, well loaded with honey;  
He now sends a *wasp*, with a *sting* in her tail,  
To goad the *old lion* in hopes to prevail;  
But should they refuse him, on any pretext,  
He swears he will send out the *rattlesnake*  
next.

A distressing event, which to one kind of temper would be nothing more than a flea biting, will to another cause intolerable pain; and what one, by philosophick moderation, and well-composed carriage, is happily enabled to overcome, a second, especially if in habits of solitude is, unfortunately, in no way enabled to endure; but upon every petty occasion of misconceived abuse, injury, grief, disgrace, or other vexation, yields so far to his wounded feelings, that his complexion alters, his digestion is impeded, his sleep interrupted, his spirits subdued, his heart oppressed, and his whole frame so affected, that he sinks, overwhelmed with profound despair. As a man, when he is once imprisoned for debt, finds that every creditor immediately brings his action against him, and joins to keep him in ruinous captivity, so when any discontent seriously seizes the human mind, all other perturbations instantly set upon it, and then, like a lame dog, or a broken winged goose, the unhappy patient droops and pines away, and is brought at last to the ill habit or malady of melancholy itself.

The Editor salutes the supporters of this paper, with every grateful and cheery compliment of the season. Those agents for The Port Folio, who are sedulous to promote the interests of the establishment, the great body of the Lawyers, the men of letters, the stanch Politicians, and the Clergy, and Gentry in particular, are very cordially thanked for augmenting patronage. The Editor, with the utmost respect and delicacy for the feelings of every individual, who may be implicated, will only suggest that, at this juncture, an adjustment of arrearages and some promptness of remittance will enable him to bound forward in the literary race, with more velocity, than when he is clogged with care.

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